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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1855.

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT.

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT was born in Guilderland, near Albany, on the twenty-eighth of March, 1793. On the paternal side he is of English descent, his great-grandfather having come from England during the wars of Queen Anne, and settled in what is now Schoharie County, New-York, where he taught the first English school in the neighborhood, whereby his name, which was originally Calcraft, was changed to Schoolcraft. The father of our author, Lawrence Schoolcraft, joined the revolutionary army when quite a youth, and served under Montgomery and Schuyler.

In his thirteenth year Henry attracted the attention of Lieutenant Governor Van Rensselaer, one of his father's friends, and through his agency came near being apprenticed to a portrait painter in Albany; (it was from his drawings in natural history that the governor first felt an interest in him;) but as it was deemed necessary for him to begin his career with house-painting, then, perhaps, considered the base of all high art, the plan was abandoned, and with it his idea of becoming an artist. In the mean time he pursued his studies and juvenile penmanship, contributing prose and verse to the newspapers, and teaching himself natural history, English literature, and French, German and Hebrew.

In 1818–19 he made a geological survey of Missouri and Arkansas to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, published "A View of the Lead Mines of Missouri," and printed "Transallegania," a mineralogical poem. In 1820 appeared his "Journal of a Tour in Missouri and Arkansas." Attracting the attention of government by his writings, he was commissioned by John C. Calhoun, the then Secretary of War, to visit the copper region of Lake Superior, and to accompany General Cass in his expedition to the head waters of the Mississippi. His "Narrative Journal" of this tour was published in 1821: in the same year he was made secretary to the commission for treating with the Indian tribes at Chicago. On the conclusion of his labors there he published "Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley."

His reputation was now pretty generally established as a traveler and a man of science. President Monroe, in 1822, appointed him agent for Indian affairs, and he removed to Saint Mary's on Lake Superior. For the next five or six years he occupied himself with the duties of his station, attending several important convocations of the North-west tribes. In 1831 he was sent on a special embassy to conciliate the Sioux and Ojibbewas, who were then at war with each other; and in 1832 to the tribes near the head waters of the Mississippi: he traced the waters of the river to their true source in Itasca Lake, which he entered on the thirteenth of July, the one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the discovery of the mouth of the river itself. In 1834 he published his "Expedition to Itasca Lake."

From 1827 to 1831 he was member of the Legislature of Michigan; in 1828 he established the Michigan Historical Society, and set on foot the Algic Society at Detroit. Before the Algic Society he delivered a course of lectures on the grammatical construction of the Indian languages, and read "The Indian Character," an anniversary poem.

In 1836 Schoolcraft was appointed a commissioner to treat with the North-west tribes for their lands in the regions of the Upper Lakes, and he effected a cession to the United States of some sixteen millions of acres. He was also made acting superintendent of Indian affairs for the Northern department, and in 1839 principal disbursing agent for the same district. In the same year he published two volumes of "Algic Researches." In 1842 he visited the continent, traversing England, France, Germany, Prussia, and Holland. On his return he made another journey to the West to examine some of the great mounds; the information which he then collected, whatever it may have been, he communicated to the Royal Geographical Society of Denmark, of which he was an honorary member. He also published a collection of his verse under the title of "Alhalla; or, the Lord of Talladega: a Tale of the Creek War," with other miscellanies of an early date.

In 1844 he commenced in numbers the publication of "Onesta; or, the Red Race in America; their History, Traditions, Customs, Poetry, Picture-Writing,. &c." In 1845 he delivered an address before a society known as—"Phoebus, what a name!"—the "Was-ah-Ho-de-no-sonne, or the new confederacy of the Iroquois;" published "Observations on Grave Creek Mound in Western Virginia," in the American Ethnological Society; and presented in a report to the Legislature of his native state his "Notes on the Iroquois, or Contributions to the Statistics of Aboriginal History and General Ethnology of Western New-York."

The last, and in some respects the most important of Schoolcraft's works, for which his previous ones are only a preparation, is the "Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States; collected and prepared under the Direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, per Act March 3d, 1847." The first volume of this ponderous work was issued a few years ago. If carried out according to the author's plan, and with the magnitude and ability which the subject demands, it will be one of the most valuable and important books ever issued in this country, and one which will go down to posterity with honor to itself and its author. It is still in the course of publication, and will doubtless extend to six or seven volumes.

From the evident tendencies of Schoolcraft's mind, as seen in the subject and general drift of his books, and from the want of incident in his life, in any except an official point of view, and that in one direction only—Indianism, (if we may

be allowed the term,) it seems to us best to select him as the type of that class of our writers, and judge him accordingly, rather than as a general *litterateur*. And in so doing, he will, we imagine, fare quite as well, as if we criticised him by himself without any reference to the character of his writings. As is the case with most writers of scientific books, the man will then be lost in the work. On Indianism in general, rather than on Schoolcraft in particular, we offer a few suggestions.

It is now a little over two hundred years since this continent was first peopled by the white races. At the time of its discovery, and for a considerable period afterward, it was inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians, differing from each other in language and manners, but alike in their various features of mind. To the whites, who were fresh from the worn-out formulas of Europe, their radical state of nature, both as regards good and evil, the strangeness and grandness of some parts of their mythology, and above all the mystery which enshrouded them, a mystery which they themselves were incapable of unraveling, were a source of wonder and curiosity. But, as if anticipating the now settled indifference of the American character, the wonder and curiosity were soon over; and instead of speculating and theorizing on the origin of the aborigines, comparing the accounts of the various tribes, and collecting and preserving the most authentic memorials of their past, our good forefathers had an eye to business, and considered how they might use their copper-skinned neighbors to advantage, in a moral and monetary point of view. One portion of the community were for converting them to Christianity; another for converting them to merchandise. The godly preached to them, the ungodly overreached them. The spirit of our Puritan ancestry, that fiery intolerance and bigotry which led them to persecute Anabaptists, Quakers, and other schismatics, not to mention the ducking and hanging of sundry persons of both sexes, was fatal to the peace and permanency of the mass of the Indian tribes. They were not looked upon as men—were merely "bloody savages," "heathen dogs," "worshipers of stocks and stones," whom it was quite safe, if not meritorious even, to kill for any reasonable provocation. Without doubt the Indians themselves were much to blame, being by nature stubborn, revengeful, and cruel; but it has always seemed to us that they were unfairly treated from the first, their rights being either not recognized or entirely and wantonly disregarded, and their wrongs met with those of a darker dye. Of a darker dye because our forefathers were in a state of perfect civilization; were educated, and by nature full of noble qualities; were nominally Christians, nay, many of them the choicest spirits of Christianity, while the unfortunate red race were exactly the reverse.

From the body of Puritan settlers, especially those who dabbled in literature, these last were mostly musty and combative theologians, and mercantile voyagers, they had nothing to hope. The only way by which they could be at all benefited was by the utter sacrifice of all their previous habits of life, their nationality in fact, and that of all others was the most repugnant to them. Hence the prejudiced and unreliable manner in which they are mentioned by most of our early writers, and the scarcity of anything truly genuine and really worth preserving concerning them; the little which has been preserved being confined more to outward facts, such as their tribal geography and battles, than to that which distinguished them from the whites, and made them what they were.

And this, by the way, has been the case with nearly all the inhabitants of America, the essential has been overlooked, while the non-essential has been carefully preserved. The fanaticism of the early Spanish monks destroyed the symbolical picture-writing, the historical hieroglyphs of ancient Mexico, while the ignorance and cupidity of the soldiers leveled its monuments and works of art. Glowing as is "Prescott's History," we know next to nothing of Mexico, while Marmontel's novel, "The Incas," is the most popular, if not the most reliable picture of the old Peruvians. How, indeed, could it well be otherwise, when so many years have passed since their extinction, and those who were the cause of their extinction were so indifferent to their history? When history neglects a nation, they are certain to be taken up by fiction.

There is no lack of books, such as they are, about the Indians, and those of a recent date. Ever since we have begun to write, our critics have been insane for an Ameri-

can literature, and most of our authors have been just as insane to oblige them, to do which they found it necessary to "do" a certain number of Indians, chiefs, squaws, and papooses. We cannot now stop to name the mass of novels, poems and plays, prepared after the stereotyped Indian recipe. Cooper, among our novelists, is fresh in the minds of all, most of us having at some time or other read some one of his many admired fictions, while all of us are, more or less, acquainted with his fame. Without subscribing to the intense admiration which most American critics feel for his writings, we consider him the most successful, if not the most truthful of all our prose writers who have made the Indians the subject of romance. He has been successful in his treatment of the Indian character, because he has succeeded in making it poetical and ideal, in fact, almost too poetical and ideal at times, or rather, perhaps, poetical and ideal in a wrong direction, in the region of the sentimental and melo-dramatic, rather than in that of the simple, the strange, and the mysterious. The absence of the simple, the strange, and the mysterious in our Indian literature is the cause of its non-success in an art point of view. Our writers deal in Indians who are too modern; they do not go back far enough in the twilight of antiquity. They take Indians of the last year, or the last century, in preference to the *abstract idea* of the Indian, the poetical savage of the mysterious world of imagination. Instead of painting dusk figures on a dusk, but rich background, in the shade of primeval forests, in the immensity of pathless prairies, and in the light of sunsets, they draw them more like incarnate brutes than men, and contrast them with a superior race, and the prominent elements of civilization, besides which they are shockingly imperfect and out of place. To appear to advantage to the thoughtful, they should be surrounded by the wild and magnificent in nature, should be placed in the golden age of poetry, and not in any age since the discovery and settlement of America.

"Sometimes the dusky islanders
Lie all day long beneath the trees,
And watch the white clouds in the sky,
And birds upon the azure seas;
Sometimes they wrestle on the turf,
And chase each other down the sands;
And sometimes lie in bloomy groves,
And pluck the fruit with idle hands;
And dark-eyed maids do braid their hair
With starry shells, and buds, and leaves;
And sing wild songs in dreamy bowers,
And dance on dewy eves—
When daylight melts, and stars are few,
And west winds frame a drowsy time,
And all the charmèd waters sleep,
Beneath a yellow moon!"

Something like this is the effect which a successful Indian literature demands.

That which we conceive to be the most prominent element of Indianism, and which is the most difficult to be imbodied, is radiant in the pages of Schoolcraft's "Algic Researches." Others may have described the race better, may have shed more light on their manners and origin, but none have approached him in Indian legendary lore, and the poetry thereto attached.

It is well to paint the surroundings of Indianism—the forests, lakes, and wigwams; better to paint well its mixed qualities, making them ideal and poetical; but to give, as Schoolcraft does, its very life and spirit, as imbodied in tales and legends, is the best of all, and what no one, save himself, seems to have thought of doing. Others have either neglected the legendary lore as unworthy of being collected, or have lacked the proper means of collecting it.

One of the first things that strikes us in reading the "Algic Researches," is the extreme originality and uniqueness of most of the tales therein. Given the tales, we could, by a process of reasoning, trace out the peculiar people to whom they belong; analysis would give them only to the Indians of North America. They are really, what it is professed they are, the legendary lore of a race of savages. The impress of the Indian mind, and its mode of thought, is visible on every page. And yet there is enough that is merely general about them to show their affinity to the fairy lore of all nations and times. The fairy lore of a nation comes to perfection only in a nation's childhood, and to that it must always be referred. A semi-barbarous people like the Indians being always in a state of mental childhood, it is not so easy to trace out the date of *their* fairy lore; still there are, even among them, certain periods of greater or lesser barbarism, to some one of which a careful analysis is able to refer it. Proving their originality then in their choice of subjects, and their manner of treatment, the legends in the "Algic

Researches" refer us to a very remote period of Indian history for the date of their birth and growth. They are not such tales as would be created by the Indians of to-day, but are of the era of flint arrow-heads, earthen pots, and skin clothes. There is something primitive and antique in their very conception; a kind of boldness both of subject and style. Often verging on the grotesque and uncouth, occasionally on the really imaginative, they are seldom poetical, and never pretty and tawdry. Whatever faults they may have, they are at least genuine. The style of narration, says Schoolcraft, the cast of invention, the theory of thinking, are eminently peculiar to a people who wander about in woods and plains, who encounter wild beasts, believe in demons, and are subjected to the vicissitudes of the seasons,—a people who are polytheists, not believers in one God or Great Spirit, but in thousands of spirits. The machinery of spirits and necromancy, one of the most ancient and prevalent errors of the human race, supplies the framework of these fictitious creations. Language to carry out the conceptions might seem to be wanting; but here the narrator finds a ready recourse in the use of metaphor, the doctrine of metamorphosis, and the personification of inanimate objects. The belief of the narrators and listeners in every wild and improbable thing told, helps wonderfully in the original in joining the sequence of parts together. Nothing is too capacious for Indian belief; almost every declaration is a prophecy, and every tale a creed. The Indian believes that the whole visible creation is animated with various orders of benign or malignant spirits, who preside over the daily affairs and over the final destinies of men. He believes that these spirits must be conciliated by sacrifices, and a series of fasts and feasts, which either follow or precede these rites, that by the one they may be rendered acceptable, and by the other his gratitude may be shown. He believes that animals of the lowest as well as highest class are endowed with reasoning powers and faculties, and that they have souls, which will be encountered by him in other shapes, and in other states of existence.

In "The Red Lover," a Chippewa tale, the soul of an unfortunate lover returns to his mistress in the form of a small bird of beautiful plumage; "a bird of strange character, such as had not before been observed." She dies, and it is seen no more; for it has flown away with her spirit. In "The Celestial Sisters," Waupee and his wife are changed into white hawks; and in various other tales the dead and the living undergo transformations equally wonderful. The hero of an Indian tale has only to wish to be changed into a bird, a fox, a beaver, when *presto!* the thing is done. And he has only to wish the aid and counsel of these, or any other members of the under-world, and it is at once given him; the sovereignty of man over nature being one of the chief elements of Indian belief. "The Two Jeebi-ug," an Ojibbewa legend, in which two ghosts return to the earth, for the purpose of testing mortals, sheds considerable light on some points of Indian mythology, and shows the terribly imaginative power of some of their conceptions. The Jeebi-ug are represented as strange females, total strangers in that country. They would not come near the fire; they sat in a remote part of the lodge, were shy and taciturn, and drew their garments about them in such a manner, as to nearly hide their faces. So far as the hunter's wife could judge, they were pale, hollow-eyed, and long visaged, very thin and emaciated. There was but little light in the lodge, as the fire was low, and served, by its fitful flashes, rather to increase than dispel her fears. "Merciful spirit!" cried a voice from the opposite part of the lodge, "there are two corpses clothed with garments!" The hunter's wife turned around; but seeing nobody, she concluded the sounds were but gusts of wind. She trembled, and was ready to sink to the earth. In "The Weendigoes," a Saginaw story, the dust and ashes of a dead woman, buried in a hollow tree, bud out into a beautiful boy, who visits the widower's lodge, and plays with his more human son. In the same story, we have a specimen of Indian fancy, which personifies thunder as two enormous birds, whose nest is in the sky. Other natural phenomena are elsewhere personified and explained. In "Paup-puk-keewiss," an Algic legend, the red streaks in certain formations of rock are accounted for by the blood of two Manitoes, whom Paup-puk-keewiss killed, having been dashed against it. Manabozho rubs the blood of a Manito on the head of a woodpecker,

and it continues red to this day. He also kicks a duck, "which is the cause of his back being flattened, and his legs straightened out behind, so that when he gets on land he cannot walk, and his tail feathers are few."

The legend of Manabozho reveals, Schoolcraft thinks, the idea of an Incarnation; the conception of the character is rather that of a monstrosity than a deity. The birth of Manabozho is shrouded in allegoric mystery. According to some, he was the son of a daughter of the moon by the West wind. He is made to combine all that is strong, brave, warlike, and wise, of men and animals. He performs the wildest exploits imaginable, overcomes the prince of serpents, and conquers an infinity of Manitoes and magicians. Like Adam, he names the animals; he is drawn into the mouth of a gigantic fish with his canoe; he survives a flood by climbing a tree, and recreates the earth from a morsel of ground brought up to him in the paws of a musk-rat.

In contrast with these high exploits, he goes about playing low tricks, a sort of divine conjurer as it were; travels from place to place, often in want of food and lodging; makes use of unworthy subterfuges; is tricked by the very animals whom he envies, coveting at one time their strength and another their cunning. His chief points of excellence, and those which render him a favorite among all the tribes, are great personal strength, readiness of resource, and skill in necromancy. It is natural, as Schoolcraft has well observed, that rude nations in every part of the world should invent some such mythological existence as the Indian Manabozho, to concentrate their prime exploits upon; for it is the maxim of such nations that "the race *is* always to the swift and the battle to the strong."

In common with most unlettered nations, the Indians entertained many strange notions of the phenomena of nature. In "The Summer Maker," the sky is represented as something palpable, a kind of heavenly curtain stretching over the earth. In order to have summer on earth, the Fisher and the Wolverine leap against the sky till they break through; down the chasm comes the beautiful Summer, surrounded by flocks of birds.

The East, for which the Indians seem to have had a peculiar reverence, many tribes burying their dead with their feet toward it, is not without its poetry. "Tell me," said Puck-wud-ininee to his sister, "where you would wish to dwell." She said, "I would like to go to the place of the breaking of day-light. I have always loved the East. The earliest glimpses of light are from that quarter, and it is, to my mind, the most beautiful part of the heavens. After I get there, my brother, whenever you see the clouds in that direction of various colors, you may think that your sister is painting her face." Shakspeare is, by some wiseacre of a commentator, supposed to have borrowed the name of "*Puck*" from the Indian Puck-wud-ininee: the similarity is about as strong as that there is a mountain in Macedon and a mountain in Wales. The only thing at all resembling our fairy lore in the "Algic Researches," is in "The Celestial Sisters," where Waupee finds a ring in the sod, as if it had been made by footsteps following a circle, time out of mind the sign of a fairy neighborhood; and in "The White Feather," where the giant beavers, which were originally stones, turn back into stones again, while those of the White Feather, whom he has enchanted, remain beavers still. In the same story the race of buffaloes have the following grotesquely poetical origin:—

"The chief ordered, on the request of the White Feather, that all the young men should employ themselves four days in making arrows. He also asked for a buffalo robe. This robe he cut into thin shreds and sowed in the prairie. At the end of four days he invited them to gather together all their arrows and accompany him to a buffalo hunt. They found that these shreds of skin had grown into a very large herd of buffalo."

We might point out many similar fancies, and a passage or two in the highest style of poetry; but our space at present forbids; we can only recommend the book, and leave our readers to find the good things for themselves.

The "Algic Researches" were published by the Harpers. The edition, we fancy, is long since exhausted—(we are aware of but one, and that bears the date of 1839)—but copies of the work can be found in most public libraries, and occasionally at the book-stalls. Those who feel the least curiosity concerning the Indians should not neglect to read it. It will be the base of Schoolcraft's fame.

CHRISTIANA AT THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER.

ONE of the most instructive and entertaining passages in the vision of the renowned dreamer of Bedford jail, is the reception and entertainment of Christiana and her group at *the house of the Interpreter.* There is a homeliness, too, about the picture which adds to its popular charm, and if the artistic poet cannot discover much of the "ideal" about it, yet "the people" have always found it marvelously full of meaning and of simple beauty; and the emblems of the "Significant Rooms," displayed by the good interpreter, while supper was getting ready, are as deeply imprinted, with their salutary lessons, on the minds of common readers of Bunyan, as any pictures of the book, not excepting the memorable Slough of Despond, the tremendous fight with Apollyon in the Dark Valley, the Delectable Mountains, or that unrivaled scene, the final crossing of the river.

HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER.

Bunyan had not only "the vision and the faculty divine"—a great poet he doubtless was—but, like most of the great poets, his mind was "many-sided," as the Germans say. He was a rare dramatist. The verisimilitude of his characters shows this; not more, however, than the effective relations of his scenes. Contrasts and reciprocal reliefs are maintained throughout his pages. The reception at the house of the interpreter is an example. The house—full of hospitality, and beauty, and lessons—opens its doors for Christiana, Merciful, and the "little pilgrims" just as they escape, terrified from the assaults of ruffians on the highway—the assaults of the two "ill-favored ones" of whom Christiana had dreamed so fearfully that "they had stood at her bed's feet plotting how they might prevent her salvation." The vision of beauty dawns on the scene of terror, and as they knock at the door, out steps a damsel, the image of loveliness itself, an impersonation of innocence.

"Then said the damsel to them, 'With whom would you speak in this place?'"

"Christiana answered, 'We understand that this is a privileged place for those that are become pilgrims, and we now at this door are such; wherefore, we pray that we may be partakers of that for which we at this time are come; for the day, as thou seest, is very far spent, and we are loath to-night to go any further.'

"*Damsel.*—Pray what may I call your name, that I may tell it to my lord within?

"*Christiana.*—My name is Christiana; I was the wife of that pilgrim that some years ago did travel this way; and these be his four children. This maiden also is my companion, and is going on pilgrimage too.

DAMSEL INNOCENT.

"Then ran Innocent in, (for that was her name,) and said to those within, 'Can you think who is at the door? There is Christiana and her children, and her companion, all waiting for entertainment.

Then they leaped for joy, and went and told their master. So he came to the door, and looking upon her, he said: 'Art thou that Christiana whom Christian, the good man, left behind him when he betook himself to a pilgrim's life?'

"*Christiana.*—I am that woman that was so hard-hearted as to slight my husband's troubles, and that left him to go on in his journey alone, and these are his four children; but now I also am come, for I am convinced that no way is right but this.

"*Interpreter.*—Then is fulfilled that which also is written of the man that said to his son, 'Go, work to-day in my vineyard;' and he said to his father, 'I will not,' but afterward repented, and went. Matt. xxi, 28, 29.

"Then said Christiana,—'So be it: Amen. God make it a true saying upon me, and grant that I may be found at the last of Him in peace, without spot and blameless.'"

THE MAN WITH THE MUCK-RAKE.

And now comes a scene of natural and comely beauty—a scene which shows the genuine skill of the untutored dramatist: there is no stately ceremony—no stiff reception—no solemn preachments. Even Bunyan himself could not, in his best mood, fresh from the closet of his prevailing prayers, have given a more whole-hearted and unconstrained reception at his cottage to a group of his fellow Christians, fleeing from the hounds of the official persecutors of his day. The interpreter hardly hears Christiana through her salutation, tremulous still with her fright, when he replies:

"'But why standest thou thus at the door? Come in, thou daughter of Abraham; we were talking of thee but now; for tidings have come to us before, how thou art become a pilgrim. Come, children, come in; come, maiden, come in.' So he had them all into the house.

"So when they were within, they were bidden to sit down and rest them; the which when they had done, those that attended upon the pilgrims in the house came into the room to see them. And one smiled, and another smiled, and they all smiled for joy that Christiana was become a pilgrim. They also looked upon the boys; they stroked them over the faces with the hand, in token of their kind reception of them; they also carried it lovingly to Mercy, and bid them all welcome into their master's house."

This pleasant greeting over, and a sweet home feeling of unity and cordiality being inspired in each heart, and the good supper ordered, the lessons of the place are introduced and how aptly!

"After a while, because supper was not ready, the Interpreter took them into his *significant rooms*, and showed them what Christian, Christiana's husband, had seen some time before. Here they saw the man in the cage, the man in his dream, the man that cut his way through his enemies, and the picture of the biggest of them all, together with the rest of those things that were then so profitable to Christian.

"This done, and after these things had been somewhat considered by Christiana and her company, the Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downward, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered to give him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.

"Then said Christiana, 'I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this: for this is the figure of a man of this world; is it not, good sir?'

"'Thou hast said the right,' said he; 'and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks, and the dust of the floor, than to do what He says that calls to him from above with the celestial crown in his hand; it is to show, that heaven is but a fable to some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. Now, whereas it was also showed thee that the man could look no way but downward, it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with power upon men's minds, quite carry their hearts away from God.'

LESSON FROM CHICKENS.

"Then said Christiana, 'O deliver me from this muck-rake!'

"'That prayer,' said the Interpreter, 'has lain by till it is almost rusty. "Give me not riches," (Prov. xxx, 8,) is scarce the prayer of one in ten thousand. Straws, and sticks, and dust, with most, are the great things now looked after.'

"With that Christiana and Mercy wept, and said, 'It is, alas! too true.'

"When the Interpreter had shown them this, he had them into the very best room in the house; (a very brave room it was;) so he bid them look round about, and see if they could find anything profitable there. Then they looked round and round; for there was nothing to be seen but a very great spider on the wall, and that they overlooked.

"Then said Mercy, 'Sir, I see nothing.' But Christiana held her peace.

"'But,' said the Interpreter, 'look again.' She therefore looked again, and said, 'Here is not anything but an ugly spider, who hangs by her hands upon the wall.' Then said he, 'Is there but one spider in all this spacious room?' Then the water stood in Christiana's eyes, for she was a woman quick of apprehension; and she said, 'Yea, Lord, there are more here than one; yea, and spiders whose venom is far more destructive than that which is in her.' The Interpreter then looked pleasantly on her, and said, 'Thou hast said the truth.' This made Mercy to blush, and the boys to cover their faces; for they all began now to understand the riddle.

"Then said the Interpreter again, '"The spider taketh hold with her hands, [as you see,] and is in kings' palaces." Prov. xxx, 28. And wherefore is this recorded, but to show you, that how full of the venom of sin soever you be, yet you may, by the hand of Faith, lay hold of and dwell in the best room that belongs to the King's house above.'

"'I thought,' said Christiana, 'of something of this; but I could not imagine it all. I thought that we were like spiders, and that we looked like ugly creatures, in what fine rooms soever we were; but that by this spider, that venomous and ill-favored creature, we were to learn how *to act faith*. That came not into my thoughts; and yet she had taken hold with her hands, and, as I see, dwelleth in the best room in the house. God has made nothing in vain.'

"Then they seemed all to be glad, but the water stood in their eyes. Yet they looked one upon another, and also bowed before the Interpreter.

"He had them then into another room, where were a hen and chickens, and bid them observe awhile. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and every time she drank she lifted up her head and her eyes toward heaven. 'See,' said he, 'what this little chick doth, and learn of her to acknowledge whence your mercies come, by receiving them with looking up. Yet again,' said he, 'observe and look.' So they gave heed, and

THE GARDEN.

perceived that the hen did walk in a fourfold method toward her chickens. 1. She had a common call, and that she hath all day long. 2. She had a special call, and that she had but sometimes. 3. She had a brooding note. And, 4. She had an outcry. Matt. xxiii, 37.

Interpreter.—"'Now,' said he, 'compare this hen to your King, and these chickens to his obedient ones. For, answerable to her, he himself has his methods, which he walketh in toward his people. By his common call, he gives nothing; by his special call, he always has something to give: he has also a brooding voice for them that are under his wing; and he has an outcry, to give the alarm when he seeth the enemy come. I choose, my darlings, to lead you into the room where such things are, because you are women, and they are easy for you.'"

A rather direct hint of the author's estimate of the female intellect—it was the prejudice of his day. There is an inkling of his special theological opinions, also, from which some readers might deduce unfavorable inferences. Bunyan was, however, as far from Antinomianism as from Pelagianism, and he teaches neither.

"*Christiana.*—'And, sir,' said Christiana, 'pray let us see some more.'

"So he had them into the slaughter-house, where was a butcher a killing of a sheep. And behold, the sheep was quiet, and took her death patiently. Then said the Interpreter, 'You must learn of this sheep to suffer, and to put up with wrongs without murmurings and complaints. Behold how quietly she takes her death; and without objecting, she suffereth her skin to be pulled over her ears. Your King doth call you his sheep.'

"After this, he led them into his garden, where was great variety of flowers. And he said, 'Do you see all these?' So Christiana answered, 'Yes.' Then said he again, 'Behold, the flowers are diverse in stature, in quality, and color, and smell, and virtue, and some are better than some. Also, where the gardener has set them, there they stand, and quarrel not one with another.'

"Again, he had them into his field, which he had sowed with wheat and corn; but when they beheld, the tops of all were cut off—only the straw remained. He said again, 'This ground was dunged, and plowed, and sowed; but what shall we do with the crop?' Then said Christiana, 'Burn some, and make muck of the rest.' Then said the Interpreter again, 'Fruit, you see, is that thing you look for; and for want of that you condemn it to the fire, and to be trodden under foot of men. Beware that in this you condemn not yourselves.'

"Then, as they were coming in from abroad, they espied a little robin with a great spider in his mouth. So the Interpreter said, 'Look here.' So they looked, and Mercy wondered. But Christiana said, 'What a disparagement is it to such a little pretty bird as the robin-redbreast is; he being also a bird above many, that loveth to maintain a kind of sociableness with man! I had thought they had lived upon crumbs of bread, or upon other such harmless matter. I like him worse than I did.'

"The Interpreter then replied, 'This robin is an emblem very apt to set forth some professors by; for to sight they are as this robin, pretty of note, color, and carriage; they seem also to have a very great love for professors that are sincere; and above all other, to desire to associate with and to be in their company, as if they could live upon the good man's crumbs. They pretend also, that therefore it is that they frequent the house of the godly, and the appointments of the Lord; but when they are by themselves, as the robin, they can catch and gobble up spiders, they can change their diet, drink iniquity, and swallow down sin like water.'"

Such were the plain yet beautiful homilies of the good Interpreter. They were like Christ's discourses in his rural walks through Judea. They are the preaching which "the people" and their children understand, and remember also, for they are not only simple, even to plainness, but they are images—pictures—and their metaphorical character makes them at once matters of curiosity and of remembrance to common minds. Many a tired laborer has pored over them after the toil of the day, in his chimney corner, and many a rustic child, under the shadow of the tree on the bank of the stream, wondering at their simple aptness and unconsciously learning the profoundest lessons of the human soul—lessons which elaborate preachments could never convey to them.

They pass from the garden into the house, not forgetting that supper was preparing, for Bunyan was no cynic—he knew how to relish the "good creatures of God," and believed in the right of good men to feast (albeit temperately) as well as to fast. On entering, they find that the table is not yet ready, and Christiana, now fully at home, and charmed as well with the instructions as with the hospitality and beauty of the place, entreats the Interpreter to "either show or tell of some other things that are profitable." And now follows a string of "wise saws," characteristic of the writers of that day. They might have been quoted from old Fuller or Sir Thomas Brown.

"Then the Interpreter began and said, 'The fatter the sow is, the more she desires the mire; the fatter the ox is, the more gamesomely he goes to the slaughter; and the more healthy the lusty man is, the more prone he is unto evil'

"'He that forgets his friend, is ungrateful unto him; but he that forgets his Saviour, is unmerciful to himself.'

"'There is a desire in women to go neat and fine; and it is a comely thing to be adorned with that which in God's sight is of great price.

"'He that lives in sin, and looks for happiness hereafter, is like him that soweth cockle, and thinks to fill his barn with wheat or barley.

"'If a man would live well, let him fetch his last day to him, and make it always his company-keeper.

"'Whispering, and change of thoughts, prove that sin is in the world.

"'If the world, which God sets light by, is counted a thing of that worth with men, what is heaven, which God commendeth?

"'If the life that is attended with so many troubles is so loath to be let go by us, what is the life above?

"'Everybody will cry up the goodness of men; but who is there that is, as he should be, affected with the goodness of God?

"'We seldom sit down to meat but we eat, and leave; so there is in Jesus Christ more merit and righteousness than the whole world has need of.'"

These sententious passages were convenient for the intervention of supper at any moment, and the last seemed suggestive of the good Interpreter's expectant thoughts. But the announcement does not come; so he took them [not impatiently] out into his garden again, and led them to a tree, whose inside was all rotten

THE HOLLOW TREE.

and gone, and yet it grew and had leaves. Then said Mercy, 'What means this?' 'This tree,' said he, 'whose outside is fair, and whose inside is rotten, it is to which many may be compared that are in the garden of God; who with their mouths speak high in behalf of God, but indeed will do nothing for him; whose leaves are fair, but their heart good for nothing but to be tinder for the devil's tinder-box.'"

Meanwhile the supper is ready; and it was no monastic board: there is a smack rather of the old Greek *symposium* about it. Plato, Socrates, and their Athenian friends, used to talk philosophy and eat together somewhat after the same style.

SUPPER AT THE INTERPRETER'S.

"The table was spread, and all things set on the board. So they sate down, and did eat, when one had given thanks. And the Interpreter did usually entertain those that lodged with him with music at meals; so the minstrels played. There was also one that did sing; and a very fine voice he had. His song was this:—

'The Lord is only my support,
And he that doth me feed:
How can I then want anything
Whereof I stand in need?'

"When the song and music were ended, the Interpreter asked Christiana what it was that at first did move her to betake herself to a pilgrim's life?

"Christiana answered, 'First, the loss of my husband came into my mind, at which I was heartily grieved; but all that was but natural affection. Then, after that, came the troubles and pilgrimage of my husband into my mind, and also how like a churl I had carried it to him as to that. So guilt took hold of my mind, and would have drawn me into the pond, but that opportunely I had a dream of the well-being of my husband, and a letter sent me by the King of that country where my husband dwells, to come to him. The dream and the letter together so wrought upon my mind, that they forced me to this way.'

"*Interpreter.*—'But met you with no opposition afore you set out of doors?

"*Christiana.*—'Yes; a neighbor of mine, one Mrs. Timorous—(she was akin to him that would have persuaded my husband to go back for fear of the lions)—she all-to befooled me for, as she called it, my intended desperate adventure. She also urged what she could to dishearten me to it,—the hardship and troubles that my husband met with in the way; but all this I got over pretty well. But a dream that I had, of two ill-lookt ones, that I thought did plot how to make me miscarry in my journey, that hath troubled me much, yea, it still runs in my mind, and makes me afraid of every one that I meet, lest they should meet me to do me a mischief, and to turn me out of the way. Yea, I may tell my lord, though I would not have everybody know it, that between this and the gate by which we got into the way, we were both so sorely assaulted, that we were made to cry out murder; and the two that made this assault upon us were like the two that I saw in my dream.'

"Then said the Interpreter, 'Thy beginning is good; thy latter end shall greatly increase.' So he addressed himself to Mercy, and said unto her, 'And what moveth thee to come hither, sweetheart?'"

Rather a familiar salutation certainly, but it is "in character." Bunyan designed its

boldness. Like Shakspeare and all great poets he had an exquisite sense of feminine delicacy and beauty, and he would introduce the character of Mercy with a contrast.

Poor Mercy "blushed and trembled, and for a while continued silent," after the bold appeal of the Interpreter.

"*Interpreter.*—'Then,' said he, 'Be not afraid; only believe, and speak thy mind.'

"*Mercy.*—So she began and said, 'Truly, sir, my want of experience is that that makes me covet to be in silence, and that also that fills me with fears of coming short at last. I cannot tell of visions and dreams as my friend Christiana can; nor know I what it is to mourn for my refusing of the counsel of those that were good relations.'

"*Interpreter.*—'What was it then, dear-heart, that hath prevailed with thee to do as thou hast done?'

THE GARDEN BATH.

"*Mercy.*—'Why, when our friend here was packing up to be gone from our town, I and another went accidentally to see her; so we knocked at the door, and went in. When we were within, and seeing what she was doing, we asked what was her meaning. She said she was sent for to go to her husband; and then she up and told us how she had seen him in a dream, dwelling in a curious place among immortals, wearing a crown, playing upon a harp, eating and drinking at his Prince's table, and singing praises to him for bringing him thither, &c. Now methought, while she was telling these things unto us, my heart burned within me, and I said in my heart, If this be true, I will leave my father and my mother, and the land of my nativity, and will, if I may, go along with Christiana.'

"So I asked her further of the truth of these things, and if she would let me go with her: for I saw now that there was no dwelling, but with the danger of ruin, any longer in our town. But yet I came away with a heavy heart; not for that I was unwilling to come away, but for that so many of my relations were left behind. And I am come with all the desire of my heart, and will go, if I may, with Christiana unto her husband and his King.

"*Interpreter.*—'Thy setting out is good, for thou hast given credit to the truth. Thou art a Ruth, who did, for the love that she bore to Naomi and to the Lord her God, leave father and mother, and the land of her nativity, to come out, and go with a people that she knew not heretofore.'

"Now supper was ended, and preparations were made for bed; the women were laid singly alone, and the boys by themselves. Now when Mercy was in bed, she could not sleep for joy, for that now her doubts of missing at last were removed farther from her than ever they were before; so she lay blessing and praising God, who had had such favor for her.

"In the morning they arose with the sun, and prepared themselves for their departure; but the Interpreter would have them tarry awhile, 'For,' said he, 'you must orderly go from hence.' Then said he to the damsel that at first opened unto them, 'Take them, and have them into the garden to the bath, and there wash them, and make them clean from the soil which they have gathered by traveling.' Then Innocent, the damsel, took them, and had them into the garden, and brought them to the bath; so she told them that there they must wash and be clean, for so her master would have the women to do that called at his house as they were going on pilgrimage. They then went in and washed, yea, they and the boys and all, and they came out of that bath, not only sweet and clean, but also much enlivened and strengthened in their joints; so when they came in, they looked fairer a deal than when they went out to the washing.

"When they were returned out of the garden from the bath, the Interpreter took them and looked upon them, and said unto them, 'Fair as the moon.' Then he called for the seal wherewith they used to be sealed that were washed in his bath. So the seal was brought, and he set his mark upon them, that they might be known in the places whither they were yet to go. Now the seal was the contents and sum of the Passover which the children of Israel did eat when they came out from the land of Egypt, (Exod. xiii, 8–10,) and the mark was set between their eyes This seal greatly added to their beauty, for it was an ornament to their faces; it also added to their gravity, and made their countenances more like them of angels.

"Then said the Interpreter again to the damsel that waited upon these women, 'Go into the vestry, and fetch out garments for these people; so she went, and fetched out white raiment, and laid it down before him; so he commanded them to put it on. 'It was fine linen, white and clean.' When the women were thus adorned, they seemed to be a terror one to the other, for they could not see that glory each one on herself which they could see in each other. Now, therefore, they began to esteem each other better than themselves; 'For you are fairer than I am,' said one; 'And you are more comely than I am,' said another. The children also stood amazed to see into what fashion they were brought.

"The Interpreter then called for a manservant of his, one Greatheart, and bid him take sword, and helmet, and shield, 'and take these my daughters,' said he, 'and conduct them to the house called Beautiful, at which place they will rest next.' So he took his weapons, and went before them; and the Interpreter said, 'God speed.' Those also that belonged to the family sent them away with many a good wish; so they went on their way, and sung—

'This place has been our second stage;
Here we have heard and seen
Those good things that, from age to age,
To others hid have been.
The dunghill-raker, spider, hen,
The chickens too, to me
Hath taught a lesson—let me then
Conformed to it be.
The butcher, garden, and the field,
The robin and his bait,
Also the rotten tree doth yield
Me argument of weight,
To move me for to watch and pray,
To strive to be sincere,
To take my cross up day by day,
And serve the Lord with fear.'

"And now," says the glorious dreamer, bravely, "I saw in my dream that they went on, and Greatheart went before them."

THE DEPARTURE WITH GREATHEART.

PLYMOUTH, THE PILGRIMS AND PURITANS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

ON the first of September, 1824, the corner-stone of a building, called "Plymouth Hall," was laid in Plymouth with religious ceremonies. It is a plain, substantial structure, having a portico of Grecian Doric, and is designed for the preservation of memorials of the Pilgrims. Some of the relics found here we have already spoken of. Of all those who came over in the May-Flower, there is but one portrait in existence, and that is of Edward Winslow, and was painted in 1651, during one of his visits to London. It is to be regretted that no more of the likenesses of the forefathers have come down to us. Winslow, from religious sympathy and like energy of character, was a favorite of Cromwell, and in the execution of an appointment under the Protector, died at sea in 1655, in the sixtieth year of his age. With the profound piety and practical energy of the Pilgrims, he combined a knowledge of the world and of society. He was the first who brought cattle over from England, and the colony records show the following curious agreement, illustrating how valuable a piece of property a cow was then:—

WINSLOW'S CHAIR.

"1672. Edward Winslow hath sold unto Captain Myles Standish his six shares in the red cow, for and in consideration of five pounds ten shillings, to be pd. in corne at the rate of six shillings p. bushel, freeing the said Edward from all manner of charge belonging to the said shares, during the term of the nine years they are let out to calves, and taking the benefit thereof."

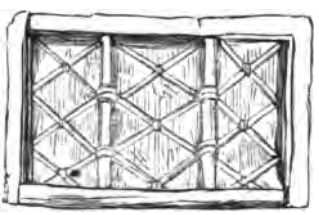
The portrait of Winslow is in the room of the Massachusetts Historical Collection at Boston, where his substantial oak chair, brought over from England, is also preserved. On the back is the inscription, "Cheapside, London, 1614." His first wife died during the severities of the first winter, and, as will be remembered, he shortly after married Susanna, widow of William White—that being the first marriage celebrated in the colony. His estate was called "Careswell," after the family seat of his ancestors in England.

His provident and careful spirit is shown in the subjoined directions to a friend about to emigrate to Plymouth:—

"Now, because I expect your coming unto us, with other of our friends, whose company we much desire, I thought good to advertise you of a few things needful. Be careful to have a good bread-room to put your biscuits in. Let your casks for beer and water be iron-bound for the first tier, if not more. Let not your meat be dry-salted; none can better do it than the sailors. Let your meal be so hard trod in your cask, that you shall need an adz or hatchet to work it out with. Trust not too much on us for corn at this time; for by reason of this last company that came, depending wholly on us, we shall have little enough till harvest. Be careful to come by some of your meal to spend by the way—it will much refresh you. Build your cabins as open as you can, and bring good store of clothes and bedding with you. Bring every man a musket or fowling-piece. Let your piece be long in the barrel, and fear not the weight of it, for most of our shooting is from stands. Bring juice of lemons, and take it fasting—it is of use. For hot waters, aniseed-water is the best, but use it sparingly. If you bring anything for comfort in the country, butter or salad oil, or both, is very good. Our Indian corn, even the coarsest, maketh as pleasant meal as rice; therefore spare that, unless

to spend by the way. Bring paper and linseed-oil for your windows, with cotton yarn for your lamps. Let your shot be most for big fowls, and bring store of powder and shot."

It appears that the colonists could not at first afford the luxury of glass. Among the curiosities of Pilgrim Hall, one of the early latticed window-panes is preserved.



OLD WINDOW-PANE.

Among its most interesting memorials, is a picture representing the "Landing of the Pilgrims." In one end of the hall are two old chairs, brought from England in the May-Flower; one of which belonged to John Carver. He was deacon in the Church in Holland, and afterward the first governor of Plymouth. There is preserved here also an inlaid dressing-case, which belonged to William White, one of the Pilgrims, whose wife, Susanna, was the mother of the first child born in the country, Peregrine White, who lived to the age of eighty-three, and to whom a grant

CARVER'S CHAIR.

of two hundred acres of land was made "in respect that he was the first English born in these parts." An apple-tree planted by him upon his lot near Marshfield is still, it is said, producing fruit. This estate of Marshfield has been famous in modern times as the residence, now the burial-place, of Daniel Webster.

Another interesting relic of the colonists is the family cradle of Dr. Samuel Fuller. It is now in the possession of Jacob Noyes, whose wife is a lineal descendant of the doctor. Fuller was a deacon of the Church, and remarkable for piety and skill alike. He died in 1633, of an infectious fever, and was deeply mourned by his fellow-pilgrims.

If tradition be to be trusted, little Peregrine White was rocked in the Fuller cradle. This seems the more probable, from the fact that he was the first born in the colony, and it is not likely that many cradles were brought over. "It is a good, substantial article, and ornamental withal," says one who has seen it, "and designed, like all the old-fashioned furniture of the mother country, to be handed down from generation to generation."

Precious is every memorial of the venerated men and women who made way for all our blessings—who bore the burden and heat of the day without complaint—always zealous for the glory of God to the forgetfulness of self, and who, though not perfect, have left us examples of faith, and trust, and endurance of suffering, and resistance of oppression, without which we should be very poor. Among these precious remains is William Brewster's chair. He was the oldest of the Pilgrims, being fifty-six at the time of embarking for America. Having been an elder of the Church at home, he was chosen to minister to the little band of exiles, till they could be joined by the good Mr. Robinson, who was not destined to take "New-England in his way to heaven," as has been beautifully said of one who lived but a little time after gaining the shores of the New World.

The task assigned him he undertook with like zeal and modesty. His life seems to have been one of great vicissitudes. Well born, educated, and accustomed to the elegancies of a court, he left all, and cast in his lot with the humble and devout seekers of the strange country; and it is said of him, that "he not only

PEREGRINE WHITE'S TREE.

guided and directed them like a father, but largely assisted them with his estate," which last I take to be a substantial evidence of his goodness of heart. The annexed beautiful tribute is from the memoir of his friend Bradford. From early habits and from his age, he was unfitted for the tasks and hardships assumed by his brethren; nevertheless, says the memoir,—

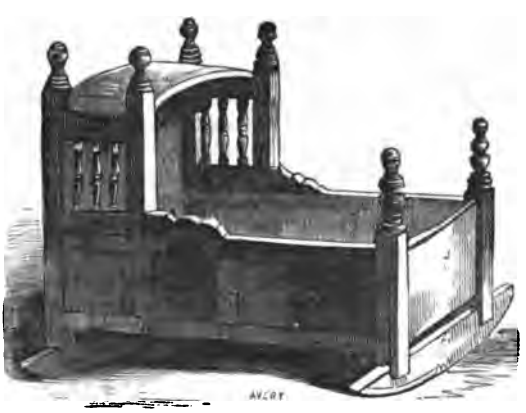
"He was no way unwilling to bear his burden with the rest, living without bread or corn many months together, having many times nothing but fish, and often wanting that also, and drinking nothing but water for many years together, until within five or six years of his death; and yet he lived, by the blessing of God, until a very old age in health; and besides that, he would labor with his hands in the fields as long as he was able. Yet, when the Church had no other minister, he taught twice every Sabbath, and that both powerfully and profitably, to the great contentment of the hearers and their comfortable edification; yea, many were brought to God by his ministry. He did more in their behalf in a year than many that have their hundreds a year do in all their lives."

If any of my white-handed readers are ashamed to work, though born in a democracy and of a race of workers, I wish they would forget themselves long enough to make a picture of this good old man at work in the field, and deeming it no hardship to sacrifice all the courtly splendors to which he had been used, for the sake of his neighbors and friends; I wish they would think of it, and see if their cheeks do not tingle for shame, and themselves shrink to the puny and profitless idlers they are, in the thought.

He lived to number eighty years, and died in his bed in peace — his friends about him ministering to his needs, and he in turn comforting them as long as he could speak, which he was able to do until about half-a-day before his death. "For some minutes before his last he drew his breath long, as a man falleth into a sound sleep, without any pangs or gaspings, and so sweetly departed this life into a better."

His illness was short, and not until the day before his death did he wholly keep his bed, and we can imagine the venerable old man sitting in his great chair, and contemplating serenely and calmly, as one whose work was done and whose peace was made, the transit through the dark which he was about to make. I wish we could give the reader a picture of the pious elder as well as his chair.

The Pilgrim Hall contains no memorial of William Bradford, who was chosen governor after Carver, and was annually reëlected for thirty years, a sufficient commentary on the ability with which he discharged his duties. He lived through nearly the whole period of the English commonwealth—saw other colonies rising



THE FULLER CRADLE.

BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

and flourishing around his own, and was universally regarded with love and veneration.

There is a little traditionary romance connected with his history of much stern reality.

Dorothy, the wife who came with him to America, was drowned while the May-Flower lay at Cape Cod, and during the absence of her husband on an exploring tour. A Mrs. Alice Southworth afterward came over to Plymouth, whom he married, and the story is that an old attachment existed between Mistress Alice and Bradford previously to his leaving England, and that their union had been prevented on the ground of inequality of position. They separated, and in the course of time each married, at the dictation of judgment, probably; but their bonds being severed by death, the old acquaintance was revived, and the love too, if it had ever died, and the girlish Alice of Bradford became the sober wife of his maturer years—so strangely are things ordered in this world. We find pleasing glimpses now and then, showing us that these austere men had hearts susceptible of the deepest tenderness, as well as great and brave souls.

We learn from the Colony Records that

"On the 26th of March, 1670, Mistress Alice Bradford, Sen., changed this life for a better, having attained to fourscore years of age, or thereabouts. She was a godly matron, and much loved while she lived, and lamented, though aged, when she died, and was honorably interred on the 29th day of the month afore-said, at New-Plymouth."

Besides his services to the colonies while living, Bradford left writings which are imperishable, forming as they do the most authentic documents of colonial history.

The subjoined verses descriptive of the life of those times, is copied from an account of the Pilgrim Fathers by William Bartlett, and was, he says, taken down from the lips of an old lady, aged ninety-four, in the year 1767, thus reaching back almost to the time of which it is descriptive. It would be curious to know in what manner of man or woman the humorous spirit that dictated the lines found a dwelling-place. They are, however, in accordance with the general spirit of accommodating itself to circumstances cheerfully:—

"The place where we dwell is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanted that's fruitful and good;
Our mountains and hills, and our valleys below,
Are commonly cover'd with frost and with snow.

"And when the north-west wind with violence blows,
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose;
But if any's so hardy and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

"Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
They need to be clouted soon after they are worn;
But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing—
Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

"If fresh meat be wanted to fill up our dish,
We have carrots and turnips whenever we wish;
And if we've a mind for a delicate dish,
We go to the clam-bank, and there we catch fish.

"For pottage, and puddings, and custards, and pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies;
We have pumpkins at morning, and pumpkins at noon—
If it were not for pumpkins we should be undoon."

It would appear from this old song that a facility of rhyming was indigenous to American soil; and since it has taken such

deep root and overspread the whole face of the country, as it has, there would seem to be little hope of its being rooted out. But that our venerable grandames did not spin sonnets and madrigals to the forgetfulness of flax and wool the annexed cut sufficiently attests.

OLD SPINNING-WHEEL.

Probably few of the readers of to-day have ever even seen one of the originals, which the cut represents; but in early times they formed a part of the marriage portion of every young woman, and they are sometimes found in the garrets of families, in which they have come down as heir-looms, even yet. I myself have experimented, in tow, on a wheel of this sort, to the admiration of my playmates, in my rural home in Ohio, many and many a time, in the years that are dead and buried.

From a discourse delivered in Plymouth shortly after its settlement, by one Robert Cushman, who came over to negotiate some secular matters, a brief transcript is made—an amplification, as it were, of the golden rule, and as applicable now as then. He says:—

"May you live as retired hermits, and look over nobody? Nay, you must seek still the wealth of one another, and inquire as David, How liveth such a man? How is he clad? How is he fed? He is my brother, my associate; we ventured our lives together here, and had a hard brunt of it, and we are in league together. Is his labor harder than mine? Surely I will ease him. Hath he no bed to lie on? Why, I have two; I'll lend him one. Hath he no apparel? Why, I have two suits; I'll give him one of them. Eats he coarse fare—bread and water—and I have better? why, surely I will part stakes. He is as good a man as I, and we are bound each to other: so that his wants must be my wants, his sorrows my sorrows, his sickness my sickness, his welfare my welfare; for I am as he is, and such a sweet sympathy were excellent, comfortable—yea, heavenly, and is the maker and conserver of Churches and commonwealths, and where this is wanting ruin comes on quickly."

The following description of Plymouth, in 1627, will be read with interest by every one. The delineation is from a letter of Dr. Basieres, discovered in the library in the Hague. He tells us that

"The houses were constructed of hewn planks, with gardens inclosed behind, and at the sides with boards. To prevent surprise, each had besides a defensive stockade, and there were three wooden gates at the extremities of the streets. In the centre, on the cross street, stood the governor's house, before which was a square enclosure, upon which four *patereroe* were mounted, so as to flank along the streets. Upon Burial, or Fort Hill, was a large square house with a flat roof, made of thick sawn planks, stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they had six cannons, four or five pounders, which commanded all the neighborhood. The lower part of this fort served as a church, to which on Sundays they repaired in perfect military order. They were assembled by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain's door. They have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher, with his cloak on; and on the left hand the captain, with his side-arms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand. Then they march in good order, each setting down his arms beside him. And thus they are on their guard night and day."

Some notion of the costume of the times may be gathered from the illustration which we give on the next page.

Strange enough to our ears sound the orders, sent over to London, for "Norwich gaiters," "doublet and hose, of leather, lined with oiled-skin leather, the hose and doublet with hooks and eyes," northern dressers, or Hampshire kerseys, lined, the hose with skins, the doublets with linen of Guildford," "falling bands," "waistcoats of green cotton, bound about with red tape," "leather girdles," "Monmouth caps," "black hats, lined in the rim with leather," "red knit caps, milled," "gloves of calf's leather and tanned sheep's leather," &c.

PILGRIM COSTUME.

The stockings of the time were gartered beneath the knee, and the garters fastened with a large bow, or rosette, on one side; and the stiff ruffs of Queen Elizabeth's time had been exchanged for wide horizontal collars and broad falling bands. To these succeeded the small Geneva bands, like those worn by clergymen. Girdles were used in place of suspenders; and caps, the best of which were made at Monmouth, were much worn, and especially by soldiers; the other parts of the dress of a soldier consisted of a loose cassock or sack, covering the whole of the body, and usually without sleeves:—

"Thus put he on his arming truss—fair shoes upon his feet,
About him a mandilion that did with buttons meet,
Of purple, large and full of folds, curl'd with a warmful nap,
A garment that 'gainst cold in nights did soldiers use to wrap."

Leather breeches were worn chiefly by the common people, and the fashion, on account of its durability, held for a long time.

The pilgrim houses have, as I said before, all disappeared, and from the description we have had, it seems they were not built substantially enough to withstand the war of elements for any very protracted period, even if no violent hands had been laid on them. Some very old houses, however, are still standing. I make the following interesting extract from a recent work by the poet Whittier. The fortifications were provided against the Narragansett war:—

"In 1690 six garrisons were established in different parts, with a small company of soldiers attached to each. Two of these houses are still standing. They were built of brick, two stories high, with a single outside door, so small and narrow that but one person could enter at a time; the windows few, and only about two and a half feet long by eighteen inches wide, with thick diamond glass secured with lead, and crossed inside with bars of iron. The basement had but two rooms, and the chamber was entered by a ladder instead of stairs, so that the inmates, if driven thither, could cut off communication with the rooms below."

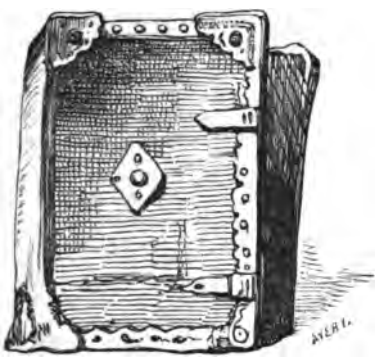
Many private houses, the author goes on to say, were strengthened and fortified, one of which, familiar to his boyhood, he describes as follows:—

"A venerable old building of wood, with brick between the weather boards and ceiling, with a massive balustrade over the door, constructed of oak timber and plank, with holes through the latter for firing upon assailants. The door opened upon a stone-paved hall, or entry, leading into the huge single room of the basement, which was lighted by two small windows, the ceiling black with the smoke of a century and a half; a huge fire-place, calculated for eight feet wood, occupying one entire side; while overhead, suspended from the timbers or the shelves fastened to them, were household stores, farming utensils, fishing-rods, guns, bunches of herbs, gathered perhaps a century ago, strings of dried apples and pumpkins, links of mottled sausages, spareribs and flitches of bacon; the firelight of an evening dimly revealing the checked wooden coverlet of the bed, in one far-off corner, while in another the pewter plates on the dresser caught and reflected the flame as shields of armies the sunshine."

An old Dutch Bible brings us to the close of the Pilgrim relics.

That this book was read and trusted too, the subjoined narrative illustrates better than any words of mine. The severe and simple beauty of the style commends it better to the heart than any elaborate effort could do. It is copied from "Young's Chronicles of the Planters," and is the account which Anthony Thatcher himself gives of his shipwreck though condensed considerably from the original for want of space. He says:—

"I must turn my drowned pen and shaking hand to indite the story of such sad news as never before this happened in New-England."



DUTCH BIBLE.

There was, he goes on to say, a league of perpetual friendship between his cousin Avery and himself, to be partakers of each other's misery or welfare, as also of habitation in the same place. This cousin Avery was a minister, and had, shortly after coming from England, a pastoral offer, which he declined, on account of their unwillingness to be apart. At length they arranged to go together to Marblehead, for which purpose they embarked at Ipswich, August 11, 1635, with their families and substance, being in all twenty-three souls :—

"The next morning," says the narrative, "having commended ourselves to God, with cheerful hearts we hoisted sail. But the Lord turned our cheerfulness into mourning and lamentations, for on the 14th of August, 1635, about ten at night, having a fresh gale of wind, our sails being old and done, were split. The mariners, because that it was night, would not put to new sails, but resolved to cast anchor till the morning. But before daylight it pleased the Lord to send so mighty a storm, as the like was never known in New-England since the English came, nor in the memory of any of the Indians. It was so furious that our anchor came home. Whereupon the mariners let out more cable, which at last slipped away. Then our sailors knew not what to do; but we were driven before the winds and waves. My cousin and I perceived our danger, and solemnly recommended ourselves to God, the Lord both of earth and seas, expecting every moment to be swallowed in the waves and drenched in the deeps. And as my cousin, his wife, and my tender babes, sat comforting and cheering one another in the Lord against ghastly death, which every moment stared us in the face, and sat triumphing on each one's forehead, we were by the violence of the waves and fury of the winds (by the Lord's permission) lifted upon a rock between two high rocks, yet all was one rock. But it raged with the stroke which came into the pinnace, so we were presently up to our middles in water. The waves came furiously and violently over us, and against us, but, by reason of the rock's proportion, could not lift us off, but beat her all to pieces. Now look with me upon our distress, and consider of my misery, who beheld the ship broken, the water in her, and violently overwhelming us, my goods and provisions swimming in the seas, my friends almost drowned, and my own poor children so untimely, (if I may so term it without offence,) before mine eyes drowned, and ready to be swallowed up and dashed to pieces on the rocks by the merciless waves, and myself ready to accompany them."

And in continuance of the woeful relation, he says :—

"In the same room whereas he sat, the master of the pinnace, not knowing what to do, our foremast was cut down, our mainmast broken in three pieces, the fore part of the pinnace beat away, our goods swimming about the seas, my children bewailing me, as not pitying themselves, and myself bemoaning them, poor souls, whom I had occasioned such an end in their tender years, whenas they could scarce be sensible of death. And so likewise my cousin, his wife, and his children, and both of us bewailing each other in our Lord and only Saviour Jesus Christ, in whom only we had comfort and cheerfulness; insomuch, that from the greatest to the least of us, there was not one screech or outcry made; but all, as silent sheep, were contentedly resolved to die together lovingly, as since our acquaintance we had lived together friendly. Now, as I was sitting in the cabin room door, with my body in the room, when lo! one of the sailors, by a wave being washed out of the pinnace, was gotten in again, and coming into the cabin room over my back, cried out, 'We are all cast away. The Lord have mercy upon us!' His speech made me look forth, and looking toward the sea, and seeing how we were, I turned myself to my cousin and the rest, and spake these words: 'O cousin, it hath pleased God to cast us here between two rocks, the shore not far from us, for I saw the tops of trees when I looked forth.'

"Whereupon the master of the pinnace, looking up at the scuttle hole of the quarter deck, went out at it; but I never saw him afterward. Then he that had been in the sea, went out again by me, and leapt overboard toward the rocks, whom afterward, also, I could not see.

"Now none were left in the bark, that I knew or saw, but my cousin, his wife and children, myself and mine, and his maid-servant. But my cousin thought I would have fled from him, and said unto me, 'O, cousin, leave us not—let us die together;' and reached forth his hand unto me. Then I, letting go my son Peter's hand, took his hand and said, 'Cousin, I propose it not; whither shall I go? I am willing and ready here to die with you and my poor children. God be merciful to us, and receive us to himself;' adding these words—'the Lord is able to help and deliver us.' He replied—'Truth, cousin; but what his pleasure is we know not. I fear we have been too unthankful for former deliverances. But he hath promised to deliver us from sin and condemnation, and to bring us safe to heaven through the all-sufficient satisfaction of Jesus Christ. This, there-

fore, we may challenge him.' To which I, replying, said, 'That is all the deliverance I now desire and expect.' Which words I had no sooner spoken, but by a mighty wave I was with the piece of the bark washed out upon part of the rock, where the wave left me almost drowned. But recovering my feet, I saw above me on the rock my daughter Mary, to whom I had no sooner gotten, but my cousin Avery and his eldest son came to us; being all four of us washed out by one and the same wave. We went all into a small hole in the top of the rock, whence we called to those in the pinnace to come unto us, supposing we had been in more safety than they were in. My wife, seeing me there, crept up into the scuttle of the quarter deck, to come unto us. But presently came another wave and dashed the pinnace all to pieces, carrying my wife away in the scuttle as she was, with the greater part of the quarter deck unto the shore, where she was cast safely. All the rest that were in the bark were drowned in the mefciless seas. We four by that wave were clean swept away from off the rock also into the sea; the Lord in one instant of time disposing of fifteen souls of us, according to his good pleasure and will."

He describes himself as hanging on the rock with only his head above water a great while, but on reaching a hand to lay hold of a plank, was by the violence of the waves washed off, "and driven hither and thither in the seas,"—"and had many dashes against the rocks." He continues:—

"At length, past hopes of life, and wearied in body and spirits, I gave over to nature; being ready to receive in the waters of death, and lifted up both my heart and hands to God in heaven. For note, I had my senses remaining perfect all this time that I was under and in the water, who at that instant lifted my head up out of the water, so that I might breathe without any hinderance by the waters. I stood bolt upright, as if I had stood upon my feet; but I felt no bottom, nor had any footing to stand upon but the waters."

After remaining in the water for at least a quarter of an hour, overwhelmed and driven to and fro, now catching at pieces of timber, and now striving to find the ground, he at last found his face to the shore, "and made haste to get out." Having blessed God, he turned to look about for his wife and children, but saw neither.

Presently his wife "got herself from among the broken timber;" and when they were come to each other, they went and sat under the bank of the sea. Whence (for they could not rest) they "went up into the land, and sat them down under a cedar-tree, where, almost frozen with cold, they remained an hour "But," says Thatcher,—

"My heart would not let me sit still any longer; but I would go to see if any more were gotten to the land in safety, especially hoping to have met with some of my own poor children; but I could find none, neither dead nor yet living. Now came to my remembrance the time and manner, how and when I last saw and left my poor children and friends. One was severed from me sitting on the rock at my feet, the other three in the pinnace, my little babe (Ah, poor Peter!) sitting in his sister Edith's arms, who, to the uttermost of her power, sheltered him from the waters; my poor William standing close unto them, all three of them looking ruefully on me on the rock, their very countenances calling unto me to help them; whom I could not go unto, neither could they come to me. O, I yet see their cheeks, poor silent lambs, pleading pity and help at my hands."

From this account he passes to a relation of God's goodness unto him in the desolate island in which he was cast away—they were wet and cold, even unto death, and almost naked, but succeeded in finding some of the clothes of their drowned children, which they wrapped about them. They found also two cheeses, some butter, and a drowned goat. Thus, says Thatcher, the Lord sent us some clothes to put on, and food to sustain us in our new home, and means also to make a fire; for in a horn I had some gunpowder, which, to my own, and since to other men's admiration, was dry. So, taking a piece of my wife's neckcloth, which I dried in the sun, I struck fire, and so dried and warmed our wet bodies; and then skinned the goat; and having found a small brass pot, we boiled some of her. Our drink was brackish water—bread we had none.

The island he named "Thatcher's Woe," and the rock, "Avery his Fall."

The island is now called Thatcher's Island; and a long line of descendants have perpetuated the name of Thatcher; for two children were born to them after their rescue from the island. I find it stated that "a cradle coverlet, of scarlet broadcloth, is now in the possession of one of the descendants; and such is the veneration for the relic, that every child of the Thatcher family that has been baptized in Yarmouth, has been carried to the baptismal font enwrapped in it."

The times in which we live, and the circumstances that surround us, in a great measure, mold and make us what we are; and it were well to remember this in estimating the character of the Puritans, and judge them, not from our own stand-points

of observation, but from theirs. The high motives by which they were actuated will soften our condemnation of their hardest dealings, while their child-like faith and pious resignation will forever challenge our admiration and imitation.

The more we study the history of their times, the more shall we become tolerant of their intolerance, and the more shall we rejoice that we live in this good time, and have liberty to speak and to act as conscience dictates. They are gone who cleared the field where now smiles this universal harvest of liberty—the solemnity of another and a greater life is about them, and in its shadow and shelter we will leave them—

"Nor further seek their merits to disclose,
Or draw their frailties from their dread abode."

We cannot better conclude this article than in the words of Captain Roger Clap to his children :—

"You have better food and raiment than was in former times; but have you better hearts than your forefathers had? If so, rejoice in that mercy, and let New-England then shout for joy. Sure all the people of God in other parts of the world, that shall hear that the children and grand-children of the first planters of New-England have better hearts, and are more heavenly, than their predecessors, they will doubtless greatly rejoice, and will say, 'This is the generation whom the Lord hath blessed.'"

[For the National Magazine.]

THE 'SNAKE NECKLACE.

BY H. N. POWERS.

Sitting one pleasant evening in my room,
As the October sunset's yellow bloom
Lay on the meadows, and through window-pane
Stream'd like a flood of saffron-tinted rain,
I listen'd to the story—sweetly told
By one whose innocence had made her bold—
A little maid, whose eyes were full of May,
And on whose lips a half-blown rosebud lay,
Glowing with her sweet breath. Methinks that now,
Shaking the soft brown ringlets from her brow,
And lifting toward me that delicious face,
I see her glide with airy, dove-like grace
Upon my loneliness, as she did when
Her words had such a meaning. I may pen
All that she spake—but ah! the picture there—
Her attitude, and tone, and artless air,
Her face, like those blest faces in a dream,
Are needed to illustrate such a theme
As melted from her lips. But it is time
The tale itself soothes down this rugged rhyme.
Sitting beside me, hour most brightly fair,
The golden sunlight woven in her hair,
While we held curious talk of curious things,
She told me that her sister, whom three springs
Had garlanded and nursed, had love so dear
For all bright things, that she knew naught of fear:
How she was ever seeking what might be
An object for her natural charity,
Not only among the flowers, and birds, and trees,
Rich skies, and clouds, and woodland harmonies,
But everywhere, in grasses cool and rank,
In pebbly walks, in hedge, and viny bank.
And then she told, with voice sweet as the purl
Of brooks—one warm hand toying with a curl—
How one bright summer, in the afternoon,
When all the fields lay in a golden swoon,
And household sounds gave way to careless ease
And dreary rest, as each one's chance might please,
The young child was forgotten for a space,
Till finally, love's triumph on her face,
She came embracing in her rosy arms,
And fondling with a kiss's tender charms,
A snake of gorgeous hue, whose green and gold
Flash'd on her neck in many a radiant fold
A fearful splendor! But with happiest smile,
Unharm'd and glad, without a thought of guile,
She held the monster; and there bright and calm,
As a wild bee rock'd on a bed of balm,
It lay entranced, till many a fearful shriek,
And sudden pallor on each gazer's cheek,
Made the fair child dismiss its gorgeous prize,
With nerveless haste and wonder-beaming eyes.
Such was the story. In the silence then
Wondering at such a tale from lips so fair,
I thought what truth its simple sense might yield,
How innocence is e'er a light and shield—
That one who thinks no ill and seeks no wrong
In life's dark path is beautiful and strong;
And that large love that reaches things forlorn
Can baffle hate and triumph over scorn.

Scandal.—A disposition to scandal is a compound of malignity and simulation. It never urges an opinion with the bold consciousness of truth, but deals in a monotonous jargon of half-sentences, conveying its ambiguities by emphasis. Its propagators lay a mighty stress upon the "*May be's*," and "*I'll say no more*," "*Let us hope not*," "*They do say*," and "*Time will show*;" thus confirming the evil they affect to deplore, more under the semblance of pity and prudential caution, than they possibly could in any shape, short of demonstration. Observe the greatest reserve with persons of this description: they are the hyenas of society, perpetually prowling over reputation, which is their prey; lamenting, and at the same time enjoying, the ruin they create. —*Dr. Kitto.*

ARCTIC RESEARCHES—THEIR HISTORY AND RESULTS.

THE North-west Passage is discovered. The entire continent of the two Americas has been circumnavigated. The existence of the long-suspected, unfrozen Polar Sea has been all-but proved. More than a million sterling has been expended by England in Arctic research during the last four years. These facts point to the present as a fitting time to take a glance at what has been effected in compensation for the enormous outlay thus incurred; for, whatever be the particular result, there can be no doubt that, as a general consequence, any future expedition into the Arctic seas will be prosecuted with a different intention from those hitherto projected. The line of research will be considerably narrowed, the object sought for will be more clearly defined, and the means used will be more adapted to the circumstances, than the limited experience of past days enabled the adventurers to provide.

Nearly three hundred and sixty years have elapsed since the first attempts were made to find a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The continent of America was not the object sought when Columbus and Sebastian Cabot made their celebrated and arduous voyages to the West; and the continuity of the land from north to south was no sooner demonstrated, than English navigators began to seek some passage to the western side of it, other than that through the tropics and round Cape Horn, or by the Straits of Magellan. A passage westward to China and the East Indies was the great desideratum with them; and no labor was in their estimation considered too great, if as its fruits such a passage should be discovered. Accordingly we find Cabot himself, immediately after his discovery of the North American continent, pushing northward and westward as far as Hud-

son's Bay; and such an immense opening as that was well calculated to inspire hopes of a successful termination to their search. But Cabot died without going further in that direction. Nearly a century passed before any other noteworthy attempt was made to penetrate westward, and at that time Frobisher attempted to extend the researches of his predecessors. It does not appear that he did more than find another passage into the same way, through the strait now known by his name; and about the same time it became known, or at least was currently believed, that no outlet to the westward existed in the bay; whereupon the sturdy mariners of those days grew somewhat irate, and fastened upon that noble sheet of water the ignoble cognomen of "pudding-bag." Future expeditions, therefore, were directed more to the northward, and before the close of the sixteenth century, Davis had discovered and given his name to the great strait which terminates in Baffin's Bay. Early in the seventeenth century, Baffin explored that great northern bay, since which time it has been called by his name. On the western side of it he discovered the large opening now known by the name of Lancaster Sound, but did not examine it. Its existence, however, was quite sufficient to revive the almost extinct hopes of a westerly passage, and hence we find, after a century (the eighteenth) spent in fruitless efforts to penetrate westward in a more temperate climate, and northward direct to the pole, attention was again directed to Lancaster Sound, through which all recent endeavors to navigate the Arctic Sea have been made.

The first of these modern expeditions to the north-west was that under the command of Captain Ross, and simultaneously with that was another to the north-east, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, under Captain Buchan. They were instructed to pursue their respective courses over the pole to Behring's Straits, (from which point their projected routes coincide,) and thence into the Pacific Ocean. The latter was checked in his progress by the ice, immediately on entering the Polar Sea; but Ross succeeded in exploring the northern part of Baffin's Bay, and returned with a conviction that no outlet existed from that bay to the Polar Sea—a conviction proved by Captain Inglefield in 1852 to have been without sufficient foundation. Then, trying Lancaster Sound, he proceeded some distance in that direction, but was compelled to return before he could ascertain whether it was open or not. The most valuable result of this expedition was the more accurate knowledge we thereby attained of the shores and actual position of Baffin's Bay, which was brought within narrower limits than had been before assigned to it.

In the year 1819, Lieutenant Parry, who had accompanied Ross in his recent voyage, was sent out by the British government to Baffin's Bay, with instructions to explore Lancaster Sound, and push on to the westward. He succeeded in adding much to the geography of these regions, having reached as far as the 110th degree of west longitude. The northern shores of the passage were found to be much broken, and consisted apparently of a number of islands, some of the principal of which are now well known on the map as Cornwallis, Bathurst, and Melville Islands. But the southern shore was very imperfectly defined, and till the last few months has been a *terra incognita* to all but a stray Esquimaux or two who may have occasionally wandered there. It should, however, be noted, that when Parry left Melville Island, he made an attempt to get somewhat further west, but after discovering the shore of Banks' Land, was under the necessity of returning through Davis' Straits, and arrived in England toward the close of 1820. A glance at the map will show what an immense stride was made by this expedition toward the navigation of the Polar Sea. In truth, the distance traveled westward from Lancaster Sound, and that traveled eastward by former adventurers from Behring's Straits, were so great, that their discoveries almost met under the same meridian, leaving but a short passage in a direction north and south to be discovered. That short passage, however, was never traversed till last year, (1853,) as we shall presently show. Still, the success of Parry's expedition was well calculated to inspire confidence, and so it did. For, in the year following his return, he and Captain Lyon were employed by the British Admiralty to renew his researches. But little resulted from this attempt, beyond an examination of the bays and inlets in the north-east of the American continent.

While Parry and Ross were making

these expeditions, Captain Franklin (the now lamented Sir John) was making his way overland to the north coast of America, through the Hudson Bay Company's territories. He went down the Coppermine River to the shores of the Northern Sea, and explored a considerable extent of its coast line. Deficiency of provision rendered his return inevitable, but it was not effected till he and his party had suffered great privations and hardships. He arrived in England in 1823.

In 1824, Parry and Lyon renew their efforts. They enter Lancaster Sound, and pass to the southward into Prince Regent's Inlet. Being overtaken by storms, their ships were disabled—one so much that they were obliged to abandon it, and they returned to England the following year.

Captain Franklin, in 1825, again undertook an overland journey to the northern shores of America, with the intention of passing down the Mackenzie River, and thence westward toward Behring's Straits. Meanwhile, Captain Beechy sailed round Cape Horn, and thence to the north, to discover a passage round the Icy Cape, or through Kotzebue Sound, both at the north-west extremity of America. By these two expeditions, together with Franklin's former one, the entire northern coast from Behring's Straits to Coronation Gulf was determined. And it was during his observations in traversing this coast that Franklin became convinced of the existence of a north-west passage, by observing the currents and the state of the masses of ice which floated down to those regions. Very little has been added to our knowledge of this track from that time, till the remaining unexplored portion was traversed by Captain M'Clure, in 1851–2.

And now the British Admiralty determined to give the *north-east* passage another trial. For this service the indomitable Parry was again selected. He proceeded to Hammerfest, the most northerly town in Lapland, where he took on board reindeer and ice-boats. He reached Spitzbergen in May, 1827; from thence went northward two hundred and ninety-two miles in thirty-five days, during which it rained almost all the time. The ice being much broken, and the current toward the south, he could not make way against it, and was compelled to return, which the current and the ice greatly facilitated. At 81° north latitude the sea was so deep, that with five hundred fathoms no bottom could be found. Parry arrived in England in the autumn of the year in which he set out—1827.

Such was the enthusiasm of that period, no geographer could rest till something more was really known respecting these regions; either that the passage sought did not exist, or, if existing, that it might be traced out. But the English government were unwilling to incur any further responsibilities at that time; and hence the investigation was left to private individuals. Captain Ross was prepared to prosecute further researches; and Mr. Felix Booth, sheriff of London, rendered him such liberal assistance as enabled him to enter on another voyage. It proved a very unfortunate one; for his bark was so injured before he reached the shores of America, that he was obliged to repair it on the coast of Greenland before he could proceed. Dispatches announcing his departure from that place reached England, and then no more was heard of him for four years, during the last two of which the anxiety of the nation on his account was intense. He spent two winters in the southern extremity of Prince Regent's Inlet, two of the severest on record, the temperature on one occasion falling to 90° below zero. Compelled at last to abandon the ship, he commenced a foot journey over the ice, and after walking three hundred miles, arrived at Leopold Island in Barrow's Straits. Owing to the severity of the climate, the ice did not break up during the summer, and they were compelled to spend another winter on these inhospitable shores. At length, in the summer of 1833, the party were picked up by Captain Humphrey, of the Isabella of Hull—the self-same ship which Ross commanded in 1818. He reached England in October, 1833, and the satisfaction evinced by the nation, on receiving intelligence of his arrival, was sufficient to show how sincere had been the anxiety before expressed. This expedition resulted in the determination of the locality of the Magnetic Pole, and the discovery that no passage westward existed south of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits.

The enthusiasm of navigators subsided for a while after this very untoward effort; and twelve years elapsed before any very vigorous effort was again made to accomplish the same object. But, at the com-

mencement of the year 1845, Captain Franklin was appointed to the command of an expedition with the Erebus and Terror, the latter under the command of Captain Crozier. Franklin was instructed to make the best of his way to Lancaster Sound, and push on to the westward as far as Cape Walker, (lon. 90° W.) From that point he was to proceed southward and westward, in as direct a course toward Behring's Straits as was practicable. Supposing a westward course impracticable, he was instructed to enter Wellington Sound, and go northward in his second summer.

In pursuance of these instructions, Franklin left England in May, 1845, and arrived at Whalefish Island, near Disco, on the west coast of Greenland, in July. From this place letters from the officers, and a dispatch from Franklin, were sent home to England. All were well, and the whole company in excellent spirits. This was the *last intelligence received from* the expedition. As they were crossing Baffin's Bay, they were spoken by a whaler, the Prince of Wales, Captain Darmett; and this was the *last sight obtained* of them. Since that time, the remains of an encampment have been discovered at Cape Riley, on the eastern side of the entrance to Wellington Channel; and, as it has been satisfactorily ascertained that those remains were from articles supplied at the English dockyard, and that no other party then exploring those regions had left them there, it has been inferred that Franklin must have been detained at this point, although no notice of the circumstance has been deposited on the spot. This is the *last trace*, however faint and uncertain, of the missing squadron, and was discovered August, 1850, about five years after their departure from the coast of Greenland.

When the Erebus and Terror had been above twelve months from home, without any intelligence arriving as to their whereabouts, some anxiety began to be felt as to their safety, and Captain Sir John Ross communicated his thoughts on the subject to the British Admiralty. A considerable ferment was soon observable in the public mind, and it was at length decided, that if no intelligence of the missing ships arrived by the close of the autumn in 1847, three several searching expeditions should be sent out—one by Lancaster Sound, another through Behring's Straits, and another through the Hudson Bay Company's territories—to the Northern Ocean. To these, others were subsequently added, by the aid of private benevolence or otherwise in America and England, till the bare mention of them is quite bewildering to the memory. And, as the chief officers of the various expeditions have published the result of their labors, we have had during the last three years such a mass of information on Arctic subjects as has never before fallen to the lot of the travel-reading public.

As might be expected, in such a mass of writing on a single subject, there is much repetition of facts already known, and great similarity in the accounts which different writers give of like incidents and phenomena: remarkable instances of affection in the polar bear toward her cubs; icebergs like floating mountains of glass; hair-breadth escapes from being crushed to atoms; midnights literally bright as day; besides these, a great portion of those works is devoted to details of the natural history and geology of the polar regions, and are too minute and exclusively scientific to afford any gratification to the general reader. But, after all this pruning and lopping, there remains a considerable amount of geographical and other information, which cannot fail to interest all who give it the slightest attention.

Foremost of these points of interest undoubtedly stands the now demonstrated North-west Passage, and next to that, the evidence that has been gathered relative to the existence of an open unfrozen Polar Sea. We shall devote the remaining part of the present paper to these two topics, as they form convenient nuclei round which to group such other details as we may wish to introduce.

To Captain M'Clure belongs the honor of having made this discovery. After the three expeditions just referred to had been prosecuting their researches about two years, and Sir James Clark Ross had returned to England, the English Admiralty resolved that a still more vigorous search should be made; when the Enterprise and Investigator vessels, which had just returned from the north, were again fitted up, the latter being put under the command of Captain M'Clure. He left England in 1850, and in the autumn of that year was coasting along the northern boundary of the American continent from Behring's

Straits eastward. He made one or two attempts to push at once to the northward, but was stopped by the ice, and found, by his own observation, and the information afforded him by the natives, that the ice was almost continuous from Icy Cape to Coronation Gulf, throughout the whole year, at a short distance from the land. Here and there a narrow lane of water would present itself, but it rarely proved to be of great length, and not unfrequently led him into the "pack," so as to render his extrication difficult. It would appear that the heavy ice rarely approached or receded from the shore further than at the time when M'Clure was passing, and the average distance then was about forty miles, the intervening space being occupied in winter by a lighter kind of ice, called "young ice," or "pancake ice," which disappears during the summer months, and leaves a passage for large vessels, varying from five to forty miles in width.

On reaching Cape Parry, (about 71° N., 124° W.,) September 6, 1850, high land was observed in a direction N. E. by N., apparently nearly fifty miles from the ship. Captain M'Clure immediately made for it, with the intention of passing up the western shore, as it had the appearance of a large island. The pack was found resting on the western banks of the island, which led him subsequently to determine on making an attempt to push northward into Barrow's Straits on the eastern side, since there was clear water before him there as far as the eye could reach. Arriving at the southern extremity of the island, the officers landed, and took possession of the country with the usual ceremonies, in the name of Queen Victoria; calling it Baring's Island, in honor of the First Lord of the Admiralty. Leaving this most southerly point, it was necessary to go further to the eastward, before the land permitted a northward course. On the 9th of September land obstructed their passage further eastward, but left an opening to the northward, which was just what they desired. They had now Baring's Island on their left hand, and new territory on their right, which they named Prince Albert's Land; before them an open strait, up which they were pushing their way, and which they called Prince of Wales' Strait. On the following day (September 10) they had got so far up this channel as to be within seventy miles of Barrow's Straits; where they hoped, if the water continued as open as it was in their present position, to arrive in another day or two at most, and so complete the passage so long sought. That pleasure was to be delayed for a time; for a few miles further brought them among shoals of ice, through which they endeavored most perseveringly to work their way. Occasionally making head a little, and soon after drifting back twice as far, their progress amounted to a mere nothing. Exposed to these and similar vicissitudes for a whole month, and determined not to relinquish one inch of ground they had attained, except by direst necessity, our brave adventurers were finally frozen in, and housed over for the winter, by the 16th of October, 1850.

It was now pretty certain that the ship was fixed for the next nine months at least, and it remained for the expedition to contrive the best plan of making use of the time that must intervene before they could again set sail. They were naturally anxious to ascertain whether the channel in which they were then ice-locked led to the already explored Barrow's Straits. With this end in view, a party left the ship for the neighboring Prince Albert Land, and having in due form taken possession of it in the name of Victoria, they ascended an eminence, to see what evidences there might be of a continuous channel thither. But the distinction between land and water was too much obscured by ice and snow to admit of any satisfactory conclusion being drawn. Then, setting out on foot to determine this question, M'Clure and his party, after several discouraging misadventures, had the gratification of pitching their tent on the shores of Barrow's Straits, October 26, 1850, and declaring the sea-passage discovered. As he had made his late unsuccessful attempt to sail through the Prince of Wales' Strait at the close of the season, he hoped, by repeating it at the commencement of the next, to accomplish that object, and therefore decided on waiting patiently till the return of summer liberated him from his icy prison in 1851, employing the remaining part of the winter in the organization of searching parties to explore the neighboring lands, the principal results of whose labors were, an examination of the north-

east and southern sides of Baring's Island, and a very decided conviction that Franklin had not been wrecked in, or even visited, those seas.

On the 7th of July, 1851, the ice began to decay, and in another week the Investigator was afloat, although still surrounded, and unable to get northward. A whole month was spent in fruitless efforts to do so when the ice did give way, and then M'Clure, since he had failed to pass through this strait at the end of one season and the commencement of another, determined to shape his course southward, double the southern extremity of Baring's Island, and try his fortune along its western shores. He formed this resolution on the 16th August, 1851, and in three days found himself at the north-western extremity of Baring's Island. At this point he was beset again by the ice for nearly a month, but the temperature then again unexpectedly rising, he was enabled to advance toward the eastward, along the northern side of the island; about the middle of which he discovered a commodious bay, which, in gratitude, he called the "Bay of Mercy," and there was frozen in for another winter. Excepting a short line of coast, Baring's Island had now been circumnavigated and explored. The northern side was found to be identical with that land discovered by Parry several years before, and which he had denominated Banks' Land; and as this tract of land is laid down in most maps, it will enable the reader to determine roughly the position of Baring's Island, (of which Banks' Land is obviously a part,) since its southern extremity is immediately opposite Cape Parry, also marked on almost all maps of North America.

During the winter of 1851–2 Captain M'Clure went across the ice to Melville Island, and there deposited a dispatch, containing particulars of his whereabouts. He also found a dispatch which had been left there the year preceding by Lieutenant M'Clintock, and a rock with an inscription on it, by one of the officers under Parry in his expedition thirty years before. The remaining part of the winter was spent, as best it might, in shooting parties, or whatever afforded the most agreeable amusement and most healthful exercise.

The summer of 1852 was too short, and its temperature too low, to liberate them from the ice. They consequently had to look forward to another winter, without moving an inch from their position in the Bay of Mercy.

It was while lying in the Bay of Mercy, during the winter of 1852–3, that Captain M'Clure decided on sending home several of the weakest of his men by way of the Hudson's Bay territories, partly for their own sakes, and partly with a view to make the provisions of the ship last longer. But events were about to transpire which entirely altered their plans. Captain Kellett, early in 1853, had advanced from Beechy Island, at the entrance of Wellington Channel, to Melville Island, and had dispatched parties in various directions to form provision depots, one of which, on its return through Winter Harbour in that island, had discovered the record left there by Captain M'Clure in May, 1852. On the 10th of March, 1853, Lieutenant Pim and Dr. Domville, with several men, set out for Banks' Land and the Bay of Mercy, to find Captain M'Clure; several mishaps retarded their progress, and it was not till the 19th of April that M'Clure, under the conduct of Pim and Domville, arrived at Melville Island. In his enthusiasm, Captain Kellett thus writes:—

"19th of April, 1853.—This is really a red-letter day in my voyage, and shall be kept as a holiday by my heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day, our look-out man made a signal for a party coming in from the westward. All went out to meet them, and assist them in. A second party was then seen. Doctor Domville was the first person I met. I cannot describe my feelings to you, when he told me that *Captain M'Clure was among the next party.* I was not long in reaching him, and giving him many hearty shakes. No purer were ever given by two men in the world.

"M'Clure looks well, but is very hungry. His description of Pim's reaching the Harbor of Mercy would have been a fine subject for the pen of Captain Marryatt, were he alive."

The end of all this was, that Captain M'Clure, with about thirty volunteers, resolved to stand by their ship Investigator, to see if the ice broke up in the course of 1853, so as to liberate them; and if it did not, they determined to try again in 1854. As a consequence, the Investigator and her sturdy crew may be still in Mercy Bay; and, should their deliverance not be effected this summer, the vessel will be deserted, and all the men will make their way on foot to Melville Island, and

thence by some other vessel to England. Meanwhile, two of M'Clure's officers—Lieutenant Cresswell, and Mr. Wynniall, mate—with the sickly part of the crew, have already returned, after having for the first time completely circumnavigated the entire American continent.

The existence of an *open sea* in the vicinity of the north pole has been a subject of earnest discussion among physical geographers for a long series of years. And now that some more light has been thrown on the matter, it may not be uninteresting to collect the arguments used in support of the theory declaring its existence, as well as to recapitulate the evidence which recent investigators have contributed in confirmation of that theory. So early as the beginning of the present century, doubts were expressed by eminent navigators as to whether the ice which had obstructed their progress was so continuous as had till then been believed; and opinions gained currency among one class which were warmly combated by another, till two parties were established, the one denominated the *polists*, and the other the *anti-polists*. As we are now merely adducing evidence of an open polar sea, it is only necessary here to state the opinions of the polists, together with the circumstances which led to their belief in that rather anomalous physical fact. The earliest discoveries which led to a belief in an open polar sea were those connected with the observed temperature of northern climates. It was found that the average annual temperature about the 80th parallel of latitude was several degrees higher than that recorded at from eight to twelve degrees farther south. As this is contrary to what might have been expected from the increased obliquity of the solar rays, it became necessary to cast about for some other explanation of so unlooked-for a fact. As an example of this elevation of temperature, we may adduce the Island of Spitzbergen, directly north of Norway, where, under the 80th parallel, the deer propagate, and on the northern coast of which the sea is quite open for a considerable time every year. But at Nova Zembla, five degrees further south, the sea is locked in perpetual ice, and the deer are rarely if ever seen on its coast. This has led physical geographers to suppose that the milder temperature of Spitzbergen must be attributable to the well-known influence of proximity to a large body of water, while the contiguity of Nova Zembla to the continent was thought to account for the severity of its climate. Again, we find that when Parry visited those regions in 1827, he began his boat voyage toward the pole in latitude 81° 12′; he traveled among broken masses of ice for thirty-five days, during which *it rained nearly the whole time*. In such a latitude, one might have expected icebergs, or snowballs at the very least, if any fall whatever. The same difference has been observed in parallels more widely separated, among the bays and inlets of North America. Parry was compelled to return to Spitzbergen, after the voyage just mentioned, in consequence of the quantity of ice drifted to the southward, and against which he could not make way. This points to another physical fact tending to induce a belief in the existence of an open polar sea, viz., that powerful currents are continually setting from the pole to the temperate oceans. Besides the current now noticed by Parry, others had been determined before, and more have been ascertained since; so that a perpetual flow of the ocean southward may be considered as established. Add to this a third fact, *that ice never forms in deep water when in motion*, and the following inferences are easily made. First, that the ice which blocks up the large bays and straits of the north has not frozen there, but consists of floes and bergs which have broken away from the shore, and have drifted down in such large quantities, that they met and adhered to each other in one large conglomerate mass; an inference strengthened by the circumstance of all ice found far from the land being, not "sheet," but "pack" ice. Secondly, the polar sea, if indeed it be a sea, must be *open*, because there is no land in contiguity with which ice can form itself, which excludes the possibility of "pack" ice; and the sea itself is in constant motion, and that excludes the possibility of ice being formed on its surface.

Such are the arguments in support of the view that an open sea exists in the vicinity of the pole, and it would be cause of some regret if the researches of the last five years did not contribute something toward a solution of the problem, either in the negative or the affirmative. That cause of regret, however, is not in-

flicted, for the existence of an almost unencumbered sea has been all but proved. In 1852, Captain Inglefield, in making his summer search for Sir John Franklin, explored the entire northern boundaries of Baffin's Bay, when he ascertained that two sounds, which had till then been laid down on the maps as inclosed and terminated by land, were entirely open, and permitted the readiest ingress to ships of the largest burden. The first of these was Whale Sound, in the north-east of Baffin's Bay. In exploring it, after passing two or three new islands, he beheld with surprise "two wide openings to the eastward, into a *clear and unencumbered sea*, with a distinct and unbroken horizon, which, beautifully defined by the rays of the sun, showed no sign of land save one island;" but a sense of duty to his lost countrymen, which plainly pointed northward and westward, forbade his proceeding further in an easterly direction. He proceeded to the extreme north of Baffin's Bay, and there explored Sir Thomas Smith's Sound. He says that

"On rounding Cape Alexander," (Cape Alexander being at the entrance of the sound,) "the full glory of being actually in the Polar Sea burst upon my thoughts; for then I beheld the *open sea* stretching through seven points of the compass, and apparently unencumbered with ice, though bounded east and west by two headlands."

And a little further on he remarks:—

"The changed appearance of the land to the northward of Cape Alexander was very remarkable: south of this cape, nothing but snow-capped hills and cliffs met the eye; but to the northward an agreeable change seemed to have been worked by an invisible agency—here the rocks were of their natural black or reddish brown color, and the snow, which had clad with heavy flakes the more southern shore, had only partially dappled them in this higher region, while the western shore was gilt with a belt of ice twelve miles broad, and clad with perpetual snows."

The captain was driven back by a gale and a subsequent storm, which prevented him doing more in that direction. We might add to these evidences of an unfrozen basin, but cannot do more now than just say, that equally satisfactory knowledge has been obtained of Wellington Channel, and that the observations of all recent explorers tend to confirm the impressions these discoveries have induced.

And now the reader is inquiring, or has inquired probably, while reading these pages, What has become of Sir John Franklin? Is he given up? Or do those persons, competent to form a judgment, think he is yet living? The general opinion among men most intimately acquainted with the state of the search is, that Franklin cannot have been wrecked, because there has never been found a single fragment or spar in those seas which can be considered at all likely to have come from his ships; and it is scarcely credible that two such vessels could have been so completely swallowed up by the ocean, as entirely to obliterate all traces of their existence. Further, it is well ascertained that no storms occurred in those seasons, when he was traversing the explored seas, which could have put the ships in more than ordinary danger. Nor do they believe he has visited any of those straits and inlets through which the searching vessels have passed, since there is not a cairn, post, or record of any kind, to signify so much. The general belief seems to be, that he has made his way into the Polar Basin, and in trying to make his way southward again, was beset by the ice, from which he has not since been able to extricate himself. So that, although the public ardor may be somewhat declining, it is probable that adventurers will yet be found determined to pursue the search till no hope of ultimate success remains.

[Since the above was written, the problem of Franklin's fate has been solved; the public know the melancholy fate of the gallant band by starvation.]

A GREAT MAN'S PREFERENCE.—I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the destruction of existence the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life even in death, makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise, and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions, palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and skeptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation. —*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

[For the National Magazine.]

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SHADE-TREES.

"This world is full of beauty,
As are the worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It would be full of love."

WHAT man, in grace, beauty, and dignity, is in the animal kingdom, trees are in the vegetable world. Trees! full of glowing memories of the past as they are of leaves—where the gay-hearted birds have for centuries made nests, and reared the denizens of the air! Grand old trees! with spreading boughs, stretched forth, like wings, to protect a peaceful spot from sun, wind, or storm. Glorious old trees! majestic masses of freshest foliage, reared like emerald domes, high into the mid heavens! Sublime old trees! whose every leaf seems written with a history more precious than the books of the famous Sibyl! Beautiful trees! so graceful in form—so various in color—so changing with every new light, with every varying shadow of cloud, or with every deepening haze of atmosphere! Trees! always lovely, whether in forest or meadow; on hillside or lawn; by rock or river; in valley or on mountain; on the prairie or in the garden; whether standing single, in clusters, upon the park, or ranged in files, like sentinels, by the village high-way; always greeting the eye refreshingly, and speaking to the heart of that first garden, in whose blest clime God's own hand planted "every tree that was pleasant to the sight, or good for food!" suggestive also of a time yet to come, when "the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, shall be brought to beautify the place of the Lord's sanctuary."

Who does not love trees,—whether bursting into bud and leaf in spring time, and crowning the landscape with a purple glory and an etherial odor of sprouting foliage; or, a few days later, absolutely burdening the prospect with the magnificence of blossoms, and the Sabean incense of innumerable flowers? Who does not delight still more in trees, when, in summer's prime, they stand mantled in rich and royal robes of green, casting, at noon and night, refreshing shadows upon the heated earth, and awaking genial breezes by their own majestic coolness? Who but admires trees in autumn, when the frost-king puts them in liveries, more splendid than those of an eastern monarch's court; or when plenty loads them with fruitage, brilliant enough to vie with the gardens of the Hesperides? And who can avoid a melancholy pleasure in gazing on them when, stripped of their honors by winter, they stand in naked desolation, defiant of his icy power, and seem, like virtue in distress, relying on their own inherent strength and integrity to bring beauty out of ruin, and triumph out of disaster? Under a transparent sky—in the dimness of mist—when resting motionless in the calm—when rocked and tossed by the surging wind—during the drizzling rain, or beaten by the pelting storm—beneath the flashing glare of sunlight, or under the gentle beams of the mild-eyed moon—with the black masses of lazy shadows, slowly creeping toward them in morning, or flying away from them at evening—who does not, at all times, believe them to be friends, whose every leaf is a study for curiosity, whose every process is a subject for wisdom, and whose every whisper, when our hearts are in sympathy with them, teaches a lesson of duty, love, and good-will?

The love for trees, and the taste for their cultivation, have been despised rather than cherished by our countrymen. A better day seems to be dawning, brought on in good part by the labors of the late lamented Downing. We wish to do what we can, still further to spread the growing light. Americans, to their shame be it said, seem not unfrequently to have reckoned trees and shrubs, especially our native ones, as natural enemies—not, indeed, to be conquered and made servants, but to be exterminated and supplanted by monotonous levels. Especially have we overlooked the utility of trees, often considering them troublesome in meadows and in pastures, and proscribing them as shutting out the prospect, obstructing the light, or preventing the circulation of air, about our houses. We esteem them harborers of insects, or attractions for gnats and flies. If, however, we had been properly instructed we should regard them very differently. They are our best friends on the meadows to prevent dryness and parching, as well as to give coolness and protection to the animals we rear. They afford shelter to birds, which perform for us incalculable service in destroying worms and moths, that otherwise would prey on our crops and waste our harvests. They gather a vast amount of fertilizing matter

from the atmosphere, and, when they lay aside their leafy robes to wrestle with winter, they deposit it to provide for our future seed-times. And daily are they treasuring up materials with which to erect our dwellings, to build our machines, to replenish our home-cheering fires, and to enlarge our world-ranging navies.

Then how many of them bless us with refreshing fruits! Forest-trees that yearly bend beneath a load of wholesome nuts; and orchards that glow and brighten with comfort-bringing fruitage—the purple grape, the juicy plum, the melting peach, the sugary pear, the rosy apple—how these store for us and our families such luscious richness as hardly angels can wish improved! And should these not teach us how highly to prize trees, and warn us against the heinous ingratitude of undervaluing their blessings? And can there be a question that trees, and especially forests, have a vast influence upon the state of the weather—in procuring for us showers, or in attracting to the earth refreshing dews? Do they not break off the wasting fury of winter's winds, and aid in retaining the warm, fertilizing mantle of snow, which God's care provides, like wool, for the comfort of the tender grass during the extreme of cold? Will not a country well covered with trees be cooler and less parched by droughts in summer, and warmer and less afflicted with sudden changes in winter, than that from which these majestic natural ornaments of the landscape have been shorn away by the cupidity, or allowed to decay by the carelessness of man?

There is, then, truly a useful benevolence in cherishing the trees which centuries have rendered venerable, or in planting others which future generations shall admire. And in a community like ours, where two-thirds at least of the people change their abodes in half a score of years, every man, even in a temporary residence, should plant, that others may enjoy after him some of the blessings which he has received from those before him.

But in this plea for trees, we have said not a word on the general topic of the utility of that beauty which they add to a country. Trees are the most fitting ornaments of a landscape, and any locality in whose soil they will flourish—and rare indeed is the situation where they will not thrive—may by them be made attractive and pleasing. They take from the broad plain its naked bleakness, and by the luxuriant heaps of their foliage they conceal its tediousness and banish its suggestions of solitude. They relieve the sloping hillside of its seeming difficulty and danger. They remove that sense of barrenness, which a smoothly-rounded knoll, in some degree, always possesses without them; and when they crown the distant mountain, they prevent those ideas of coldness, gloom, and terror, which otherwise attach to crags and peaks. Among rocks they are beauties, and to the close-shaven velvet of a lawn they add a fresh luster. By the sea-side their green contrasts finely with the blue of the waters; and by the side of the tiny rill, or overhanging the bubbling spring, their shadows enhance all loveliness. In all situations a tree is "a thing of beauty," and therefore "a joy forever."

Trees around a house have a visible charm in imparting to it a home-like character. Americans build *houses* enough, yet comparatively few are the *homes* they adorn. A small collection of trees, judiciously selected and placed, well planted in soft earth, and kept richly manured from year to year, will soon give to the humble cottage a *home look*, which the great naked houses of our country so much lack. A few elms, maples, and lindens, together with the larch, the mountain ash, the cedar, and the fir, will render a log-cabin attractive. A house thus surrounded and embowered in foliage, will always seem as if a good, gentle family had lived in it for centuries, and had brought up many generations there. It is the place where we know, at a glance, the home affections dwell, and whence homebred virtues go forth on errands of goodness. How warm such a home seems, when wintry winds howl around it! How cool, when the summer sun beats upon it! How quiet behind its leafy shield, when storms rage without! How comfortable—always the picture of contentment and good living! What an effect such a tree-shaded home must have on the minds and hearts of the children, who play about it; and how sweet and transforming must have been the holy companionship of such goodly trees! Let no man call himself a lover of nature, or an admirer of God's ways, who lives without planting near his home

a bower of glorious trees. Let no man fancy himself a worker together with God, who neglects to beautify his grounds and lawns with these noblest ornaments of this world of beauty. And let no man imagine himself a lover of God, or a lover of his neighbor, who is content to dwell on a spot barren, by his neglect, of the leafy honors so abundant in Paradise, and which earth still so rejoices, even in her state of condemnation, to bring forth to make the place of God's feet glorious.

Each species of our American forest-trees has its own peculiar style and appropriateness of beauty. The elm is, perhaps, the most popular for shade, both in towns and villages. It also affords the largest number of varieties of shape and foliage, and can easily adapt itself to the most diverse situations. There are not less than six species, several of which are unnoticed by our popular writers on the culture of lawn and shade-trees. All, however, are admirably adapted to grounds that are level, moderately sloping, or gently rolling—the wide extent of its branches being rather a drawback to its good appearance on steep declivities or hill-sides. But on meadows or overhanging houses, where the land is even or the slope gradual, no tree can excel it. The trunk broad and firmly attached to the sinewy roots at the base; then gradually lessening, till near the branches it again enlarges, the very figure of Herculean strength and sprightliness; thence the branches spring off in the noble upward curve of the Gothic arch, and at a distance of perhaps fifty feet, let fall graceful festoons of foliage nigh down to the ground, and hold them always changing and dancing in the breath of the slightest zephyr. This is the elm of New-Haven, and generally of Connecticut River, a very differently habited tree from the two kinds most frequent on the Boston Common, which are rounder, and throw off branches more nearly at right angles with the trunk. There is a kind, called in Rhode Island the feather-elm—like the first named, in the graceful and majestic curves of its branches, but having all its limbs and twigs covered with little shoots, set with dense foliage, giving the appearance of a wreath of feathery leaves. A species of elm found in Northern New-England and New-York has the upward and outward tendency of the branches, but they do not fall toward their extremities; and hence the tree assumes the shape almost of an inverted pyramid. Still another kind sends its branches upward in somewhat the manner of the Lombardy poplar. This is a small tree, and loves hill-sides. The only objection to the elm as a shade-tree is, that it affords forage to several species of insects. These, however, are very easily and effectually destroyed.

The sugar-maple ranks next to the elm, if indeed it be not really more valuable. It has a great profusion of leaves, as thick as a forest in itself; has a fine conical, globular, or spindle-shaped head; and casts the deepest, the coolest, and the softest shadow upon the grass beneath it, which it always stimulates to a fresher greenness. It is never subject to any ravages of insects, and the severest droughts and heats of summer never diminish its brilliancy. It is beautiful in any situation—plain, meadow, hill, valley, or mountain—and is particularly fitted for planting in clusters, where it shoots up taller in the center, and rounds its branches on the circumference, so that a half-dozen of these trees will form almost a perfect globe of foliage.

The linden or basswood has of late become very common in villages and cities, for roads and parks. While young, it shoots up in a beautiful cone, too trim if possible; but when grown older, it assumes a fine, massive, rounded, elliptical head, with here and there openings toward the body. When standing alone, and fully grown, with its broad-rounded leaves, from which its delicately-perfumed blossoms curiously depend in spring, and bear in autumn its jewel-like clusters of berries, and with its light golden green color, it is a noble and magnificent ornament. As a park-tree, or on a level meadow, it is invaluable. Many insects, however, delight in its sweet foliage.

The trees above enumerated are all invaluable in cities and villages. They will thrive where the roots are obliged to hide beneath a brick or flagged sidewalk, or to run beneath a traveled road or a pavement. Few are the trees that will not droop and wither in such circumstances; but these grow so finely even there, as to bring much of health and freshness to densely-populated towns, and to remind the denizens of cities of the beauties of nature, and of the glories of hill-sides and

plains, waving their luxuriant foliage in the free wind.

There are other trees appropriate as ornaments for a lawn or yard before a house, which are not proper as road-side shades; and some one or more of these should be planted near every home. The delicately-shaped mountain-ash is one of these, and its fine, soft, green color, its curious pinnatified-leaves, and its abundance of orange-dyed berries, render it a beautiful contrast with the larger and more noble forest-trees above named. This tree is small, and appears to the best advantage embowered among others. The larch, or American hakmetac, is a beautiful tree. Its trim, tapering, cone-shape—its horizontal or slightly-drooping branches, so fairy-like, covered from their very bases with silky tassels of needle-shaped leaves—its bright scarlet blossoms in spring time, peeping like knots of ribbon from among its downy foliage—and its hardy habits conspire to make it an indispensable denizen of every well-kept lawn. The weeping-willow, unless in a very windy exposure, is easily cultivated, is always graceful, and imparts an air of *richness* and *fertility* to the ground which it shades. If properly cared for, it will rise above the roof-tree of a cottage, and hang its slender twigs, so curtain-like, covered with wreaths of golden-green leaves far down below the eaves, where they leap and laugh at the music of every passing breeze.

But every residence should be in a measure relieved and made to stand out by at least a few evergreens. Firs, cedars, and spruce, are at all times lovely and useful. The balsam-fir is a tree of small size and of rapid growth. It is elegant when young, and ornamental, though rather stiff when old. It should be allowed to branch out from the very ground, and then its symmetrical cone, its dark-green foliage, its twigs, with its fadeless leaves set all around them, seeming like cords of velvet—and its constancy of color, which makes it the emblem of enduring worth—render it justly a favorite. The American spruce is much like the balsam-fir. It differs in being larger; its branches have a more drooping habit, particularly in age; its color is not quite as lively, and its lower branches die and fall off sooner. We consider it too stiff and formal to be desirable. The Norwegian spruce, however, is nearly perfect. It is a broad cone, with branches widely spread at the bottom, with very thick foliage of a lively green, and a beautifully-tapering top; it rises to be large and majestic; and though requiring much room, is not to be omitted from a lawn without the strongest reasons. The cedar, or arbor-vitæ, is a small tree, with light-green, flat clusters of leaves. It is spindle-shaped, and as it requires very little space, it can always be introduced into the smallest yard. It is well adapted to screens, arbors, and hedges; and as it may be planted close, and readily admits of being sheared, it may be made into a wall, completely impervious to rude eyes in summer and in winter.

Before we close we ought perhaps to say a word or two on the cultivation and care of ornamental and shade-trees. All the trees named above are hardy, and will flourish luxuriantly in almost all parts of the United States. They will thrive in most soils and in any exposure. On hilltops, of course they will be beaten by winds, and will not present their foliage in full perfection. In fact there is scarcely an American practice more outrageous than the one, which we have, of perching our houses and seminaries of learning upon the summits of hills. We build castles in the air with an emphasis, and they must, in the very nature of things, present a barren and desolate appearance, or be surrounded by trees gnarled and dwarfish. Houses should be built in valleys, or on a southern or an eastern exposure, if possible, and then the encircling hills will afford to them, and the trees and shrubs about them, a suitable protection. A northern or a western slope, if not too high up the hill, and if the valley from which it rises is not too wide, will answer well where the soil is good. But a hilltop or a high north-eastern or western exposure will attract winds, furious enough to mar and stint any trees, however hardy, which any care may plant or any skill cultivate in the northern states.

But with a good situation, any soil, by proper preparation, will produce glorious trees. Great pains however must be taken in transplanting them; and after that they will pretty nearly take care of themselves. The pits in which they are to be set should not be made less than three feet deep, by six to ten feet in diameter;

and the earth which is to fill them, and to cover the roots, should be well pulverized. A fine loam without manure in it is best—for manure is too apt to produce an excess of heat. If the trees are more than two inches in diameter, the pits should be still broader. After digging the pits and mixing well the earth, fill them before the trees are put in by throwing dirt to the middle, and allowing it to form a heap like a cone, the apex of which shall nearly reach the level of the ground. Place the tree on this apex, and see that it is not allowed to stand too low. This soft dirt will settle, and therefore cause the tree to stand a little higher than before transplanting. Now sift on, from the point of a shovel or spade, fine earth against the body of the tree, and it will roll down the sides of the cone among the slender roots, which should be kept by the hands in very nearly a horizontal position, diverging like the radii of a circle. When the pit is nearly filled, a few pails of water, at the temperature of the atmosphere, should be poured on, and after filling with earth, and securing the tree against wind, you have little else to do than to wait and see the summer make it flourish.

Great care is required in taking up trees, and they should very rarely be removed directly from the forest to an open and exposed situation. It is much better to plant them in a sort of clump in some sheltered place, for two or three years, if you do not get them from a nursery. They can then be planted with very little risk. In digging them they should be treated as if they had a tender life; not like stones. The old Greeks—the truest lovers of beauty—believed that every tree inclosed in its bark a wood nymph of great beauty and sensibility; and we ought in transplanting a tree to treat it as if this idea was no fable. The roots—particularly the fibrous ones—should be nursed as tenderly as a wounded finger in its daily dressings; for through these principally the tree sucks up its nourishment.

The care of trees is always a delight to a lover of the open air and natural scenery, and their cultivation is easy and inexpensive. Scarcely another pursuit or employment is so tranquillizing and elevating. It forces man abroad and teaches him to look upward toward a heaven of purity and loveliness. It soothes the ruffled spirits, removes mental anxiety, and drives from the heart those clouds of depression which business, pursued too eagerly, as is our national habit, generally brings. It gives to the soul a sense of her union with nature, and therefore imparts a loftiness and dignity to the thoughts and impulses. It forms the taste on a pure standard, and gives refinement and a kindly sympathy to the whole character.

If "he who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor," much more is he to be honored who rears up around his dwelling or on his meadow-lands and pastures, such glowing piles of living verdure, as shall brighten and bloom at the coming of a thousand spring-times; as shall gather moisture and fling abroad coolness, through the droughts and heats of a thousand summers; as shall crown the lands with glories and abundance, as oft as autumn visits our world; as shall, whenever winter attempts to assert his iron sway, stand in the mid of his desolations, monuments of hope and promise, speaking of better days of life and gladness yet to come. Thrice blessed is such a man; blessed under the weight of his toils while he labors; blessed with the yearly gifts, in leaf, flower, and fruit, which his trees shower upon him; and blessed in the anticipations of gratitude, which coming generations shall bestow upon his ever-fragrant memory.

SLEEP OF PLANTS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—Mr. Seemann, the naturalist of Kellett's Arctic expedition, states a curious fact respecting the condition of the vegetable world during the long day of the Arctic summer. Although the sun never sets while it lasts, plants make no mistake about the time when, if it be not night, it ought to be; but regularly as the evening hours approach, and when a midnight sun is several degrees above the horizon, droop their leaves and sleep, even as they do at sunset in more favored climes. "If man," observes Mr. Seemann, "should ever reach the pole, and be undecided which way to turn when his compass has become sluggish, his timepiece out of order, the plants which he may happen to meet will show him the way; their sleeping leaves tell him that midnight is at hand, and that at that time the sun is standing in the north.

[For the National Magazine.]

ALEXANDER SMITH AS A POET.

WITHIN a year past the literary atmosphere has been disturbed by a man of no ordinary pretensions, in the person of Alexander Smith. Of course there was a general commotion in all the circles, and the question was everywhere agitated: Is Mr. Smith a poet? In answer John Bull roared out a thundering affirmative, and Uncle Jonathan, looking quietly over his spectacles, nodded quite perceptibly. We are acquainted with enthusiastic admirers of the new verseman; and if Mr. Smith be on a more familiar acquaintance what he is at first sight, he is not unworthy whatever partiality may have been lavished upon him. But if he prove to be *all superfice*—if he have succeeded in originating no leading truth, nor in impressing any great idea on the public mind—we must deny him a niche *in* the Pantheon.

It is evident that Alexander Smith is aiming at immortality as an end; consequently there is a continual straining after the sublime and far-fetched. No writer uses more affected language, or goes figure-hunting at greater expense. From the same cause also he is led to display *himself* in all his personages:—and to anticipate a little, he surely could exhibit no more contemptible character. His egotism is equaled only by that of Bailey, whom he sedulously imitates, and who surpasses him rather in the ability to parade himself than in the inclination to do so. Now there is no better guaranty of mediocrity than this eternal hankering after fame as an ultimatum. There is reason to believe that immortality never occurred to Shakspeare until he had composed the greater part of his dramas; and even then he had not the remotest idea of the absolute despotism of his sway. Milton wrote expressly to quiet an agitated mind, to promote a moral purpose, and to relieve the tedium of blindness. Johnson often wrote as the best means of preserving his reputation from the stain of the debtor's prison. But we have here the novel spectacle of an upstart poet deliberately attempting to "pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon." The world will probably return him the same answer M. Monge did the young man who applied for Admission into the Academy, stating that he had accomplished a difficult problem for the very purpose of gaining a seat. "You will never gain a seat by such means," said the philosopher.

The only work of Smith's which has reached us is a small volume containing his "Life Drama, Evening at Home, Sonnets," &c., and from them we shall form our judgment.

The "Life Drama," in which our poet is evidently feeling the public pulse with no small anticipation, is a greatly belabored performance of some length. In commencing to read a poem it is but natural that we ask the question Mrs. Partington put to her friend: "What d' ye propose to deu?" But just at this point in the *drama*, you are puzzled beyond measure. Any reader who can perceive the scope and bearing of this piece, deserves to be employed at deciphering the obelisks. All its conceptions are confused and indistinct, and you arise from the perusal with a painful sense of confusion doubly confounded.

But determined not to be baffled in your intentions to read *the last poet*, you have proceeded but a short way when you discover with dismay that you are treading the wheel of Ixion. Mr. Smith's propensity for imitation amounts to an idiosyncrasy. In a composition of one hundred and forty-four pages, the sun is honorably mentioned sixty-two times; the moon fifty-eight times; the stars seventy-two times; the sea and ocean sixty-seven. These are our author's four ideas. He weaves them into a thousand fantastic shapes, and bids them assume every imaginable hue. There is nothing so pale and silent that it cannot be metaphorized as the moon; nothing so distant, and bright, and small, as not to resemble a star; nothing so dazzling, and swift, and immense, that it may not be a sun; nothing more vast, or wrathful, or loving, or fickle than the ocean. And besides their value as types, these bodies are indispensable in scenery:—

"The *sea* lay stranded on the beach."

"My heart swells to him as the *sea* to the *moon*. Therefore it is I love the midnight *stars*."

"We dwelt on slopes against the morning *sun*."

"Here is the *sunset*, yonder grows the *moon*; *What image would you draw from these?*"

Were it not for an occasional allusion to grassy slopes, and the positive information that one of our author's scenes is laid in a

manor, (though we are not informed where,) we should infer that he had vegetated on some island, where he had never been permitted to see anything but the sea beating upon the beach, or the king of day, blazing athwart the sky, or the queen of night modestly donning her lord's small clothes. One thing is a little surprising—there is not in the whole poem anything like an eclipse or a transit. We were somewhat disappointed not to find an authentic account of a storm at sea. What an admirable scene it would have made! But we would not magnify trifling oversights. The *four ideas* are well developed.

Smith has aped the daring profanity of Bailey with the greatest nicety. His book in this respect is a wax impression of "Festus." His Violet is "fair as God." His heroes berate the Deity just as a postillion would a hack-driver. The following language is used by Walter to his peasant:—

"Your hand, my friend!
For thou and I are sharers in one doom:
We are immortals, and must bear such woe
That, could it light on God, in agony
He 'd pay down all his stars to buy the death
He doth deny us."

But on this article I forbear to quote. Those who have a tooth for the modern school profanity, can *pitch in*. We will insure them ample satisfaction. Indeed, we think the whole effect of the *drama* demoralizing.

Mr. Smith cannot have the audacity to suppose that he has "held the mirror up to nature," and shown life as it really is. If so, he would cast suspicion over the purest virtue. If so, every man would be a poetaster and a libertine, like Walter; or a woman-hater, like Edward; or a nondescript, like Charles. He has given us but two specimens of a lady—and Heaven save the mark! No, there is another, a young girl, for which see scene tenth. His ladies both keep late hours, and on one occasion Violet carouses all night. The lofty moral courage and elevating influence of woman have no place in Smith's conceptions. But it is objected, Had not the author a right to paint such women as he pleased, so he did it skillfully? We answer, certainly; but we are quarreling with him for creating women only as a pander to man. Had Violet been what she should have been, Walter would not have been the villain he was.

"The saddest thing that can befall a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and woman;
o o o o o Lost I those gems,
Though the world's throne stood empty in my path,
I would go wandering back into my childhood,
Searching for them with tears."

The truth is, the "*Drama*" is but an autobiography of Mr. Smith under the character of Walter; and as such it represents him in the no very amiable light of a city *roué*, escaping into the country just often enough to do a little villainy, and pass a few counterfeits on the virtuous tendencies of a country life; while he consummates his glory by writing the book which entertains us at present.

But it is as a drama, technically speaking, that this performance is most faulty. It lacks the essential requisite of a drama, which is unity. It is a perfect chaos—a multitude of names are introduced without character, without object, without destiny, without fate.

There is not a single character with whom you can sympathize. It is a matter of indifference whether Walter commits suicide or not in his fit of madness, just at the time you should be ready to peril your own life to save him. Othello or Sardanapalus, under similar circumstances, calls forth all the anxiety of your nature. There is no crisis in the play—no "time that tries men's souls;" all is an unbearable monotony in occasions as well as in characters. The *dramatis personæ* move across the stage like the phantasms that appeared to M. Nicolai, each with his eyes upon the floor, each observing the same pace, and each emerging and disappearing in a mist. For example: in scene second, a lady enters. *A lady!* Expectation is on tiptoe to know who. Is she a Pamela, or a Desdemona, or a Madame Fitz Fulker? In vain do you toil through leaf after leaf, hoping her nature will unfold itself.

"Like the innermost leaf in the heart of a rose," she is a masque; and had she not been introduced as *a lady*, we should be tempted to doubt even that. In scene tenth, an outcast girl enters, into whose mouth this philosophy is put:—

"Man trusts in God:
He is eternal. Woman trusts in man,
And he is shifting sand."

We submit whether this stately wisdom sits well on such shoulders or not.

Again: the songs, which in the elder

dramatists are the life of the performance, in the "Life Drama" only serve to render dullness more insupportably dull.

I cannot refrain giving a specimen. Arthur, in apostrophizing *old bald-face*, breaks out into the following ecstasies :—

"O richest joy-giver!
Rare warmer of liver!
Diviner than *kisses*, thou droll and thou sage!
In sunshine, in rain, a flask shall be nigh me,
Warm heart, blood and brain, Fine Sprite, deify me!"

The question is not whether such stuff is natural in such a drunken varlet as Walter; but whether such dullness is sufferable?

Such are a few of the more prominent faults of Mr. Alexander Smith's "Life Drama." The "Evening at Home" is quite similar. The sonnets are better. It is but justice to allow, however, that there are many passages of striking beauty in this work. On page 25th, a grim old king appears to advantage as follows :—

"He call'd his faithful herald to his side,—
'Go, tell the dead I come!' With a proud smile
The warrior with a stab let out his soul,
Which fled and shriek'd through all the other world,
'Ye dead, my master comes!' And there was pause
Till the great shade should enter."

There is some truth in the remark of Walter :—

"Earth casts off a slough of darkness, an eclipse of hell and sin,
In each cycle of her being, as an adder casts her skin;
Lo, I see long blissful ages, when these mammon days are done,
Stretching, like a golden evening, forward to the setting *sun*."

And speaking of the earth :—

"She gave us birth;
We drew our nurture from her ample breast,
And there is coming for us both an hour
When we shall pray that she will ope her arms
And take us back again."

But such beauties as these only render more apparent the deformities of the body of the work, just as a strong light increases the apparent blackness of surrounding night. We only feel that

"He who uses one truth
To pass a thousand nothings with, deserves to be
Once heard, and thrice beaten."

After a careful reading, we will predict, that comparatively few will ever read this book a second time; no one will ever read it understandingly; no one will ever read it with profit. And as for Mr. Smith's immortality, we would comfort him in his own language :—

"'T is not for me, ye heavens! 't is not for me
To fling a poem, like a comet, out,
Far-splendoring the sleepy realms of night.
o o o o o Naught for me
But to creep quietly into my grave."

[For the National Magazine.]

AN AUTUMN MEMORY.

Said Ida, as the sun was sinking low
Amid festoons of crimson, "Shall we not
Go out beyond the pastures to the knoll
That looks o'er sloping reaches and bright glades
Clear to the sea?" She did not tell me why—
There was no need, for in our common heart
Dwelt kindred loves, and one quick glance can speak
Like inspiration when the lips are dumb.
So on we went that soft October day
Along the crisped meadows to the knoll.
Old gnarled trees, more friendly in their age,
Embraced on its wild top, and down its slope
Soft, dainty, pure, and blue as summer skies
The gentians nestled. Like a vision shown
To some high-dreaming artist in a trance,
So slept the autumn landscape, mellow, warm,
And tranquil as a spirit. Swelling on
With shade and sunshine mighty woodlands stood,
And lifted up their high beseeching arms
As if for benediction. Grove on grove
Piled round the vale their gorgeous leafiness,
Like waves of crimson, orange, amber, gold,
Made still mid fallen rainbows! What a show
Sprinkled on those great ashes! How we look'd
Amid the burnish'd branches of old woods
Along yon ledge. Down through broad glades we saw
The slanting sunlight gilding banks of moss,
And warm and loving edging half-hid rocks,
Till like a flame it lick'd the solid shore,
And stream'd along the sea. Like golden fringe
Lay the receding hills; but when the sun
Dipp'd down the distant waters, all the west,
As if a god had pass'd, grew tranced with light,
The wonder, and the glory, and the crown!
Then Ida took my hand, but did not speak,
Yet in her wondrous beauty, tender eyes,
I saw what she would tell—the joy, the hope,
Old memories of sorrow half subdued,
And feelings which the impulse of the hour
Awoke and cherish'd. "Yes, 't is better thus,
My Ida, though our friend was brave and good,
Pure, generous, and wise, 't is better thus,
God took him as he gave." More would I say,
But like a torrent came the sense of all
His wondrous beauty, honor, hope, and truth,
High impulse and pure thought. Our clasp grew close,
And large tears well'd in Ida's saintly eyes,
Till, starting up, she strew'd the grave near by
With gentian blossoms—kneel'd a moment there,
Then turning with a sweet serenity of face,
Said, "God in his great goodness is most just."
On in most holy converse on high themes
We felt the twilight solemnize our way.

H. N. Powers.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE OPIUM TRADE IN THE EAST.

ITS CHARACTER AND EFFECTS.

THE efforts of the English government, put forth through its commissioner, Sir Henry Pottinger, failed in securing the legalization of the opium trade, and Sir Henry's "prospects of eventual success" have also proved a failure, while the trade is still contraband, and accompanied with all the vices of a smuggling traffic. The trade, as we have seen, still continues, and has grown into fearful magnitude. It is carried on with boldness and impunity. No more edicts are promulgated against it; no more efforts are made to suppress it. Has the policy of the Chinese government changed? No; while the eastern coast of China was yet smoking with the blood of her children, the government refused to sanction the infamous traffic, or to derive a revenue from the wretchedness of its subjects. The government is powerless. The exchequer is drained. The army is corrupted and enervated. Poverty and wretchedness everywhere abound in that country, which a century ago was pronounced one of the richest on the globe. Rebellion, civil war, and local riots and insurrections, are ravaging the entire country.

But, if the policy of the government has not changed with regard to the traffic, why, since the war with England, has it made no further resistance? We may read the answer in the circumstances we have just mentioned. Add to these the dread of British arms, and the universal opinion that the trade is encouraged and defended by the British government. But to discover that the policy of the government and the wishes of a vast majority of the people are still opposed to the trade, we need but look upon the sullen frowns that gather on the countenances of thousands of the Chinese in the presence of the foreigner; we need but witness the manifestations of the deep hatred of the foreign name that rankles in the Chinaman's bosom; we need but mark the expression of powerless despair that appears upon his features; we need but hear the perpetual reiterations of the charge of smugglers of opium and destroyers of the country that are ringing forever in the ears of the missionary, meeting him on the street, in his chapel, and at his very home; we need but listen to the complaints of fathers, and witness the tears of mothers and sisters whose murdered sons and brothers have fallen as victims to the seductive poison; we need but look upon the anguish of despairing wives, whose soulless husbands are about to sell them to gratify their unconquerable lust for opium, and the tears and sobs of daughters just emerging into womanhood to be sold into prostitution by imbruted fathers, the victims of the unyielding drug. The fathers and the mothers, the wives and the daughters of China, idolatrous heathens as they are, have hearts that can feel and eyes that can weep, and we have seen those hearts bleeding, and have watched those tears, as they wept for fallen husbands, sons, and brothers, and implored our aid to rescue them from the grasp of the fatal habit. O, could the three hundred and sixty millions of Chinese subjects send forth one simultaneous voice on this terrific traffic, from three hundred millions of that people would break out a loud and deep anathema which would startle India, and which would make even the throne and Parliament of England tremble, as its dying echoes reiterated, No opium! No opium!

Whatever opinions may have been entertained before the war, (and we ask how any man in his senses, with the facts before him which we have adduced, could be deceived with regard to the invariable policy of the government?) now it must be universally admitted that the traffic in opium is downright smuggling; and, however unpalatable the dreadful fact may be to the accomplished gentlemen and princely merchants who are engaged in the trade, they can only be esteemed as smugglers, and must, in the eyes of all conscientious and upright men, take their places among this degraded, and in enlightened countries, most detested class. We can distinguish between the trader and his trade, and yet we cannot forget the old Spanish proverb, that "a man is known by the company he keeps," and yet one of the defenders of the trade in the Chinese Repository, himself a merchant and a dealer in what he calls "the elegant luxury," can go no further in his claims for respectability for himself and his compeers in the traffic, than to be associated with the rum and gin traffickers, the keepers of gambling-houses and race-horses, &c., in

England. He is welcome to his company. The merchants in China dealing in opium are, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, gentlemen. They are well educated and refined, intelligent and accomplished in all the arts and elegancies of social life. We need not say they are men of enormous wealth—their business proves this; and we are glad to acknowledge that, in many instances, they have made munificent donations for benevolent purposes. In commercial probity they are unsurpassed; their talents as men of business would do honor to the first commercial houses of Europe or America; yet I would not for all the wealth of India have their consciences, or participate in their unworthy trade.

We have already said that one of the most painful features connected with this traffic is the character of the princely merchants engaged in it. They are not low, vulgar, degraded outlaws—they are gentlemen of intelligence and fortune. They are not ruined or bankrupt tradesmen, whose poverty might be pleaded as a palliation of their crime; they are men who count their wealth by hundreds of thousands, and some by millions. They are not themselves marauders, and masters of well-armed brigantines; they are the respectable employers of the former, and the princely owners of the latter. They are not low, ignorant, and impoverished retailers of the fatal poison, or they would long ago have inherited the contempt and hatred of the world; and those arms which once defended their trade, would have been employed in driving them from the coasts of China, as the guilty destroyers of human life, and as working the ruin of legitimate trade. But does the character of these merchant-princes, who smuggle into China, not cakes, but thousands of chests, diminish the enormity or palliate the evils of the opium traffic? Is he any the less a smuggler, because he forces into the country his contraband product in large cargoes? Is he any the less the guilty author of the evils which are heaped upon this third part of the human race by his pernicious traffic, because he rolls in wealth, and supplies the fatal cause of ruin in thousands of packages? Is he exempt from the crime of bringing ruin, and poverty, and desolation, and death upon millions of Chinese, because he lives in elegance, and works this desolation, not by his hands, but by his orders? Is he free from all the fatal collisions, the piracies, the murders, and the violence which attend the smuggling of opium, because he himself, perhaps, was never on board a "Fast-crab" or a "Scrambling-dragon," but simply gives employment to the unprincipled owners of these boats, and uses as instruments the very worst of characters, the Lascar, the Chinese pirate, murderer, and robber? Ask not these questions of the guilty trader;—faults in his life have breeded errors in his brain, and he cannot answer them. But ask them at the bar of God; ask them at the tribunal of human conscience; ask them at the doors of the ruined millions of Chinese; ask them at the graves of victimized thousands, and if the ghosts of these opium victims were furnished with an instrument whose tones could reach our material senses, they would give an answer which would startle even the seared consciences of these traders in death.

But we must pass on to consider the effects of the opium traffic. One of the most striking is the *impoverishment of the empire by the immense drainage of specie which it produces*. This began to be noticed and felt by the government and people many years ago, and as early as the year 1838 called forth several memorials from high officials and from the first men of the nation. It was one of these memorials, presented by the President of the Sacrificial Court in 1838, which awakened the government anew to opposition to the traffic, and which produced those decided efforts to suppress the trade which gave offense to the British government, and drew down upon the Chinese the force of the British navy. In this memorial the President refers His Majesty and the Cabinet to the former prosperity of the empire, and then brings before them the evidences of embarrassment and impoverishment which everywhere prevailed in the country. He shows the nature of these embarrassments; and in a masterly manner traces them to the contraband opium traffic, by showing the nature and extent of this trade and entering into figures to show the manner and the exact extent of the drainage produced by this trade. He concludes his memorial by showing, from the constant expansion and increase of the trade, that the time is not

far distant when the empire will be exhausted of its resources, and when impoverishment, anarchy, and dissolution, will break up the empire.

This memorial was well calculated to arouse the government of China, and resulted in a determination to suppress the traffic, even at the expense of the sacrifice of the whole foreign trade; and to satisfy our own minds that these facts of the memorialist are not mere idle fears, but stern and deplorable realities, we need but refer for a moment, first, to the operations of the trade; and secondly, to the contrast which the condition of China now presents to that which it exhibited one or two centuries ago. We have already seen the enormity of the trade, and have given as an approximation to the sum drained from this country by the illicit traffic alone in a period of fifty years, $516,741,600; only an approximation we say, for this is but the result of known quantities of the drug disposed of in the country, and in a contraband trade who can determine the unknown quantities which find their way into the empire? Yet what nation on the face of the globe could long endure this enormous drainage from its resources? It is a vast and exhausting sum abstracted from the nation's wealth without any equivalent being offered in return. It is the price of a poisonous drug, whose only power, as used in China, is to corrupt the morals and destroy the lives of the Chinese. It is a drain made upon the country by bands of princely smugglers, in despite of the constant efforts of the government to prevent the influx of the drug and the efflux of specie, thus producing to the government another enormous loss in the sums which it has expended in fruitless efforts to suppress the trade.

But let us examine the operations of this trade a little more minutely. For the commercial year of 1836–37, the results of the British trade in opium with China were as follows:—

Patna opium,	7,192	chests, at	$778	per chest,	$5,595,376
Benares "	2,575	"	668	"	1,758,725
Malwa "	17,687	"	675	"	11,988,725
Turkey "	292	peculs	611	"	178,412
Total.....					$19,471,288

During that year the whole sum of British imports, including opium and specie, was $34,900,662, from which it is seen that the value of opium alone exceeded more than one-half the whole importation. Examining the exports for the same year, we find the whole sum, exclusive of bullion, to have been $25,339,284; leaving a balance in favor of British importers of $9,560,378, which should be diminished only by $470,940 imported in specie into the country. This balance of nine and a half millions of dollars was paid in bullion. During that year the whole British exportation of teas amounted to $14,802,782 the opium importation exceeding it by nearly $5,000,000. Thus in one year alone the actual drainage from the resources of the empire was nearly twenty millions of dollars. That part of this was paid indirectly in teas and silks, cannot be considered as diminishing in the least the annual drainage;—it saves to the country an amount of bullion equal to the value of the teas and silks, but none the less exhausts the valuable resources of the empire in paying for a worthless and destructive drug.

Suppose this illicit traffic did not exist, how widely different would be the results of the British trade with the empire of China! In the commercial year already referred to, the legitimate importations by British merchants, exclusive of specie, amounted to only $14,958,484, while their exports amounted to $25,339,284, exceeding their importations by more than ten millions of dollars;—the single item of teas alone equaling within $100,000 the whole sum of British imports. Thus, if the illegal traffic were suppressed, instead of draining annually from the empire $9,560,378 in bullion as the actual excess of British importations, or nearly $20,000,000 in specie, teas, and silks, to pay for the pernicious drug, these twenty millions would be saved to the resources of the empire; and in addition to this, the British trade would add to the revenue of the country more than ten millions of dollars, making an annual difference of more than thirty millions of dollars to the resources of China. To what purposes these thirty millions of dollars might be appropriated, and how far they might go toward opening an extensive and profitable trade to all the maritime nations of the world, instead of being absorbed by the illicit trade of a handful of opium dealers, may be easily conceived.

How different from this is the American trade with China! In the American and other foreign trade, we have an excess of

exports over imports in favor of China of more than a million sterling. Looking over the results of the year ending July 1, 1837, prepared by the Chamber of Commerce, we find for that year, as already given above :—

Importation of opium under the British flag	$19,471,288
Total imports,	84,900,602
Importation of opium under the American flag	275,621
General trade,	8,201,480

In the British trade the importation of opium is considerably more than one half of the sum of imports; in the American trade the value of opium is not one-thirtieth of the value of the imports into China. In *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* for March, 1843, we are favored with a table exhibiting the exports of the United States to China, during a period of twenty years, from 1821 to 1841, from which it appears that during this period the sum of the exports was $49,588,360, of which nearly three-fourths was in specie, viz., $32,435,433. The writer in the Magazine says :—

"The export of specie direct from the United States has of late years decreased, in consequence of the use of drawn bills on London, which were equivalent to specie, inasmuch as they reduced the quantity of specie to be sent from China to the British possessions. From these statements, it appears that the United States and Great Britain together have purchased of China, independently of opium, annually, about eight million dollars worth more of goods than the Chinese have purchased in return. This eight millions has been paid to China by the United States, and it and an additional eight to nine millions have been extracted from China, in specie, by the sale of opium, which has grown to be the most valuable staple of the British East India possessions."

In other words, the British trade in opium is sufficient to pay for all the silks, teas, &c., exported out of China by Great Britain and the United States, absorbs all the specie conveyed to China by American merchants, and leaves a balance of eight or nine millions of dollars to be paid by the Chinese. While this exhibits the perpetual drain on the resources of China, it also exhibits the dilemma into which American merchants are thrown. The opium trade gives to British merchants almost a monopoly of the whole Chinese trade, or at least makes them the masters of the trade, rendering it necessary for American dealers to pay as high prices, in specie, for tea, silks, &c., as they pay in opium; and, holding in their hands the balance of trade, American specie is absorbed in paying this balance, thus making the merchants of the United States support the very system which gives to their British competitors so great an advantage.

While these results of the trade prove a constant and ruinous drainage from the resources of China, the country itself everywhere presents to the eye of the observer unmistakable evidences of general impoverishment. When we read the descriptions of China as given in the works of the early Jesuit missionaries, we look upon the vast empire which they describe as one of great wealth and prosperity. We are charmed with their gorgeous descriptions; we look with astonishment upon the evidences spread out before us of the enormous wealth and magnificence of the Chinese empire; we read with satisfaction of the quiet industry, the affluence, and the general prosperity of the Chinese people; we endeavor to form an idea of the vast sums of money which have been appropriated for purposes of defence and general improvement; we calculate the cost of the Great Wall, of the Imperial Canal, of the countless water-courses for irrigation and drainage, of the numberless bridges, of the massive temples, of the lofty and expensive pagodas, which all over the country lift their summits high toward the clouds; their palaces, their public buildings, their enormous tombs, rise before us as evidences of wealth and magnificence. Where, we ask the observer of to-day, where now are all these evidences of grandeur and affluence? Where is the China described by early travelers? It is not to be found. That China is no more. Shall we say these early travelers were deceived—that they have given us overdrawn pictures of the country; that their gorgeous descriptions of China never had any corresponding reality in the empire which they describe? We may not thus impeach the character of these earlier visitors to China. It is true, they tell us much that they heard, and we do not believe it; but they also tell us much that they saw, and we should not deny it.

China has changed, greatly changed, since their day; but yet sufficient remains of her former magnificence are still before us to justify and render credible their enthusiastic descriptions. The Great Wall, stretching for more than fifteen hundred

miles across the northern frontier, neglected and falling to decay, still presents its ruins as a proof of former greatness. The Grand Canal, now the scene of civil war, shows its ruins still to the traveler. The canals and water-courses, sadly neglected; the pagodas tottering to ruin; the palaces deserted; the temples abandoned and falling to decay; the bridges broken and many of them useless; the fortifications abandoned and crumbling to the ground; the tombs unswept and neglected, are all here,—here in ruins,—here clothed in mourning,—here wearing the aspect of desolation and decay,—here, as crumbling monuments of Chinese wealth and magnificence,—here as sad evidences of the merciless and ruinous influences of the foreigner's avarice.

Besides all these evidences of former wealth, industry and prosperity, we know sufficient cause for the present evidences of impoverishment. We know that more than half a billion of dollars have been abstracted from the country, for which no equivalent but a poisonous drug has been returned. We know that the mines of China, which must originally have ranked among the richest in the world, have been exhausted to supply the waste of this drainage, and that the government has actually been engaged in making surveys to discover new ones. We know that more than one hundred and fifteen millions of pounds of opium have been consumed by the victimized subjects of China within the past half-century, and which has been working disease and death among millions of Chinese, thus producing another source of impoverishment, by unfitting millions of besotted opium smokers for the performance of the duties of life. We know that millions of dollars more have been expended in efforts to suppress the abominable traffic, and in conducting a three years' war, and in paying an enormous and unjust indemnity occasioned by this illicit trade. Whatever China may once have been, now she everywhere exhibits painful evidences of poverty and decay. While we cannot mourn over some of the results of this impoverishment—such as the abandonment of her idolatrous temples, which in many places are crumbling to ruin; the neglect of her magnificent festivals, and the desertion of the idolatrous ceremonies at the tombs of the dead, which are left neglected and overgrown with weeds—we cannot but look upon them as sad evidences of a breaking empire. But we may mourn over abandoned defences, forts in ruins, walls falling to decay, bridges that are impassable, canals no longer navigable, cities deserted, commerce in confusion, merchants in bankruptcy, broken traders committing suicide, families in filth and rags, a country in civil war, an empire on the eve of dismemberment; and confident of the truth of our picture, we call upon the guilty trafficker in the pernicious drug to look upon his work.

Another important result arising from this trade may be thus stated in the language of the *Canton Circular* for 1846:—

"With respect to the opium trade, as at present conducted, it is certainly a great evil, *and indirectly injures the sale of other merchandise.* One of the most prominent effects of this traffic, so intensely hated by the government and the vast majority of the people, is the jealousy and prejudice which it produces in the Chinese mind against all commercial intercourse with foreigners. It not only, as we have seen, strips them of all their resources, but it destroys all desire upon their part to improve their circumstances, and effectually deters them from entering into extensive and free intercourse with foreign traders. The Chinese, as the foreign trade is now conducted, can only look upon it as a losing system, in which all is loss to them, and all gain to the foreigner. They can only view the foreign trader as the enemy of their country, as the unprincipled dealer in a pernicious drug, who, for gain, will sacrifice the nation that consents to trade with him. They can only look upon the foreigner with a jealous and suspicious eye, as plotting the ruin and subjugation of their country, and who in China has not seen that jealous eye?"

We do not believe that the Chinese are inimical to an extensive foreign trade; on the contrary, they have given many evidences, not only of willingness but of anxiety to engage in traffic with foreigners, and had not the extensive evil influence of the trade in this drug been felt throughout the country, we have reason to believe that China would have proved one of the best markets in the world for the sale of European and American products. The Tartar government is usually considered anti-commercial. The reason is obvious. The Manchus are themselves foreigners, who by the power of their arms subjugated the empire of China, and who only hold their sovereignty over these millions of people by a feeble power. That the usurpers of these vast dominions should look with fear and jealousy

upon the advances of other more powerful foreign nations, is to be expected; yet, in the history of foreign intercourse with China, the Tartar government has ever been foremost in its liberal policy, and has granted all that would be consistent with its own security in maintaining its hold on the territories which its arms had conquered. It was so in the days of Kanghi, when the Jesuits made strong efforts to establish their missionary operations in the empire; and it was not until the conduct of these missionaries gave rise to the suspicion that they were plotting the subjugation of the empire, that they were driven from the territories of China. It was so in the early ages of the foreign trade, and nearly all the difficulties which have arisen in the progress of commercial intercourse have originated during the past half-century, during all which time the government has been unrelenting in its opposition to the opium traffic.

It was the testimony of Lord Napier, the first superintendent of British trade in China, that "the Chinese are most anxious to trade;" and on another occasion his lordship says, "It is a perfect axiom that the Chinese people are most anxious for our trade, from the Great Wall to the southern extremity of the empire." Why, then, is there not an extensive trade with this country in European and American products? Why are the manufactures of Great Britain shut out from this trade, and why must the merchants of America cash their bills with specie in London instead of bartering in American products with China? Simply because the whole trade is absorbed in the opium traffic. For seventy years it has been interfering with the legitimate trade of this country; for seventy years it has been closing up the gates of this vast empire to the products of English and American industry; it has been absorbing the whole of the foreign trade of this country to fill the treasury of India, and to enrich a few dealers in opium; it has been exciting the fears and the enmity of the people against all foreigners; it has been draining the nation's resources, and rendering it impossible to purchase the legitimate merchandise of foreign countries. These important sentences are not bare assertions; they are truisms known well in China, and acknowledged by both natives and foreigners. Mr. Martin, author of a recent and excellent work on China, and for a long time a resident of that country, inquired of one of the chief officers at Shanghai, how trade could be best promoted; he immediately and with great sternness answered, "Cease sending us millions worth of opium, and then our people will have more money to purchase your manufactures."

It is a fact, that in proportion as the opium traffic has increased, that in foreign manufactures has decreased. Is it not strange that in a trade which amounts annually to $35,000,000 worth of products imported into China, but little more than two millions of dollars will cover the whole importation of British manufactures, and that this importation of legitimate products still continues on the decrease.

It is well known that the Chinese, to the extent of their ability, are anxious to enjoy the elegance and comforts of foreign products. The grandee never exhibits such self-complacency as when, in summer, he can handle a foreign watch, and clothe his person in the fine cotton and linen products of other countries; and in winter his ambition is fully met when he can appear in a suit of foreign cloth. Every carpenter in the country would gladly exchange his rude implements for the handsome and delicate tools of the foreigner. Even the tailor is anxious to give up his needle, thimble, and scissors, for the superior articles which the foreigner can furnish him. Why, then, will not this trade yield profitable returns to British and American manufactures? The answer is obvious and undeniable. The manufacturer cannot compete with the opium smuggler. The resources of the country are preoccupied by the seductive drug of India. It is obvious that, since the only way in which a nation can buy the productions of other countries is with articles of its own industry, the constant drain of the productions of China in exchange for such an article as opium, must sooner or later cripple its means with which to trade at all; and this would have been the result in China before now, were not the waste partially supplied by the passing of the balance of the American trade through the hands of the Chinese into the hands of the opium dealers.

It is evident, then, that but for this illicit traffic, in view of the vast resources

of the empire, now dissipated on a pernicious drug, and in view of the unquestionable desire that already exists in China for foreign products, not only would this great country afford a much more extensive market for these products, but the benefit of the trade thus established, instead of being monopolized, as the present contraband trade is, by a few British traders in China and India, would be generally spread over Great Britain and America, and prove a commerce worthy of the fostering care of both nations.

How long will the British public remain blind to these facts? How long will the people of England consent to be blindfolded by their government, and lulled to sleep and inaction by the precious opiates which come from India and China, and from the House of Parliament, while that government is fostering, defending, and encouraging a trade which is working incalculable injuries to the morals, the health, the commerce, and the industry of a vast nation? The opium traffic is an undeniable injury to every other form of trade. It is an injury and a wrong to the commerce of every nation with China, not even excepting Great Britain itself. What, we ask, has the trade in opium done for England? Nothing. It has been of great advantage to India; it has paid an enormous revenue to the East India Company; it has saved British India from great financial embarrassments; it has sustained the armies, fought the battles, and cultivated the fields of India, while it has cursed and oppressed the wretched natives; it has enabled the government to pay to the proprietors of East India stock the high yearly dividend guaranteed to them by Parliament in the charter of 1834; it has enabled the Court of Directors very conveniently to draw their large remittances for home charges; it has given princely fortunes to a few British merchants, wrung from the wretchedness of millions of victimized opium smokers; but what has it done for England? Nothing. We say unhesitatingly, Nothing. It has been a wrong to the British public. It may have saved the government some embarrassment in legislating for India, but it has wronged the people. It has shut out London, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and Bristol, and Nottingham from the vast trade of China. It has supplanted the trade in British products and manufactures, and has deprived three hundred millions of people of the ability to purchase lawful products, by draining the resources of the country and imbruting and destroying the people.

If it has thus wrought only injury to the general trade of Great Britain, and we are compelled to wonder at the apathy and indifference of the British public to the evils of this trade, what shall we say of America? How long will the merchants and people of America submit to be shut out from the vast trade which might be established with China? How long must American merchants be compelled to engage in the unequal competition with British opium dealers? We do not intend to insinuate that American merchants in China are wholly free from connection with the illicit traffic. We know to the contrary; and wish all the strictures we have made on the traffic, and all the evils we have adduced as arising from it, to fall with equal weight upon our countrymen, who, free from the temptation and the greater inducements presented to the English minds, still, for mere purposes of selfish gain, engage in the unlawful trade. Still the American trade in opium is insignificant compared with the gigantic traffic of the English; and we have reason to believe that most of the American houses engaged in it would gladly withdraw from it, if they could in any other way compete with the great English houses trading in opium. It is known to all that the traffic is a great injury to the American trade; that it shuts out from this vast empire nearly all lawful products; that while the American trade gives a balance in favor of the Chinese for several millions of dollars annually, which in other circumstances might be paid in American products, the merchants of our country must pay this balance in specie, by exchange between the United States and England. The American merchant can scarcely do otherwise than try to meet this balance against him by entering the lists with his British competitor in opium. The British dealer in opium has closed up the gates of the empire against lawful American products, and leaves the American the only alternative of carrying on his trade in teas, silks, &c., with specie, or of joining his guilty rival in the suicidal work of deluging the country with opium.

Thus the American name has become

tarnished as well as that of England. The merchants of America can only be viewed by the Chinese as dealers in opium, and though guilty to a much less degree than their British rivals, they are inheritors of the same hatred and suspicions that fall to the lot of the traders of Great Britain, and, though deserving more, they can secure no better or greater privileges for their trade than the merchants of England. This suspicion and jealousy fall upon the United States as well as upon American merchants in China; and if we except the odium of the British war, and of the East India cultivation of opium, which has sullied the name of England, the flag of America is no more respected or less tarnished in the eyes of the Chinese than that of Great Britain, and, though unjustly, the American government is supposed to foster and protect the contraband trade. How can the Chinese do otherwise than arrive at this conclusion? While they know that America produces no opium, and can exonerate the Americans from the odium of opium cultivation in India, they also know that large quantities of Indian and Turkey opium have been imported on American account — that United States vessels store it at Cumsingmoon, Shanghai, and elsewhere—and that the American flag floats from the masthead of many a vessel conveying the drug along the coast. The Chinese are to a very great extent ignorant of the usages of western nations, and while they behold the subjects of America engaging boldly in this illicit traffic, and discover the American flag prostituted in this base service, while American representatives in China refuse to put forth any efforts to arrest the trade, they can only infer that there is collusion in the case—that the American government as well as the English protects the opium trade!

THOUGHTS TO THINK ABOUT.

IT betokens as great a soul to be capable of curing a fault, as to be incapable of committing it.

Man, though born with faculties to search through the depth of time, and powers to flourish through the ages of eternity, seldom looks beyond the present hour.

Your word is your servant, so long as you retain it; but it becomes your master when you suffer it to escape.

Human nature is like a bad clock; it may go right now and then, or be made to strike the hour, but its inward frame is to go wrong.

Idleness is the gate of all harms.

Great cities are Satan's universities.

To govern with judgment is to govern with justice.

The greatest hero is not he who subdues nations, but he who conquers himself.

Effects in nature are never fortuitous.

Mistake not motives when causes are unknown.

In private we must watch our thoughts, in the family our tempers, in company our tongues.

We may live by forms, but there is no dying by forms.

Afflictions are God's whetstones—they put a new edge upon old principles.

The best way to see daylight is to put out thy candle. What thou canst not comprehend, believe.

We are what we are in private.

Our principles are the springs of our actions—our actions the springs of our happiness and misery. Too much care, therefore, cannot be employed in forming our principles.

Our very *manner* is a thing of importance. A kind *no* is often more agreeable than a rough *yes*.

The meanest man may be useful to the greatest, and the most eminent stand in need of the meanest: in a building, the highest and lowest stones add to their own mutual stability.

Opinion of ourselves is like the casting of a shadow which is always longest when the sun is at the greatest distance.

All is but lip wisdom that wants experience.

The credit that is got by a lie only lasts till the truth comes out.

Never let your tongue go before your thoughts.

Time is like a verb, that can only be of use in the present tense.

Time never sits heavily on us but when it is badly employed.

Time is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails to make suitable requital.

Time, well employed, gives that health and vigor to the soul which health and retirement afford the body.

Time is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

BADGES—THEIR HISTORY AND VARIETIES.

THE French knight, who in his metrical chronicle—now accepted as an authoritative historical record—has left us such an interesting account of the sudden and tragical downfall of the second Richard, one of the most unfortunate of England's monarchs, relates that when the king's only attendants were "sorrows, sadness, afflictions, mournings, weepings, and lamentations, there was one Jenico, a Gascon squire, who showed well the true love he had for King Richard; for never for threats, nor for any entreaty whatever, would he put off the badge of his lord the king, to wit, the hart, saying: 'Now God forbid that for mortal man I should put off the order of my rightful lord.' So that at last it came to the knowledge of the Duke of Lancaster, who caused him to be shamefully and basely led to the castle of Chester, where he expected day by day to lose his head." The chronicler proceeds to state, that he could not ascertain whether Jenico was executed or not. It is gratifying to us to know, however, that the loyalty and fidelity of the Gascon did not cost him his life. During the three subsequent reigns, he can be occasionally espied through the dim mists which envelop the by-ways and out-of-the-way places of history. At one time, we read of him defeating with great slaughter the *Magynnys*, and other wild *Irishry*, in Ulster; at another, in conjunction with the Bishop of Down, making treaties with the redoubtable Donald of the Isles, and otherwise comporting himself as an approved good soldier and servant of the state. The white hart was Richard's favorite cognizance: he wore it in honor and remembrance of his mother, the beauteous Joan Holand, the renowned Fair Maid of Kent.

The coat-armor of a royal or noble family being considered of far too sacred a character to be worn as a personal ornament or distinction by a retainer of inferior rank, unless a herald, the badge, cognizance, or sign of company, as it was variously termed, worn by all, from king or baron down to the menial, served as a recognition and distinction of party, of feudal allegiance and dependency, to both friends and foes. It was worn on the arm or cap: the minstrel was distinguished by wearing his suspended round the neck by a silver chain. Unlike the device, which was assumed at pleasure, and merely expressed the peculiar design, sentiment, or inclination of the person who bore it, the badge was invariably considered hereditary, and was assumed in commemoration of daring feats of arms, or family alliances, as an emblem of territorial tenure and possessions; and, in some instances, it even indicated the name or title of the chief by whom it was worn. Nor was it worn on the person alone; the mansions of the great, the ecclesiastical edifices they founded or endowed, their tombs, furniture, armor, vassals, all were marked by the distinguishing badge. Yet, like the device, it was not recognized by the heralds, though in course of time it has surreptitiously crept into coat-armor as a heraldic charge.

The two most ancient badges in English history are the White and Red Roses of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. The white rose of York was the territorial distinction and tenure of the Castle and Honor of Clifford, a possession of that royal house. It is difficult to say why it is more particularly mentioned as their war-badge during the devastating civil war; probably it was selected, as such, from the other badges of the family, merely in contradistinction and opposition to the red rose of Lancaster. Shakspeare, in his historical dramas, closely follows the text of the old chroniclers; yet we have not been able to find, among any of those black-letter historians, any allusion to the famous scene in the Temple Garden; but a tradition of such an occurrence might have been extant in the great poet's day, nor does it seem at all improbable that Richard Plantagenet said:—

"Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me."

And that Somerset replied:—

"Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Theobald IV., King of Navarre, and Count of Champaigne and Brie, the famous troubador, poet, patron of poets, song-maker and song-singer, as the old writers term him, returning from the Holy

Land, brought with him the first Damascus rose ever seen in Western Europe. Planted in a congenial climate and soil at Theobald's city of Provins, the new and beauteous flower flourished and multiplied, attracting great attention, and receiving the high honor of being used in the grandest and most solemn religious ceremonies of the day. Some years subsequently, Edmund, surnamed Crouchback, the second son of Henry III., married Blanche of Navarre, a descendant of Theobald. Provins, at that time, was famous for its woollen manufactures; and Philip *le Hardi*, King of France, eager to raise funds to prosecute an unjust war, heavily taxed the master manufacturers, who declared their unwillingness and inability to submit to such exaction. William of Pentecost, the mayor of Provins, wishing to obtain the king's favor, proposed to the masters, that if they would pay the increased tax, he would cause the bell which announced the hours of labor to be rung an hour later than the usual time every evening, thus giving the masters an hour's extra work from each man. This proposition was accepted, and the consequence was, that the workmen broke out in open insurrection, during which the mayor was killed. The king, enraged at this proceeding, sent Edmund Crouchback to reduce the citizens to order, which he did in a fearfully cruel manner, and also broke the bell to pieces, declaring that, for the future, the will of the master alone should regulate the hours of labor. In commemoration of these events, Crouchback assumed as a badge the red rose for which Provins had already become famous; and the king gave him the titles of Champaigne and Brie. We may just add, as a sequel to this specimen of feudal times, that after some years, and many petitions, letters-patent were granted, permitting the town to have another bell, named Guillamette, in honor of the murdered mayor, and bearing an inscription humiliating to the citizens; but Provins never after regained its manufacturing importance. Crouchback subsequently became Earl of Lancaster: his descendant Henry, surnamed Wryneck, was the first duke of that title. John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III., marrying Blanche of Artois, sole heiress of Wryneck, assumed the badge of the red rose, and shortly after was, by Parliament, granted the dukedom of Lancaster. As the Lancastrian party defended their usurpation, by asserting that Crouchback was the eldest son of Henry III., but had been set aside on account of his deformity, and that consequently, through Blanche of Artois, they were the legitimate heirs to the throne, the red rose of Provins derived from Crouchback had a strong political signification, as well as being the badge of a powerful party in the state. The importance of badges as the insignia of political partisans must not be underrated. The white hart of the deposed Richard was a continual source of inquietude to the usurper Henry; statutes were enacted forbidding its being worn; and though Richard had been long dead, leaving no direct heirs, yet Harry Percy, "the hair-brained Hotspur," raised the north, and fought the battle of Shrewsbury under the badge and banner of the white hart. Even so late as Queen Elizabeth's time, an act was passed, by which a severe penalty was laid on "all phantasticall prophecies, upon or by the occasion of any badges, cognizances, or like things."

The origin of the well-known badge worn by the Princes of Wales has long been an unsettled question among antiquaries. The common version—that it was the crest of the king of Bohemia, who was slain at the battle of Cressy, and first assumed by the Black Prince in commemoration of that conflict—is now considered to be merely a mediæval myth. The king of Bohemia's crest was the wings of a vulture; but he wore as his device the representation of an ostrich eating a spike, to imply how little he dreaded the perils of cold iron. This ostrich, then, it is supposed, supplied the three feathers for the prince's "cap of fame." On the other hand, there is clear evidence that Edward III., and most of his sons, wore the ostrich feathers as well as the Black Prince. The famous herald and antiquary, Randle Holme, ascribes a totally different origin to this badge. He asserts that the ostrich feathers were the ensigns of the Princes of Wales during the independence of their country, long prior to its conquest by the English; and after that event, the eldest sons of the kings of England, as Princes of Wales, continued to wear them, adding the motto, *Ich dien*, (I serve,) to express that, though of paramount importance in Wales, they yet owed allegiance to the crown of England. Even at the risk of

being tedious, it would be unfair to omit the Welsh tradition respecting this motto. They maintain that it is a corruption of the Welsh, *Eich dyn*, (Behold the man,) and was applied to Edward of Carnarvon, in consequence of his royal father having learned and exclaimed these words when he presented the infant prince to the assembled tribes, in fulfilment of his equivocal promise that he would give them a prince "who could speak no word of English." Camden's explanation of *ich dien* is worthy of notice. He states that it alludes to the words of the apostle, Gal. iv, 1: "The heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all." There is great probability that Camden is correct. Formerly, the children of the highest rank not only waited at table, and performed other menial duties for their parents and seniors, but also wore blue gowns, the distinguishing dress of domestic servants. The last relic of that garb is still to be seen in the long blue coat worn by the scholars of Christ's school, London; and we may add, that the last relic of the badge still clings to the arms of a few of the London watermen and firemen.

Besides the white rose, the house of York had several other badges; as a falcon confined by a fetterlock—a white lion, representing the earldom of March—a black bull, for the Honor of Care—a white boar, for the Honor of Windsor. Edmond Langley, son of Edward III., first assumed the falcon in the fetterlock, thereby, as it is supposed, implying that "the aspiring blood of York" was debarred from mounting to the throne. Edward IV., when the fortunes of his family were in the ascendant, commanded his son to wear this badge, but with the fetterlock open; and said, that when Edmond Langley first wore it, he asked his children if they knew the Latin for fetterlock; not receiving an immediate answer, he thus proceeded: "Well if you cannot tell me, I will tell you. It is *hic, hæc, hoc, taceatis* —that is: Be silent and quiet, for God knows what may come to pass hereafter." The white boar was the favorite badge of Richard III.; thirteen thousand, worked in fustian, were distributed at his coronation. The swan and the antelope were well-known cognizances of the house of Lancaster. They derived the swan through the Bohuns, from Godfrey of Bouillon, and he from the famous, or rather fabulous, Knight of the Swan, so celebrated in ancient romance. A portcullis was the badge of the Beaufort branch of the Lancaster family; it was worn by our Tudor kings, and also by James I. of Scotland and his descendants, in commemoration of his marriage with the courageous and devoted Lady Jane Beaufort.

An old political poem, not long since discovered among the manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin, is particularly curious from its enumeration of the badges worn by the Yorkist leaders at the sanguinary battle of Towton, in 1461, which proved so fatal to the Lancastrians: forty thousand of that party, it is said, were left lifeless on the field. This dreadful conflict is unparalleled in the history of warfare; it commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon, and continued until the afternoon of the next day, snow falling heavily all the time. The poem, if it is really worthy of the name, is an exulting pæan on the great victory, and is composed in honor of Edward IV., who is designated in it as "the white rose of Rouen"—the flower alluded to at the end of each verse, he having been born in that city. Being of considerable interest as an early English political effusion, we give a short extract from it, premising that we have been compelled to modernize the spelling, to make it intelligible to the generality of readers:—

The greyhound and the hart's head, they quit them well that day;
So did the harrow of Canterbury, and Clinton with his kay;
The white ship of Bristol, he feared not that fray;
The black ram of Coventry, he said not one nay.
Blessed be the time that ever God spread that flower.

The falcon and the fetterlock were there that tide;
The black bull also himself he would not bide;
The dolphin came through Wales, three carps by his side;
The proud leopard of Salisbury he gaped his gums wide.
Blessed be the time that ever God spread that flower.

The boar's head from Windsor, with tushes sharp and keen;
The ostrich feather was in the field, that many men might seen;
The wild rat from Northampton, with her broad nose;
There was many a fair pennon waiting on the rose.
Blessed be the time that ever God spread that flower.

A peculiar description of badges worn by a few noble families were termed knots, being merely threads of gold or silver lace, and party-colored silk, twisted and knotted into certain fantastic but distinct forms. When carried on stone, this ornament frequently formed a continuous line of fretwork round a building. The Stafford, Wake, and Bourchier knots are well known to antiquarians.

Sometimes objects were chosen as badges which, from their designations bearing the desired sound, represented the name of the wearer. These symbolical puns upon surnames were known as rebuses. The caparisons of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, were embroidered with *mulberries* on that memorable occasion when he appeared in the lists

At Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day.

The badge of Arundel was a swallow—in French, *hirondelle*; that of Harrison, a hedgehog—in French, *herisson*. The rebus, however, was mostly used by ecclesiastics; almost every bishop and abbot having one with which, carved on stone or painted on glass, they adorned their dwellings, and the churches, colleges or other edifices that they erected, endowed, or repaired. Many of these are still to be seen. The abbey-church of St. Albans displays in many places the rebus of Abbot Ramridge—the representation of a *ram* standing on a rocky *ridge*. In Abbot Islip's chapel, in Westminster Abbey, his name is represented in three different modes—an *eye* and a *slip* of a plant; a man slipping from the branch of a tree, and exclaiming, *I slip*; and the capital letter *I* beside the *slip* of a plant. The rebus of Prior Bolton of St. Bartholomews, in London, was a bird *bolt* (an arrow) inserted in a *ton*; that of Bishop Middleton, the letter *M* in the *middle* of a *ton!* Alcock, Bishop of Ely, and founder of Jesus College, Cambridge, covered the most conspicuous parts of that building with the representation of a *cock* standing on a terrestrial globe, the latter being considered symbolical of *all!* At the university of Oxford, a curious custom, derived from the rebus, is still maintained. Every New Year's Day, the bursar of Queen's College presents a needle and thread to each student, saying: "Take this, and be thrifty." The needle and thread—*aquille et fils*—being the rebus of Robert de Eglesfeld, the chaplain of Philippa of Hainault, and founder of the college, which he named Queen's in honor of his royal mistress.

Rare Ben Jonson, in his play of *The Alchemist*, takes an oportunity of ridiculing the rebus, among the other follies of his day which he so trenchantly satirizes. When Abel Drugger, the simple tobacconist, applies to the impostor Subtle to invent for him a sign-board that will magically attract customers to his shop, the cheat says to his confederate, in presence of their admiring dupe:—

"I will have his name
Formed in some mystic character, whose radii,
Striking the senses of the passers-by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections
That may result upon the party owns it.
As thus: He first shall have a *bell*—that's *Abel*;
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,
In a *rug* gown; there's *D* and *rug*—that's *Drug*;
And right anenst him, a dog snarling *er*—
There's *Drugger*. Abel Drugger, that's his sign,
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic."

We ought not to conclude without noticing the marks used by the traders of the olden time, principally on their seals and goods. Many instances of these merchants' marks, as they are termed, may still be found on tombstones and old houses in the eastern coast of England. Public notaries, also, used distinctive marks, which were publicly registered. Blomefield, in his *History of Norfolk*, complains that "they use no mark at all now, but only add N. P. at the end of their names." Indeed, from the inspection of old documents, it appears, that when few could write, almost every illiterate person who had to sign his name used a distinctive hieroglyphic—not the simple cross that is used now-a-days, with John Nokes, his mark. The peculiar mark of a notary would insure to the ignorant that that official had examined or executed the document to which it was attached, in the same manner as the mark of the merchant afforded a guarantee for the quality of the goods. The reader may have smiled at the silly conceits of the rebus; yet it is most probable that it was purposely adopted to convey to the illiterate the name of their pious benefactor. The last merchant's mark that we have seen in actual use, was on the merchandise of the East India Company, previous to that corporation ceasing to trade. As an example of the use of such marks among illiterate people and foreigners, we may observe,

that bales of valuable cloths passed from hand to hand from Canton to Peking, Tibet, or Japan, without ever being opened — the well-known mark of the Company being a sufficient guarantee for the quality and quantity of their contents.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE ANGEL CHILD.

SUGGESTED BY "BERTILE," A FRENCH POEM.

BY MABEL GRAY.

Happiness round our hearth-stone now is smiling,
A bird of paradise hath furl'd its wings
Beneath our roof, and every care beguiling,
All through the live-long day she sweetly sings.
'Tis June, sweet June! within our garden bowers
Are rare young blossoms of the fairest hue,
But in our house, sweeter than all the flowers,
Buddeth our angel-one, our blest Lulu—
Rare human blossom! from thine eye of azure
A guileless spirit gazes into mine;
My white-wing'd dove! whose coming brought such pleasure,
Whose little heart is nestling close to mine.
Had thy lips language, they might tell a story
Of a fair home, in some far sunnier land—
Hast thou not wander'd from the realms of glory?
Do they not miss thee from the angel-band?

Tell me, sweet child! answer me, young immortal!
Hast thou a mission from the starry skies?—
What angel weeping oped for thee the portal
That leads to earth from realms of paradise?
O as thy sisters sadly throng'd around thee,
To bid thy parting spirit an adieu,
Methinks the brightest with her mantle bound thee,
Her robe of innocence, my own Lulu!
The cherub Sweetness gave thine eye its azure,
Purity set its seal upon thy brow;
While Beauty kiss'd thy cheek and lips, my treasure,
And Goodness o'er thy features shed its glow.
My gifted one! comes not thy voice's sweetness
From the blest song the holiest seraph sings?
Such gifts are thine, they would have full completeness
Hadst thou but worn to earth thy shining wings.

Didst thou not hear above the touching story
Of Him who in the guise of a young child,
Came down to earth from the bright realms of glory,
And dwelt with men, the meek, the undefiled?
Did he not send thee, pure and spotless angel,
Down to this world of sorrow and of sin;
And say, "Go, be to men my own evangel,
To tell of that bright land they all may win?"
I will protect thee, little child! a lowly,
A silent mission to the earth is thine;
No wise men from the east with off'rings, holy,
Shall bend in homage at thine humble shrine.
No gems shall glitter mid thy sunny tresses,
No gifts of frankincense to thee be given;
But on thy brow shall loving lips print kisses,
More fitting gifts than any this side heaven.
O pure, my child, as is thine outward seeming,
So be the tablet of thy soul within:
As the young lily pure, as little dreaming
As it, of the world's heartlessness and sin.
Wait, wait on earth; repine not at its sorrow;
In all life's darkness lift to heaven thine eyes;
Still looking upward to that glorious morrow
When thou shalt join thy sisters in the skies.

"And so she wrapp'd her hallow'd mantle round her,
And bent her footsteps from the upper skies;
Gently were sever'd the fond ties that bound her
To the bright angel-band in paradise.
She came to earth, and in my arms reclining,
She fondly nestles on my loving breast;
But life is dark—I know that she is pining
For her sweet sisters, for their land of rest."

Thus sang a mother, as upon her breast
Her first-born babe she softly lull'd to rest:
Well might she, gazing in those azure eyes
And on that brow, have dreams of paradise;
Well might she think that cherub child too fair,
To dwell long years in this dark world of care.

The babe is sleeping; o'er its starry eyes,
Like mists o'er moonlight, each vein'd eyelid lies;
The little hands are folded as in prayer,
From the clear brow waves back the golden hair.
O heaven!—the loveliest sight on earth to see,
Is the sweet sleep of guileless infancy.
Round the soft cheek the laughing dimples stray
Or gently kiss the lips in airy play;
While e'en as ripples o'er a peaceful lake,
Smiles the repose of those calm features break.

"Whence come those smiles? Say, hath my Lulu gleams
Of paradise e'en in her earthly dreams?
Roams not her spirit to the land of bliss,
Too fair, too pure for such a world as this?
Angels are whisp'ring to thee, I know;
Not long, dear child, thou'lt tarry here below."
The mother said, and as she breathed a sigh,
She felt an angel's pinions rustle by.
She heard a voice: "Would you detain on earth,
Far from its home, a soul of heavenly birth?
Would you see languish in this world of sighs
One whom her sisters woo to paradise?"

"No, though my heart should break, it must not be;
Thy gift, O God, I render back to thee:
Not vain her earthly mission, child of love,
For she shall woo me to the land above;
She shall await my coming on that shore,
Where death's cold hand shall never part us more.
Come when thou wilt, O death!—thou bring'st no fear;
For well I know the Holy One is near:
Into his hands my sinless child I trust,
Knowing his ways are merciful and just."

Death came. So softly was life's frail tie riven
The babe who slept on earth awoke in heaven.

PETER AND JUDAS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THOLUCK.

IN the Christian life the sun is often enveloped in mourning, and its progress lies through storms and tempests; but we have in the Holy Scriptures the most striking exemplifications of the truth, that we may fall, but not to our utter confusion, if only we know how we can be raised up again, and that it is to the most feeble of his children that the faithful hand of the Lord is especially turned. How many who have deplorably fallen have drawn from Peter's example strength to rise up again! What a mighty and gracious blessing has God imparted to us, in preserving for us this portion of Peter's history!

He who has a nature like Peter's—in the morning weak, in the evening bold; to-day flaming, to-morrow cold—may well despair, at first sight, of the possibility of God's forming a temple for his glory from such sorry materials. Yet it was to none but Peter that the Lord addressed these words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Wonderful, indeed! Nor would we wonder the less did we know what poor materials the Lord possessed in the hearts of the rest of his disciples. How feeble their capacity for acquiring knowledge, or of understanding the plainest words of our Lord! and in their hearts how much impurity had grace to struggle with,—the faithlessness of a Thomas, for instance, and the impure fire of a John! But there is one thing to be observed, they were children, and something can be made of children,—children can be trained. And hence, notwithstanding all their spiritual poverty, their Lord was so certain of the result that he could rejoice and praise his Father in heaven, saying, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

I have often met with those who could not conceive how a man like Peter, after such words as these, "Lord, to whom shall we go but unto thee? thou hast the words of eternal life," could deny his Master, and swear, "I know not the man." Ah,

"Wind and weather have overnight
Touch'd many a flower with a withering blight."

If once a man fall, of course the whole world will run him down. But how do we estimate a false word? If that wall be once thrown down which should stand forever between the Christian heart and falsehood,—if between truth on the one hand, and falsehood on the other, what are called necessary lies can be allowed to introduce themselves, and if these can glide over the lips almost as freely as words of truth,—what reason have we to think that in the hour of danger and trial many of those who now boast with Peter, "Though all men shall be offended, yet will I never be offended," (Matt. xxvi, 33,) would not have fallen as that disciple fell?

But if none of us would have fallen on that night as Peter fell, how many of us, do we suppose, would have been found standing by his side when he testified in the very face of the judges of the crucified Jesus, "We ought to obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew, and hanged on a tree: him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him." Acts v, 29–32. How many would have continued at his side when he willingly received the stripes, and went forth from the council, "rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for his name?" Acts v, 41. When his Saviour was dying on the cross, he was among the cowards; but when he was to verify the Saviour's words, "Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow me afterward," henceforth we find him not among the cowards; henceforth we find him a witness of the sufferings of Christ; henceforth we find him following his Saviour indeed,—following him to the pillory and to shame, and at last entering upon a participation in his Saviour's cross. And how many of us who stand by and accuse him would have followed? No, Peter; thou knewest what thou saidst when thou spakest to thy Saviour thus: "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

In what more consolatory manner could this great truth have been presented to timid hearts, wavering still between heaven and earth,—our good Lord maketh his

strength perfect in weakness? How often have I, when I felt my hands feeble and my knees weary, when I staggered hither and thither with uncertain steps, when I sighed, "O, shall the twilight never vanish, and I find entrance into the perfect light?"—how often have I, a fallen child, arisen by Peter's example!

Verily, it must have been long indeed before he was thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of the Saviour. Even after he had preached Christ, not only are we told that the *new* man Peter had to strive with the old, but that the old man was often victorious. When those zealous for the law came down from Jerusalem, he was afraid to eat any longer with his brethren contrary to the law. In this respect he feared man more than God; he acted contrary to his better knowledge; and for this he was reproved by his brother Paul. That the fear of man could conquer the better knowledge of an apostle was shameful in the highest degree; but while it saddens us deeply to think of the greatness of human weakness, it leads us with still greater self-distrust to exclaim, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," and to renounce all confidence in one's own strength. At the same time, we have in this no small testimony to the fact, that much grace and not a little weakness may coexist for a long time in the human heart; while this testimony is enhanced by the reflection, that it was this very Peter who laid at Pentecost the first foundations of the Christian Church, who took joyfully scourgings and revilings for the name of Jesus, and who ultimately followed his Lord even to the cross. Patience, therefore, thou weak heart of mine,—patience with thyself, seeing God has so much long-suffering with thee.

But how has this child, who has so often fallen, been always raised up again? He fell—but he never let go the hand which sustained him; and it was this hand which lifted him up again! The disciple spake no doubtful truth when he once said, "To whom shall we go but unto thee? thou hast the words of eternal life;" and again when he said, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee;" and, therefore, no sooner did he fall than the tears of penitence sprung forth, and, from these penitential tears, invigorated love. How beautifully is this depicted in the narrative of his denial! He was yet standing by the fire in the court of the high priest, when the doors of the inner apartment opened, and the Saviour stepped forth from the judicial examination. The cock crowed twice; "and the Lord turned to Peter, and Peter thought on the words of the Lord, which he said, Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out, and wept bitterly." O that Judas could have wept such tears! Perhaps it was at this very time that he went to the high priests and said, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood;" even then, perhaps, there was time to seek the Saviour of sinners himself. O, Judas, why wentest thou to those cold-hearted hypocrites, who flung thee back thy money with a—"What is that to us? see thou to that?" Why didst thou not hasten to Him whose innocent blood thou hadst betrayed, and raise, even beneath the cross, thy hands in supplication? True, those arms, which were ever stretched forth to every seeking sinner, were now nailed upon the cross; but most assuredly those lips would not have said to thee, "See thou to that!" If he could no more stretch forth his arms to thee, would not his broken-hearted look at least have spoken forgiveness? But in that heart there was neither love nor faith! Severe, indeed, were the words pronounced over his betrayer by the meek and gentle Lamb of God: "The Son of man goeth as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born." Matt. xxvi, 24.

Self-murder is too often the last convulsive effort of a storm which has raged for years through the bodily frame. Where it reveals its own peculiar nature, suicide is but the topstone of a life-long slavery to sin, in which the sinner springs into its opened jaws, merely because, over mountains and valleys, weary and worn, he has been lashed on by sin to this brink, where the last deed of his life is the culminating point of his sin, and in which he dies. Can there be aught more horrible than self-murder?

My Father and my God, one thing would I entreat: If in my great weakness I should fall, O give me true contrition in my heart, and let not my repentance be without tears! Lo, I can say with Peter, "If thou takest me not up, I know not where to go." Thy hand I

never will let go. And if I leave it not, thou wilt not let me lie in the dust, but wilt lift me up; and when thou shalt have humbled me, so that I renounce dependence on myself, and seek my strength, my consolation, all in thee, then the hour will come when I shall no more tread with uncertain steps, but shall walk forever in uprightness of heart before thy face!

JUSTIN MARTYR—A SKETCH.

JUSTIN MARTYR was a very remarkable man. In the title of his works he is called Justin the philosopher and martyr. He was, in fact, what the Emperor Marcus Aurelius himself might have become, had it not been for some natural defect in his character as a lover of truth, or for the prejudices engendered by his stoical pride. An ardent lover of truth, Justin, as is well known, tried the various schools of heathen philosophy, and found them all wanting; his mind knew no rest in the search after truth till he embraced Christianity. He was born in Samaria, but brought up a heathen. At the time of the accession of Marcus Aurelius, Justin was, according to one account, about sixty years of age; according to another, seventy at the least; according to another, not much more than forty. Devoting himself in his early days to heathen philosophy, he was attracted by the Stoics; but they could give him no satisfaction, when his soul yearned after the knowledge of God. He passed under the teaching of several sects, dissatisfied with them all, till at last he thought he found rest in Platonism. He rejoiced in Plato's lofty views of the connection of man's soul with the world invisible, and the hopes of going to God when the soul should shake off the body. Very touching is the well-known account he himself has left us of his conversion,—how, meditating one day on these lofty truths, he went forth to walk alone on the sea-shore, and was followed by an old man of kind and grave aspect. The stranger's conversation corresponded with his appearance; they talked of grave and lofty subjects—the stranger pointed out to him the insufficiency of all human teaching, spoke to him of the prophets whom God had raised up as inspired teachers, and urged the necessity of prayer, if the soul would really learn to know the God of truth. "Pray," said the old man, "that the gates of light may be opened to thee; —not to all men does it belong to comprehend the truth, but only to him to whom understanding is granted by God and his Christ."

This interview made a deep impression on the mind of Justin, and he ultimately took refuge in Christianity, "esteeming it," he tells us, "the only safe and profitable philosophy." Henceforth, still retaining his philosopher's garb, he devoted himself to urge upon others that system in which his own soul had found rest. He wrote the two defenses of Christianity which we find in his works—one addressed principally to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, the other to the Roman senate during the reign of Marcus Aurelius. But if his arguments reached Marcus Aurelius's ears, they failed not only to convince him, but even to make him friendly or just to the author. Justin, on his second visit to Rome, was apprehended with several of his friends and disciples, brought before Rusticus, the prefect of the city, and commanded to sacrifice to the heathen gods. But he had learned even in his heathen days to admire the constancy of the Christian martyrs, and he was not now to be terrified into a denial of the religion which had been for years the joy of his heart. Rusticus, the prefect, before whom he was summoned, was one of the philosophic teachers of Marcus Aurelius; and Crescens, the Cynic, the audience of whose school had diminished by the teaching of Justin, is said to have urged on his death. The philosophers were jealous of the teacher of a true heavenly wisdom such as their worldly minds could not reach. Rusticus pressed Justin to renounce Christ; but the friends with one voice declared their steadfast faith, and their hope of being preserved at a higher and more awful tribunal, before which all men must stand. Sentence was pronounced on them as refusing to sacrifice, and disobeying the commands of the emperor. They were all scourged and beheaded; and the faithful secretly carried away and buried their remains. This martyrdom is referred by Milman to the year 166 or 167, the sixth or seventh year of Marcus Aurelius. The Greeks celebrate the 1st of June, the Latins the 10th of April, in memory of the death of Justin, and tradition points out the Church of St. Lorenzo without the walls of Rome as the resting-place of his remains.

THE LAST TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

THE skepticism which arose and prevailed so largely in the eighteenth century, had at least one excellent effect —that of uprooting a multitude of popular superstitions, among which one of the most formidable was the belief in witchcraft. It may not, perhaps, be generally remembered, that at the time when Steele and Addison were writing the "Spectator," witchcraft was still a capital offence, and that persons accused of it had suffered the penalty of death not many years before. It was in 1691 that Mr. Justice Holt put the first serious check upon prosecutions of this sort in the English courts of justice; but we nevertheless find him five years later presiding at the trial of one Elizabeth Horner, who was charged with "bewitching three children of William Bovet, one of whom was dead." Mrs. Horner was acquitted; and it was afterward remarked by the good Dr. Hutchinson, that "no inconvenience hath followed her acquittal." Later than this, however, that is to say, in the year 1712, a poor woman in Hertfordshire was tried, and actually "found guilty," upon an indictment charging her with "conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat"—a form of accusation which certainly threw ridicule over the whole proceeding; but, in conformity with the verdict, the judge was nevertheless obliged to sentence the prisoner to be hanged, and was able to save her only through the intervention of a "pardon," which he subsequently obtained in her behalf. As it may serve to give us a glimpse into the condition of rural England nearly a century and a half ago, when the schoolmaster was less abroad than he even is at present, it is here proposed to relate the story of this last of the witchcraft prosecutions. The particulars are drawn from Mr. Wright's lately published "Narratives of Sorcery and Magic," a work well worthy of perusal by such as may be curious respecting the history of popular delusions.

Be it known, then, that in the year 1712 aforesaid, there was living at Walkern, in the county of Hertford, England, a poor woman of the name of Jane Wenham. It is not clear whether she was an old woman or a young one, or a woman of middle age, but in all probability she was "growing into years;" and being not exactly a person of amiable temper, she had, for that and other reasons, come to be regarded by her neighbors as a witch. When the horses or cattle of the farmers in the parish chanced to die, the ignorant, stupid people ascribed their losses to Jenny Wenham's sorcery. This was particularly the case with a farmer named Chapman, one of whose laborers, Matthew Gilson, told him a strange sort of story, which seemed to imply that he (Matthew) had been wondrously bewitched himself. This man was subsequently examined before the magistrates, and he then made a curious deposition. He declared "that on New-year's day last past, he, carrying straw upon a fork from Mrs. Gardner's barn, met Jane Wenham, who asked him for some straw, which he refused to give her; then she said she would take some, and accordingly took some away from this informant. And, further, this informant saith, that on the 29th of January last, when this informant was threshing in the barn of his master, John Chapman, an old woman in a riding-hood or cloak, he knows not which, came to the barn door, and asked him for a pennyworth of straw; he told her he could give her none, and she went away muttering. And this informant saith, that after the woman was gone he was not able to work, but ran out of the barn as far as a place called Munder's hill, (which was above three miles from Walkern,) and asked at a house there for a pennyworth of straw, and they refused to give him any; he went further to some dung-heaps, and took some straw from thence, and pulled off his shirt, and brought it home in his shirt; he knows not what moved him to this, but says he was forced to do it he knows not how." A part of this singular statement was corroborated by another witness, who declared that he saw Matthew Gilson returning with the straw in his shirt; that he moved along at a great pace; and that, instead of passing over a bridge, he walked straight through the water.

On hearing the story, John Chapman felt confirmed in the suspicions which he entertained against Mrs. Wenham; and on meeting her one day shortly afterward, he ventured to tell her a bit of his mind, applying at the same time several offensive epithets, whereof that of "witch" was one of the mildest and least opprobrious. It would seem, however, that he rather

"caught a Tartar;" for on the 9th of February, Jane Wenham went to Sir Henry Chauncey, a magistrate, and obtained a warrant against Chapman for defamation. In the sequel, the quarrel between Mrs. Wenham and the farmer was referred to the decision of the parish clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, who, in settling the matter, appears to have spoken somewhat harshly to the woman, advising her to live more peaceably with her neighbors, but nevertheless condemning Chapman to pay her one shilling as a compensation for the injury sustained through his abuse.

Here it might have been hoped the business would have ended. But Mr. Gardiner, though a clergyman, was as firm a believer in witchcraft as farmer Chapman; and presently a circumstance transpired which led him to suppose that the old woman was dissatisfied with the kind of justice he had given her, and that, therefore, by way of vengeance, she had determined to perform a stroke of witchcraft in his household. His judgment had been delivered in the parsonage-house kitchen, in the presence of Anne Thorn, a servant maid, who was sitting by the fire, having the evening before "put her knee out," and had just then got it set. Jane Wenham and Chapman being gone, Mr. Gardiner had returned into the parlor to his wife, in company with a neighbor of the name of Bragge. These three persons, according to their several depositions, had not been seated together more than six or seven minutes, when they heard "a strange yelling noise in the kitchen;" and on Mr. Gardiner going out to see what was the matter, he "found this Anne Thorn stripped to her shirt sleeves, howling and wringing her hands in a dismal manner," but quite incapable of uttering anything articulately. The reverend gentleman called aloud for Mrs. Gardiner and Mr. Bragge, who thereupon sprang up and followed him. Mrs. Gardiner, with a woman's impatience to solve a mystery, asked the girl what was the matter with her; and the latter, "not being able to speak," pointed earnestly at a bundle which lay upon the floor, and which her mistress thereupon took up and unpinned, and "found it to be the girl's gown and apron, and a parcel of oaken twigs with dead leaves wrapped up therein." As soon as the bundle was opened, Anne began to speak, crying out, "I'm ruined and undone;" and after she had a little recovered herself, she gave the following relation of what had happened to her. She said when she was left alone she found "a strange roaming in her hand"—what this might signify we cannot exactly understand—however, she went on to say, that "her mind ran upon Jane Wenham, and she thought she must run some whither; that accordingly she ran up the close, but looked back several times at the house, thinking she should never see it more; that she climbed over a five-bar gate, and ran along the highway up a hill; that there she met two of John Chapman's men, one of whom took hold of her hand, saying she should go with them; but she was forced away from them, not being able to speak, either to them or to one Daniel Chapman, whom, she said, she met on horseback, and would fain have spoken to him, but could not; then she made her way toward Cromer, as far as a place called Hockney-lane, where she looked behind her, and saw a little old woman muffled in a riding-hood, who asked her whither she was going. She answered, To Cromer, to fetch some sticks to make her fire; the old woman told her there were now no sticks at Cromer, and bade her go to that oak-tree and pluck some from thence, which she did and laid them on the ground. The old woman bade her pull off her gown and apron, and wrap the sticks in them, and asked her whether she had e'er a pin. Upon her answering she had none, the old woman gave her a large crooked pin, bade her pin up the bundle, and then vanished away; after which she ran home with her bundle of sticks, and sat down in the kitchen stripped, as Mr. Gardiner found her."

On hearing the girl's relation, all parties were sufficiently astonished and perplexed; Mrs. Gardiner, however, exclaimed, "We will burn the witch"—alluding to a received notion, that when the thing bewitched was burned, the witch was certain to appear; and accordingly she took the twigs, together with the pin, and threw them into the fire. By a singular coincidence, Jane Wenham immediately came into the room, pretending, it is said, to inquire after Anne Thorne's mother, and "saying she had an errand to do to her from Ardley Bury, (Sir Henry Chauncey's house,) to wit, that she must

go thither to wash next day." Now according to the depositions of the prosecutors, "this mother Thorn had been in the house all the time that Jane Wenham was there with John Chapman, and heard nothing of it, and was then gone home." Of course it was very likely that Jane Wenham might have forgotten to mention the message, owing to the excitement she was in through her unpleasant affair with Chapman; at any rate, no such charitable excuse was thought of by the wonderfully shrewd people who had her case to deal with. On hearing her statement, "Mrs. Gardiner bade Jane Wenham go to Elizabeth Thorn, and tell her there was work enough for her there"—meaning, that she would be required to nurse her daughter Anne—and thereupon the supposed witch departed. Furthermore, the depositions say, that "upon inquiry made afterward, it was found that she never was ordered to deliver any such errand from Ardley Bury;" and so there seemed to be but one reasonable inference left, namely, that Jane Wenham, being a witch, her presence in Mr. Gardiner's kitchen had been mysteriously enforced by the burning of the twigs and pin aforesaid!

Here, at any rate, was an excellent groundwork for a charge of witchcraft. Chapman's two men, and the horseman, deposed to meeting Anne Thorn on the road, as she related; and others of Mrs. Wenham's enemies came forward to testify that several people had previously been bewitched by her. The clergyman was eager to promote the prosecution; and on his solicitation a warrant was obtained from Sir Henry Chauncey for the woman's apprehension. The examinations were taken in due form before Sir Henry at Ardley Bury; and he directed four women to search Jane Wenham's person for the customary "witches' marks," but none, it seems, were found. Next day, however, the examination was continued, and the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner was taken, affirming the particulars already mentioned. Jane Wenham perceived that the accusation was assuming a formidable appearance, and in her dread of being sent to jail, she earnestly entreated Mrs. Gardiner "not to swear against her," and offered to submit to the "trial of swimming in the water"—a common mode of testing the guilt of suspected witches. Sir Henry, who seems to have yielded to most of the prejudices of the prosecutors, refused to allow of such a mode of trial. But there was another clergyman, the vicar of Ardley, no less superstitious than the rector of Walkern, who undertook to try her by a still more infallible method, that of repeating the Lord's prayer, a thing which no witch was considered capable of doing. Being submitted to this ordeal, the poor woman, either in her confusion, or through lamentable ignorance, repeated it incorrectly, and hence another proof was obtained in support of the charge against her. The parson, moreover, so frightened her by threats as to induce her to confess that she actually *was* a witch, and further, to accuse three other women of Walkern with being her confederates in unlawful practices, and more especially with having a direct intercourse with Satan.

The prosecution seemed now in a fair way of prospering; and accordingly Jane Wenham was committed to prison to take her trial at the assizes. On the 4th of March the case came on before Mr. Justice Powell, who was not a little puzzled how to deal with it. No less than sixteen witnesses, three of them being clergymen, were heard against the prisoner, and all the absurdities before set forth were solemnly recapitulated and affirmed. The poor woman declared her innocence, and the judge did what he could to damage the proceedings. Nevertheless, a Hertfordshire jury found her "guilty;" and Mr. Justice Powell had to put on the black cap and pronounce sentence of death according to the statute for such cases made and provided. He certainly never intended that the sentence should be executed; but that being the legal penalty for proven witchcraft, he had no alternative but to go through the formality. A pardon was subsequently obtained, and the poor woman was set at liberty, much to the horror of her superstitious persecutors. To save her from any further ill-treatment or annoyance, an enlightened and kind gentleman, Colonel Plummer, took her under his protection, placing her in a cottage on his own estate, where, it is agreeable to learn, she "passed the rest of her life in a quiet, inoffensive manner."

Such is as faithful an account as we can give of the last trial for witchcraft. It is, perhaps, a story which would scarcely be worth the telling, were it not in some sort calculated to show us the harassing and

dangerous persecutions to which the poor and neglected were in former days liable. Whatever may be the difficulties and disasters of the present time, there is certainly ground for congratulation in the fact, that no one can now become the victim of any such ridiculous accusation. Witchcraft has long been an obsolete delusion. One of the most important results of the trial here in question, was the publication, two or three years afterward, of the famous "Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft," by the king of England's chaplain in ordinary, Dr. Francis Hutchinson—a book which gave the last blow to the declining superstition; from that time the belief in witchcraft lingered only among the most ignorant portions of the population, and now at last there seems reason to conclude that it is well extinguished.

[For the National Magazine.]

INSTAURATIO.

"And God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged."

All was a waste profound,
Shoreless the drown'd orb swung,
Each mountain brow around
Wide wat'ry arms were flung;
And overshadowing all,
A dead world's mourning pall,
One sombre cloud of brooding blackness hung,
When lo! to still their strong and fierce unrest,
The breath of God breathed o'er the billows' breast.

And giant mountains rise
From out the dusky plain,
And from the darken'd skies
Watch for the world again;
Anon glad hillocks merge
Above the lowering surge,
Like timid Nereids from their parent main,
Where dovelike, tired of the unvarying deep,
Each moonbeam pale and sighing breeze may sleep.

Then silence kept the earth,
Silence than chaos old,
As ere creation's birth,
The heavens yet unroll'd,
She held her solemn sway
When nature passive lay
In sluggish atoms, uninspired and cold
As in her vaults, when spoken nature's doom,
A dead creation shall have found a tomb.

That pallid demon, death,
Aims his dread shaft no more,
For nations of the dead,
Unburied, strew each shore;
Each ghastly upturn'd face
Meets the cold moon's sad gaze,
And restless ghosts roam Stygian deserts o'er—
Like baffled wolf, amid a blasted fold,
He roam'd a waste, wide, voiceless, cheerless cold.

But now the mantling cloud
Is lightly curl'd away;
Iris, in spangled shroud,
Greets the glad god of day;
Waked was each buoyant breeze,
Dimpled the sparkling seas,
And rippling rills ran laughing on their way,
And starry choirs blend in a choral song
For earth *restored*, and joyous strains prolong.

S. T. Frost.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

How loud the bells are chiming!
How merrily along
The snowy street is heard the gush
Of laughter and of song!
Is time indeed so worthless?
Is life so blank and drear,
That we should hasten thus with mirth
To greet the glad new year?

Dead flowers beside the hedgerows
Hang dry and colorless;
Shorn are the lovely fields and vales
Of their green loveliness;
While round the humble peat-fire,
Cheer'd by its feeble light,
The children of the homestead
Come clustering at night.

The forest's dim recesses,
The woodland lakelet near,
All miss the summer singing birds—
Their music soft and clear.
Instead, the lonely eagle
High cleaves the wintry air;
The hungry raven and the hawk
Perch on the branches bare.

There 's not a breath of music
In all the realm of snow,
Save where the towering pine-trees
Are whispering soft and low—
Or from the frozen lakelet
Rings forth the song and jest,
As troops of merry skaters glide
Upon its polish'd breast.

Yet winter hath its beauty;
How clear the sunbeams fall!
How pure the soft camera-light
That tints and brightens all!
Unlike the checkering shadows
Upon the summer stream,
The winter's crimson morning robe
Is like a fairy dream.

O glad New Year! thou comest
As other years have come,
To gladden many a loving heart,
To darken many a home:
And yet with blessings laden,
With truth and love sincere,
To many a weary fainting one
Thou comest, glad New Year!

THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

"THERE is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawn-broking," said Martha Hownley to her brother; "and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable; you are a sober man: since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing you beside yourself; indeed, I know that weeks pass without your touching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would; and were you to leave 'the Grapes' to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish"—

"I wish I really deserved the compliment," interrupted Matthew, looking up from his day-book. "I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits; if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every means in my power, lead others to avoid them."

"But we must live, Matthew; and your good education would not keep you—we must live!"

"Yes, Martha, we must live! but not the lives of vampires;" and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and seemingly absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity—the small low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in most things; but in her heart of hearts she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said: "Matthew, what *is* vampires?"

Matthew made no reply; so Martha—who had been "brought up to the bar" by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unproductive farm—troubled as usual about "much serving," and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shriveled-up anxieties, as much as by the necessary duties of active life—looked at Matthew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he be thinking of giving up his business, because of that which did not concern him!—but she would "manage him." It is strange how low and cunning persons do often manage higher and better natures than their own.

"Martha," he called at last in a loud voice, "I cannot afford to give longer credit to Peter Croft."

"I thought he was one of your best customers: he is an excellent workman; his wife has much to do as a clear-starcher; and I am sure he spends every penny he earns here"—such was Martha's answer.

"And more!" replied Matthew—"more! Why, last week the score was eighteen shillings—besides what he paid for."

"He's an honorable man, Matthew," persisted Martha. "It is not long since he brought me six tea-spoons and a sugar-tongs, when I refused him brandy, (he will have brandy.) They must have belonged to his wife, for they had not P. C. on them, but E.—something; I forget what."

Matthew waxed wroth. "Have I not told you," he said—"have I not told you that we must be content with the flesh and blood, without the bones and marrow of these poor drunkards? I am not a pawnbroker, to lend money upon a man's ruin. I sell, to be sure, what leads to it, but *that* is his fault, not mine."

"You said just now it was *yours*," said his sister, sulkily.

"Is it a devil or an angel that prompts your words, Martha?" exclaimed Matthew, impatiently; then leaning his pale, thoughtful brow on his clasped hands, he added: "but, however much I sometimes try to get rid of them, it must be for my good to see facts as they are."

Martha would talk: she looked upon the last word as a victory. "He must have sold them whether or not, as he has done all his little household comforts, to pay for what he has honestly drunk; and I might as well have them as any one else. My money paid for them, and in the course of the evening went into your till. It's very hard if, with all my labor, I can't turn an honest penny in a bargain sometimes, without being chid, as if I were a baby."

"I am sorely beset," murmured Matthew, closing the book with hasty violence—"sorely beset; the gain on one side, the sin on the other; and she goads me, and puts things in the worst light: never was man so beset," he repeated helplessly; and he said truly he was "beset"—by *infirmity of purpose*, that mean, feeble, pitiful frustrator of so many good and glorious intentions.

It is at once a blessed and a wonderful

thing how the little grain of "good seed" will spring up and increase—if the soil be at all productive, how it will fructify! A great stone may be placed right over it, and yet the shoot will come forth—*sideways*, perhaps, after a long, noiseless struggle amid the weight of earth—a white, slender thing, like a bit of thread that falls from the clipping scissors of a little heedless maid—creeps up, twists itself round the stone, a little, pale, meek thing, *tending upward*—becoming a delicate green in the wooing sunlight—strengthening in the morning, when birds are singing—at midday, when man is toiling—at night, while men are sleeping, *until it pushes away the stone*, and overshadows its inauspicious birthplace with strength and beauty!

Yes! where good seed has been sown, there is always hope that, one day or other, it will, despite snares and pitfalls, despite scorn and bitterness, despite evil report, despite temptations, despite those wearying backslidings which give the wicked and the idle scoffers ground for rejoicing—sooner or later it will fructify!

All homage to the good seed!—all homage to the good sower!

And who sowed the good seed in the heart of Matthew Hownley? Truly, it would be hard to tell. Perhaps some sower intent on doing his Master's business—perhaps some hand unconscious of the wealth it dropped—perhaps a young child, brimful of love, and faith, and trust in the bright world around—perhaps some gentle woman, whose knowledge was an inspiration rather than an acquirement—perhaps a bold, true preacher of THE WORD, stripping the sinner of the robe that covered his deformity, and holding up his cherished sins as warnings to the world; perhaps it was one of Watts's hymns, learned at his nurse's knee, (for Matthew and Martha had endured the unsympathizing neglect of a motherless childhood,) a little line, never to be forgotten—a whisper, soft, low, enduring—a comfort in trouble, a stronghold in danger, a refuge from despair. O what a world's wealth is there in a simple line of childhood's poetry! Martha herself often quoted the *Busy Bee;* but her bee had no wings—it could muck in the wax, but not fly for the honey. As to Matthew, wherever the seed had come from, there, at all events—it was, struggling but existing—biding its time to burst forth, to bud, to blossom, and to bear fruit!

The exposure concerning the spoons and sugar-tongs made Matthew so angry that Martha wished she had never had anything to do with them; but instead of avoiding the fault, she simply resolved in her own mind never again to let Matthew know any of her little transactions in the way of buying or barter—that was all!

Matthew, all that day, continued more thoughtful and silent than usual, which his sister considered a bad sign: he was reserved to his customers—nay, worse—he told a woman she should not give gin to her infant at his bar, and positively refused, the following Sunday, to open his house at all. Martha asked him if he was mad. He replied: "No;" he was "regaining his senses." Then Martha thought it best to let him alone: he had been "worse"—that is, according to her reading of the word "worse"—before; taken the "dumps" in the same way, but recovered, and gone back to his business "like a man."

Peter Croft, unable to pay up his score, managed, nevertheless, to pay for what he drank. For a whole week, Martha would not listen to his proposals for payment "in kind;" even his wife's *last* shawl could not tempt her, though Martha confessed it was a beauty, and what possible use could Mrs. Peter have for it now?—it was so out of character with her destitution. She heard no more of it—so probably the wretched husband disposed of it elsewhere: this disappointed her. She might as well have had it; she would not be such a fool again; Matthew was so seldom in the bar, that he could not know what she did! Time passed on; Martha thought she saw one or two symptoms of what she considered amendment in her brother. "Of course," she argued, "he will come to himself in due time."

In the twilight which followed that day, Peter Croft, pale, bent, and dirty, the drunkard's redness in his eyes, the drunkard's fever on his lips, tapped at the door of the room off the bar, which was more particularly Martha's room—it was in fact her watch-tower—the door half glazed, and the green curtain about an inch from the middle division; over this, the sharp observant woman might see whatever occurred, and no one could go in or out without her knowledge.

She did not say, "Come in," at once; she longed to know what new temptation

he had brought her, for she felt assured he had neither money nor credit left.

And yet she feared—"Matthew made such a worry out of every little thing." The next time he tapped at the window of the door, her eyes met his over the curtain, and then she said, "Come in," in a penetrating sharp voice, which was anything but an invitation.

"I have brought you something now, Miss Hownley, that I know you won't refuse to *lend* me a trifle on," said the ruined tradesman; "I am sure you won't refuse, Miss Hownley. Bad as I want the money, I could not take it to a pawnbroker; and if the woman asks for it, I can say I lent it, Miss Hownley—you know I can say that."

Peter Croft laid a BIBLE on the table, and folding back the pages with his trembling fingers, showed that it was abundantly illustrated by fine engravings. Martha loved "pictures:" she had taken to pieces a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and varying the devotional engravings it had contained with abundant cuttings out from illustrated newspapers, and a few colored caricatures, had covered one side of a screen, which, when finished, she considered would be at once the comfort and amusement of her old age. After the drunkard had partially exhibited its contents, he stood by with stolid indifference, while she measured the engravings with her eye, looking ever and anon toward the screen. "Very well," she said, uttering a deliberate untruth with her lips, while her mind was made up what to do—"very well; what did you say you wanted for it?" He repeated the sum: she took out exactly half, and laid the shining temptation before him.

"Have you the heart, Miss Hownley," he said, while fingering, rather than counting the money—"have you the heart to offer me such a little for such a great deal?"

"If you have the heart to sell it, I may have the heart to offer such a price," she answered with a light laugh; "and it is only a DRUNKARD'S BIBLE."

Peter Croft dashed the money from him with a bitter oath.

"O, very well," she said; "take it—or leave it."

She resumed her work.

The only purpose to which a drunkard is firm, is to his own ruin. Peter went to the door, returned, took up the money—"Another shilling, miss? *it will be in the till again before morning.*"

Martha gave him the other shilling; and after he was fairly out of the room, grappled the book, commenced looking at the pictures in right earnest, and congratulated herself on her good bargain. In due time the house was cleared, and she went to bed, placing the Bible on the top of her table, among a miscellaneous collection of worn-out dusters and tattered glass-cloths "waiting to be mended."

That night the master of "the Grapes" could not sleep; more than once he fancied he smelt fire; and after going into the unoccupied rooms, and peeping through the keyholes and under the doors of those that were occupied, he descended to the bar, and finally entering the little bar-parlor, took his day-book from a shelf, and placing the candle, sat down, listlessly turning over its leaves, but the top of the table would not shut, and raising it to remove the obstruction, Matthew saw a large family Bible; pushing away the day-book, he opened the sacred volume.

It opened at the 23d chapter of Proverbs, and, as if guided by a sacred light, his eyes fell upon the 29th verse, and he read:—

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

"They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!"

He dashed over the leaves in fierce displeasure, and, as if of themselves, they folded back at the 5th of Galatians: "Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall NOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

"New and Old, New and Old," murmured Matthew to himself—"I am condemned alike by the Old and the New Testament." He had regarded intoxication and its consequences heretofore as a great social evil; the fluttering rags and the fleshless bones of the drunkard and his family, the broils, the contentions, the ill-feeling, the violence, the murders wrought

by the dread spirit of alcohol, had stood in array before him as *social* crimes, as *social* dangers; but he did not call to mind, if he really knew, that the Word of God exposed alike its destruction and its sinfulness. He was one of the many who, however good and moral in themselves, shut their ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely; and though he often found wisdom and consolation in a line of Watts's hymns, he rarely went to the Fountain of living waters for the strengthening and refreshing of his soul. He turned over the chapter, and found on the next page a collection of texts, written upon a strip of paper in the careful hand of one to whom writing was evidently not a frequent occupation.

Proverbs the 23d chapter: "For the *drunkard* and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." 1 Corinthians, 6th chap., 10th verse: "Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"Again that awful threat!" murmured Matthew; "and have I been the means of bringing so many of my fellow-creatures under its ban?"

1 Samuel, the 1st chap: "And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." Luke 21: "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so *that day* come upon you unawares."

"Ay, THAT DAY," repeated the landlord—"*that day*, the day that *must* come."

Ephesians, 5th chapter: "And be not *drunk* with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Proverbs, 20th chapter—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "Woe to thee who sellest wine to thy neighbor, and minglest strong drink to his destruction."

He rose from the table, and paced up and down the little room; no eye but His who seeth all things looked upon the earnestness and agitation of that man; no ear but the all-hearing heard his sighs, his half-muttered prayers to be strengthened for good. He said within himself: "*Who* will counsel me in this matter?—to whom shall I fly for sympathy?—who will tell me what I ought to do—how remedy the evils I have brought on others while in this business, even when my heart was alive to its wickedness?" He had no friend to advise with—none who would do aught but laugh at and ridicule the idea of giving up a good business for conscience' sake; but so it was that it occurred to him: "You have an Immortal Friend; take counsel of him—pray to him—learn of him—trust him—make his book your guide;" and opening the Bible he read one other passage: "Keep innocency, and *take heed to the thing that is right*, for *that* shall bring a man peace at the last."

Pondering on this blessed rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first fly-leaf, wherein were written the births, marriages, and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged; and therein, second on the list, he saw in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name—EMMA HANBY, only daughter of James and Mary Jane Hanby, born so-and-so, married at such a date to PETER CROFT!

"Emma Hanby"—born in his native village; the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to school—by whose side in boy-love he had sat in the meadows—for whom he had gathered flowers—whose milk-pail he had so often lifted over the church-stile—whom he had loved as he never could or did love woman since—whom he would have married, if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall, yellow, awkward youth whom it was her pastime to laugh at, and her delight to call "Daddy"—was *she* then the wife—the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted, broken-spirited wife—of the drunkard Peter Croft? It seemed impossible; her memory had been such a sunbeam from boyhood up; the refiner of his nature—the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its heat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child sounded like the laugh he once thought music; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

"And I have helped to bring her to this," he repeated over and over to himself; "even I have done this—this has been my doing." He might have consoled himself by the argument, that if Peter

Croft had not drunk at "the Grapes," he would have drunk somewhere else; but his seared conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down, at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Matthew, carrying with him the *Drunkard's Bible*, sought his bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—bleareyed, trembling, ghastly spectres—pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestilential breath, they demanded "who had sold them poison." Women, too—drunkards, or drunkards' wives—in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the steam of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its munificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a vail before his bedroom window.

To Matthew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before; but he thought of and felt it then, and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the poor Drunkard's Bible. Matthew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions—the emotions of his early and better nature—and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was—that God would have mercy upon him, and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others—to be God's instrument for good to his fellow-creatures; to minister to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind. O, if God would but mend the broken vessel, if he would but heal the bruised reed, if he would but receive him into his flock! O, how often he repeated: "God, give me strength! Lord, strengthen me!"

And he arose, as all arise after steadfast prayer—strengthened—and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed.

"I had," he said, "fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform; I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left; there it was, written in letters of light. I went down stairs, I unlocked the street door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front, and with my own hands, in the gray, soft haze of morning, I tore down the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. 'The Grapes' lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succor those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters have been suddenly struck off; a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to heaven; I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a 'respectable man,' and an 'honest publican,' I *knew* that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—deaths of many of those careless drinkers, who had 'sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause,' even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause, knew that they 'bit like serpents and stung like adders.' What a knave I had been—erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow-creatures!—talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bouncing brandy, could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church, as

if I were a practical Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

"Bitter, but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled, and rolled, and seethed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the river. 'Away they go!' I said; 'their power is past; they will never more turn the staggering workman into the streets, or nerve his arm to strike down the wife or child he is bound by the law of God and man to protect; never more send the self-inflicted fever of *delirium-tremens* through the swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a supperless bed; never more blister the lips of woman, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache, which induced the prayerless Sunday. Away—away! would that I had the power to so set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape of the world!' As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved; the more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs; as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind gathered themselves into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission; I would be a Temperance Missionary to the end of my days! I would seek out the worst among those who had frequented 'the Grapes,' and pour counsel and advice—the earnest counsel and the earnest advice of a purely disinterested man—into ears so long deaf to the voice of the charmer. I was a free man, no longer filling my purse with the purchase-money of sorrow, sin, and death. I owed the sinners, confirmed to lead the old life of sin in my house—I owed them atonement. But what did I not long to do for that poor Emma? When I thought of her—of her once cheerfulness, her once innocence, her once beauty—I could have cursed myself. Suddenly my sister shook the door. She entreated me to come forth, for some one had torn down our sign, and flung it in the kennel. When I showed her the dripping taps and the broken bottles, she called me, and believed me mad; she never understood me, but less than ever then. I had, of course, more than one scene with her; and when I told her that, instead of ale, I should sell coffee, and substitute tea for brandy, she, like too many others, attaching an idea of feebleness and duplicity, and want of respectability to temperance, resolved to find another home. We passed a stormy hour together, and, among many things, she claimed the Drunkard's Bible; but that I would not part with.

"I lost no time in finding the dwelling of Peter Croft. Poor Emma! If I had met her in the broad sunshine of a June day, I should not have known her; if I had heard her speak, I should have recognized her voice among a thousand. Misery for her had done its worst. She upbraided me as I deserved. 'You,' she said, 'and such as you, content with your own safety, never think of the safety of others. You take care to avoid the tarnish and wretchedness of drunkenness yourselves, while you entice others to sin. Moderation is your safeguard; but when did you think it a virtue in your customers?'

"I told her what I had done—that in future mine would be strictly a temperance house; that I would by every means in my power undo the evil I had done.

"'Will that,' she anwered in low deep tones of anguish—'will that restore what I have lost?—will it restore my husband's character?—will it save him, even if converted, from self-reproach?—will it open the grave, and give me back the child, my first-born, who, delicate from its cradle, could not endure the want of heat and food, which the others have still to bear? —will it give us back the means squandered in your house?—will it efface the memory of the drunkard's songs, and the impurity of the drunkard's acts? O Matthew! that you should thrive and live, and grow rich and respectable, by what debased and debauched your fellow-creatures. Look!' she added, and her words pierced my heart—'look! had I my young days over again, I would rather—supposing that love had nothing to do with my choice

—I would rather appear with my poor degraded husband, bad as he has been, and is, at the bar of God, than kneel there as your wife! You, cool-headed and moderate by nature, knowing right from wrong, well educated, yet tempting, tempting others to the destruction which gave you food and plenishing—your comfortable rooms! your intoxicating drinks! the pleasant company! all, all! wiling the tradesman from his home, from his wife, from his children, and sending him back when the stars are fading in the daylight. O, to what a home! O, in what a state!

"'I do think, as you stand there, Matthew Hownley, well dressed, and well fed, and respectable—yes, that is the word, "*respectable!*"—that you are, at this moment, in the eyes of the Almighty, a greater criminal than my poor husband, who is lying upon straw with madness in his brain, trembling in every limb, without even a *Bible* to tell him of the mercy which Christ's death procured for the penitent sinner at the eleventh hour!'

"I laid her own Bible before her. I did not ask her to spare me: every word was true—I deserved it all. I went forth; I sent coal, and food, and clothing, into that wretched room; I sent a physician; I prayed by the bedside of Peter Croft, as if he had been a dear brother. I found him truly penitent; and with all the resolves for amendment which so often fade in the sunshine of health and strength, he wailed over his lost time, his lost means, his lost character—all lost; all God had given—health, strength, happiness, all gone—all but the love of his ill-used and neglected wife; that had never died! 'And remember,' she said to me, 'there are hundreds, thousands of cases as sad as his in the Christian land we live in! Strong drink fills our jails and hospitals with sin, with crime, with disease, with death; its mission is sin and sorrow to man, woman, and child; under the cloak of good-fellowship it draws men together, and the 'good-fellowship' poisons heart and mind! Men become mad under its influence. Would any man not mad, squander his money, his character, and bring himself and all he is bound to cherish, to the verge of the pauper's grave; nay, into it? Of five families in this wretched house, the mothers of three, and the fathers of four, never go to their ragged beds sober; yet they tell me good men, wise men, great men, refuse to promote temperance. O, they have never seen how the half-pint grows to the pint—the pint to the quart—the quart to the gallon! They have never watched for the drunkard's return, or experienced his neglect or ill-usage—never had the last penny for their children's bread turned into spirits—never woke to the knowledge, that though the snow of December be a foot on the ground, there is neither food nor fire to strengthen for the day's toil!'

"Poor Emma! she spoke like one inspired; and though her spirit was sustained neither by flesh nor blood, she seemed to find relief in words.

"When I spoke to her of the future with hope, she would not listen. 'No,' she said, 'my hope for him and for myself is beyond the grave. *He* cannot rally; those fierce drinks have branded his vitals, burned into them. Life is not for either of us. I wish his fate, and mine, could warn those around us; but the drunkard, day after day, sees the drunkard laid in his grave, and before the last earth is thrown upon the coffin, the quick is following the example set by the dead—of another, and another glass!'

"She was right. Peter's days were numbered; and when she knelt beside his coffin, she thanked God for his penitence, and offered up a prayer that she might be spared a little longer for her children's sake. That prayer gave me hope: she had not spoken then of hope, except of that beyond the grave. My friends jested at my attention to the young widow, and perhaps I urged her too soon to become my wife. She turned away with a feeling which I would not, if I could, express. Her heart was still with her husband, and she found no rest until she was placed beside him in the crowded churchyard. The children live on—the son, with the unreasoning craving for strong drink, which is so frequently the inheritance of the drunkard's child; the daughters, poor, weakly creatures—one, that little deformed girl who sits behind the tea-counter, and whose voice is so like her mother's; the other, a suffering creature, unable to leave her bed, and who occupies a little room at the top of what was 'the Grapes.' Her window looks out upon a number of flower-pots, whose green leaves and struggling blossoms are coated with blacks, but she thinks them the freshest and most beautiful in the world!"

GEORGE BANCROFT.

HIS HISTORIC PHILOSOPHY—HIS ORTHODOXY.

THE celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the New-York Historical Society was one of the most successful literary jubilees ever held in our city. The committee of preparation evidently appreciated the unique importance of the occasion—an occasion which was not only the first of the kind in the history of the society, but also the last which most, if not all who were to share in it, should see. It was expedient therefore that it should be signalized by special solemnities and the highest ability. George Bancroft, the historian of the nation, and unquestionably at the head of our historical literature, was the ligitimate orator of the day.

An eager crowd gathered at Niblo's Theater long before the hour; and when the society entered, that elegant structure was crowded in all its galleries and aisles by the *élite*, both literary and fashionable, of the city. The stage was occupied by a large audience of itself, composed of authors, statesmen, heads of literary institutions, clergymen, and public citizens. Religious exercises were observed—noticeable for both their particularity and their specific orthodoxy. We could not but observe how they contrasted in these respects with the decorous religious generalities of Boston on similar occasions. They were dignified, but had the downright brave Dutch tone of the stable old Knickerbocker faith, which must have sounded queer, to say the least, on such an occasion, to the ears of Mr. Winthrop and the other Bostonians present, as well as to Drs. Osgood and Bellows.

The address of the occasion, or rather the speaker himself, was of course its chief attraction. Mr. Bancroft took his stand at the front of the stage, manuscript in hand, and spoke during nearly two hours—an unusually long address, (especially as dinner was pending,) but felt by all to be only too brief. His subject, the *Progress of Mankind*, was treated with an elaborateness, an abundance of recent scientific information, a condensed terseness of style, and a philosophical abstractness, which few popular speakers would have courage to risk before a popular assembly; but these traits were so relieved by occasional gems of rhetorical beauty, and sustained by such a vigorous, manly tone of correctness, as kept almost every hearer in an attitude of eager attention. It was interesting to look around on the overhanging throng, after an hour and a half's hearing, and notice the intent gaze, the forward attitude, the concentrated thoughtfulness of the multitude. All seemed to be conscious that one of the grandest inquiries was passing in review before them, illuminated by some of the grandest lights of learning and reason. Few, we think, who were present, will be disposed to accuse our strong language as an exaggeration, even if they should not fully endorse the strange terms of our venerable fellow-citizen, Dr. Francis, who, in his speech at the dinner, said:—"I am, sir, within an atmosphere of intellect. You have to-day had a blaze of it. You have seen the force of it. You have witnessed its incantation, and you know how wonderfully magnificent its influence has been."

Mr. Bancroft is not an orator, but very eloquent nevertheless. He begins to look old; he is cadaverous; his cheeks are sunken, a defect which somewhat obtrusive whiskers try in vain to conceal. He looks pallid, and lank, and severe-featured, as if sedentary and studious habits had dried up the sap of his substance—his clothes hang loosely upon him. His head is an outright refutation of Gall and Spurzheim—it is narrow, not high, projecting only where a woman's ought to—it is, in fine, cramped at nearly every point where a phrenologist would look for noble outlines. His hair is changing with years or labors, and it is worn in the sleekest, flattest style, as if to hide the lack of craniological pretensions. He gesticulates but little, and holds on steadily to his manuscript; his voice partakes of the general feebleness of his aspect — it sounds dyspeptical, and tells the truth in this respect, we rather think. There is a general severity about Mr. Bancroft's appearance which indicates quite positive habits of thought, and of feeling also, and which is not adapted to conciliate a popular audience. In fine, whatever of intellectual indication he presents, consists more in his general bearing than in any special traits. Nevertheless, on this occasion, as well as on others, where we have heard him for twenty years past, he failed not to make an impression which few acknowledged orators could produce.

You become convinced in a few minutes that you are listening to a most manly and accurate thinker, with whom most well-ascertained learning, however remote from his own habitual studies, seems familiar; whose philosophical cast of mind gives breadth and dignity to all his discussions; who insists upon a beneficent and hopeful construction of all mysteries, however dark or terrible; whose energy of thought and purpose bears itself unyieldingly along through the effort of the occasion, despite any physical feebleness; and to whom, above all, the sentiment of human liberty, the enfranchisement of the intellect, the conscience, and the political estate of man, is the ever-present thought, the highest seen star of his vision, culminating in the zenith, though it be at the midnight of men's prospects.

The address at the historical jubilee was interesting, especially to literary men, as developing the philosophy and even the theology of Mr. Bancroft's historical theory. The previous announcement of the subject attracted an unusual throng of cultivated minds to Niblo's with this expectation. There are, doubtless, very various opinions respecting the results of his historical labors thus far; but if there are any American citizens who have read his volumes without pride—pride for his intellect as well as for his theme—we beg leave to say that we are not at this moment writing for them. The style of the work—perspicuous, keen, terse, and yet sufficiently ornate; its research making available (thus far) every practicable resource of our historical data, and sifting and collating them with a steady and perspicacious judgment; its method—adjusting and grouping facts and periods in a manner at once philosophical and picturesque; its delineations of character—too sharp, perhaps, yet sculptures if not paintings; its spirit, kindred throughout with the democratic genius of our history—these are some of its attributes, and they guarantee it, we think, a future position among the historical classics of our language. But besides these excellences, and paramount to them all, is the high philosophical purpose maintained throughout his narrative. In this respect we hesitate not to make to him the extraordinary concession (as it will doubtless seem to some of our readers) of preëminence above all our great historians.

The pomp and grandeur of Gibbon befit his theme; his research and learning were boundless; but what is the philosophy—what the lesson of his magnificent labors?—a splendid exemplification, not a solution of the law of the decay of nations. By ignoring Christianity, he put out the chief light that could guide his studies to a legitimate result. The facility, or rather the felicity, of Hume's narration, his graceful style, brief but almost perfect portraiture of character, and insidious sophistry in the use of data for his partisan opinions, result—in what else than an example of special pleading—of the tact of an accomplished advocate? He shows sagacity, but never philosophy, in its higher sense. Robertson is still the delight of every historical student, for his graphic pictures, his elegant style, and lucid method; but his lessons are only particularities scattered over his pages as mere incidents suggest them. Now, to place Bancroft in the rank of these writers will be considered by not a few readers, even among his own countrymen, a very considerable stretch of presumption, and to give him preëminence among them will be pronounced sheerly ridiculous. We give him not this preëminence, taking his claims as a whole; but we do give him the preëminence in what is the most preëminent excellence of all history—its philosophic purport. We have the presumption to predict, that in the next generation English critics will not fail to rank him in the best historical authorship of our language. His subject—the historical development of political self-government, that is, in other words, of liberty itself—is almost peculiar, and forces upon him the advantage which we assert. No section of human history—not by any means those even of the Greek and Roman republics—present the advantages which the colonial and early federal history of this country affords to the philosophic historian. Athens and Rome took precedence of us only in one respect, in art—they were destitute, however, of the great element of human development, that which now controls, and is forever to control all other laws of progress, *Christianity*—an element which has permeated and actuated our whole history.

Mr. Bancroft has appreciated well this great fact, and it fully indicates his historical theory. The "ideal philosophy"—

so called as contradistinguished from the materialistic or atheistic—pervades his pages. We stop not here to speak of theological particularities, which may be pronounced exceptionable—we speak of the general spirit of his volumes. There is a God; this God is not merely in the distant heavens, but here among us men; he reigns in all things, and all things are tending to the beneficent issues which he wills; the history of these North American lands is thus tending to a preordained result, and that result is the democratic enfranchisement of humanity—the last word of God to men, the last lesson of history. *Liberty*, therefore, founded upon the divine ordination and conformed to the divine supremacy—this is the sublime theory of history, as evolved in our annals and avowed by Bancroft, and it is the true one, the final one—there is logic, and life, and power in it, which the world will ever hereafter recognise.

Such then, we repeat, is the preëminent excellence of Bancroft's historico-philosophy, and such the characteristic sentiment of his late address. "Things proceed," he eloquently said in that address:—

"Things proceed as they were ordered, in their nice, and well-adjusted, and perfect harmony; so that, as the hand of the skillful artist gathers music from the harp-strings, history gathers it from the well-tuned chord of time. Not that this harmony can be heard while events are passing. Philosophy comes after events, and gives the reason of them, and describes the nature of their results. The great mind of collective man may, one day, arrive at self-consciousness, so as to interpret the present and foretell the future; but as yet, the sum of present actions, though we ourselves take part in them, seems shapeless and unintelligible. But all is one whole; men, systems, nations, the race, all march in accord with the divine will; and when any part of the destiny of humanity is fulfilled, we see the ways of Providence vindicated. The antagonisms of imperfect matter and the perfect idea of liberty and necessary law become reconciled. What seemed irrational confusion, appears as the web woven by light, liberty, and love. But this is not seen till a great act in the drama of life is finished. The prayer of the patriarch, when he desired to behold the Divinity face to face, was denied; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah after he had passed by; and so it goes with our search for Him in the processes of life. It is when the hour of conflict is passed, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim; 'Lo! God is here, and we knew it not.'"

It was at the close of this eloquent strain that he uttered one of the most effective passages of the whole discourse. It called forth a simultaneous burst of emotion from the assembly. Dropping his manuscript, folding his arms, (albeit it was *a la Napoleon*,) and looking intently upon his audience until he reached the phrase "receding centuries," when he pointed backward over his shoulder, he said:—

"At the foot of every page in the annals of time may be written, 'God reigns.' Events as they pass away 'proclaim their Great Original;' and if you will but listen reverently, you may hear the receding centuries as they roll into the dim distances of departed time, perpetually chanting 'Te Deum Laudamus,' with all the choral voices of the countless congregations of the ages."

The passage was grandly poetic, and it was eloquently uttered, in spite of a most unoratorical attitude. It was an example of our former remark, that he is eloquent in spite of his elocution.

Sublimely true as this view of history is, taken as a general law, we nevertheless think Mr. Bancroft overstrained it; and the emphasis with which he treated it took his audience, especially his theological hearers, by surprise, as the first of a series of *eclaircissements* respecting his new theoretical opinions, which continued to startle them during the remainder of the discourse. Cosmical order itself, he contends, is not more dependent upon the fixedness of law than is the economy of the moral world. There is a sense in which the Arminian as well as the Predestinarian will admit the doctrine of fixed laws in history. It is not a recent doctrine. Bossuet's Universal History is an attempt to illustrate it by a narrow application of the great truth to the Jewish history. Edwards's History of Redemption is a repetition of the idea. The *Scienza Nuova* of Vico, the Italian, is a superior development of it. Schlegel, (F. W.) Schelling, and Cousin have discussed it more or less.* Mr. Bancroft seemed to give it the force of fatalism itself. Consciousness, upon which we are ultimately dependent for the validity of all our reasoning, utters its verdict against fatalism without pausing for any process of reasoning. Man instinctively recognizes the moral freedom of his actions, and his reason absolutely denies his responsibility for necessitated acts. This is the nearest

* Some good works on this subject have been produced in this country; among them "God in History," by the Rev. Hollis Read; and "Christ in History," by Rev. Dr. Trumbull.

and the best logic against fatalism; no hypothetical reasonings can stand before it. Everything that opposes it must be a theoretical sophism, as it must inevitably be a practical one. Mr. Bancroft assailed the materialistic philosophy of Locke and Hobbes; it is from that very philosophy that the mental habit of confounding, through a false analogy, the physical and the moral systems, by transferring the fixedness of physical law to the moral economy, arises. Can we not suppose it possible to Almighty power to have put the moral world under such general laws as would admit of individual contingencies? Is there anything impossible to God in this respect, and if not, why then not accept that view of the subject which corresponds to the most spontaneous utterances of consciousness and to the conditions of practical morals? those conditions upon which alone there can be any responsibility—any authority in government, any merit in virtue. Mr. Bancroft, we should suppose, has become a strict Edwardian in theory; but Edwards himself and his followers, everywhere, have denied the fatalistic results which we think Mr. Bancroft avows, and which we deem quite unessential to his general theory. It was the doctrine of Bolingbroke and his hunchbacked laureate, and not of Jonathan Edwards, that "whatever is, is right." A right philosophy, recognizing God's final control of events, does indeed hear the "receding ages" shout their *Te Deum;* but not the moral conduct of individual men, especially of individual tyrants, great military butchers, heresiarchs, and impostors.

With this qualification, Mr. Bancroft's doctrine of the divine agency becomes the hope of all good men for the world's future:—

"That God has dwelt, and dwells with humanity, is not only the noblest illustration of its nature, but the perfect guarantee for its progress. We are entering on a new era in the history of the race, and though we cannot cast its horoscope, we at least may in some measure discern the course of its motion.

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"The reciprocal relation between God and humanity constitutes the unity of the race; the more complete recognition of that unity is the first great promise which we receive from the future. Separate nations have, indeed, had their separate creeds, institutions, and homes. The commonwealth of mankind, as a great whole, was not to be constructed in one generation, but the different nations are to be considered as its component parts, prepared like so many separate springs and wheels, one day to be put together.

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"The world is just beginning to take to heart this principle of the unity of the race, and to discover how fully and how beneficently it is fraught with international, political, and social revolutions. Without attempting to unfold what the greater wisdom of coming generations can alone adequately conceive and practically apply, we may observe that the human mind tends not only toward unity, but universality.

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"With each successive year a larger number of minds in each separate nationality inquire into man's end and nature; and as truth and the laws of God are unchangeable, the larger the number of minds that engage in their study, the greater will be the harvest. Nor is this all; the nations are drawn to each other as members of one family, and their mutual acquisitions rapidly become common property."

This train of thought was pursued with striking illustrations, and at much length. It was concluded at last by the following just and hopeful sentiments:—

"Finally, as a consequence of the tendency of the grace toward unity and universality, the organization of society must more and more represent the principle of freedom. This will be the last triumph of humanity; partly because the science of government enters into the sphere of personal interests, so that the application of those laws is resisted by private selfishness; and partly because society, before it can be constituted aright, must turn its eye upon itself, observe the laws of its own existence, and arrive at the consciousness of its capacities and relations.

"The system of political economy may solve the question of the commercial intercourse of nations, by demonstrating that they all are naturally fellow-laborers and friends; but its abandonment of labor to the unmitigated effect of personal competition can never be accepted as the rule for the dealings of man with man.

"The love for others and for the race is as much a part of human nature as the love of self: it is a common instinct, that man is responsible for man. The heart has its oracles not less than the reason, and this is one of them. The good time is coming when the spirit of humanity will recognize all members of its family as more equally entitled to its care; when the heartless jargon of over-production in the midst of want will end in a better science of distribution; when man will dwell with man as with his brother; when political institutions will rest on the basis of equality and freedom. The subtle and irresistible movement of mind, silently but thoroughly purifying opinion and changing society, brings liberty both to the soul and to the world. All the despotisms on earth cannot stay its coming. Every error that man discards is an emancipation; every superstition that is thrown by is a redeeming from captivity. The tendency toward universality implies necessarily a tendency

toward freedom, alike of belief and in action. The faith of the earliest ages was, of all others, the grossest. Every century of the Christian Church is less corrupt, and less in bondage than its predecessor. In the present age the sum total of spiritual knowledge, as well as of liberty, is greater, and less mixed with error than ever before. The future shall surpass it. The senseless strife between rationalism and supernaturalism will come to an end; an age of skepticism will not again be called an age of reason; and reason and religion will be found in record.

"In the sphere of politics, the republican government has long been the aspiration of the wisest and the best. 'The human race,' said Dante, summing up the experience of the middle age, 'is in the best condition when it has the greatest degree of liberty;' and Kant, in like manner, giving utterance to the last word of Protestantism, declared the republican government to be 'the only true civil constitution.' Its permanent establishment presupposes appropriate experience and culture; but the circumstances under which republics are possible prevail more and more. Our country is bound to allure the world to liberty by the beauty of its example."

The portion of this able address which produced the liveliest sensation through the audience, was that in which the speaker made a distinct and bold avowal of Trinitarian Orthodoxy, especially of the Godhead of Christ, as not only a theologial doctrine, but an essential, historical principle in the progress of humanity. Readers of the historical volumes of Mr. Bancroft have perceived his tendency in this direction; but to most of his hearers who knew that he had once been a Unitarian clergyman, and indeed to all others, the emphasis with which he stated the doctrine was unexpected—his clerical hearers especially gave evident signs of agreeable surprise. Dr. Bethune, whose good-humor might have kept a whole monastery fat in the days of Rabelais, seemed fairly to swell out, if such a thing were further possible, with an ecstasy of gratification; and, when he rose to propose a vote of thanks, appeared for a while to forget the resolution in his hearty effort to eulogize, if not to canonize the speaker. We must give the reader this remarkable passage of the address; its view of the relation of the Incarnation to history is luminous, if not altogether novel.

"If events do, as I believe, correspond to the divine idea; if God is the fountain of all goodness—the inspirer of true affection—the source of all intelligence—there is nothing of so great moment to the race as the conception of his existence; and a true apprehension of his relations to man must constitute the turning-point in the progress of the world. And it has been so. A better knowledge of his nature is the dividing line that separates ancient history from modern—the old time from the new. The thought of divine unity as an absolute cause was familiar to antiquity; but the undivided testimony of the records of all cultivated nations shows that it took no hold of the popular affection. Philosophers might conceive this divine unity as purest action, unmixed with matter; as fate, holding the universe in its unrelenting grasp; as reason, going forth to the work of creation; as the primal source of the ideal archetypes, according to which the world was fashioned; as boundless power, careless of boundless existence; as the infinite one slumbering unconsciously in the infinite all. Nothing of this could take hold of the common mind, or make

> "'Peor and Baalim
> Forsake their temples dim,'

or throw down the altars of superstition.

"For the regeneration of the world, it was requisite that the Divine Being should enter into the abodes and the hearts of men, and dwell there; that an idea of him should arise which should include all truth respecting his essence; that he should be known not only as an abstract and absolute cause, but as a perfect being, from whose nature the universe is an effluence; not as a distant proyidence of infinite power, or uncertain or inactive will, but as God present in the flesh; not as an absolute lawgiver, holding the material world, and all mortal and intelligent existence, in the chains of necessity, but as a creative spirit, indwelling in man—his fellow-worker and guide.

"When the Divine Being was thus presented to the soul, he touched at once man's aspirations, affections, and intelligence; and faith in him sunk into the inmost heart of humanity. In vain did the proud and ambitious Arius seek to overlay spiritual *truth* with the fabulous conceptions of heathenism, to paganize Christianity, and to subordinate its enfranchising power to *false worship* and to despotism. Reason asserted its right of supremacy, and the party of *superstition* was driven from the field. Then mooned Ashtaroth was eclipsed, and Osiris was seen no more in Memphian grove; then might have been heard the crash of the falling temples of Polytheism; and instead of them, came that harmony which holds heaven and earth in happiest union.

"Amid all the deep sorrows of humanity during the sad conflict which was protracted through centuries for the overthrow of the past and the reconstruction of society, the idea of an incarnate God carried peace into the bosom of mankind. That faith emancipated the slave, redeemed the captive, elevated the low, lifted up the oppressed, consoled the wretched, inspired alike the heroes of thought and the countless masses. The down-trodden nations clung to it as to the certainty of their future emancipation; and it so filled the heart of the greatest poet of the Middle Ages—perhaps the greatest poet of all time—that he had no prayer so earnest as to behold in the profound substance of the eternal light, that circling of reflected light which showed the image of man.

"From the time that this truth of the triune God was clearly announced, he was no longer

dimly conceived as a remote and shadowy causality, but appeared as all that is good, and beautiful, and true; as goodness itself, incarnate and interceding, redeeming and inspiring; the union of liberty, love, and light; the infinite cause, the infinite mediator, the infinite in and with the universe, as the paraclete and the comforter. The doctrine once communicated to man, was not to be eradicated. It spread as widely, as swiftly, and as silently as light; and the idea of God with us dwelt and dwells in every system of thought that can pretend to vitality; in every oppressed nation whose struggles to be free have the promise of success; in every soul that sighs for redemption."

A noble testimony that, and happy is the country in having an historian who will interpret its development and its destiny in the light of such grand truths —a history of which Robert Winthrop said, at the dinner after the address :—

"Who would not envy the writer the privilege of penning such a record? Methinks he would catch some inspiration from the Psalmist of old—his pen would be that of 'a ready writer.' No cold and heartless skeptic could portray such a progress; no Gibbon could delineate the glowing picture. He might be trusted with the task which told the decline and fall of empire; but a theme like that would inspire new faith in him who wrote—faith in the capacity of man for self-government, and in the ultimate prevalence of the gospel of Christ, which, after all, is the only sure and effectual instrument by which either social or political—[lost in enthusiastic applause]—that history is to be written; and when written, is to exercise an influence on the world, for good or for evil, such as no other uninspired history has ever yet exerted. It is not too much to say that American history—the history of these United States, and of the several States—is to be the fountain to mankind of such a hope, or of such despair, as they have never yet conceived of."

Christianity is, in fact, one of the chief attributes of our history. It led to the founding of nearly all if not absolutely all our colonies. Its absence, as a matter of form, from our present political system, does not arise from national disregard of it, but from precisely an opposite cause —from a regard for its purity—a conviction that its freedom and power should be above political embarrassments. Our country presents a great demonstration of the "voluntary principle;" nowhere, in the Protestant world, are more liberal provisions made for religion by state patronage than are here made voluntarily by the people ;* and nowhere is religious zeal more active. Mr. Bancroft has, thus far in his narrative, had abundant data to deal with on the subject—the Puritans of Massachusetts and Connecticut, the Baptists of Rhode Island, with Roger Williams's doctrine of "soul liberty;" the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Roman Catholics of Maryland, the Churchmen of Virginia, the Huguenots along most of the Atlantic coast; the Catholics, with their heroic missionaries along the Northern and the Western frontiers, have afforded opportunities for some of his finest passages. He is about to reach the times of American Methodism — that great evangelical movement which, by its itinerant ministry, has laid the moral foundations of many of the western states, and whose early heroes were among not only the chief ecclesiastical characters, but among the greatest public actors of any class, in the early development of the nation. He will not, we presume, commit the blunder which Macaulay castigates in his Edinburgh Quarterly article on "History." "We have read," says that able writer, "books, called Histories of England, under the reign of George II., in which the rise of Methodism is not even mentioned. A hundred years hence this breed of authors will, we hope, be extinct." The American historian will find in this section of our religious history many of the most impressive and romantic data of his narrative —heroic characters, marvelous incidents, personal adventures, and great results,— results which have, in less than three quarters of a century after the organization of Methodism, secured it, according to the United States census, more than one-third of the "accommodations" in the country for religious worship, and placed under its religious influence about one-fifth of the population of the land. Our other historians have ignored these facts—they belong to the "breed" reprobated by Macaulay. Mr. Bancroft will in this, as in other respects, decline to be classed with them.

But we must close this rather long article. The assembly voted by acclamation that the address should be published. We hope these remarks will induce our readers to obtain it. They will find it an altogether extraordinary production among the popular speeches of the day—elegant in style, replete with learning, profoundly philosophical and suggestive, and characterized by a moral tone which is worthy of the Christian philosophy of our age.

* Reed and Matterson's Visit to this country, and Dr. Baird's work on Religion in America, give the statistical proofs of this fact.

METROPOLITAN NEOPHYTE OF WALLACHIA.

A TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

ON my journey from Jassy to this place, I visited the bishopric of Bouzeo, which is a small town with green spires, built upon a river of the same name. It is, however, one of the richest prelacies of Wallachia, and the white walls of its immense abbey attract the attention of all travelers.

There are nearly three hundred monasteries in Moldo-Wallachia, and about five thousand churches, or more properly places of worship. Under the general title of clergy are reckoned some sixty thousand persons, who are divided into popes or prelates, deacons, monks, singers, neophytes, readers, &c. The offices of the last-mentioned are, of course, mere subordinates; every congregation being furnished with its choir of singers. The services of the Church consist mainly in chanting hymns and psalms, and the repetition of the liturgy, which is made up of prayers and legends of the saints, interspersed with texts of Scripture. Preaching and catechising are seldom heard; indeed, the former has been strictly forbidden in Russia for many years, and only the higher ranks of the clergy are at all capable of it.

The Greek Church, like the Romanist, acknowledges two sources of doctrine, the Bible and tradition; but its creed is mainly based upon the Nicene Council, though somewhat modified by councils of later date. Its seven sacraments are like those of its Papal rival, and with kindred bigotry salvation is denied to all unbelievers of its tenets. Confession is also indispensable, though the officiating priest must be married and belong to the order of St. Basil. The invocation of the saints, and especially the worship of the Virgin, is zealously practiced, and crosses, relics, &c., are objects of superstitious adoration, besides being no inconsiderable articles of revenue.

The marriage of the clergy constitutes one of the main differences between the

Greek and Latin Churches. All, except the monks, and the higher dignitaries chosen from them, are allowed to marry once, but not a widow; and upon the death of his wife, the priest no longer retains his diocese, but retires to a cloister, where he becomes one of the *hieromonachi*. Those belonging to this class alone can officiate at mass and administer the sacraments. They are subdivided into four classes, each with its peculiar distinctions in the ceremonials of the Church. The first two of these divisions are called archpriests; and in the frequent pompous processions they wear the *camilooca*, a mitre in the form of a crown, enriched with precious stones and surmounted with a cross. It is of a red color, but it was formerly white; and the reasons for this change of hue is a constant subject of study and discussion among these erudite priests. When unemployed in the Church, they wear, in common with the other three classes, a round cap, without a visor, encircled with a long black vail which is thrown behind, and called a *vladica*, doubtless from the Latin *velaticus*. The accompanying picture gives a good idea of this head-dress and their general costume. All the clergy allow the hair and beard to grow.

Purgatory is not received as a doctrine

ECCLESIASTICAL COSTUME.

of the Eastern Church, and carved or sculptured images of holy persons are strictly forbidden; but the representations of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saints, are painted, and frequently adorned with precious stones. The sign of the cross is made with the thumb, the index and middle fingers united signifying the Trinity; much importance is attached to this ceremonial for the cure of diseases, infirmities, &c.

Transubstantiation is believed by both divisions of the Church, as we shall see directly; but the Greeks use leavened bread, the wine is diluted with water, and both elements are distributed in a spoon to every one, even to children, long before they are capable of understanding their significance.

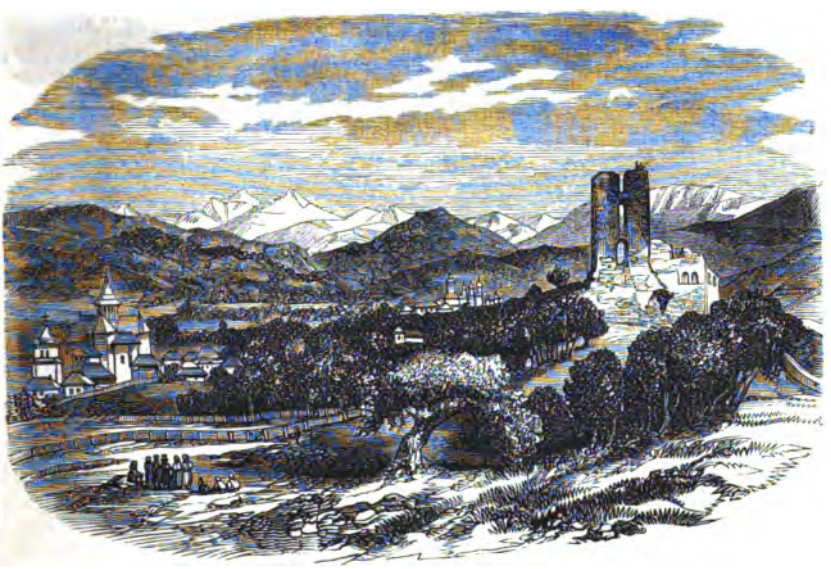
The Church has four principal fasts; Wednesday and Friday of every week are also days of abstinence, which are quite rigorously observed, especially by the lower classes. The holy-days are so numerous and so carefully kept, that only about one hundred and eighty working days are left out of the three hundred and sixty-five. Notwithstanding their frequency, the Moldo-Wallachian scrupulously observes their return, often with the severest austerity. Whenever he passes a church, whether on foot or on horseback, alone or in company, he makes the sign of the cross three times, and exclaims *Gospodi penciuli*, (Lord, have mercy upon me.) Nothing can prevent the performance of this ceremony, which is regarded as a sacred duty. The moral restraint of religion is very similar in the provinces to that exercised upon the banditti of the Calabrias. The pious devotee would be very likely to commit a robbery while upon his knees in prayer, and he would have no scruple in imploring the divine protection upon himself while taking the life of a fellow-creature. A famous brigand, named Basil, in one of his expeditions, murdered and robbed the owners of a house in a secluded situation; but seeing one of his accomplices draining a pot of beer, he broke his jaw with a single blow of his powerful fist, exclaiming, "Dog! Know you not it is Friday, and have you no fear of God?"

This rigorous observance of the ceremonials of the Church does not prevent the toleration of other religions in the Principalities. Every sect, except the Moham-

medan, has perfect freedom for its priests, temples, and worship. The mosque alone is prohibited, since the treaties of Adrianople and Ackermann.

The finest church in the Danubian Principalities is that of Argisch in Lower Wallachia. It is situated in the midst of a beautiful valley, not far from the grand road to Hermanstadt. It is of white marble, covered with arabesques, from pedestal to cornice. Every stone is wrought with delicate and even exquisite carvings, executed in the highest style of art and with an almost infinite variety of design. The two graceful towers which surmount it are of perfect proportions, light, well-placed, elegant in design, and so curiously and spirally carved that they seem about to fall upon each other. This illusory danger has however been apparent since 1516, the time of its foundation; no immediate catastrophe can therefore be reasonably expected. It is the only relic in these countries of the renaissant architecture, and it is a treasure of which even Italy might be proud.

Its interior is decorated like all the Greek churches, with fresco paintings, fresh in color, but without design. On each side of the nave are numerous female confessionals; a single aisle conducts to the chair, designed for the singers and monks. The *catepetazma*, or vail of the sanctuary, is perfectly dazzling. It is a vast parti-



ARGISCH.

tion covered with gold and richly carved. Two side-doors open from this, for the use of the subordinate religious functionaries. The sacred one in the middle is never passed but by the officiating priest. At the right and left are representations of Christ and the Virgin; from the height of the arch, where the images in their gold or vermilion-colored shrines are in greatest profusion, are suspended three large lamps. I refer with this particularity to the church of Argisch because it is altogether unique, as the superbest ecclesiastical structure of the Principalities as well as the only example of its style.

Of all the monasteries of the Principalities, Niamzo is the richest, largest, the most beautiful and the most populous. Its situation is central and picturesque. High mountains covered with snow form its horizon; the gate of entrance is guarded by sentinel fir-trees; five hundred monks reside within its walls, though they are by no means confined to them. Two churches and two belfries are also comprised within its limits—objects of great reverence and pride to its inmates.

Besides the numerous branch establishments which ornament the mountains of these regions, in the vicinity of Niamzo, is the convent of Agapo, where the daughters of many of the proud nobility

MONASTERY OF NIAMZO.

are placed by their parents, to save them from a union with men of inferior condition. They are generally so beautiful that there would be no difficulty in disposing of them in marriage, even without the dowry which their haughty sires are too poor to bestow. But the pride of life is here paramount to the dictates of nature. The convent of *Kiatie*, which signifies springtime, is not far distant, pleasantly situated in the midst of a smiling plain, enameled with flowers, which well entitle it to its name.

Numerous pilgrims flock to Niamzo every year; many go to weep over the ruins of its ancient fortress, which may still be seen a few hundred paces from the gates of the monastery. Every stone of these ruins awakens stirring memories in the hearts of the inhabitants.

In 1424 Stephen IV., surnamed the Great, then vaivode of Moldavia, withdrew into the mountains before a Turkish army, commanded by Bajazet II., whose landing he was unable to prevent. He retreated however in good order, though closely pressed by the enemy. When he had reached the height of Niamzo he left his army for a few moments, and with hasty steps presented himself at the gate of the fortress. His mother, who was acquainted with all that had occurred, had garrisoned the place; as the sentinel was about to admit the monarch, she cried from the summit of the walls, "I forbid his entrance, it is not my son;" then turning to Stephen, she exclaimed, "Have you forgotten that I am your mother? Return to your enemy, and let me see you no more till you are victorious. It is better to die than to owe your safety to a woman."

These Spartan reproaches rekindled the courage of Stephen. He returned to his followers, and said, "My children, we must make one last effort;" and hastening on to the main body of his army, he faced about toward his pursuers. This unexpected determination aroused the enthusiasm of his soldiers, all of whom were ready to sell their lives in his service. In this state of courageous excitement, a few moments after, they met the enemy in a narrow valley, which for a long time bore the name of *Resboïana*, the place of the war. The suddenness of the attack left the enemy no time to arrange his forces; it was made with such impetuosity, and followed by such prodigies of valor that it proved irresistible. The Turkish troops were overwhelmed, routed, and put to flight in consternation. They were pursued, the retreat upon Vasleci prevented, the rear guard were all massacred, and more than thirty thousand dead bodies strewed the green valley of Resboïana. Never was victory more complete. The

dead were interred, and it is said that the bones of the slain, whitened by time, changed the name of the battle-field to that of *Valea Alba*, the White Valley. Leaving one of his generals to drive out Vlad VII., who still maintained a position in the district of Putua, he returned to Niamzo to embrace his heroic mother. And now war and religion—the convent and the fastness—alike consecrate the scene. Such is the faith of the East, and, alas! of the world.

The convents of Wallachia remain what they have always been—the abodes of idleness and superstition; they have lost the only advantage which they presented under the earlier Turkish government—they are no longer a refuge from tyranny. About forty of the whole number claim a fifth part of the produce of the cultivated lands of all the others, which, as stated above, are a little more than three hundred. The monks are the most zealous agents of Russian politics. The czar is regarded by them as the true head of the Church; and frequent gifts from St. Petersburgh of pictures, relics, church ornaments, discriminatingly distributed, serve to keep up the most amiable state of feeling.

And now, after these desultory glimpses at the Church, let us rest here a few minutes in the shade of the Niamzo Convent, and have a few more definite words on the religion of the Principalities.

The Eastern or Greek Church has a credit for orthodoxy entirely too high in Protestant lands. Practically it is as debased as it well can be; dogmatically its supposed points of favorable contrast with the Western or Roman Church are, to a great extent, unreal. Its popular superstitions are numerous, and puerile in the extreme. A more abject, a more morally enervated people than the populations of the Eastern Church, can hardly be found on the earth. Its liturgies, which of course are the practical standards of its faith, are numerous and complicated—they amount to the enormous number of *sixty-seven* among the different sections of the Church. In Russia, as well as in other countries, the prayers are uttered in at least *eight tones*, and two huge volumes (folio) are requisite to prescribe these variations. It is hardly credible, yet a positive fact, that the changes of the service for each day and for almost every devotion of each day occupy twenty folio volumes, and these volumes render necessary another called "The Regulation," as a sort of index to them. The whole system of the Eastern Church is thus minced into endless particularities, or rather puerilities, and it is no easy task to discriminate exactly the measure of its orthodoxy amid such encumbering rubbage. It has credit for denying transubstantiation—that monstrous nonsense of the Western Church—for granting the popular use of the Scriptures, for condemning image worship, the doctrine of purgatory, the infallibility of the head of the Church, &c. A thorough study of its actual tenets would however show that in most of these respects it can only pretend to *modifications* of the corruptions of Rome, and these modifications are often equivocal enough to puzzle a Thomas Aquinas or a Duns Scotus.

If the Greek Church has denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, the denial has been so ambiguous as to leave it yet an open question whether her primitive authorities did or did not teach it. Its liturgies teach it now unquestionably, if there is meaning in words. I will not detain you with quotations from them; but the following declaration, made in opposition to the doctrines of the Reformation, by patriarchs and bishops, assembled in Council, at Bethlehem in 1672, may be cited as conclusive of the question:—

"We believe that in the celebration of this mystery our Lord Jesus Christ is present, not in a figurative or imaginary manner, nor by any excellency of grace as in the other mysteries, nor by a bare presence, as some of the fathers have said of baptism, nor by impanation, nor by the substantial union of the Divinity of the Word with the bread that is set upon the altar, as the Lutherans ignorantly and wretchedly think, but verily and indeed; so that after the consecration of the bread, the bread is changed, transubstantiated, transmuted, transformed into the very true body and blood of our Lord which was born in Bethlehem, ... and that the wine is converted and transubstantiated into the very true blood of the Lord, which was shed for the life of the world, when he suffered upon the cross. Further, we believe that after the consecration of the bread and wine, the substance of the bread and wine no longer remains, but the very body and blood of our Lord, that is to say, under the accidents of the bread and wine. One and the same Christ is verily and indeed present, and one body and one blood of Christ in all the separate Churches of the faithful. And this not as though that body of the Lord which is in heaven were to descend upon the altars, but because the bread of propitiation prepared in all the separate Churches, being

converted and transubstantiated, after the consecration becomes one and the same thing with the body which is in heaven. . . . Further, we believe that this is a true and propitiatory sacrifice for all the quick and dead."

From the doctrine of transubstantiation comes the adoration of the host in the Western Church: it has been supposed, generally in Protestant countries, that the Eastern Church has escaped this idolatry. It is, however, logically consequent on transubstantiation, and does in fact exist in the Greek communion. The "elevation of the host" is only less formal than among the Romanists, and at a different part of the service. The congregation bows before it, &c. The council from which I have already quoted, avows:—

"We further believe that the body and blood of the Lord ought to be especially honored and worshiped with a divine worship."

The Papistical views of the efficacy of the sacraments are generally if not positively avowed in the East: the administrator of baptism prays that God would "fashion Christ in him who is *now to be regenerated*;" and so indispensable is baptism considered, that nurses, or any person whatever, must administer it in the absence of a priest, before the death of a new-born child. There is no salvation without it.

While the Greek Church denies the infallibility of the head of the Church, it nevertheless does, in an equivocal way, claim infallibility for itself as a body. It virtually, as we have said, denies salvation without its own pale.

It imposes less restriction than Rome on the popular use of the Bible, but practically the Holy Scriptures are unknown to the people; and while some of its elder authorities encourage their popular use, the Anti-Protestant Council of Bethlehem, of 1672, declares that "all Scripture is not to be read by the untrained." Bible Societies have nevertheless received sanction, and royal sanction, in Russia, at a former day. Nicholas has, however, found their influence adverse to his policy of the unity of the Church, and has generally suppressed them.

The confessional—perhaps the greatest practical mischief of the Western Church—does really exist among the Easterns, yet qualified by the modifications which so ambiguously mark most of its other points of resemblance. In the Principalities, for instance, it consists in a reference to the Decalogue, and an acknowledgment of the transgression of any one or more of the commandments. The power of absolution almost necessarily follows from the rite of confession. There are liturgical indications of hesitancy on the part of the Greeks to assume this blasphemous pretension, yet they positively teach it nevertheless. Throughout Russia the form of absolution is declarative, but in the liturgy the priest says:—

"Concerning the crimes which thou hast told out to me have not a single care, but depart in peace."

The Greeks go beyond the Latins in this clerical presumption—they absolve the *dead* even; and it is a custom, in some places, to put the written form of absolution in the hands of the corpse. In this form the priest says:—

"The Lord Jesus Christ our God, who gave his divine commandment to his disciples and apostles to retain or remit the sins of those who fall, from whom also I have received power to do the same, pardon thee, my spiritual child, whatsoever sins, voluntary or involuntary, thou hast committed in this present life, now and forever."

If there is any doctrine in which the Greeks might seem certainly to dissent from the Latins, it is that of purgatory and of intercessions for the dead. They have no masses for the dead—an inestimable advantage over the West, for their pockets at least; yet even here the usual ambiguity of their tenets perplexes and confounds us again. The Bethlehem Council declares a probationary state for certain classes of the dead—those who repented without the fruits of repentance—and on three separate days after death devotions are held at the grave of the deceased in behalf of his soul. The dead are remembered in the consecration of the Lord's supper. In the liturgies may be found repeated but yet indirect intercessions for them. They also contain supplications to the Virgin and saints, of whom there is a most bountiful superabundance, there being more than one to every day of the year. One of the rituals (that of St. Chrysostom, so called) says:—

"Rightly divide our path, confirm us all in thy fear, guard our life, make safe our goings, through the prayers and supplications of the glorious mother of God and ever Virgin Mary and all thy saints."

And again:—

"The grace of thy lips, shining forth like a torch, illuminated the world, enriched the universe with the treasures of liberality, and manifested to us the height of humility; but do thou, our instructor, by thy words, father John Chrysostom, intercede to the Word, Christ our God, that our souls may be saved."

In the liturgy of St. Basil are these words:—

"May thine intercession, most blessed Virgin, console thy servants, assuage their sufferings, cleanse their sins, and heal their sorrows."

And in the ritual of St. James, we read the following:—

"It is very meet to bless thee, the mother of God, the ever blessed, the entirely spotless, more honorable than the cherubim, and infinitely more glorious than the seraphim; thee who didst bear without corruption God the Word, thee verily, the mother of God, we magnify. In thee, O full of grace, all creation exults, and the hierarchy of angels and the race of men; in thee, sanctified temple, spiritual paradise, glory of virgins."

And again:—

"O most holy ever-virgin, the mother of God, the mighty protectress, the port, the wall, the ladder, and the bulwark, have pity and compassion on this sick person; for he fleeth unto thee *alone*."

Monasticism is profoundly superstitious in the Eastern Church. The monks are what they always are elsewhere, and always must be, from the inevitable tendency of their mode of life—indolent, ignorant, and vicious—the mere mimics of devotion. The priests, though allowed to marry with the restrictions we have mentioned, are a profligate class, the drunkards and roisterers of the land, especially in Russia, where, in order to secure religious services on the appointed days, the people find it necessary, in some instances, to confine the reverend father the night before, that he may not be too drunk for his duties.

It has been supposed that image worship was not tolerated in the Eastern Church, and the old canons do most decidedly interdict it; but here again superstition and orthodoxy have effected a compromise by a practical equivocation. Images are allowed *in the form of paintings, but not of statues*—a puerile distinction which comports with the childishness and imbecility that mark the whole character of the system. Paintings abound in the churches. They are required, however, to be rude, lest any artistic excellence should secure them undue worship! They are usually the most barbarous bunglings that ever disgraced art.

The Eastern Church, everywhere in conflict with the Mohammedan fatalism, maintains a strenuous war against the doctrine of predestination. Arminius would have been delighted with its attitude in this respect at least.

So much then for the more specific principles of the Greek Church, which includes at least sixty-five millions of people. This rapid but accurate survey is certainly not very consolatory. Popery may have more positive errors, but it seems more compatible with art and civilization—its lowest population cannot be more abject than the masses of the Eastern Church. The doctrines of the latter respecting the celibacy of the clergy, and the popular use of the Scriptures, are great concessions, which may facilitate future attempts at reformation. The same may be said, perhaps, of the ambiguity which marks many of its worst errors; but when shall the world see this huge, barbaric and superannuated system of hierarchical power and theological imbecility shaken? The presence of the Turk has enervated it in some of its oldest seats; but his presence, or its felt power at least, is passing away, and the stupendous strength of Russia fortifies the dominion of the system throughout immense regions of Europe and Asia. One thing at least is clear: the Greek Church, even more certainly than the Latin, must dwindle wherever the higher European civilization advances.

But we linger here in the shadow of the hoary structure; let us be off on our route.

How beautiful the thought that there is a *real* happiness: after the allurements and ostentatious display of the fading beauties of time, after all the pride and avarice of man is disgusted with his very nature, so perverted, and in truth sees the folly of adhering to the deceitful anticipations of lasting pleasure in this world, then how it cheers the weary heart to have the promises of *true* happiness in enlightening and cultivating himself to the more genial pleasures of life, guaranteed by the prospects of a happy futurity!—*Harlan.*

OUR FELLOW CLERK.

WE always thought Henry Westerton very mean. He was the second clerk in the establishment in which my cousin and myself were juniors. We knew he had a liberal salary, and that he was unmarried; but so far from this having any effect on him in the way of loosening his purse strings, there was not one of us that would have been guilty of the miserly habits which were laid to his charge. When I say "one of us," I mean one out of the dozen clerks who daily found their way from various quarters, as regularly as the clock struck nine, to the large many-desked counting-houses.

There could be no doubt of his meanness. The careful way in which he brushed his hat every time he took it off, proved it. It was an old hat too, though one would scarcely have guessed it at first sight—only for the shape, which was I cannot tell how many seasons behind the fashion; but a good many. The fact is, he had such a way with his hat; and he was found out once inking it round the edge. Well, then, there was his coat, which, for three whole years, he wore to the office, and which he set as much store by as if it were new only last week—taking it off and folding it up in his desk, and putting on an old office coat, that had been a great-coat once. *He* said it was more comfortable to wear—a loose coat for writing in; but *we* knew why he did it:—he was mean and miserly; of course that was it.

We used to tease him—that is, we tried to tease Westerton about his old hat and coat, and other things: but it did n't do any good. In fact, it was n't easy to put him out; he was so good-tempered, he could bear almost anything, and so ready to oblige in everything except where money was concerned; and this, of course, made it more provoking.

But it was not only in wearing old clothes, that some of us who had not a quarter of his salary would have been ashamed to be seen in, that Westerton's miserly ways peeped out. We made a subscription once for a holiday on the water. There were not many holidays for us, you may be sure; but there was one red-letter day for us one summer, on some particular occasion, and we all agreed—all but Westerton—that we would have a day's sail. The head clerk, and one or two others, did not mean to go, and they said so; but they laid down their full share of the expenses cheerfully, and wished us a pleasant and safe voyage. But when it came to Westerton, he only said he wished he could afford it; but it was not in his power to join us, nor yet to assist in defraying the expenses. You may be sure that he was looked upon as meaner than ever after that; and he had a good deal to hear from all of us, in one way or another, about it, for a long time afterward; but he did n't take any notice of our taunts.

This was not all. One evening one of our clerks was in company, when he heard Mr. Westerton's name mentioned: and he found out, by somebody who knew all about it, that there was a young lady to whom he had been engaged several years, who was kept waiting and waiting till he could afford to marry. Now we all knew what Westerton's salary was, and that there were many people with not half so large an income who were married, and could live comfortably too. So it was quite plain that it was only his meanness and miserliness that made him afraid of the expense of a wife. Of course it was a want of spirit in the lady, whoever she was, that made her put up with his delays: but then we could make excuses for her; but there were none for him—only that he was mean.

I do not say that Westerton could not be generous sometimes. We did him the justice to acknowledge *that*. Once, one of our clerks had a long illness; and, poor fellow! he had a wife and family to support; and, of course, when he left off coming to the counting-house, and was obliged to give up his situation for the time, he was very badly off. Our employers allowed him a small weekly sum, and there was a subscription among all the clerks to help him a little. Well, Westerton joined in *that* subscription, which we did not expect from him, so mean and selfish as he was; but it proved afterward that he did a great deal more than that; for when poor Smith got better, and came back again, he had n't enough to say about Westerton—how he had visited him; and had paid, out of his own pocket, for keeping his eldest boy at school; and was always bringing him something nice and strengthening; and had paid a quarter's

rent for him when he was hard pushed, and might have been turned out of his home, ill as he was, or, at any rate, have had his furniture seized for the rent. This altered our opinion of Westerton a little, till one of us, more sharp than the rest, said that no doubt he had begged and made up subscriptions among his friends for poor Smith; and that it was a cheap way of getting a name, to be generous with other people's money. This was true, no doubt; and, to be sure, if a person can be mean in one way he can in another: so, after all, Westerton did not get much credit for generosity, if that was his motive.

And yet I cannot say but that Henry Westerton was liked. O yes, everybody in the counting-house liked him—he was so good-natured, as I have said, except where money was concerned: it can scarcely be conceived how mean he was; I have not told half. There were his dinners, for instance; but I won't say anything about them, for every one has a right to please himself in what he eats and drinks. But besides his being good-natured, he was so steady and conscientious and so cheerful. He had always something kind to say to us juniors especially. There was not any cant or slang about him; but he sometimes said a word or two about religion, and gave us a little advice now and then, when there seemed to be something not quite as it should be in our conduct, that we could not help respecting him, though he was so mean and miserly. I remember, one time, saying something rather disrespectful about my father: it was not much, or at least I did not think it was much then: it was some disrespectful name I gave him, such as speaking of him as "the old governor at home," instead of saying "my father." Well, he did not seem to take any notice of it at the time; but a day or two afterward he took a quiet opportunity of reminding me of what I had said so flippantly, and of entreating me, as I valued God's blessing, and as I desired to have pleasant recollections of past days when I grew older, never to think or speak lightly of my father or mother.

It is strange, perhaps; but I never forgot that mild and gentle reproof: it did me good; and I respected him more than ever after that, though he *was* mean about money.

That was not the only time in which Westerton exercised an influence over me for my own good. One of our clerks was a gay, wild young fellow, and once almost persuaded me to go with him in the evening to the theater. I certainly should have gone if Westerton had not heard of my intention, and called me to his desk when business was over. Then he spoke so pleasantly, and yet so seriously, about the dangers and temptations to which I was about to expose myself—of the obstacles that would be thrown in the way of my success, and the grief it would be to my parents, if I should become fond of this kind of amusements; "and more than all," he added, "such pursuits often prove the downward road to eternal ruin"—that I promised him I would give up my intention; and I did. I had afterward great reason to respect him for it; for the young man I should have gone with turned out very badly, and I might have been like him. But then, what a pity it was Westerton was so mean!

Not to make this part of my story any longer, Mr. Westerton left the counting-house at last, after being there a good many years. It seemed strange; but though he had such a character for miserliness, almost every one was sorry when he was gone. We none of us knew, at the time, exactly where he went; but it came out afterward that he was taken into partnership in a house in the city—a large concern, doing a good deal of business. And then, of course, this accounted for his mean and saving ways. No doubt he had been hoarding up and up, till he had money enough to purchase a share in that concern. To be sure this was all very well; but still we thought a man may be prudent and economical without being niggardly; and we fancied how close he would most likely be, as he got to be rich, and would not have any enjoyment of life whatever.

Some time afterward we saw in the paper that Henry Westerton was married—married at last to the lady he had kept waiting so long; and we thought that she was not much to be envied, especially when we remembered his starving ways about his dinners, and how cheap he used to get them.

It was a good many years after this, and when I was second clerk at our counting-house, that I was invited to spend an evening at the house of an old

friend who lived a few miles out of the city. I had to go by rail, and was to sleep at my friend's house, and get back by an early train next morning.

On entering the carriage, there was one other person there—a middle-aged gentleman, whose looks, for a moment, puzzled me. I felt sure that I had known him, or met him; but could not remember when or where. The puzzle did not last long; for he no sooner spoke than I knew the voice: it was that of Henry Westerton. I made myself known to him directly, (of course I was more altered than he was,) and we soon got into a pleasant conversation.

And yet I could with difficulty persuade myself that my fellow passenger was the same Henry Westerton I had known in other days, and whom I could scarcely dissociate in my memory from the old but well-preserved hat and coat which had seemed to be a part of himself. Here he was, in neat, certainly, but good and faultlessly correct garb; he had the outward appearance of a man in circumstances so prosperous as to be indifferent to a coat and hat more or less in the year. I might be mistaken, to be sure; but it struck me that, in this particular at any rate, he had abandoned his miserly ways; but then, perhaps the position he held compelled him to appear well-dressed, and he might be mean for all that.

I made these remarks silently, of course, while our conversation went on; and after a little time I found my suspicions and former prejudices melting away, for the time at least. Let me explain how and why.

I am the son of pious parents, and had been trained in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." This is a Scripture phrase, and an expressive one; I trust that many of my readers know by experience what it means. By God's mercy, and in answer to the prayers of those parents, I had been preserved from the contaminating influences of irreligious and vicious companions, though I had not been free, as I have shown, from their enticements, to which, in one instance at least, I had almost consented; but I had not, in my more youthful days, given my heart to the Saviour. It had pleased God, however, at a somewhat later period, to enable me to make this unspeakably blessed choice.

It was natural, then, when I accidentally encountered my former fellow clerk, to express to him my gratitude that he had, on the occasion to which I have referred, interposed his kind and gentle influence, so as to draw me back from what might have been the commencement of a swift and constantly accelerated downward course.

I did so; and this gave a turn to our conversation which made us regret the short distance we had to travel together; and when he left the carriage he put his card into my hand, and gave me a pressing invitation to his house in that neighborhood. When he was gone, and I remained alone in the carriage, my mind naturally reverted to the Christian intercourse I had enjoyed, and then as naturally to the thoughts we had formerly entertained of Westerton. I certainly could not reconcile these. His conversation had been deeply experimental in the religion which, let scoffers say what they will, is the direct antagonist of selfishness, and which tells us in express terms that "the love of money is the root of all evil;" it had glowed, too, with expansive benevolence. But then, the habit of saving and hoarding, which, nobody could deny, had brought upon him, not the contempt, but the derision certainly, of his fellows!

"Ah, well," I thought to myself, "the world is full of inconsistencies; and they too often creep into the Christian Church. There is no accounting for these things; the best thing is to take warning from them when they force themselves on our notice." And I put Mr. Westerton's card in my pocket, undecided whether or not to accept his invitation at some future day; for my prejudices were returning.

In another quarter of an hour I had reached my destination, and found at my friend's house other visitors besides myself; by one of whom, in the course of the evening, the name of Mr. Westerton was introduced; and, very much to my astonishment, I heard him referred to as one of the most liberal, generous, unselfish men in the whole neighborhood around.

"Do you mean Mr. Henry Westerton, of such and such a house in the city, and whose name is on this card?" I asked, producing the card, and handing it to the speaker.

"Yes, the same; are you acquainted with him?" he asked.

"I have some slight acquaintance with him," I answered rather coldly; for I could not but fancy that the praises I heard were not quite deserved. "Westerton is rich now," thought I; "and he may not have the temptations to meanness which he once had; but——"

"Have you known him long?" asked my friend, breaking into the current of my thoughts.

"I knew him more intimately some years ago than I do now, and when he was in different circumstances; but, accidentally falling in with him to-day, he has invited me to renew our former acquaintance."

"Which you will do, of course."

"I am not certain," I replied; "I should like to know something more about him first."

My wish in this particular was gratified. To judge from the encomiums which were heaped on him, Mr. Westerton was a pattern of unostentatious benevolence. I was told that he lived in a simple inexpensive way, though his income must be very considerable—but not in order to save; it was conjectured, indeed, that he gave away every year far more than he expended in his whole establishment. He was personally active, besides, in every good word and work. By his sympathy, as much as by pecuniary assistance, he made many a sorrower's heart leap for joy and gratitude; and he was the friend of the fatherless and widow, whom he visited in their affliction. Young men were spoken of, whom Mr. Westerton had assisted in starting in life; and others, whom he had rescued from the vortex of dissipation, and the immediate consequences of youthful falls and extravagances. Concerning his own family, I learned that it was a very happy one; and that his wife seconded, by all means in her power, the noble efforts of her husband in the cause of religion and benevolence.

An hour or two later, and I was left alone with my friend.

"You seem in a silent mood," he said, after an attempt or two to draw me into continuous conversation had failed.

"I am thinking," I answered, "of Mr. Westerton, and am trying to account for the change which has taken place in his character since I knew him, and when he had such an evil reputation for meanness."

"Meanness!" exclaimed my friend, in surprise; "he is about the very last person I should suspect of that. Mr. Westerton mean!"

"Mean and miserly: we always thought him so in our counting-house; and we had daily opportunities of observing his conduct. To be sure, we might be mistaken; we must have been if he is now what you represent him to be; but yet I cannot exactly understand it."

"I cannot understand it either," said my friend, "and yet," he added, after a slight pause, "perhaps I can partly explain it. But in what way did you come to form such an opinion of Mr. Westerton?"

I hesitated at first to answer my friend's question; but he urged it. "I would not ask you," he said, "if I had not a good motive, and a hope of removing an injurious impression from your mind." So I told him about the close and shabby habits for which he was noted, and the care he took of every penny, though we knew that he had a large salary.

"And you never heard, then," my friend continued, speaking quietly, "that he might have some particular reasons for such rigid economy? It appears that you did not know him so very intimately, after all."

"O, if there had been any good reason, we should have known it, I suppose; at any rate, it would have been easy for him to have explained, which he never did. But the thing explained itself when he left the counting-house to join his present partners. Of course he had to pay for that."

"O!" said my friend.

"And besides," I added, "there was the young person he kept so many years waiting till he could afford to marry. I am glad they are happy now; but I do not think it right to keep an engagement of that sort dragging on year after year, especially if what we heard were true, that the wedding day had been fixed very soon after the engagement commenced, and that Westerton drew back from it, and put off the time indefinitely."

"That *was* true," said my friend, still quietly; "the day was fixed, and then postponed for several years. Well, is that all?"

"Quite enough, I think, to give us a mean opinion of him," I replied; "but I

judge from your manner that you think differently."

"The story is well known now," my friend responded; "I do not break confidence in telling it. Perhaps when you have heard what I have to say, you will see that your judgment was hasty and unkind. Let me tell you first, however, that Westerton did not throw into the firm that he joined a penny of capital; and for a very good reason—he had not a penny. But here is my story:—

"Mr. Westerton entered into life with very good prospects. His father was a banker in a large town in one of the western counties, and reputedly rich. He had a large family, and Henry was his eldest son.

"By one of those sudden and unexpected reverses which sometimes in the course of Providence fall on commercial circles, the banker was utterly ruined. There is no need to enter into the particulars of that event, only that its effects on his mind were irrecoverably mournful. The banker became an imbecile; and of all his family, only Henry was of an age, or in circumstances, to provide for himself, and he was on the eve of being married.

"Two courses," continued my friend, "were placed before young Westerton. One was, to marry and abandon his family to their fate, with such little assistance as he might possibly be able to give; the alternative was to break off his engagement, abandon his original profession, and work for the support of father, sisters, and brothers.

"He had not a thought for himself, sir; but he had for the young lady who was to have been his wife. He laid the case before her. 'We cannot be married now,' she said. 'It is not needful that we should be; but it is needful for you to be all that you have said. We need not, however, give up our engagement. When you feel at liberty to claim me for your wife, I will be your wife; and till then——'

"Well, sir, they parted. Henry obtained the situation in which you first knew him. For ten years he struggled on through difficulties which would have borne down a stronger man than he—which must have borne him down if he had not been supported by a consciousness of right, and assisted by heavenly strength and wisdom. He bore his father's infirmities, and denied himself every personal gratification, to provide the feeble-minded man with luxuries. He educated his sisters and younger brothers—found employment for them—encouraged them by his example to straightforward and energetic action—threw over them the shield of his protection when they needed it."

"And all this time," I said, self-reproachingly, "we were calling him mean and miserly, laughing at his care of an old hat and coat!"

"It is the way with us all," replied my friend. "Man looks at the outward appearance. We have yet to learn how many noble, God-guided and self-denying hearts beat under a very shabby exterior. Shall I tell you any more of Mr. Westerton's story?"

"You need not," I said; "I can readily suppose the rest."

"Well, there is not much more to be told. Brothers and sisters, one after another, were enabled to provide for themselves, but still the father's support rested on the eldest son; and the burden became increasingly difficult to bear, when the way was so unexpectedly and extraordinarily open for Westerton to join the firm of which he is now the leading partner, as to show manifestly that the hand of God was in it, and that his approbation was resting on the filial regard and affection he had shown. Now, are you still prepared to maintain that your old fellow clerk was mean and miserly?"

My reader must answer for me. It is enough for me to say here, that I have practically learned a lesson which I hope never to forget—never to form a hasty judgment from outward appearances.

One word now, and I have done. The present world is not a state of perfect retribution, either in rewards or in punishment; there is another world, where all that is apparently anomalous in this shall be explained, and all that is imperfect rectified; but yet, in all God's dealings with men, there is nothing more commonly seen than that the man who honors father and mother, and places their earthly interests above his own, is the man upon whom God in his providence more particularly condescends to smile.

As a copy is then safest from blotting, when dust is put upon it; so are we from sinning, when in the time of our youth we remember we are but dust.—*Brooks.*

POEMS OF THE ORIENT.*

THESE poems have the true flavor of the East, that subtle aroma which has evaded so many would-be Oriental poets. Unlike his predecessors, Mr. Taylor writes from personal knowledge. Not what he has heard or read of, but what he has seen with his own eyes, and felt with his own perceptions, forms the subject of his verse. Wisely concluding that Byron had exhausted the stormy phases of Eastern life, and that Moore had made the most of its rosy dreams, he starts at once with the desert. Instead of melo-dramatic pirates, and operatic dancing girls, we have the roving Bedouin and his flying barb.

Wastes of yellow sand, over which broods the eternal sky, golden with morning, or dim and solemn with stars; stately palms, rustling in winds of spice by the edges of desert wells, or around the white tomb of some moslem saint; groups of camels, laden with bales from the gaudy looms of Bagdad; Nedjid stallions, tethered by snowy tents, or bearing their masters from the foe, shod with fire; such are some of the objects with which Mr. Taylor peoples his glowing pages. They are as familiar to him as the features of an American landscape to us: hereafter they will belong to the world. To read the majority of these poems is to see and know the East, so vivid are their pictures, and so marked the life they describe. They are more in keeping with the cast of Mr. Taylor's genius than anything he has yet written; and while we admire them as art creations, we must allow them a deeper value as the most perfect expressions of his heart and brain. He seems to have been feeling his way in former volumes: in this he has found the clew he sought, and we have the benefit of it by threading with him the enchanted gardens of Oriental thought. "Go," says he, in his "L'Envoi,"

"Go, therefore, Songs!—which in the East were born
And drew your nurture—from your sire's control:
Haply to wander through the West forlorn,
Or find a shelter in some Orient soul.

"And if the temper of our colder sky
Less warmth of passion and of speech demands,
They are the blossoms of my life—and I
Have ripen'd in the suns of many lands."

* Poems of the Orient, by Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Admirable in its way is this desert pastoral. We know of nothing half so good out of "The Arabian Nights." It would have gladdened the heart of Haroun Al Raschid himself:—

"THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

"Next to thee, O fair gazelle,
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

"Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

"Next to ye both I love the palm,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

"Next to ye both I love the tree
Whose flattering shadow wraps us three
With love, and silence, and mystery!

"Our tribe is many, our poets vie
With any under the Arab sky;
Yet none can sing of the palm but I.

"The marble minarets that begem
Cairo's citadel-diadem
Are not so light as his slender stem.

"He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance
As the Almehs lift their arms in dance—

"A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,
That works in the cells of the blood-like wine.

"Full of passion and sorrow is he,
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

"And when the warm south-winds arise,
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs—

"Quickening odors, kisses of balm,
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm,

"The sun may flame and the sands may stir,
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

"O tree of love, by that love of thine,
Teach me how I shall soften mine!

"Give me the secret of the sun,
Whereby the wooed is ever won!

"If I were a king, O stately tree,
A likeness, glorious as might be,
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee!

"With a shaft of silver, burnish'd bright,
And leaves of beryl and malachite;

"With spikes of golden bloom a-blaze,
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase:

"And there the poets, in thy praise,
Should night and morning frame new lays—

"New measures sung to tunes divine;
But none, O palm, should equal mine!"

Equally fine, although widely different, is "The Wisdom of Ali." It smacks of the mingled sageness and simplicity of the old patriarchal times:—

"THE WISDOM OF ALI.

"The Prophet once, sitting in calm debate,
Said: 'I am Wisdom's fortress; but the gate
Thereof is Ali.' Wherefore, some who heard,
With unbelieving jealousy were stirr'd;
And, that they might on him confusion bring,
Ten of the boldest join'd to prove the thing.

'Let us in turn to Ali go,' they said,
'And ask if Wisdom should be sought instead
Of earthly riches; then, if he reply
To each of us, in thought, accordantly,
And yet to none, in speech or phrase, the same,
His shall the honor be, and ours the shame."

"Now, when the first his bold demand did make,
These were the words which Ali straightway spake:—

"'Wisdom is the inheritance of those
Whom Allah favors; riches, of his foes.'

"Unto the second he said: 'Thyself must be
Guard to thy wealth; but Wisdom guardeth thee.'

"Unto the third: 'By Wisdom wealth is won;
But riches purchased Wisdom yet for none.'

"Unto the fourth: 'Thy goods the thief may take;
But into Wisdom's house he cannot break.'

"Unto the fifth: 'Thy goods decrease the more
Thou giv'st; but use enlarges Wisdom's store.'

"Unto the sixth: 'Wealth tempts to evil ways;
But the desire of Wisdom is God's praise.'

"Unto the seventh: 'Divide thy wealth, each part
Becomes a pittance. Give with open heart
Thy wisdom, and each separate gift shall be
All that thou hast, yet not impoverish thee.'

"Unto the eighth: 'Wealth cannot keep itself;
But Wisdom is the steward even of pelf.'

"Unto the ninth: 'The camels slowly bring
Thy goods; but Wisdom has the swallow's wing.'

"And lastly, when the tenth did question make,
These were the ready words which Ali spake:—
'Wealth is a darkness which the soul should fear;
But Wisdom is the lamp that makes it clear.'

"Crimson with shame the questioners withdrew,
And they declared: 'The Prophet's words were true;
The mouth of Ali is the golden door
Of Wisdom.'"

"When his friends to Ali bore
These words, he smiled and said: 'And should they ask
The same until my dying day, the task
Were easy; for the stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, in inexhaustible.'"

Would space permit, we should like to copy a spirited "Bedouin Song," and a magnificent description of a garden from "The Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled." We can only mention and commend them, together with "The Poet in the East," "Amram's Wooing," "The Birth of the Horse," "A Desert Hymn to the Sun," and a couple of glorious Scripture pieces, "Tyre" and "Jerusalem."

Some of the miscellaneous poems (there are thirteen in all) are exceedingly beautiful, especially "The Mystery," and "The Phantom." With the latter our extracts must end. Altogether, we consider Mr. Taylor's volume the best volume of verse that has been published during the past year, either at home or abroad. It would take a dozen Gerald Masseys to write its poorest poem.

The style is clear and direct, even when most florid, and the various measures are models of sonorous rhythm. The volume is got up in the best style of Ticknor & Fields, and is dedicated to our contributor, Mr. R. H. Stoddard. And now for the touching poem with which we close:—

"THE PHANTOM.

"Again I sit within the mansion,
In the old, familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

"But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled upward
In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

"They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room;
To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

"And many kind, remember'd faces
Within the doorway come—
Voices, that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

"They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

"And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

"And, all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

"She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark-brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments—
Her light step on the stair!

"O, fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

"She tarries long: but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

"Ah! 't is the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine, whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

"But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before:
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er."

The National Magazine.

JANUARY, 1855.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

"We close in the present number the semi-annual volume of our Magazine. It is usual at this period to reiterate appeals to the patronizing remembrance of subscribers and the public generally; we have taken the whim not to weary either them or ourselves in doing so. We have come to you, most respected public, during the past year, in our neatest attire, with a true and a warm heart, and a voice emphatic for the truth. We shall do so hereafter. If you like our visits, welcome us with your patronage; if you do not, bow us out of the door. And may God bless you! Amen."

Such was the paragraph with which we intended to conclude our last number, but which by a mistake was wrongly signed, altered in a sentence or so, and misplaced among our advertisements. It indicates our true sentiments respecting the usual style of appeals to subscribers at the end and the beginning of periodical volumes. It does not, however, forbid us to make our most grateful and cordial New-year's bow, and, with the "compliments of the season," to exchange a few words with our readers respecting the future.

This periodical was established for a general purpose. It was designed to be not merely a magazine of religious knowledge, but a religious magazine of general knowledge. A sentiment which we quoted some time ago from the good and great Dr. Arnold, states what we consider our right character. "I never," says he, "wanted religious articles half so much as articles on common subjects, written in a decidedly Christian spirit." There is a deep philosophy in the remark, such as was wont to characterize the large-minded writings of the man. Just such reading are we endeavoring to provide in these pages, giving it, at the same time, all the attractions which popular adaptation and pictorial embellishments afford. Such we believe to have been a want of our home periodical literature, and such the design of the originators of this work.

And now, good readers, though we wish not to blow a trumpet before us respecting our doings for the ensuing year, we may say that we shall try hard to behave as well as we have done, "only a little better." We have a grand programme in our head, but prefer to keep it there till we see how it will probably come out; for we are not sure that, like Minerva from the head of Jove, it will come forth full armed. We may intimate, however, that the series of matters promised some six months ago, and not yet through with, will be completed and much enlarged, including—

The illustrated "Trip from St. Petersburgh to Constantinople," taking in the scenes of the Eastern war—the *scenes* but not the events—for the latter are reported to our readers in the daily papers long before we could record them, and then the traveler from whom we give these sketches passed over the ground before the war.

Illustrations of Bunyan's Life and Times, giving the most complete series of pictures respecting Bunyan ever yet published, including a great variety of localities, relics, &c.

A series of portraits of Artists, Authors, Divines, Inventors, &c. Of these we propose to give usually one portrait in each number.

A series of "Poetic Pictures," or specimens of the "Poets illustrated by the Artists,"—one in each number.

A series of illustrations of the best scenes in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

A series of illustrated Biblical papers, giving the results of the latest critical and geographical researches respecting interesting Biblical questions—such as the discoveries of the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah, by De Saulcy—Layard's exhumations at Nineveh—the fate of the Lost Tribes of Israel, &c.

An abundant variety of pictorial illustrations of scenery, art, science, &c.

Increased labor will be bestowed on the whole work; and it will, as heretofore, be made to subserve the cause of sound morals and pure religion.

We shall, as heretofore, endeavor to provide one article in each number specially adapted to our clerical readers, (of whom we are happy to say we have many,) and one also, at least, particularly suited to the reading of the family circle.

With these fine intentions, then, we tip our editorial hat, good friends, and wish you all a happy new year; we ought, however, before we have bowed ourselves out, to mention one other and a very important improvement, with which we hope you will be favored before a very great while, and that is a better editor—that, certainly, would be a consideration fit to be put into our peroration. Having been called to another public responsibility for which we feel no ordinary interest, and which will require a period of laborious preparation, we hope before the year ends to afford you this advantage.

When we were appointed to our present post, it was for the purpose of sustaining two distinct offices—not a very good policy we admit, but we could not help that. Our present editorial function was the secondary one; it was provided as an appendix to the other, and, probably, would not have been provided at all but in that way. Our other duties, comprehending an extensive scheme of cheap religious literature, have taken up the chief of our time, and been (we confess it) the favorite objects of our devotion, for we have considered them to promise results profound, permanent, and of almost inestimable importance. While endeavoring punctually to make our monthly salutation at the homes of our readers, we have also been at work "might and main," in our poor way, with these other duties, making speeches, traveling thousands of miles, begging thousands of dollars, editing books and tracts, writing newspaper articles, and brow-beating, right and left, the whole brood of obstacles and follies that usually rise up against a great and good cause in its outset. Hard work this, certainly, for a diminutive valetudinarian, not weighing a hundred and twenty pounds, yet delightful work, notwithstanding, and marvelously invigorating; we should have grown fat enough on it to be a bishop, had we been continued in it; but the multiplication of its business required its reorganization as a separate function. Deeming "in our fond conceit," that as we had possessed

both we could now have the choice of either, we actually threw down the pen editorial, by a written resignation, and were about to mount and ride through the land our favorite hobby, when our "reverend seignors" incontinently thrust us back again into the editorial sanctum, and as it is a rule with us to "obey orders," even if it costs our head, we are here to write "down" this magazine "by authority," or write it up by your patronage, generous readers. We have the comfort of knowing, however, that our other and favorite enterprise was assigned to hands fully competent for it, and that it has been so far developed and demonstrated as to make its future success a matter of responsibility only with those in whose behalf it was attempted.

A *mal apropos* change was this, however, for us; we who for years had been accustomed—educated we were about to say—to the sublime work of pommeling public questions—of thumping away through the newspapers on the perverse back of the "great public," or "stumping it" for some good cause through the land, were now to do—what? Spend the most of our time in fumbling among masses of imported periodicals for articles; poring over long-winded "communications," nine-tenths of which, after wearisome reading, were to go "under the table;" wrangling and haggling with draughtsmen and engravers—and with work enough at this to absorb one's whole time. This for us, a little thin-skinned, restless mortal, with the nerves of a musquito!

We do not like it; that is the upshot of the whole matter, without further tediousness, and apart from all badinage. Making selections of "articles" and pictures, and reading five hundred pages for five that are accepted, is the chief work of this "editorial position." There is one very amiable gentleman (amiable to us personally, we mean, Mr. Reader) for whom we can select—nobody can excel us for him in this line; but he is peculiar in his tastes, and we have always confessed that we could do this very critical work for nobody else besides him. It requires too much genius for us.

And yet do not imagine this a strain of devout humility—far otherwise; we are blessed with an exhaustless self-complacency; we sometimes look into the glass of self-examination with silent wonder and grave admiration at the marvelous manner in which our defects round themselves down into the smallest pimples beneath our gaze, and our merits and advantages round themselves out into plump and palpable features. It would not, therefore, be remarkable for us to conceive that we have had "pretty considerable" success in this reluctant work notwithstanding its incongeniality. The newspaper critics say so at least, and they, of course, are never doubted. Though not a denominational periodical, yet from peculiar circumstances we have been limited almost to a denominational sphere for our success; viewed in this denominational light, (and it is the only just view of the case,) our edition has been so far as we are now aware larger, perhaps, than that of any monthly or quarterly, or even newspaper, within an equal period, ever started by the denomination. Our access to the general public beyond these limits has depended thus far upon very gradual means; still the non-sectarian character of the work is winning its way, and we are able to say with a grateful satisfaction, that from the organs of religious bodies (outside of our own denominational circle) without an exception, so far as our exchanges show, we receive the most uniform and hearty indorsements. But we are spinning out indefinitely this article that we intended to be but a paragraph or two. Again we make our bow, and this time bow ourselves out. It is high time.

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Don't fail to read the story of *The Drunkard's Bible*. It is powerfully written.

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We conclude in this number the series of essays on *The Opium Trade in the East*. They are from one of the best authorities on the subject. Those of our readers who have followed them up will have a full and clear view of the question—a question involving deplorably the British character and the fate of China.

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The London *Athenæum* gives some minute and very striking statistics respecting the Liverpool Free Library, which show an unexpected interest among the poorer classes of England for good literature. It says—"It is a noticeable fact that the larger proportion of solid reading is among the really working classes, the lighter literature more among young men in offices and shops."

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Yankee genius is notoriously inventive and utilitarian, but it is also world-famous for its fun—broad, grotesque wit on a large scale, similar to all other Yankee things. It will not rest till it gets out of steam not only power, but humor, oratory, and even music. The latter suggestion has really "been taken into consideration." A Western editor proposes it. He says:—"We suggest to the ingenious manufacturer of steam-engines, the construction of a magnificent instrument of music, composed of steam-whistles, to be played with keys, the same as an organ. What, for instance, could be more 'grand and pleasant' than the music of the locomotive three or four miles off, coming on steaming you 'Hail, Columbia;' 'We come with songs to greet you;' 'Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,' &c., &c. What ingenious mechanic will be the first to put this good hint into practice? When patented, we speak for half the proceeds as a compensation for this suggestion." A Mr. Hoyt, of Indiana, has anticipated the hint, and actually describes, in the *Scientific American*, his "Steam Harmonicon." In concluding his description, he says: "It is my candid opinion that the Western boys will yet hear 'Old Dan Tucker,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' &c., played on the Western waters, by steam, at a distance of ten miles." What grand times are coming for you, musical amateurs! times, when all the navigable rivers and highways of the nation shall resound with marches; when waltzes shall whirl ten miles around among the mountains and valleys, and "Yankee Doodle" be whistled from town to town, on Independence Day. All this may seem to be mere joke; jocose as it seems, it may be a reality in two or three years.

PRESERVATION OF THE OLD WORLD.—Pompeii and Herculaneum continue to yield their testimonies of ancient life; Mariette has discovered, and is exploring Memphis; English and French explorations have brought to light, at Nineveh, the grandeur and much of the history and social life of Assyria. Meanwhile Babylon, "the great Babylon" itself, unvails itself to the gaze of our century. The French government, two or three years ago, sent three gentlemen to make scientific and artistic researches in Media, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia. One of them, M. Jules Oppert, has returned to Paris, and it appears from his report that he and his colleagues thought it advisable to begin by confining themselves to the exploration of ancient Babylon. This task was one of immense difficulty, and it was enhanced by the excessive heat of the sun, by privations of all kinds, and by the incessant hostility of the Arabs. After a while M. Oppert's two colleagues fell ill, so that all the labors of the expedition devolved on him. He first of all made excavations of the ruins of the famous suspended gardens of Babylon, which are now known by the name of the Hall of Amran-ibn-Ali; and he obtained in them a number of curious architectural and other objects, which are destined to be placed in the Louvre at Paris. He next, in obedience to the special orders of his government, took measures for ascertaining the precise extent of Babylon,—a matter which the reader is aware has always been open to controversy. He has succeeded in making a series of minute surveys, and in drawing up detailed plans of the immense city. His opinion is, that even the largest calculations as to its vast extent are not exaggerated; and he puts down that extent at the astounding figure of 500 square kilometres, French measure, (the square kilometre is 1196 square yards.) This is very nearly eighteen times the size of Paris. But of course he does not say that this enormous area was occupied, or anything like it; it comprised, within the walls, huge tracts of cultivated lands, and gardens for supplying the population with food in the event of a siege. M. Oppert has discovered the Babylonian and Assyrian measures, and by means of them has ascertained exactly what part of the city was inhabited, and what part was in fields and gardens. On the limits of the town, properly so called, stands at present the flourishing town of Hillah. This town, situated on the banks of the Euphrates, is built with bricks from the ruins, and many of the household utensils and personal ornaments of its inhabitants are taken from them also. Beyond this town is the vast fortress, strengthened by Nebuchadnezzar, and in the midst of it is the royal palace—itself almost as large as a town. M. Oppert says that he was also able to distinguish the ruins of the famous Tower of Babel—they are most imposing, and stand on a site formerly called Borsippa, or the Tower of Languages. The royal town, situated on the two banks of the Euphrates, covers a space of nearly seven square kilometres, and contains most interesting ruins. Among them are those of the royal palace, the fortress, and the suspended gardens. In the collection of curiosities which M. Oppert has brought away with him is a vase. It dates from the time of one of the Chaldean sovereigns named Narambel, that is, somewhere about one thousand six hundred years before Christ; also a number of copies of cuneiform inscriptions, which he has every reason to believe that he will be able to decipher.

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The following notes have been recently taken from the records of the old church in Andover, Massachusetts:—

"January 17, 1712. Voted (under protest) yt those persons who have pews sit with their wives."

"Nov. 10th, 1718. Granted to Richard Barker foure shillings, for his extraordinary trouble in swiping our Meeting House ye past year."

"March 17th, 1766. Voted, that all the English women in the parish, who marry or associate with negro or mulatto men, be seated in the Meeting House with the negro women."

"In 1799 it was voted, amid much opposition, to procure a bass viol."

In former times it was customary for the Indians to attack a village on a Sunday, when they thought the men would be in church, and unprepared to receive them. The savages having been successful on several occasions, it became a necessary precaution for all the males to go armed, and have sittings near the door of a pew, to be enabled on the first alarm to leave the place where they were congregated, and repel the attack of their enemies. The custom of the male members of the family occupying the first sittings in a pew, is supposed to have originated in this manner.

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"ROBINSON CRUSOE"—WHO WROTE IT?—D'Israeli, in his ever-charming "Curiosities of Literature," expresses boldly the opinion that "no one had, or perhaps could have converted the history of Selkirk into the wonderful story we possess but De Foe himself." So have we all been accustomed to believe, from those careless, happy days of boyhood, when we pored intently over the entrancing pages of "Robinson Crusoe," and wished that we also could have a desert island, a summer bower, and a winter-cave retreat, as well as he. But there is, alas! some slight ground at least for believing that De Foe *did not write* that immortal tale, or, at all events, the better portion of it, viz., the first part or volume of the work. In Sir H. Ellis's "Letters of Eminent Literary Men," (Camden Soc. Pub. 1843, vol. xxiii,) p. 420, Letter cxxxiv, is from "Daniel De Foe to the Earl of Halifax, engaging himself to his lordship as a political writer." In a note by the editor a curious anecdote is given, quoted from "a volume of Memoranda in the handwriting of Thomas Warton, poet-laureate, preserved in the British Museum," in relation to the actual authorship of the "Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." The extract is as follows:—

"Mem. July 10, 1774. In the year 1759, I was told by the Rev. Mr. Holloway, rector of Middleton, Stoney, in Oxfordshire, then about seventy years old, and in the early part of his life chaplain to Lord Sunderland, that he had often heard Lord Sunderland say that Lord Oxford, while prisoner in the Tower of London, wrote the first volume of the History of Robinson Crusoe, merely as an amusement under confinement; and gave it to Daniel De Foe, who frequently visited Lord Oxford in the Tower, and was one of his pamphlet writers; that De Foe, by Lord Oxford's permission, printed it as his own, and, encouraged by its extraordinary suc-

cess, added himself the second volume, the inferiority of which is generally acknowledged. Mr. Holloway also told me, from Lord Sunderland, that Lord Oxford dictated some parts of the manuscript to De Foe. Mr. Holloway (Warton adds) was a grave, conscientious clergyman, not vain of telling anecdotes, very learned, particularly a good orientalist, author of some theological tracts, bred at Eton school, and a Master of Arts of St. John's College, Cambridge. . . . He used to say that 'Robinson Crusoe,' at its first publication, and for some time afterward, was universally received and credited as a genuine history. A fictitious narrative of this sort was then a new thing."

Besides, it may be added, the *real* and somewhat similar circumstances of Alexander Selkirk's solitary abode of four years and four months on the island of Juan Fernandez, had, only a few years previously, been the subject of general conversation, and had therefore prepared the public mind for the possibility, if not the probability, of such adventures.

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FILLIBUSTERISM.—An English periodical asks: Is this word *fillibusterism* of English or American formation? If it be derived from the French *flibustier*, (freebooter,) would it not be more correct to say *flibusterism*?

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KINGSLEY, the author, is described, by a London correspondent of the *Tribune*, as addicted to the most athletic exercises, and even to the field-sports of "Merry Old England," and as "very unlike clergymen generally." "He is," says the writer, "tall, loose-limbed, and somewhat sportsmanlike in make. He is as strong in the leg and arm as he is in the head, and could ride or wrestle with most. His forehead is noble-looking, and somewhat round; his hair is brown and straight. His head and face are a study of expression, and may be divided into three sections, each peculiarly representative. The forehead is finely intellectual; the eyes and middle portion of the face represent the affections; the mouth and chin give you the animal passions. I know not which has the preëminence—they are all intensely vivid. The face has a severe expression, and many harsh lines are pulled all sorts of ways. I never saw Kingsley smile. He always wears a look of grim earnestness. Whether preaching, or talking, or playing with his children, he is always intent. But his eyes are very noticeable; not 'noticeable large gray eyes,' but soft gray. I mean soft in color, not in expression, for that seems of a far-away kind. They are mystical, like those of a man accustomed to look within, or rapt to a life beyond the moment; and while looking on every-day realities, they always preserve their remoteness. His earnestness of manner seems to extend to his feet, for he cannot stand still. He is as restless as those sea-animals out of their element which one sees at the Zoological Gardens, that wander round and round their prison unceasingly, as though they carried the motion of the sea with them. When in conversation, he will keep walking backward and forward all the time, like a thing of perpetual motion, stuttering as he talks, like another Charles Lamb, only more in earnest. The sea of life within him is seldom at rest; standing or sitting, it is forever billowy, and he sways to its motion. Fancy this figure standing against a wall, with hands locked behind, singing that song of his: "The day of the Lord is at hand," and swaying his body to and fro, the eyes closed, the eyelids trembling with emotion, and you have the most striking idea that I can give you of Charles Kingsley and his Hebrew-prophet-like intensity of look, and manner, and personal bearing.

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MANUFACTURE OF SERMONS.—The English Bookseller's *Intelligencer* says that very few genuine sermons, written to be preached by the writer, written for a particular object, come into the market now-a-days. They are manufactured in many ways. A clergyman who is unoccupied, doing no duty, gets acquainted with one of the dealers in MS. sermons. He is immediately set to work writing sermons, which are as soon set in lithographing. Sometimes these sermons are written by laymen, and sometimes they are cooked up out of other books, if not entirely copied. But those persons who are, or have been, in the business some time, have in general accumulated such stocks that they never think of getting any made. The only way they replenish their stock after copying and multiplying, is, by buying a lot, at a few pence each, of some clergyman's widow. A lot of two or three hundred comes as an immense addition, giving variety, introducing new texts, &c. It is a curious thing that all the MS. sermons sold are Evangelical or Low Church. "No sermon of High-Church principles will go down at all, nor will any dealer buy such." One reason why the sermon trade has so increased of late years is, the greater number of ordinations; for the principal sale of MS. sermons is to young clergymen. The principal sale, not the entire; for many clergymen of long standing also constantly use them."

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THE CROWN OF ENGLAND is a costly "bauble," bedazzled with value enough to found three or four public charities, or a half-dozen moderate colleges. There are twenty diamonds round the circle, worth $7,500 each, making $150,000; two large center diamonds, $10,000 each, making $20,000; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angle of the former, $500; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, $60,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, $20,000; twelve diamonds contained in fleur-de-lis, $50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, $10,000; pearls, diamonds, &c., upon the arches and crosses, $50,000; also one hundred and forty-one small diamonds, $25,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, $15,500; two circles of pearls about the rim, $15,000. Cost of the stones in the crown, exclusive of the metal, $559,500.

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ANTIPATHIES are as various as they are unaccountable, and often in appearance ridiculous. Yet who can control them, or reason himself into a conviction that they are absurd? They are, in truth, natural infirmities or peculiarities, and not fantastical imaginings. In the French "Ana," we find mention of a lady who would faint on seeing boiled lobsters; and certain courtiers are named who experienced the same inconvenience from the smell of roses, though particularly partial to the odor of jonquils and hyacinths. Another is recorded who invariably fell into convulsions at the sight of a

carp. Erasmus, although a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish of any kind that the smell alone threw him into a fever. Ambrose Paré mentions a patient of his who could never look on an eel without falling into a fit. Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono could neither of them drink milk. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Udislaus, king of Poland, fell sick if he saw an apple; and if that fruit was exhibited to Chesne, secretary to Francis I., a prodigious quantity of blood would issue from his nose. Henry III., of France, could not endure to sit in a room with a cat, and the Duke of Schomberg ran out of any chamber into which one entered. A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose even if he heard the mewing of the obnoxious animal, no matter at how great a distance. M. de L'Ancre, in his "Tableau de l'Inconstance de toutes choses," gives an account of a very sensible man, who was so terrified on seeing a hedgehog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by such an animal. In the same book we find an account of an officer of distinguished bravery who never dared to face a mouse, it would so terrify him, unless he had his sword in his hand. M. de L'Ancre says, he knew the individual perfectly well. There are some persons who cannot bear to see spiders, and others who eat them as a luxury, as they do snails and frogs. M. Vangheim, a celebrated huntsman in Hanover, would faint outright, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away at the sight of a roast pig. The philosopher Chrysippus had such an aversion to external reverence, that if any one saluted him, he would involuntarily fall down. Valerius Maximus says that this Chrysippus died of laughing at seeing an ass eat figs out of a silver plate. John Rol, a gentleman of Alcantara, would swoon on hearing the word *lana* (wool) pronounced, although his cloak was made of wool.

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De Quincey.—A reviewer of De Quincey, in the last *London Eclectic*, describes him as a very slow and laborious writer. The critique says:

"We have seen his MS. again and again, and we never saw writing so frequently *interlined*. Almost every word had its double-ganger, or duplicate, above it. He is, in fact, the most fastidious and laborious of writers, although he makes his art conceal his art, and his labor his labor. It is partly owing to this, and partly to his advanced age and numerous infirmities, that the volumes of this admirable edition have been progressing so slowly, and at such uncertain intervals of time."

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A Good Suggestion.—Lamartine says of Sieyes: "He thought much, he spoke little . . . even silence was one of his charms. To speak little in public assemblies is with some men to speak effectually."

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Coleridge an Extemporizer.—We all know Coleridge's extemporaneous eloquence in conversation. He was similarly if not equally apt at extemporaneous public speaking. Mr. Collier, who heard his lectures on Shakspeare, has recently discovered his own lost "notes" of those discourses, and is about to publish them. In a public reference to them Mr. Collier remarks that for Coleridge's third lecture, and indeed for the remainder of the series, he made no preparation, and was liked better than ever, and vociferously and heartily cheered. The reason was obvious; for what came from the heart of the speaker went warm to the heart of the hearer; and though the illustrations might not be so good, yet being extemporaneous, and often from objects immediately before his eyes, they made more impression, and seemed to have more aptitude.

In the first edition of *Coleridge's Literary Remains* is a letter from him to Mr. Britton, in which he thus indirectly corroborates Mr. Collier's description of the delivery of his thoughts at his lectures:—

"The day of the lecture, till the hour of commencement," Mr. Coleridge says, "I devote to the consideration, What of the mass before me is best fitted to answer the purposes of a lecture? that is, to keep the audience awake and interested during the delivery, and to leave a sting behind; that is, a disposition to study the subject anew, under the light of a new principle. Several times, however, partly from apprehension respecting my health and animal spirits, partly from my wish to possess copies that might afterward be marketable among the publishers, I have previously written the lecture; but before I had proceeded twenty minutes I have been obliged to push the MS. away, and give the subject a new turn. Nay, this was so notorious, that many of my auditors used to threaten me, when they saw any number of written papers on my desk, to steal them away, declaring they never felt so secure of a good lecture as when they perceived that I had not a single scrap of writing before me. I take far, far more pains than would go to the set composition of a lecture, both by varied reading and by meditation; but for the words, illustrations, &c., I know almost as little as any one of the audience (that is, those of anything like the same education with myself) what they will be five minutes before the lecture begins. Such is my way, for such is my nature; and in attempting any other I should only torment myself in order to disappoint my auditors—torment myself during the delivery, I mean; for in all other respects it would be a much shorter and easier task to deliver them in writing."

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Republics.—It is remarkable, says a correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*, that the only governments of the world which have an excess of receipts over their expenditures are republics—the United States and Switzerland.

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Cost of War.—Mr. Corwin estimates the cost of the Mexican War at nearly $300,000,000. From 1816 to 1834, eighteen years of peace, our national expenses amounted to $464,000,000, of which nearly $400,000,000, or about six-sevenths of the whole, were for war purposes. It is estimated that the support of her war system is costing Europe in time of peace $1,000,000,000 a year, besides the interest in her war debts, which amount to $10,000,000,000. For twenty years, from 1797, England spent for war purposes alone more than $1,000,000 every day. The wars of all Europe from 1783 to 1815 cost $15,000,000,000—enough to cover the world with the means and institutions of civilization.

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A Great Fact!—At a recent meeting of the London Ragged Schools, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Wire said they could tell them, from their experience of the city prisons, that since the establishment of ragged schools, juvenile crime had diminished fifty per cent. This is a great fact, and cannot be too extensively known as a most powerful argument in support of such institutions.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

The Book Business—Advertising—Jewett & Co.—Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Ida May—Recent Books—Wayland—Epes Sargent—Plurality of Worlds—Medicine—Goldsmith—Theology—Universalist College—Colonial History—Items.

You would hardly recognize the establishments of several of your old friends among the booksellers in the elegant new rooms which they have provided for their extended trade. The sponsors of Uncle Tom and the Lamplighter—Jewett & Co.—crowd the sides of one of the largest stores upon Washington-street with their books, and present as inviting a resort for those in pursuit of literary treasures as can be found in the nation. This firm has the honor of inaugurating a new order of things in the book-trade. From the sale of a few editions of even a popular work, by a system of vigorous advertising, they have brought up the distribution of their most "taking" volumes to the unprecedented number of eighty and one hundred thousand copies.

Other members of the trade are seizing the same ready facility for arresting the eye of the public, and awakening its curiosity. The patronage of the book-trade is becoming exceedingly valuable to the daily and weekly press. The immense letters, followed up and supported by descriptive notices and eulogistic phrases from editorial pens, the current literature of the day assaults the eye as you open almost any secular and religious print, and clamors well nigh irresistibly for a hearing. There is danger of ruining this matter "under ground." Advertisements are becoming too fulsome, and promise more to the eye than is fulfilled in the reading; still it is well to grant the author an ample opportunity of securing such an audience as he may fitly instruct. I have heard it whispered that the numerous valuable works bearing the same imprint with this magazine, if they could be announced as widely as their less deserving competitors, would enjoy a general popularity, and accomplish an incalculable amount of good. The business that will not advertise in this age must perish.

Phillips, Sampson & Co. have entered their spacious granite store on Winter-street, and exhaust its utmost capacity in bestowment of their numerous publications. It is marvelous to learn the number of volumes circulated by this enterprising firm, especially of their cheap historical series, and of their editions of the poets. Lingard, Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay, at a price that would hardly seem adequate to meet the expenses of publication, are issued by thousands from their rooms, and evidently all leave their toll behind, to build up this great book-mart. These publishers have just struck a golden vein again in the new work which they have issued. "Ida May" is written by the wife of a lawyer now resident at the North, but formerly at the South, and evidently personally familiar with the institution which forms the basis of her volume. It is a sad book; it does not excite the smiles of Uncle Tom, neither does it bestow the relief of tears, like its powerful predecessor. It brings a weight like a night-mare upon the spirits; and while it is generous toward the South, it levels a terrible blow against its peculiar institution. The book has already been widely read, six thousand copies having been ordered before the first edition was distributed among the trade.

The same firm have issued the second edition of Dr. Wayland's "Intellectual Philosophy," the volume fully justifying the raised expectations of students. It is comprehensive, logical in its arrangement, and eminently practical in its illustrations. Epes Sargent's new First-Class Reading-Book is rapidly securing its deserved rank in our higher schools, and promises to supersede all others among the maturer classes. Mr. Sargent is now editing a volume, to be published in the same style as his edition of Rogers, containing the poems of Collins, Goldsmith, and Beattie. This will be followed by an edition of Hood. For beauty and cheapness, this edition of the British Poets is unparalleled.

The author of "Plurality of Worlds," published by Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln, has issued an answer to the various reviews of his theory, which is published in the new edition of this most original and powerful speculation.

One cannot fail to be struck with the change that is passing over the practice of medicine. The heroic age of blisters, bleeding, and powerful doses, is fast passing away, and what is styled the *expectant* practice is taking its place. This consists in a careful watching of the process of nature, affording aid only when absolutely called for, and administering but very little medicine. Dr. Bigelow has issued through the press of Ticknor & Fields a volume styled "Nature in Disease," consisting of several lectures before classes of medical students, and full of valuable suggestions to every intelligent reader. While it may excite distrust in many medical specifics, it will convey important information in reference to the most ordinary forms of disease, and the hygienic measures which may be used to guard against or modify them.

An unpublished poem of Goldsmith has been found in the hand-writing of the poet, and has just been published in Murray's splendid edition of Goldsmith's Works. It will appear in Sargent's forthcoming volume of the Poems of Collins, Goldsmith, and Beattie. The denominational societies are renewing their vigor in the circulation of religious works, especially setting forth the doctrines and discipline of their ecclesiastical orders. The doctrinal Tract Society, established in this city, under the direction of the Orthodox Congregationalists, is engaged in reproducing the works of the Puritan Divines, and in securing their general distribution. They are offered for sale at about the cost of publication, and collections are also taken in the Churches for their gratuitous distribution. Following these evangelical precedents, an association has been established among the Unitarians, and the able secretary, Dr. Mills, is engaged in securing a permanent fund of $50,000 to be used as a capital for the publication and distribution of denominational literature. The scheme seems to be very popular, and the fund grows continually toward its completion. Quite a large number of volumes have already been published.

A new educational institution—I believe the only denominational establishment belonging to the Universalists—has just gone into operation in an imposing college building, lately erected upon an elevation north of Charlestown, and overlooking the whole vicinity of our city. Its faculty is composed of the following gentlemen:—Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d., D. D., President, Professor of History, Ancient and Modern Geography, Natural and Revealed Religion; William P. Drew, B. A., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages; John P. Marshall, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and the Natural Sciences; Benjamin F. Tweed, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric, Logic, and Elocution; Enoch C. Rolfe, M. D., Professor of Hygiene and Physiology.

An interesting *morceau* of colonial history has just been published by Gould & Lincoln, from the pen of J. Wingate Thornton, Esq., entitled "The Landing at Cape Ann; or, the Charter of the First Permanent Colony on the Territory of the Massachusetts Company." Historians have hitherto bestowed upon Salem the honor of being the birthplace of Massachusetts; but if this interesting chronicle is reliable, of which there seems to be no doubt, this honor belongs to Cape Ann, under Governor Conant. The Colonial Charter under which Governor Endicott acted at Salem, bears the date of 1628; while the Charter borne by Conant to Cape Ann is dated in 1624.

A young gentleman of Cambridge, Mr. William Winter, who has contributed numerous poetical productions to the columns of the daily press for the past two years, has a volume of his collected poems in press, to be published at an early date.

From the "Conflict of Ages," Dr. Edward Beecher has turned his powerful pen to the struggle of the times. He is lately from the press in the form of a stout duodecimo, entitled "The Papal Conspiracy Exposed, and Protestantism Defended, in the light of Reason, History, and Scripture." Stearns & Co. issue this work, and it may readily be believed to be a work of marked interest. It is a powerful argument, fortified by documents, secured by the most pains-taking diligence.

Jewett & Co. announce "Life-Scenes of the Messiah," by Rev. Rufus W. Clark, finely illustrated, and "William Wells Brown's book, "The American Fugitive in Europe," said to be a work of interest. They have just issued a beautiful volume, called "The Mothers of the Bible," by Mrs. S. G. Ashton, with an introduction, by Rev. A. L. Stone.

Mr. Gleason, the well-known publisher of the Pictorial, having realized a large fortune, has retired from its publication. It has been purchased, with all its immunities, for the round sum of $200,000 by M. M. Ballou, who has been from the first its editor. The new publisher enters upon his work with vigor, and promises radical improvements in the forthcoming volumes.

It is reported that the great importing and publish-

ing house of Little, Brown, & Co., is to leave the present rooms upon Washington-street, and to occupy a large building upon Tremont-street. They are still engaged in the simultaneous publication of library editions of English prose and poetical writers, and in the production of the great American series of British Poets, after the style of the English Aldine edition.

Mr. Thomas Bulfinch, of this city, is now bringing through the press of B. B. Mussey & Co. a volume, entitled "Stories of Mythology," in which he seeks to give unlearned readers a clear idea of the mythologic legends, to which constant allusion is made by poets, sculptors, and orators.

In a most eloquent discourse upon Granville Sharp, delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, at its opening, by Hon. Charles Sumner, the orator alluded to the origin of the common Latin quotation, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*—"let justice be done, though the heavens fall." He remarks that, though of classical stamp, it could not be traced to any classical source, and is supposed to have been coined by Lord Mansfield on the interesting occasion that called it forth. It was at the trial of an African fugitive slave, who was arrested in the neighborhood of London, where he had been residing some time. Granville Sharp, who had already become conspicuous for his anti-slavery principles, came to the rescue of the fugitive, and under the writ of Habeas Corpus brought the case before the King's Bench on the 20th of February, 1771, Lord Mansfield being at the time Chief Justice. The whole defense was based upon the principle that the British Constitution did not admit of property in man. The timid Chief Justice sought to escape the issue, but the determined philanthropist held him to the simple decision upon this point, and the well-known result, drawn from reluctant lips, was, "If the parties will have judgment, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*—let justice be done, whatever be the consequences." He declared that, "tracing slavery to natural principles, it can never be supported; that slavery cannot stand on any reason, moral or political, but only by virtue of positive law; and that in a matter so odious, the evidence and authority of this law must be taken strictly. No such law could be shown in England; he therefore concluded, let the negro be discharged."

The munificent bequest of the late Samuel Appleton has at length been confirmed by the action of the trustees of his will. They have distributed the generous sum of two hundred and ten thousand dollars in the following manner, following in the arrangement what they knew, or believed to be, the wishes of the noble donor:—

To Harvard College, for the erection of a Chapel, stocks valued at	$50,000
The Boston Athenæum	25,000
The New Ipswich Appleton Academy	20,000
The Sailor's Snug Harbor in Boston	20,000
Dartmouth College, to complete the Appleton Professorship of Natural Philosophy	15,000
Amherst College, for a Zoological Cabinet	10,000
The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, as a fund for publication of their transactions	10,000
The Massachusetts Historical Society, as a publishing fund	10,000
The Industrial School for Girls, located at Winchester	10,000
The Massachusetts General Hospital, as an addition to the Appleton fund at the M'Lean Asylum for the Insane	10,000
The Trustees of donations for Education in Liberia	10,000
The Lawrence University of Appleton, in Wisconsin	10,000
The New-England School of Design for Females	10,000
Total	$210,000

Few public libraries are patronized to the extent of our City Institution, now entering upon the second year of its history. It numbers sixteen thousand volumes, and increases at the rate of six thousand annually.

Seven thousand persons have entered their names to enjoy its privileges, and from sixty to seventy thousand volumes are taken annually from its shelves to be read at home. Only fifteen volumes are found to be missing at the close of the year. A reading-room, containing the best periodical literature of the country, is connected with the library; and its advantages are highly appreciated by a large company of readers. The only lack is a suitable building; and this want, we trust, will be supplied at an early date. The last plan that has been discussed, is to have the new fire-proof structure erected in the public garden, which will be both an eligible and a central site. Before the close of another year such a building will, doubtless, be rising in elegant proportions from its foundations.

Book Notices.

We have a formidable mass of books on our table, and very little space for the discussion of their merits. The *Literary Letter from Boston* and *Literary Record* must suffice for our "bookish" readers the present month. We quoted in our editorial notes of last month, from the "Autobiography of Jay" of Bath. It is a most readable production. The *Carters* of this city have issued it in two volumes, and, we need hardly say, in the neatest style. We have so repeatedly referred to *Redfield's* fine serial edition of *Simms's Works*, characterizing them in general, that we need not comment on the issues in particular as they appear. The last one is *Southward Ho!* in the usual substantial style of this well-known house. *Clark, Austin & Smith, New-York*, have published a school edition of Mrs. Cutler's *Human and Comparative Anatomy*. It is brief, almost a skeleton of the subject, but carefully prepared, and its one hundred engravings teach as much as the text. Dr. Paley's *Evidences* maintain an unimpaired preëminence among the standard defences of our faith. We are happy to announce that the *Messrs. Carter* have sent out a new edition of this able work, with notes and additions by C. M. Nairne. The editor's improvements increase much its adaptations as a text-book, for which use Chalmers considered it the best work of its class. The "Juveniles" still abound. *Carter* sends us a charming little embellished volume entitled *Tender Grass; or, Little Lambs;* it is for the very toddlers of the household, and the very article for them if any book at all is—a question, by the way, for two classes, mothers and philosophers. *Carlton & Phillips* have issued *Three Days on the Ohio River; Recollections and Rambles in the South; Two Fortunes; The Prodigal; Stories from the History of Mexico; Stories of England*, 2 vols.—all edited by Dr. Kidder, a guarantee of their excellence; their illustrations are especially commendable. *Pictorial Gatherings* is an unusually fine volume from the same house—the cuts constitute its chief value—they may challenge comparison with any wood-engravings of the country.

S. P. Andrews, Esq., some few years ago read before the New-York Historical Society a paper on the Chinese language, which was reported in the public prints, and produced no little sen-

sation in the learned circles, as it pretended to some important and original discoveries in the structure of that notable language. After much delay he has given his views to the public in a fuller and more precise form, through a small volume, which is published by *Norton, New-York*. It is entitled *Discoveries in Chinese*, &c. We have read this little volume with deep interest. Mr. Andrews's positions are irrefutably established, we think, and the process of his proofs, as here detailed, is an outline of reasoning as beautiful as it is conclusive. He demonstrates the pictorial symbolism of the Chinese characters, and traces the evidence of the fact through selected words with such cumulative force as leaves no possibility of a doubt. We are happy to learn that this is but an example of more extensive researches in the analysis of the root-words of ancient and modern languages, which Mr. Andrews will hereafter present to the learned world, and which, we doubt not, will have, as he hopes, "an important influence on all subsequent philological views and methods of investigation."

The Immigrants is the title of a neat little volume issued by *W. J. Moses, Auburn*, and is from the pen of Rev. W. Cochran. It is an allegory, or "Christians versus the World," and shows much ingenuity in the contrivance of its plan, and much skill in the portraiture of its characters.

Bayard Taylor's *Journey to Central Africa* has met with a hearty reception both in this country and England. It takes in a large field of research which is quite new to American readers at least—the negro kingdoms of the White Nile—and even in the familiar route of Egyptian travel his descriptions have the interest of freshness, if not of novelty. He has not the humor of Stephens, nor the rhapsody of Curtis; but a well-tempered mixture of good sense and good feeling, of accurate observation and poetical idealism. It is one of the most entertaining books of travel ever given to the American public. We regret, however, some seeming tendencies to new opinions on the unity of the race, and other subjects, which will not add to the attractions of the volume in the estimation of most American readers. *Putnam, New-York.*

A work of no ordinary importance, not merely to theological but to common readers, has been published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*, entitled *Christ and Christianity*. It is a vindication of the Christian system, founded upon the historical truthfulness of Christ's personal history, and therefore meets the chief difficulty of the Straussian and Tubingen doubters. Its author, Rev. Dr. Alexander, is well known in England for the ability with which he has grappled with this class of critics in the Review literature of the day. The present volume should be read by every man who has difficulties on the question it discusses.

Among the most interesting issues of the press of *Messrs. Carter*, during the season, is Newman Hall's record of a tour to Rome, entitled *The Land of the Forum and the Vatican*. The author is well known by some richly evangelical volumes, given to the public within the last five years. His present work presents the usual sketches of scenery and manners, and some excellent observations on art; but it is peculiar for its evangelical appreciation of those objects of curiosity or art which usually receive only the criticism of taste or learning. The religious traveler could hardly have a better hand-book in Italy.

Literary Record.

Appleton & Co., New-York, have issued a *catalogue* of works on sale at their elegant house on Broadway. It is unusually interesting for the variety of literary information which it imbodies. There are more than eight thousand works now in it, upward of fifteen hundred of which are American. The *most salable* English author at this house is Shakspeare, then Byron, and Moore the third. Of American authors: essayists, Irving; historians, Bancroft; poets, Bryant. The greatest number of any American work sold by the Appletons is "Benton's Thirty Years," of which upward of fifty thousand were sold before publication. The greatest number sold of any fine imported work is the Abbotsford edition of the Waverley Novels, in 12 vols., $50; which has exceeded eight hundred copies, making nine thousand six hundred volumes. The greatest number of copies of an English juvenile imported is ten thousand. It is entitled "The Picture Pleasure-Book," of which seven thousand copies were sold in one season. Two very interesting and beautiful volumes in the collection are the "Songs of Shakspeare," and the "Parables of our Lord," the whole contents of which are *engraved*. Some idea may be formed of the growing desire for geographical knowledge from the fact that over five thousand copies of "Appletons' Modern Atlas," and one thousand five hundred copies of "Black's Atlas," besides many hundred copies of other good atlases, have been sold. The most salable theological works are "Trench on the Parables" and "Trench on the Miracles," 2 volumes.

The Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, under the Principalship of Rev. Dr. Raymond, shows a state of fine prosperity. Its number of students, according to the last catalogue, is six hundred and thirty-eight.

Norton's Gazette says:—Miller, Orton & Mulligan, of Auburn, have published fourteen books whose aggregate sales amount to 376,000 copies. Jewett & Co., Boston, have printed and sold 310,000 copies of "Uncle Tom," and 71,000 of the "Lamplighter." Phillips, Sampson & Co., have published the tenth thousand of "This, That, and the Other." The sales of

"Bayard Taylor's Central Africa" amount to about 12,000 copies. These sales have, doubtless, been much augmented since the estimates were made. The publishers are famous advertisers—that is the chief secret.

The announcements of the English literary press are numerous and interesting. Among them are the following:—

Mr. Cyrus Redding, following the example of Jerdan & Patmore, is about to gratify the lovers of gossip with some anecdotes of a career in literature, commencing with the days of Peter Pindar, and associated with the best days of Glasgow's greatest son, Tom Campbell.

"Lady Blessington's Life and Correspondence," in the press, is expected to include Count d'Orsay's Journal, so much admired by Byron thirty years ago.

Mr. Torrens M'Culloch is said to contemplate a Life of Shiel.

Mary Howitt is engaged in writing a popular History of America, intended to make the reading class of English artisans better acquainted with the History of the United States than they have hitherto been.

Charles Lever announces a new serial.

It is said that Dickens's plan in his new work is to complete it wholly before publication. This will give a unity to this production which is quite foreign to many of his former works.

The "*Athenæum*" announces that Mr. Cole has become possessed of a number of Cowper MSS. of great interest—including nine unpublished letters of the poet—three written by his brother John, three by Dr. Cotton, thirteen by Lady Hesketh, two by Mary Unwin, several by Joseph Hill, Mrs. Hill, Ashley Cowper, General Cowper, Lady Croft, Lady Austen, Dr. John Johnson, Samuel Rose, Bishop Madan, Jekyll, Charles Chester, and others, together with a MS. catalogue of the poet's library, taken after his death.

The Iowa Conference Seminary (Mount Vernon, Iowa) reports one hundred and sixty-one students. It is young, but promising. It is under the principalship of Rev. S. M. Fellows.

Our "Boston Letter" for the month refers to the *Congregational Board of Publication*. We find in *Norton's Literary Gazette* some interesting items respecting its publications. On its list are the Works of John Robinson, Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, with a Memoir of that remarkable man, in three vols.; the Works of Samuel Hopkins, D. D., known as the father of the "Hopkinson System," in three vols.; the Works of Joseph Bellamy, D. D., in two vols.; the Works of Dr. Jonathan Edwards, son of President Edwards, in two vols.; the Works of Thomas Shepard, Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge, in three vols., (another volume is to be added;) the Works of Leonard Woods, D. D., late Professor of Theology at Andover, in five vols.; the "Park-street Lectures," by E. D. Griffin, D. D., a work famous in its day; several works by Dr. Gardiner Spring; and the Life and Times of John Penry, an early Pilgrim Martyr. There are several other works on the list of this Society, and also some forty-five "Doctrinal Tracts." The low prices at which these publications are sold is truly remarkable. The Works of Hopkins, in three large octavo volumes, are put down at $5; those of Bellamy, in two large octavos, at $3 50; those of Robinson, three vols. 12mo., at $3 50; and those of Shepard, three vols. 12mo., $3. Both the list and prices are such as must attract the attention of the religious public.

The Newbury Seminary and Collegiate Institute (Vermont) has an effective faculty, headed by H. S. Noyes, and five hundred and twenty-one students.

The library of the late *Cardinal Mai*, valued at $80,000, will soon be disposed of at public auction. It was offered to the Pontifical government for half this sum, according to the terms of the late owner's will, but the purchase was not made for want of funds. Cardinal Mai was the Librarian of the Vatican, in which he discovered some palimpsests, containing the lost portions of Cicero's famous "Treatise on the Commonwealth," which he deciphered by his great skill and continued application.

The Albion Collegiate Institute and Seminary, (Michigan,) under the presidency of Hon. J. Mayhem, have a strong faculty, and report five hundred and fourteen students for the past collegiate year.

We learn from the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* that a liberal Methodist in Charleston, South Carolina, has given $50,000 as the nucleus of a fund for the liberal education of young men called of God to the work of the ministry, and who are unable to accomplish an education without assistance. The fund is to be administered by the Trustees of Woodford College, under the supervision of the South Carolina Conference. The President of this College is Dr. Wightman.

The Fort Wayne (Indiana) Collegiate Institute, under the presidency of Rev. S. Brenton, reports two hundred and fifty-six students. It has an efficient faculty.

A literary discovery of some interest is announced from Paris—that of the greater part of the manuscripts of the celebrated *Madame de Maintenon*, widow of the burlesque poet Scarron, and wife, by a secret marriage, of Louis XIV. What has been found is entitled "Letter on the Education of Girls," and "Conversations on Education." The two treatises are said to be remarkably well written, and to contain much shrewd observation. All that has heretofore been known of the original productions of Madame de Maintenon's pen is what has been published by La Beaumelle, but that he has taken the liberty of altering. It is M. Lavallée, author of the "History of the French," who has brought the new papers to light.

Professor Zahn, who has passed not fewer than fifteen years in investigating the ruins of *Herculaneum and Pompeii*, is preparing for publication, at Berlin, the twenty-seventh and last part of his great work on the monuments discovered in those towns. The work is one of the most expensive ever published in Germany, each copy costing 800 thalers, (about $230.) The illustrations are colored by a process invented by M. Zahn himself.

Arts and Sciences.

At a meeting of the *Natural History Society* at Boston, Prof. Wyman remarked that it had probably been frequently noticed by members of the Society, that the *common house fly* may be freqently seen hanging dead from the ceiling, or attached to any surface on which it may be lying, by a filamentous white substance; and that a white powder, in greater or less quantity, is frequently seen dotted over the neighboring surface. On examining this substance, he had found the insect to have fallen a victim to a parasitic plant growing upon its surface. The white powder proved to be the spores of the parasite. The whole interior of the fly was found to be filled with a similar plant, and probably, from the different way in which it develops itself, of a different species from that on the surface. The internal parasite starts from a spore and grows by elongation from one or both sides of a sphere, this latter remaining in the middle or at one end.

The number of *paper-mills* in the United States is 750, with 3,000 engines, and a daily product of 900,000 pounds, or 270,000,000 a year, of the value of $27,000,000. Rags to the amount of 405,000,000 pounds are consumed; value, at four cents, $16,000,000. The cost of labor is $3,375,000. A reward of £1,000 is offered by a London newspaper for the discovery of some substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. Who will gain it?

Antiquity of the Olives of Gethsemane.—In Turkey, every olive-tree which was found standing by the Moslems when they conquered Asia pays a tax of one medina to the treasury, while each of those planted since the conquest pays half its produce; now, the eight olive-trees of Gethsemane pay only eight medina. Dr. Wild describes the largest as at twenty-four feet in girth above the root, though its topmost branch is not above thirty feet from the ground. M. Bove, who traveled as a naturalist, asserts that the largest are at least six yards in circumference, and nine or ten yards high—so large, indeed, that he calculates their age at two thousand years.

The German *Kunstblatt* speaks highly of a "Taking down from the Cross," by Oscar Begas, exhibited at the Berlin exhibition. The painter is a pensioner of the Academy of that city, and now at Rome. The chief originality of the picture seems to be, that instead of turning the whole into an athletic display, and a study of flesh and muscle, as some of the old masters have done, the artist has kept down these mere adjuncts, and thrown the psychological interest where it should be, on the grief and tenderness of John and the Virgin-Mother.

At a late session of the American Pomological Society, the President submitted the report of a committee appointed at the session of 1852, to consider the subject of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of the late *A. J. Downing*, stating that a fund of $1,600 had been subscribed for that purpose by gentlemen in Philadelphia, New-York, Boston, Rochester, Newburgh, Buffalo, and other places. It is designed to erect the monument in the public grounds at Washington, which Mr. D. did so much to adorn.

A monument has been erected at the grave of *Mrs. F. Osgood*, in Mount Auburn Cemetery. It is about fifteen feet in height. Surmounting the white marble pedestal is a lyre in bronze, with five strings, four of which are broken at different lengths, to indicate the different ages at which the mother and her three children died. On the top of the lyre is a wreath of laurel eighteen inches in diameter. The whole is said to be simple, light, and graceful.

An old Dutchman, the story goes, on being shown a picture of the *Washington Monument*, declined subscribing his mite toward building "a house mit such a big chimney." Whatever may be thought of the patriotism of the excuse, there are some who sympathize with the taste it exhibits.

By interesting accounts from Africa, says an English Journal, we learn that the possibility of a water-communication all across that great continent, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, is now thought to be no longer doubtful. From the east coast, rivers may be ascended to Lake Ngami, from which a portage of some forty miles conducts to the great stream that skirts the Ovampo Land, explored by Mr. Galton, and finds its outlet in the neighborhood of Walvisch Bay. Here, then, are available channels for exploration.

During the past year, a *Magnetic Observatory* has been erected within the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution. It principally consists of an underground room, enclosed within two walls, (to insure an equable temperature,) between which a current of air is allowed to pass, in order to prevent dampness. This observatory has been supplied with a set of apparatus for determining the continued variations in direction and intensity of terrestrial magnetism. By an ingenious application of the photographic process, the invention of Mr. Brooks, of England, the instruments are made to record, on a sheet of sensitive paper, moved by clockwork, their own motions. It is proposed to keep these instruments constantly in operation, for the purpose of comparing results with other observations of a similar character in different parts of the world, and also for the purpose of furnishing a standard to which the observations made at various points by the Coast Survey, and the different scientific explorations which are now in progress in the western portions of the United States, may be referred, and with which they may be compared.

Dr. Little, of Utica, has taken out a patent for a machine to *feed paper* to printing presses. It is said that if it were possible to run the press at a sufficient rate of speed, it would feed 100,000 sheets per hour. Consequently, a press having eight cylinders would be able to print 800,000 sheets per hour.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1855.

A SKETCH OF JOHN BUNYAN,

With Illustrations.

"WE are not afraid to say," observes Macaulay, "that though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the 'Paradise Lost;' the other, 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'" John Bunyan, the immortal author of the latter work, was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. His parents, who had several other children, being poor, the education which he received was limited to the simple arts of reading and writing. The native energy of his character displayed itself in early depravity, rather than in precocity of intellect. From a child, he records of himself, he had but few equals for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming. Yet these unhappy propensities were checked, though not counteracted, by frightful dreams about devils and lost spirits; the reflection of religious impressions upon a sensitive mind. Nor, during his waking hours, could boyish sports entirely exclude these spiritual apprehensions from his thoughts. When he was only nine or ten years old, they would so painfully assert themselves in the very midst of his play, yet in a form so crude, that, deeming it in vain to wish there was no hell, there occurred to him no better alternative than to wish himself a devil, a tormentor instead of one of the tormented.

BUNYAN'S BIRTH-PLACE.

But these impressions, though vivid, were evanescent. In the society of his village companions, they were soon effaced and forgotten; and according to his own confession, until his marriage he was a very ringleader in almost all manner of vice and ungodliness; not only incurring the penalties denounced against sin in the world to come, but also, had not a miracle of grace prevented, rendering himself obnoxious to the laws of his country.

While, however, he sinned without remorse, and even took pleasure in the sins of his companions, to observe the inconsistencies of religious professors gave him the heartache; and in subsequent years he remembered, as further proofs that God had not forsaken him as he had forsaken God, several instances of providential interposition on his behalf. Four times he was rescued from death—twice by drowning, the third time by a poisonous reptile, the fourth time by a musket-shot. The last two incidents are sufficiently remarkable. "Being in the fields," he narrates, "with one of my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway; and I, having a stick in my hand, struck him over the back; and, having stunned him, I forced open his mouth with my stick, and plucked his tongue out with my fingers;" an act of desperateness not less illustrative, in the innocuous issue, of God's mercy, than, in the rash doing, of Bunyan's constitutional hardihood and energy. The fourth instance of providential escape forms a singular comment on the saying attributed to William of Orange, that "every bullet hath its billet." "When I was a soldier," observes Bunyan, alluding to the siege of Leicester, in 1645, and consequently when he was not more than seventeen years old, "I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it. But, when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which, when I had consented, he took my place; and, coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket bullet, and died."

KILLING THE ADDER.

These facts, how much soever they excited gratitude in the review, produced but little impression on their occurrence. The progressive formation of Bunyan's religious character may be dated from marriage, which he seems to have contracted at the early age of nineteen. The young woman who became his wife was portionless; and they began housekeeping without so much as a dish or a spoon. But she was the child of a godly father, from whom she inherited "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven" and "The Practice of Piety." In these two books, (and especially in the former, which contains very powerful invectives against prevailing sins, and is written in a style at once nervous and picturesque,) the lowly couple used to read together; and when daylight failed them, she would entertain him with reminiscences of her father's house, his piety in word and deed, and his habit of

ELSTOW CHURCH.

reproving vice both in his own family and among his neighbors. These peaceful exercises, although, in Bunyan's later view, they did not reach his heart, begot some desire to reform his life. From this time he became a zealous ritualist. To adopt his own language, he fell in very eagerly with the religion of the times; going to the venerable abbey church of his native village twice a-day; adoring, and that with great devotion, all persons and things belonging to the place, from priest to clerk, from altar to surplice; and counting the sacred functionaries most happy, and, without doubt, greatly blessed. Had he but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, his spirit fell under him; and in short, the whole order so bewitched him that he felt as if he could lie down at their feet. While in this frame of mind, it occurred to him, that, if he could but trace his descent from the peculiar people of God, his soul would be safe and happy; and, on learning from his father that they were not of the Hebrew race, he experienced a deep feeling of disappointment. In the multitude of his thoughts within him, he does not appear to have once adverted to the incarnate Saviour. His first clear sense of the evil of sin is referred to the impression made upon him by a sermon against Sabbath-breaking; a practice in which he continued to indulge, notwithstanding he had become a diligent frequenter of church. These avowals are worthy of notice; for the person and offices of Jesus Christ were often adverted to in the services, which, moreover, included a large reading of the New Testament Scriptures, and of the scarcely less evangelical Psalms of David, embracing also the solemn recital of the Decalogue.

By methods, certain though gradual, however, and in spite of frequent relapses, Bunyan was being led to clearer and more Scriptural views; for, though the impression of the sermon wore off while he was at dinner, and he betook him to his afternoon sports on Elstow Green with unabated delight, his serious thoughts returned as quickly as they had vanished, and with augmented force. "The same day," he relates, "as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and, having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to

ELSTOW GREEN.

strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze: wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment."

The immediate consequence of this check was a fit of desperation; in which, hastily concluding that, if he must be lost, it might as well be for many sins as for few, he resumed his suspended play: and we have his solemn assurance, that, for some time afterward, his chief study was, how soonest to fill himself with the delicacies of sin, lest, as he greatly feared, he should die before he had his desire. "All these processes of thought," says Dr. Cheever, "this play of conviction, remorse, and rebellion, passed perhaps more rapidly with Bunyan, in the midst of his playmates waiting for the game, than the time it takes to relate it. We should like to see the scene depicted by a master—the dreaming boy gazing up to heaven, the game standing still for a moment, and the companions of Bunyan's activity wondering what spell had come over him. But no pencil could draw the inward conflict, or the remorse and desperation of the mind, with the heaven-defying position of the will that ended it."

One day, however, as he was cursing and swearing, and playing the madman, after his wonted manner, he was reprimanded by a woman, who, though herself a very loose and ungodly wretch, protested that it made her tremble to hear his imprecations, and that he was bad enough to spoil all the youth in the place. The rebuke was effectual. Silent and ashamed, he wished himself a child again, to be taught by his father how to speak without oaths and curses. The needed reformation was brought about by other means. From this time, the tyrannous habit lost its power; and though he continued to desecrate the Lord's day, he ceased from taking his name in vain. Ultimately, he saw other things in a new light, and was so conscience-stricken while standing in the belfry of the church, that he relinquished even his favorite exercise of assisting the ringers. Falling into the society of a professor of religion, he was induced to betake him to his Bible; but he confined his attention to the historical books, avoiding studiously the Pauline and other evangelical epistles. This reading-fit was accompanied with some increase of outward reformation, and an aim to gain a title to heaven by keeping the commandments; and, for a year, notwithstanding many fluctuations and failures, he thought that he pleased God as well as any man in England. So manifest a change could not pass unobserved by the neighbors, whose admiration of his goodness was now

THE REBUKE.

as loud as their horror of his depravity had been extreme; but, that the change was merely external, requires no further proof than the gratification which he found in receiving the incense of applause.

The effect which the alteration in him had upon his fellow-villagers is stated in remarkable terms in "The Jerusalem Sinner Saved"—one of several small works which he published in the last year of his life. "I infected," says he, "all the youth of the town where I was born. Wherefore, Christ Jesus took me first, and the contagion was much allayed all the town over. When God made me sigh, they would hearken, and say, What is the matter with John? When I went out to seek the bread of life, some of them would follow, and the rest be put into a muse at home. Yea, almost all the town, at first, at times, would go to hear at the place where I found good; yea, young and old, for a while, had some reformation in them; also some of them, perceiving that God had mercy on me, came crying to him for mercy too."

BUNYAN LISTENING TO THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

The next step in Bunyan's religious progress was accomplished by the instrumentality of some women at Bedford, whose godly discourse, as they were sitting in the sun, attracted his attention. Their talk was about the new-birth and kindred topics; things which, although not omitted from "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," had not yet entered into his mind; and, when he left them, their pious converse pursued and haunted him. Again and again he sought their company, his dissatisfaction with his own condition increasing at each new visit, accompanied, however, with tenderness of heart, and a continual propensity to religious meditation. The writings of St. Paul, formerly so distasteful, now became his special delight; his resolution acquired fresh vigor by shaking off one of the dearest of his bad companions; and his steadfastness in the evangelical faith was strengthened by the firmness with which his acquaintance with Scripture enabled him to reject the licentious doctrines of a fanatical set of Antinomians, then called "Ranters," although the most intimate of his religious friends had fallen headlong into the snare.

Were other men's religious experience set down with equal minuteness, that of Bunyan would probably appear less singular. The limits prescribed to this sketch forbid its being traced step by step. It must, therefore, suffice to say, that, by reflection upon his conversations with the good women at Bedford, by constant study of the Scriptures, and by incessant prayer, he was enabled to triumph over a series of doubts, fears, and horrible temptations, such as the records of Christian biography but rarely parallel. At one time, he is tempted to test the reality of his faith by striving to work a miracle. At another time, he questions whether he is among the elect, and whether the day of grace is not past. For a long season he is a prey to the imagination of having perpetrated the unpardonable sin, which induced such prostration of body, as well as of mind, that he trembled for days together, and labored under the worst symptoms of febrile affection. But, over all his trials, resulting, as he was firmly persuaded, from Satanic agency, entering into combination with the remains of sin in his own heart, he was enabled, by the grace of God in the powerful application of his own word, successively to triumph. "Such was the conflict," says Dr. Cheever, "and combination between error and truth, fear, anxiety, distrust, presumption, good sense, and faith, the suggestions of the tempter and the Word of God, the blinding of Satan and the enlightening of the Holy Spirit. The result of these conflicts was always an advancement from the darkness to the day. God sometimes made Bunyan wait at a passage of Scripture for many months together, studying it on all sides,

as an army would beleaguer a fortress to take it, yet showing him nothing; but then, after all this waiting, and praying, and laboring, and longing, when the discovery came, when the light broke, how glorious, how beautiful, how refreshing!"

While harassed with the fire of these temptations, he opened his mind to the good women at Bedford, through whom

COMFORTED BY THE WOMEN.

he became acquainted with the Rev. John Gifford, their pastor. This gentleman had entered the town a roistering cavalier. A major in the royal army, he was made prisoner to the parliament; and, with the aid of his sister, narrowly escaped the gallows. Driven to desperation by losses at the gaming-table, he was meditating self-destruction, when a book by Bolton arrested his attention, and diverted the current of his thoughts into a religious channel; and he ultimately became the chosen pastor of a Baptist Church formed in Bedford. From the counsels of an adviser whose early Christian experience so closely resembled his own, Bunyan naturally derived relief and encouragement. But he seems to have obtained still greater support and consolation from a tattered copy of Luther on the Galations, which Divine Providence threw in his way, and which appeared to him as though it "had been written out of his own heart." The Bible excepted, he gave this book the preference over all the books that he had ever seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience. Severe as was the ordeal through which he was put, his case was by no means singular. Most persons of an excitable temperament are, in the first stages of their religious life, a prey to temptations; and it is, therefore, of importance that religious biography should be preserved free from such examples of deep distress as, in the absence of a due counterpoise, are adapted to engender feelings of despair. Yet it is well to glance at this phase of Bunyan's history. "The first effect," says Dr. Cheever, "of Mr. Gifford's instructions was an unexpected revelation to Bunyan of the depths of corruption in his own heart. He had such sore and terrible experience of its evils, that he was almost overwhelmed; for he saw that none of his wicked desires were dead within him; but he had a heart that *would* sin, under a law that *must* condemn, and he was driven as with a tempest by his corruptions; and though all the while endeavoring to seek after Christ, and praying that he would open the door of his heart and take possession, yet he found unbelief rising up in great strength, and setting the shoulder against the door to keep the Saviour out. His conscience all the while was so exceedingly scrupulous and tender, that he hardly dared to speak for fear of sinning; and as to his corruptions, he found himself as in a miry bog, that shook if he did but stir; and there he seemed to be left alone and abandoned of God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, and all good things. From the sight he had of his own sins, and of the desperate wickedness of his heart, his descriptions of which remind us of one of Cowper's simple hymns, beginning—

> 'My God, how perfect are thy ways,
> But mine polluted are,'

he fell deeply into despair, concluding that such vigorous and hateful evils as he found within himself could not possibly consist with a state of grace. He thought now it was impossible that he ever should get so far as to thank God that he had made him a man. The condition of the fishes in the sea, he thought, was to be desired rather than his, which for years together was but a protracted experience of all that is contained in that outcry in the seventh of Romans—'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' In this very state, we say, he continued, with brief alternations, for several years. But let no man think that this state, though bordering on despair, was with him a mere gloomy, brooding inactivity. Very far from that, for he was working all the while with all the intensity of his soul, flying from text

to text, conflicting now with one element, now with another, of inward unbelief and external temptation, as a bewildered man wandering in black midnight over craggy mountains in a thunder-storm. All this while, and, indeed, ever through his whole life, and without any interval, he had the most powerful conviction of an eternal retribution, and such a vivid, overmastering sense of it, that whatever seductions or temptations might be placed before him, the thought of one hour in hell would be sufficient to calcine them all. So, in conjunction with this, there were two things during these years of conflict, that, in his observance of the world around him, filled him with wonder. One of these was, when he saw old people, on the verge of eternity, hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always; and the other was, when he saw professed Christians much distressed and cast down by outward losses, as of husband, wife, child, or other trials. Lord, thought Bunyan, what ado is here about such little things as these! And this state of mind was most impressive truth; it had an undeniable congruity, a stern and solemn consistency with the personal anxieties of an immortal soul in peril of eternal ruin; it was in exact correspondence with our Saviour's own question, 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' This state of mind was to Bunyan a source of great power, and of great clearness of vision. He saw men walking in a vain show upon a thin sulphurous crust over a bottomless volcano; he saw and felt the sharp impressive contrasts between the worthlessness of all mere earthly objects of pursuit, with the mad absorbedness of men in them, and the worth of heaven, and the terribleness of hell, with the indifference of men to both. And amid all this terror of spirit, this energy of personal despair on account of his own wickedness, Bunyan would not for the world have had his sense of sin diminished, except by a sure finding of Christ. That sense of sin was the source of his anguish and despondency, and yet he was fearful of losing it; for he found, from his observance of others, as well as by a keen watching of his own experience, that 'unless guilt of conscience was taken off the right way, that is, by the blood of Christ, a man grew rather worse for the loss of his trouble of mind than better.' And here it is a marvelous thing to see the vigilance of Bunyan's mind as to the workings of conviction in others; to see the unerring sagacity, the almost fearful distinctness with which he beheld souls going in a wrong direction, and made their errors a caution against his own. We can almost see him, in Mr. Gifford's appointed meeting for religious inquirers, sitting gloomy and despairing in the corner, like a condemned spirit, yet thrillingly alive to the import of all that was going on, and knowing, with almost intuitive certainty, the case of those who were gradually losing their burden, (that weight of guilt that lay so hard upon his own soul,) without Christ taking it off from them. He dreaded losing the sense of his sinfulness, unless it were removed in the right way; and he earnestly prayed to God that it might not go off, except by the application of God's mercy, through Christ, to his soul. 'And that,' says he, 'which made me the more afraid of this was, because I had seen some, who, though they were under the wounds of conscience, and would cry and pray, *yet feeling rather present ease for their trouble than pardon for their sin, cared not how they lost their guilt, so they got it out of their mind;* but having got it off the wrong way, it was not sanctified unto them; but they grew harder, and blinder, and more wicked after their trouble. *This made me afraid, and made me cry unto God the more, that it might not be so with me.*' All this continued for years. And the very first brief interval of comfort and peace in

BUNYAN AT MR. GIFFORD'S MEETING.

Bunyan's soul came from Christ, and from him only. Truly it is a most wonderful exhibition. And we see in all this introduction of Bunyan's soul to the point of arrival at the Wicket Gate, (for only thus far has he yet come,) the source of that exquisite wisdom and beauty in his own delineation of the course of his own pilgrim, not only through all his adventures in the Slough of Despond, but in the meeting with Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, and the counsels of Carnal Policy, and Legality, and the terrors of the overhanging, fiery-flashing Hill. It was a long, weary, painful, yet most instructive discipline.

"The temptations endured by Bunyan at this time were surprisingly similar to some recounted by Luther in that Commentary on Galatians with which Bunyan was already familiar. And there is one passage in that book, from which, or by means of which, the tempter himself may have succeeded in shooting into Bunyan's conscience, as from a catapult, the morbid imagination under which he had fallen of selling Christ. For Luther relates how such a thing happened to one Dr. Krause of Halle, who said, 'I have denied Christ, and therefore he standeth now before his Father, and accuseth me.' And, by the illusion of the devil, he had so strongly conceived in his mind this imagination, that never, by any exhortation, or consolation, or promises of God, he could be brought from it. And it had like to have been so with Bunyan himself, after the tempter had succeeded in fastening the same morbid imagination upon Bunyan's sensitive and trembling heart. But God would not permit Bunyan to be tempted above that he was able to bear, and would make the temptation itself a source of glorious victory and lasting strength.

"The relief from it came gradually and at intervals. One day, as Bunyan was absent in a neighboring town, and sitting to rest himself upon a bench in the street, always thinking upon his spiritual difficulties, and exclaiming to himself, 'How can God comfort such a wretch as I am?' the words, '*This sin is not unto death*,' came into his mind with such amazing light and power, that it was as if he had been raised by them from the grave. The unexpectedness and fitness, the sweetness and glory of this sentence, were so marvelous to him, that they took away for the time all his doubts and fears about his sin being

BUNYAN COMFORTED.

unpardonable, and his having no right to pray; and this was an unutterable relief and shelter to him, to think that he had as good right to the promises and to prayer as any other sinners. And though shortly again his faith was losing hold of that support, yet still he went earnestly to prayer, and found new comfort and relief in the sentence, '*I have loved thee with an everlasting love*.' He strove to hold by that promise, which he did, by God's help, for several days, although such was the conflict and anxiety in his soul, that still the passage about Esau would be flying in his face like lightning twenty times in an hour. Then, again, that sweet passage from the Psalms was of great comfort to him; 'If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who should stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.' A most gracious and encouraging passage. But still the graces of Bunyan's hope and faith were to go through other trials; they were not yet, as fixtures of his character, ready for God's purposes.

"It was a conflict now between faith and unbelief, and Bunyan's description of it is one of the most instructive and interesting portions of the *Grace Abounding*. He still pleaded with God that he would give him the whole of that great scripture about the sufficiency of Christ's grace, that he would let him have the words *for thee*, and enable him to apply them to himself, as well as the abstract sufficiency of grace. For as yet Bunyan could not apply the whole sentence, but, as he says, could only gather what God gave, the words *for thee* being still left out, and he being not able to rise to that appropriating faith in Christ, as addressing himself, *My grace*

is sufficient FOR THEE. So he prayed earnestly for the whole passage, and, in answer to prayer, the whole came. It came unexpectedly, in the midst of a meeting of the people of God, when Bunyan in sad-

ness and terror was waiting upon God, with his fears again strong upon him; then suddenly, with great power, the whole passage broke into his soul, with glory and refreshing comfort; it broke his heart, filled him full of joy, laid him low, and sent him mourning home: a beautiful and most Scriptural union of the varieties of true religious emotion. He received the whole, MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE; and every word was a mighty word to him; and thus it continued for several weeks, when again Esau came back once more, and he was now in peace and again in terror, sometimes comforted and sometimes tormented. At length the time for the final conquest by the promise came. He was one day reflecting upon the singular variety of his frames of spirit, and how their light changed even in a moment, just according to the nature of the scripture that shone upon them, whether of grace for quiet, or of Esau for torment, when he thought he would be thankful to have these scriptures meet in his heart at once, and try their strength together. Accordingly, for this he prayed; and this very thing came to pass, this very conflict and trial took place; the passages met, and to Bunyan's unspeakable delight, the terrible passage about Esau's birthright began to wax weak, withdraw, and vanish; and the sweet promise about the sufficiency of grace prevailed with peace and joy. This was a great wonder to Bunyan, who, even in regard to God's work upon himself, was almost as a child, gazing with amazement at his work upon another; and after twenty years, behold how cautiously and modestly he speaks, and with what affecting simplicity and beauty, of the meeting of these passages, and the triumph of the promise: 'Truly,' says he, 'I am *apt to think it was of God*; for the word of the law and wrath *must* give place to the word of life and grace, because though the word of condemnation be glorious, yet the word of life and salvation doth far exceed in glory. And Moses and Elias must both vanish, and leave Christ and his saints alone.'"

Bunyan had thus so far triumphed over his temptations as to repose with settled faith upon the salvation procured for us by Jesus Christ, when he proposed himself for fellowship with the Church under Mr. Gifford's pastoral oversight, and, being accepted, was baptized by immersion, in the open air. This occurred when he was about five-and-twenty years of age, and in 1653, the year when Cromwell was made Lord Protector. Imagining himself to be threatened with a consumptive tendency, he relapsed into a state of doubt; but, as before, he recovered confidence through the seasonable recollection of Scripture passages suited to his case. "Bunyan was still," says Dr. Cheever, "a learner in the school of faith. And, likewise, he would at times be afflicted with such a senseless, heartless frame of spirit, that, like his own Pilgrim, he would have to fall suddenly from running to walking, and then from walking to climbing, as if his hands and feet had been tied or bound with chains. He relates his having gone mourning in this condition some three or four days, when suddenly, as he was musing at his own fireside, while his beloved wife, to whom he seems to have confided his spiritual conflicts, was busy at her work beside him, he again remembered the only true ground of hope, and the words '*I must go to Jesus*' sounded so powerfully in his heart, that his darkness and atheism fled away, and he turned to his wife with the question—'Is there really such a scripture as this, *I must go to Jesus?*'

BUNYAN PREACHING.

Then, after musing a few moments, the connected links of the bright passage in the twelfth of Hebrews came to him:—'Ye are come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, *and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Testament.*'"

These inward conflicts did not prevent his fellow-Christians from recognizing, in his familiarity with the Bible, and in his demeanor at their assemblies, the elements of a useful character. Before he had been two years in their fellowship, they called him to the work of the ministry. Still earlier, the Church had elected him a deacon, whose duty it is to attend to the temporal affairs of the community so electing him; but his preaching services were in such request, that, after a short tenure, he resigned the office. With popularity came persecution; and, on February 25, 1658, we find Mr. Gifford and his little flock deliberating with respect to the indictment of their brother Bunyan for preaching at the village of Eaton.

This process came to nothing, originating probably, as Cromwell's government was favorable to religious liberty, in local malevolence; for, when he began to preach, "the doctors and priests of the country did open wide against him;" and, as his popularity increased, it was hinted that he was a witch, a Jesuit, a highwayman, a bigamist, and whatever else was most disreputable.

The tone of Bunyan's preaching, like that of his writings, was a faithful reflection of his own experience. "I preached," he remarks, "what I felt, what I smartingly did feel; I went myself in chains, to preach to them in chains." One may conceive with what subduing force the terrors of the law would flash and thunder from the lips of the traveling tinker, whose profaneness had formerly been the horror even of the profane. Thus it was for two years; after which, becoming the subject of more consolatory apprehensions, and "still preaching what he saw and felt," he altered his sermons to a milder style. Having at the end of some two years more attained to a clearer insight into the mystical union of Christ with his Church, he carried his hearers along with him into the deep things of God. Among his rules of conduct as a preacher, were these:—to avoid controversy; never to make use of

BUNYAN ARRESTED.

other men's lines; to endeavor to cast in a word by the by; to get into the darkest places of the country. Often in the pulpit he was a prey to discouragement, yet not exempt from temptations of an opposite character.

"When," observes Bunyan, referring to the progressive character of his preaching, "I had traveled through these three chief points of the word of God, about the space of five years or more, I was caught in my present practice, and cast into prison, where I have lain above as long again, to confirm the truth by way of suffering." On the 12th of November, 1660, five months after the Restoration, he went to preach at Samsell, a hamlet near Harlington, in Bedfordshire, and was on the point of taking his text, when he was arrested by a tipstaff, bearing the warrant of Mr. Francis Wingate. This event, which had been for some time expected, was one of the first fruits of the new order of things. The prisoner had also received warning of the immediate danger; but to shun it did not comport with his high-minded views of duty. Though provided with bail, yet, when he found that the recognizances would be estreated if he preached, he at once avowed his intention to do so; and, after much parley, he was committed, in default of securities, to Bedford jail. In due time, an indictment was preferred against him at the quarter sessions, setting forth his devilish and pernicious abstinence from Church, and upholding of unlawful meetings and conventicles. A protracted colloquy ensued between the prisoner at the bar and Mr. Sergeant Keeling, (afterward Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench,) probably Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates, chiefly relating to the comparative merits of the Book of Common Prayer and of extempore devotions; which colloquy did not much redound to the magisterial dignity. The judgment of the court, apparently without hearing a single witness, was, that Bunyan should return to prison for three months; at the end of

BEDFORD JAIL.

which time, unless he promised to desist from preaching and to attend Church, he should be banished from the realm, on pain of "stretching by the neck" if he should return without special license. The dauntless Puritan's only reply was, that, as to that matter, he was at a point with the worshipful minister of justice: for, were he out of prison that very day, by God's help he would preach on the morrow. The three months having expired, Mr. Cobb, clerk of the peace, was sent to ascertain whether Bunyan had changed his mind; and, if not, to repeat the menace with which he had been sent back to prison. In answer, he contended that he had committed no offense against the law, which forbade such assemblies only as used religion for a pretense to cover evil designs. He avowed, that he looked upon it as his duty to behave himself under the king's government both as became a man and a Christian, and that, if occasion offered, he would willingly manifest his loyalty to his prince, both by word and by deed. Moreover, he offered to give up the notes of all his sermons, in proof of the harmlessness of his teaching, and of his submission to the reigning authority. With an amusing mixture of menace and cajolery, the magisterial messenger prayed the prisoner to be ruled, and to consider that, while he might do much good to his friends in ways more private than preaching, he could be of no benefit to them at all should he be "sent away beyond the seas into Spain, or Constantinople, or some other remote part of the world." "Sir," said the inflexible Nonconformist, "the law hath provided two ways of obeying: the one, to do that which I, in my conscience, do believe that I am bound to do, actively; and when I cannot obey actively, then I am willing to lie down, and suffer what they shall do unto me."

(To be continued.)

AD SPIRITUM SANCTUM.

AN OLD LATIN HYMN.

THE ORIGINAL.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.

Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium;

In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium;

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium;

Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

TRANSLATION.

Holy Spirit, come in us;
Pour from heaven the luminous
Beamings of thy sanctity!
Thou, of gifts the giver, come,
And thy poor deliver; come
Light of hearts, come speedily!

Best Consoler! kindliest
Inmate of the lonely breast;
Sweet refreshment bringing me;
Calm repose in weariness,
Grateful cool in sultriness,
Refuge in adversity.

O thou light of blessedness,
Fill each inmost heart's recess
Of thy faithful penitent!
By thy name unsanctified,
Vain are earthly power and pride;
There is nothing innocent.

Cleanse away our sordidness,
Irrigate our barrenness,
Heal our bruised mortality;
Conquer what is obstinate,
What is languid animate,
What is crooked rectify!

Give to all thy faithful ones,
Give to all thy trusting sons,
Bliss in sevenfold mystery;
Make thy saints victorious,
Grant an exit glorious,
Grant perennial ecstasy!

Newport, R. I. C. T. Brooks.

SUPPOSED DESCENDANTS OF THE TEN TRIBES.

THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

THE divine origin of the Hebrew race in the promise of God to Abraham; the miraculous preservation of the people during the early struggles of their national existence; the glorious climax which they reached under the reigns of David and Solomon; the special interference of Jehovah to preserve them from extinction, while passing through centuries of warfare, the convulsions of revolution, and the depressions and disorganizations of captivity; in a word, the unparalleled *past* which appertain to the Hebrew race, has done much to force upon the minds, not only of the Jews themselves, but also of many Christians, a conviction that there must be yet in store for such a people a glorious future. Besides, there are a number of passages in Holy Writ which not indistinctly intimate that the good held in reserve for them, against the time when they are destined to be brought in, will be as "life from the dead." Indeed, the descriptions reflected from the glowing imaginations of those writers who entertain hopes of a temporal glory for this people, would lead us to expect that a time is coming when this world will no longer be a stage for moral probation and trial for the spirit of man, but of reward without endurance, of rest without preparatory labor and toil, of victory and triumph without conflict, of glory without shame and the cross. It is not our purpose here to attempt to show that such expectations rest upon misinterpretations of Scripture. Our object is rather to ascertain what were the prepossessions filling the minds of those who have sought to construct theories of ways and means by which their notions might be realized.

Was not the covenant made to Abra-

ham and his seed, concerning the land of Canaan as a possession, an *everlasting* covenant? Are there not numerous promises in the Prophets of a restoration of the people to their native land, after they had become a by-word among all people? Are not the Jews still in existence as a distinct race, with one language, and without landed possessions? These, certainly, are circumstances highly favorable for their reunion, as soon as the time appointed of heaven shall have arrived for their return. Is not the land itself, moreover, occupied by strangers? Are there not multiplying signs that these strangers are not to be the perpetual possessors of it? Do not these facts seem to imply that the Jewish people are once more to be restored to their own country? Special prophecies seem to speak also of the rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem, and of the temple, and even of the restoration of the daily sacrifice. If, however, only the present race of Jews, who, it is said, have descended from the two and a half tribes which returned from the captivity, are to participate in these prophetic promises; if the ten tribes of Israel, who are said not to have returned, are not to share with their fellow-tribes this glorious future; then the early promises of God can be at best but *partially* fulfilled. On the other hand, if these ten tribes are to be raised from the graves in which they are now hid, what luster will such a moral resurrection shed upon the power and glory of God!

Passages of Scripture are not wanting which seem to afford a solid foundation for this crowning hope. "And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth. The envy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off: Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim." Isa. xi, 12, 13. "In those days the house of Judah shall walk with the house of Israel, and they shall come together out of the land of the north to the land that I have given for an inheritance unto your fathers." Jer. iii, 18. "Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head, and they shall come up out of the land: for great shall be the day of Jezreel." Hosea i, 11. "Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick, and write upon it, For Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick, and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions: and join them one to another into one stick; and they shall become one in thine hand. And when the children of thy people shall speak unto thee, saying, Wilt thou not show us what thou meanest by these? say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the stick of Joseph, which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the tribes of Israel his fellows, and will put them with him, even with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick, and they shall be one in thine hand. . . . And say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land: and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all: and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all: . . . and David my servant shall be king over them." Ezekiel xxxvii, 16–24. How can these prophecies receive their fulfillment unless Israel shall be once more united, and by a more enduring bond, to Judah; and both be restored to their native land under the reign of David, the Messiah? If this grand purpose is to be consummated, then Israel, or the ten lost tribes, must still somewhere exist. What more natural, when once this conclusion is reached, than that some eager souls should be found, burning with the desire to show the harmony of facts with prophecy, and under the inspiration of this desire should actually attempt the discovery of these lost tribes?

We propose to lay before our readers some account of the different theories which have been entertained respecting the lost tribes, and the countries in which they are still supposed to be found. We may classify the different opinions which have been advocated on this subject into four general divisions. Some have contended that the descendants of the ten tribes are still in existence among the North American Indians; others contend that they are in the East; some again say that they may be found among the mountains of Koordistan; while not a few in-

telligent persons maintain that they either returned to their own land with the other two tribes, or remained in the country of their first deportation, and became at length amalgamated with the general population of the country. Each of these views of the case, with the arguments employed in its defense, we shall impartially state. We shall aim to present our readers with materials for the guidance of their own judgment upon this subject, rather than dogmatically state our own.

William Penn, we believe, was the first to maintain that he had discovered the ten tribes in his transatlantic settlement. "When I look at their children," he says, "I imagine myself in the Jewish quarter of London. Like the Jews, the Indians have small black eyes. They reckon time by moons, and offer their first-fruits to God. They celebrate a feast like that of tabernacles. It is said that their altar is constructed of twelve stones. Their mourning for the dead continues a year. The customs of their females resemble those of the Jewish women. Their language is laconic, vigorous, sententious, and full of energy, in which last particular it bears a striking resemblance to the Hebrew. A word with them expresses more than three with us; and their unfinished sentences are completed by the intelligence of the hearers. God declared that he would carry away the Jews into a country undiscovered and uncultivated; and he who purposed this was able to execute his designs. The Jews might easily have crossed over the eastern extremity of Asia to the western extremity of America.

The same opinions as the above were entertained by a famous rabbi, Manasseh ben Israel, who published a work, entitled, "The Hope of Israel," in 1651. The facts on which he rests the argument of his work were related to him, he says, in the city of Amsterdam, on the 18th of the month Elul, in the 5404th year of the creation of the world, or, according to the Christian era, 1644, by Aaron Levi, *alias* Antonius Montezinus. He dedicated his book to the parliament of England, which was well received by Cromwell, who, in consequence of his favorable opinion of this book, was looked up to, it is said, by the Jews, as the Messiah. He brings forward arguments, such as, first, the passage in 2 Esdras xiii, 40, &c., to which we shall hereafter refer; secondly, the similarity of laws and customs between these Indians and the Hebrews, which he probably learned from William Penn; and, thirdly, the brown color and beardlessness of the Indians, while in the new world white and bearded men were found who had never any commerce with Spaniards. Manasseh tells us, but on what authority he does not think it necessary to say, that Asia and America, now divided by Behring's Straits, were formerly one continent, and that before their separation the Jews penetrated to America by land.

Then, verily, the argument based upon the similarity of religious rites and customs is not of much value, since it would serve equally well to prove that almost all nations are of Jewish descent, inasmuch as there is a close resemblance in their primitive religious observances. Indeed this argument *is* used alike by those who advocate the North American, Chaldean, and the Eastern location of the lost tribes. If, therefore, the similarity of religious rites would suffice to prove the Israelitish origin of the North American tribes, it would be of equal weight to prove a similar descent for the Afghans, and many other nations.

The East, as the present abode of the lost tribes, has had a far greater number of advocates than America. Many names, high both as to rank and learning, have given the weight of their authority to support the hypothesis, that the ten tribes of Israel are still living as a pure and unmixed race in Afghanistan, and even in some parts of China and Tartary.

The writer of the book of Esdras (xiii, 40, &c.) affirms that "Shalmaneser carried them beyond the river, and they resolved to separate from the heathen, and to seek a spot where they might religiously observe the law, for the violation of which they had been so severely punished." The country to which they migrated he described as uninhabited, and so far distant from their captivity, that their journey lasted them a year and a half. And further, to reach this country, they were obliged to cross the Euphrates, which God miraculously opened for their passage. And Ezra remarks that God will, in a like miraculous manner, open a way for them on their return. The country of their destination he calls Arsareth—a spot which has never yet been found

This representation has occasioned many conjectures. Josephus relates that the Jews who did not return from the captivity amounted to many thousands in numbers. He further supposes that his countrymen must have been very widely scattered throughout the East, from the fact that Ahasuerus proclaimed his edict respecting the Jews throughout one hundred and twenty-seven departments of his empire, from Ethiopia to India.

Many traditions are extant in the East, which appear to prove a remarkable connection between the Afghans and Israel. These traditions, moreover, are of great antiquity; but of their precise value for proving these tribes to be specially related to the ten tribes of the captivity, our readers will be better able to judge when we have laid before them some of the facts of the case. From a variety of independent sources we learn that the Afghans are in the habit of calling themselves "Beni Israeel," or children of Israel; but they consider at the same time the name of "Yahoodie," or Jew, a term of reproach, if applied to themselves. An officer on the staff of the commander-in-chief in India, in a letter dated Head-quarters, Camp, Jan. 20, 1852, says he was struck with the Jewish appearance of the Afghans. They call themselves Bunnie Israel, that is, sons of Israel. "One of the tribes," he adds, "that at present are giving us a good deal of trouble, is called the Eusyphzie, the tribe of Joseph: *zie* being equivalent to *tribe*. And next to them are the Isaksie, or tribe of Isaac. Ishmael, too, is a very common name among them."

Some years ago there appeared, in the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society," a letter from Henry Vansittart to the President of the Society, Sir William Jones. This letter was accompanied with an abridged translation of the "A frarn't Afaghinah," or Secrets of Afghans, a book written in the Pushto dialect. According to this remarkable work, the Afghans are the posterity of Melic Talut, (King Saul,) who, in the opinion of some, was the descendant of Judah, the son of Jacob, and, according to others, of Benjamin, the brother of Joseph. "In a war," says this work, "which raged between the children of Israel and the Amalekites, the latter being victorious, plundered the Jews, and obtained possession of the ark of the covenant. Considering this to be the god of the Jews, they threw it into the fire, which, however, did not affect it. They afterward attempted to cleave it with axes, but without success; while every individual who treated it with indignity was punished for his temerity. They then placed it in their temple, but all the idols bowed to it. At length they fastened it upon a cow, which they turned loose in the wilderness.*

There are also related other tales, which are found to prevail in the East among some of the Mohammedans. These accounts extend from the time of Melic Talut down to the Captivity, without differing greatly from the Scripture narrative, excepting in the wild fables with which they are interspersed. The "Secrets of Afghans" proceed to relate, that when Mohammed appeared, his fame reached the Afghans, who sought him in great multitudes under leaders named Khalid and Abdul Rashid, sons of Walid. The prophet honored them with the most gracious reception, saying, "Come, O Muluc," or kings, whence they assumed the name Melic, which they enjoy to this day. The Arabian historians, on the contrary, say that Khalid sprang from a tribe of their own nation, and are altogether silent upon the subject of the aid which their prophet derived from the Affghan leaders.

It has been argued, that however much these traditions may be mixed up and corrupted with fables, yet they are sufficient to prove the Jewish extraction of the Afghans. And supposing the ten tribes to have removed from the land of their captivity into India, these fables may have been invented for the purpose of glorifying their race by identifying it with Saul, the first king of Israel. And further, since it is certain, continue the advocates of the Israelitish descent of the Afghans, that the ten tribes remained in the East after the return of their brethren to Judea, the supposition that these people are their descendants explains, easily and naturally, both the disappearance of the one people and the origin of the other.

We have now fairly stated the whole argument, as it stood up to the appearance

* This singular tradition would seem to be a corruption of the adventures of the ark of the Lord in the land of the Philistines, as recorded in 1 Samuel, the fifth and sixth chapters.

of the last champion in the field, in the person of Mr. Forster, the author of "The One Primeval Language." In the third volume of this work, just issued from the press, he announces the discovery of an entirely "new key" to prove the identity of the Afghans with the lost tribes of Israel. This "new key" consists of certain rolls of Hebrew manuscripts lately come into his possession from the Jewish treasury of Cochin. "It is now about three years," says this gentleman, "since the Rev. J. M. Chapman, rector of Tendring, placed in my hands two manuscript Hebrew rolls, newly brought from India by his brother-in-law, Captain Kirby, I. N. One of these rolls was written on fair parchment, and consisted of twelve sheets, or forty-three pages: the other was written on red goat-skin, and contained six sheets. For the honor of the Jews at Malabar, I have to add, that both manuscripts came from the Jewish treasury at Cochin, and were presented to the officer by the Jewish high-priest." The lesser roll proved to be a copy of the canonical book of Esther.

The larger roll, says Mr. Forster, is a history of the Jews of Cochin and Malabar, from the time of the Babylonian Captivity down to the successive settlements of the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English, in Hindostan. This manuscript made no pretensions to antiquity. It was compiled from original sources, of the best authority, and of the highest antiquity—namely, from records formerly deposited in the treasury of Cochin, engraved upon copper tablets, the most ancient of which dated from the era of Nebuchadnezzar, and which were continued in unbroken series, the elder in Hebrew, the later in the language and characters of Malabar; until having escaped the bigotry of the Portuguese, the whole contents of the treasury, with their precious relics, were plundered by the Dutch so recently as 1774, and deposited in the treasury of Amsterdam. Upon due consultation among the Jews of Cochin, a deputation, composed of learned rabbis, was formed, and sent to Amsterdam, for the purpose of making transcripts of these tablets, in order to complete from them the history contained in the Cochin roll.

A clear line of demarcation is drawn between the fortunes of the Israelites and those of the Jews, subsequently to the Captivity. The tribes of Judah and Benjamin, it states, were dispersed abroad throughout all the nations of the earth; but the ten tribes, with the exception of the colonies planted by Nebuchadnezzar in southern India and Spain, remained fixed in their first seats along the river Sambatioun, until, in process of time, having increased and multiplied there, they migrated gradually, some in the direction of the Caspian, others beyond the borders of Media and Persia, apparently eastward, in the direction of Chinese Tartary. The tribes of Simeon, Ephraim, and Manasseh, are represented to have settled on the Caspian, in the country of the Chozar Tartars, where they became seated in the city or cities of a region named Makhe. In these, their new seats, the three tribes in question became a formidable and ferocious Tartar nomade people, celebrated for the number and excellence of their horses, and dreaded for their prowess, not in regular but in predatory warfare.

While the great tribe of Joseph, in both its branches, is stated thus to have established itself in these parts, that of Issachar is represented to have wandered in a north-eastern direction, until it settled in the mountains of *Tokoos*—a region described as beyond the bounds, or as under the rule, of the empire of the Medes and Persians. In this hill country, Issachar, like Ephraim and Manasseh, grew up into a great Tartar horde, only, instead of a predatory, they became a peaceful pastoral people, well versed in the precepts of the law of Moses, living upon the products of their numerous flocks, and largely supplied with men-servants and maid-servants; so exemplary in their manners that theft was unknown among them, and so pacific in their habits that the butcher's knife was their only sword.

The correspondence of this description of these people with the character of the Afghan tribes, Mr. Forster considers to be most remarkable, especially, he says, Eusof-zyes, (Eusyph-zie,) the tribe of Joseph. This verisimilitude seems to be confirmed by the account given by the gallant officer already referred to, wherein he describes this tribe as "giving us a great deal of trouble."

The author of "The One Primeval Language" contends that the Sambatioun, mentioned in his "Key," on the banks of which the ten tribes in the Cochin roll

are said to have established themselves, is the same as the Gozen of Scripture, or the modern Ozen. And he seems to have the authority of Ptolemy on his side for doing so, inasmuch as the latter speaks of a people on the confines of Media beyond the Euphrates and Tigris by the name of the Sambatæ. This is probably the same river as that mentioned by Josephus under the name of Sabbatius. The Jews are said to have established themselves by this river in great numbers. And many incredible stories have been told of this river, for the purpose of showing that it never flowed on the Sabbath day, from which circumstance it was honored with the name of Sabbatius.

The next step of Mr. Forster, in his verification of the places mentioned in his roll, is to identify the country in which the tribes of Simeon, Ephraim, and Manasseh, are located. And this he believes he has been entirely able to do by the help of the tables of Ptolemy and Eldad. In the country of the Ghomari, or sons of Gomar, in the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea, Ptolemy speaks of Tos-Manassa, "the far-famed Manasseh." And north of this were a people, named by the same authority, the Machageni, or people of *Macha*, the very name given in the voyage of Eldad as the seat of the three tribes of Simeon, Ephraim, and Manasseh. Lastly, on the boundaries of China, in Eastern Tartary, corresponding with the Cochin roll, Mr. Forster discovered in the tables of Ptolemy, the mountains of Thagur or Isagur; and Ithaguri or Isaguri, or the sons of Isagur. This corresponds also with the spot mentioned by Eldad, as the place where the tribe of Issachar settled. If these three witnesses, namely, the Cochin roll, the tables of Ptolemy, and the letter of Eldad, are entirely independent of each other, it is very remarkable, to say the least, that they should so fully coincide when they are brought together and their statements compared.

The entire argument of Mr. Forster is summed up by the following remarks: "The whole chain of proof thus meets and combines at this given point, from the most remote quarters. We find in the heathen geographer clear names of Israelite tribes, on the borders of the Caspian Sea and in the mountains of Chinese Tartary. We find the Jewish accounts bearing witness to the migration and settlement of the very tribes named by Ptolemy, in those very parts. We find the national character of those wandering Israelites (long become Tartar hordes) correspondingly delineated in the accounts of the Jews, and in the history of the Chozars. Lastly, we have the route of the Israelites from Media to Afghanistan and India marked out by a series of intermediate stations, bearing the names of several of their tribes, and clearly indicating the stages of their long and arduous journey . . . . It is useless to discuss any question of evidence with those whom such a combination of evidence fails to convince."

If Mr. Forster can show that these witnesses are independent of each other, then there would be great weight attaching to their testimony, and they would go far toward proving the truth of his conclusions. But, in the absence of such proof, their remarkable agreement would only confirm whatever signs might exist of one being derived from another. Nay more, we fear in this case it may be shown to be even worse than this for Mr. Forster and his theory. In the first place, Eldad is universally discredited. Then, again, this Cochin roll, "the new key to the discovery of the lost tribes," strange to say, is itself resting only on rabbinical authority, and on this Rabbi Eldad. And all this is confessed by Mr. Forster.

Nevertheless, there are facts, many of which we have already laid before our readers, which seem to show that there is some Jewish element in these Afghan tribes. What is its precise nature, mixed or pure; whether it is derived from the commingling of all the twelve tribes in one, or of only ten; or whether it sprang from migrations of Israelitish people at a time previous to the Captivity, are all questions demanding some severer method of investigation than has yet been applied, before the question can be satisfactorily settled, if that be ever possible. We must here leave this branch of our subject, and the facts as we have narrated them, that they may produce their own impression on the minds of our readers.

(To be continued.)

THOUGH true repentance be never so late, yet late repentance is seldom true. Millions are now in hell, who have pleased themselves with the thoughts of after repentance.—*Brooks.*

THE ORPHAN MAID.

November's hail-cloud drifts away,
  November's sun-beam wan
Looks coldly on the castle gray,
  When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set;
  Her arms, her feet, were bare;
The hail-drops had not melted yet
  Amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, "by all the ties
  That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys,—
  Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan state
  Is hard and sad to bear;
Yet worse the widow'd mother's fate
  Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped
  Since, while from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallen's chief I fled,
  Forth's eddies whelm'd my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has borne,"
  The wandering maid replied,
"Since fishers, on St. Bridget's morn,
  Drew nets on Campsie side.

"St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil;
  An infant well-nigh dead
They saved, and rear'd in want and toil
  To beg from you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kiss'd,—
  "My husband's looks you bear;
St. Bridget and her morn be bless'd!
  You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid, so poor and pale,
  In silks and sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
  Are glistening in her hair.

[For the National Magazine.]

STARS BY DAY.

From out the deep well's bottom,
  Down where the digger delves
With bar, and pick, and shovel,
  Into the clayey shelves,
Where all is dark and dreary
  Except his lantern ray,
The eye that looketh upward
  Can see the stars by day.

So who would not be dazzled
  By life's refulgent blaze,
Must leave its lustrous splendors,
  Its silver rain of rays;
Descend his deep, still spirit,
  Beyond the reach of day;
Whence up, through zones of darkness,
  He'll see God's stars for aye.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.

A FEW weeks ago, while walking through the streets of New-York, happening to look downward, I espied a bit of paper rolled up, which, on examination, proved to be a one dollar bill. Though I do not often find a dollar, or its representative, in the street, I should not have been particularly struck with this event, had not my attention been particularly arrested by a quotation which was written very plainly upon the back of the note. It was this:—

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." Acts xx, 35.

What can this mean, thought I? Who wrote this? For what purpose was it written? These, and many kindred questions crowded rapidly upon my mind. But being much pressed with business at the time, I slipped the dollar bill into my vest pocket, and while occupied with many cares, it was almost forgotten. One night, however, I dreamed. Strange things appeared before me, and among other objects, the one dollar bill, with its mysterious inscription.

Several weeks passed by, and I was threading my way through the dense crowds of Fulton-street. This time I was in no haste, and leisurely walked along. Presently my eyes fastened upon the pale, wan features of a poor woman, who had at her side about a dozen boxes of uninviting-looking matches for sale. Her clothing was scanty and soiled, and there was a downcast, desponding look about her that spoke of misery within, and which at once engaged my sympathy. A haggard, barefooted little boy, with a dirty face and uncombed hair, shared with her the step on which she was seated; and from his gaunt look, his thin bony fingers, his sunken eyes, his lack of childish playfulness and energy, and his disregard of objects around him, I concluded that the poor child might be a sufferer from want of wholesome food, and that she who appeared to be his mother, might be quite unable to supply his necessities. Here, thought I, is a woman who is trying to support herself and her child in an honest way. She is doing what she can to procure a livelihood. But what a stock in trade! A shilling ought to buy the whole. And here she may sit and sit from morning till night, and no one perhaps will buy of her. Where is she to get bread to-day? Where sleep to-night? With what shall she pay for food and lodging?

While I was thus ruminating, I leaned against the iron railing that surrounds the old Dutch church, and waited a full half-hour to see if some one would not buy. Busy men, with sharp anxious faces, urged onward with the great motive of gain, moved in throngs within a few inches of the poor match-woman, but not one of them deigned a compassionate look. Children tripped along laughingly, and even ladies, whose hearts are said to be more sensitive to the finer feelings of our nature, did no more than turn their eyes languidly toward the impoverished little group. As I thus tarried, my heart grew somewhat sick, nor were my feelings any less affected, when I observed that the woman appeared to draw a long breath now and then, and seemed to be deeply sighing.

At first, I thought I would go and purchase all the matches she had; but I did not need so many; besides they might be an inferior article, and not such as I would wish to use. In a moment I thought of the one dollar bill, which I had found in the street, and resolved for once at least to have the satisfaction of making a needy creature happy. So I thought of the words of the Lord Jesus, in which he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and without asking a question, I spread the money in the match-woman's lap.

"O, sir," said she, "I've got no change," supposing that I wished to buy of her.

"Never mind the change, my good woman, you can get it changed when you go to the baker's to buy bread; and as for the matches, you can keep them till to-morrow. Perhaps somebody *then* will buy what is so dull of sale to-day."

"O, sir, I'm unused to treatment like this"—and the tears fell upon the bill like rain, so that I almost feared for its safety—"take it again—I know I can never repay the debt of gratitude which you would impose upon me," and while she spoke, her thin blood quickened its pace, and sent a slight flush to her cheeks; and her large eyes displayed evidence of intelli-

gence such as but a moment before I had in no wise suspected to exist.

By this time a little crowd of persons gathered around us. Though none were ready to encourage the poor woman in her humble efforts to live, yet some found time to stop and watch a well-dressed man in conversation with a miserably wretched looking woman. Feeling a little annoyed at the publicity which the affair began to assume, I became uneasy and anxious to leave. So, bidding the match-woman keep what I had given her, I turned to depart.

"No," said she, "I cannot but upon one condition: I must know at least the name of my benefactor. If I never see you again, I cannot be denied the happiness of knowing your name." At this, I hastily put a card bearing my name into her hand and departed.

Months transpired. Business led me to Europe. On my return, I was told by my family that a little boy had often called at the door and inquired for me. He seemed indisposed to state his business, and said that he particularly desired to see Mr. J.

I had hardly recovered from the effect of a protracted voyage and close confinement, ere the child called again; and meeting me at the door, without ceremony he handed me a note, and immediately started off. The note read as follows:—

Mr. J.:—You will greatly oblige a sincere friend and well-wisher, by calling at your earliest convenience at No. ——, ——— street. Please call in the morning, as matters of moment often lead me from home in the afternoon. Yours with respect,

Mrs. Mary S——.

This note contained a card with Mrs. S——'s name thereon, and was without date. I afterward learned that the child who presented it always had it with him when he called at my house, but said nothing about it until he recognized me at the street door.

I found Mrs. S—— in the parlor of her beautiful and tastefully ornamented house. Neatness, order, and quiet seemed to preside here. She was habited in a plain but becoming manner, and as I entered, gave me a hearty and unaffected welcome. She remarked that she had been informed of a little act in my history; and being convinced of my attachment to the Church of Christ, and of my disposition to promote the present and eternal happiness of his disciples, she felt quite at liberty to speak of a matter in which she was sure I possessed an interest.

I now felt an intense eagerness to hear, and after a brief reply on my part, Mrs. S—— continued:—

"My husband," said she, "is a merchant doing business down town; and as we both are in sympathy with whatever has for its object the welfare of the suffering, I often go out with some female friend in the after part of the day to look after the destitute and afflicted, and to distribute in their behalf a portion of the substance with which God has honored us.

"Some time ago, after a wearisome walk, and the performance of several calls, I was about to propose a return homeward, when, passing a door which stood ajar in the dilapidated and cheerless old building through which we were moving, I thought I discovered a bed with a person upon it. Surely there is sickness here, I thought, and we must make one more call. A slight rap was answered with a feeble 'come in,' and we entered.

"We found the inmate a consumptive woman prostrate, and evidently near her end. Beside her sat a little boy—thin, pale, and sorrowful. In the course of our conversation I learned that she was of American parentage, and had enjoyed a favorable position in early life. Her husband had been unfortunate in business. Overwhelmed with grief and anxiety, he took to the bottle, and died a sot. His wife and child were left almost friendless and pennyless. Of a frail constitution, and of a retiring disposition, she suffered on in poverty and loneliness without making her condition known to others, and at length, from hunger, fatigue and sorrow, she wasted and sickened. When I first saw her, she was chiefly maintained by what her little son could gather by the sale of a few papers on the morning of each day. I learned that she was a Christian—that she daily read the Bible and knelt at the mercy-seat, and that she had diligently instructed her little boy to be honest and faithful to God and his fellowman. Putting her thin hand under the pillow, she withdrew a small piece of paper, and carefully unfolding it she said, 'There, take that dollar bill, and please be so kind as to give it to some one who may be suffering for food.'

"I was astonished. 'What,' said I, 'have *you* money to give away? I thought you were needy.'

"'No,' she replied, 'it is all the money I have; but I would not spend it on any account. I have kept it, for the sake of the giver. I never saw him but once, and then I was almost starved. I was trying to sell some matches in the street, but no one would buy them. At length a stranger came along, and after a little conversation, gave me that bill. Read what is on the back of it.'

"I turned the bill over, and saw that remarkable passage—'*Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.*'

"'There,' said the sick woman, 'when I read those words, I thought of my Bible, and I thought of its blessed provisions for the poor, and I felt that God would not forsake me. When I got home, I found that Mr. Leonard, my landlord, had been there, and said to the other tenants, he would not distress me for the rent as I was sick; and the groceryman, near by, had sent me a bit of cheese and some bread; for he said I did not get drunk like some others, and was a worthy poor woman. So you see, the Lord has provided. I have had, and now have more than I deserve. I shall not stay long here, and Johnny says the bill must go as it came. I trust the Lord will help him in getting through the world. I am so thankful that he is honest and kind hearted,'—here the tears started,—'and'—

"'But,' said I, continued Mrs. S——, 'you can yet use this money to good advantage. You need some comforts which you are deprived of, and this will help you to purchase them.'

"'No, I can do without them. There, take the money, and give it to some person whose necessities are greater than mine. O, if I could but see the giver, how happy I should be. But I shall never see him until we meet in heaven. Here is his card, but where he lives I cannot tell.'

"Copying your name into my memorandum-book and taking the one dollar note, I bade her and her little boy adieu, not, however, till I had left some change in my apology for a chair, and enjoined the sick woman to send for me in case she should need anything, or feel worse.

"I had intended to have made another visit on the next day to this scene of affliction, but illness among my own relatives together with my domestic duties prevented. After a few days had elapsed little Johnny called at my house and timidly inquired for me. He stated that his mother was very poorly, and that she would like to see me before she died. I lost no time in seeking her apartment, and found her extremely ill—so much so, that she spoke with great difficulty.

"'There, take this ring,' said she, 'twas given me by my husband on the day of our marriage. If you ever find the kind man who presented me with the one dollar bill, give it to him. Tell him he was a friend in need. Thank him for his generous act, and express to him my hope of meeting him in a world where tears are wiped away from all eyes, and where sorrow and distress are unknown.'

"A few more sentences, rather broken, were uttered; a change came over her countenance, and the sufferer was no more.

"The funeral over, Johnny, who seemed sad and dejected, was taken to our home. He is a child of much promise, and Mr. S—— was so much pleased with him, that he said he would bring him up as his own son. He is now at school; and having, through a mother's prayers and counsels, escaped the vicious habits of most children who have been similarly exposed to peril, we entertain the hope of living to see him grow up a useful and respected man. I don't know that I need say more. Your name was readily found in the directory; and Johnny remembered your face so well that you were immediately recognized by him when he presented my billet at your door. His diffidence would not permit him to remain to be questioned by you, as he has been unaccustomed to the society of those in the comfortable walks of life. This ring you will keep as a remembrance of a poor, but worthy believer, whose burdened heart you so much relieved in time of deep trial. The one dollar bill I also return to you, trusting that as in your hands it has already accomplished much good, it will be so directed by an all-wise Providence in the future, that all who become its possessors will find in their own experience, by a practical remembrance of the words of the Lord Jesus, 'That it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

PERSIAN POETRY, WITH EXAMPLES.

HAFIZ AND SADI.

IT is a great mistake to fancy all the treasures of by-gone poetry confined to the haunts of Parnassus or the groves of Tibur. Sanscrit scholars may form a small fraternity, but the fields of Oriental literature are rich to all comers. We need not wander so far as the Ganges to discover this; the Hindoo epics will never lose their value as interesting narratives of important events, as storehouses of historical traditions and mythological legends, as records of the ancient, social, and political condition of India, and as pictures of national manners. But if we tarry in Persia, we find their rivals in fame.

MOHAMMED SHEKH EDDYN HAFIZ was born at Schiraz, in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Like Homer, Shakspeare, Corneille—like most great poets—the particulars of his life are not well known; and a few traditional anecdotes supply the place of facts respecting him. He appears to have resided principally in his native city, and died in the year of the Hegira 791, (A.D. 1340,) if the following inscription, found upon a tomb erected to his memory, is of any chronological value:—

In the year seven hundred ninety and one
A world of excellence and genius departed to the regions of mercy.
The incomparable, second Sadi, Mohammed Hafiz,
Quitted this perishable region, and went to the gardens of paradise.
Khojah Hafiz was the lamp of the learned;
A luminary was he of a brilliant luster:
As Mosella was his chosen residence,
Search in Mosella for the time of his decease.

The letters in the two words, *Khak* and *Mosella*, added together according to the numerical value of Persian capitals, represent the number 791.

No nation can beast of so many poets as Persia. The well-known line of Ovid may be applied with the utmost propriety to the pen and ink brethren of Hafiz:—

Quidquid tentabam scribere, versus erat.

The Persians have had the immense advantage of possessing a national literature. They are not mere copyists; they draw from their own resources, and, judge as we will the merit of their compositions, we are obliged to acknowledge in them, at least, the distinctive characteristics of originality. Many peculiarities render his task very difficult who attempts to translate pieces from Persian into English. Hafiz, to name him only, is exceedingly fond of employing compound epithets for which a version can give no equivalent. Then, we constantly stumble over puns, quibbles, and other facetiæ, appreciable, of course, to the natives exclusively; and lastly, a great proportion of Persian poetry is of a religious character. But the mystical aspirations of the Soufees are vailed under images which render the help of commentaries absolutely necessary. The following *ghazel* or ode, of Hafiz himself, amply illustrates this:—

In roses vail'd the morn displays
Her charms, and blushes as wé gaze;
Come, wine, my gay companions, pour,
Observant of the morning hour.

See spangling dew-drops trickling chase
Adown the tulip's vermeil face;
Then come, your thirst with wine allay,
Attentive to the dawn of day.

Fresh from the garden scents exhale,
As sweet as Eden's fragrant gale;
Then come, let wine incessant flow,
Obedient to our morning vow.

While now beneath the bower full-blown
The rose displays her em'rald throne,
Let wine, like rubies sparkling, gleam,
Refulgent as moon's orient beam.

Come, youths, perform the task assign'd:
What! in the banquet-house confined?
Unlock the door—why this delay,
Forgetful of the dawn of day?

Ye love-sick youths, come, drain the bowl:
Thirst ye for wisdom? feast the soul.
To heaven your morning homage pay
With hearts that glow like dawn of day.

Kisses more sweet than luscious wine,
Like Hafiz, sip from cheeks divine;
'Mid smiles as heavenly Peris bright,
And looks that pierce like orient light.

Bacchanalian strains, these, eh? No, if you believe scholiasts and glossographers, wine here means devotion; breezes—illapses of grace; perfume—the hope of divine favor; the tavern—a retired oratory; the tavern-keeper—a sage instructor; beauty—the perfections of the Divine Being; wantonness, mirth—religious ardor. Persian similes, as we see, are far-fetched; and, arguing from the same principle, there is no reason why commentators to come should not make Burns's celebrated "Green grow the rushes, O" read like a hymn.

The loves of the nightingale and the rose play a conspicuous part in the poems of Hafiz, as well as in those of Sadi and Ferdousi. We give a few specimens from some of his ghazels:—

Now that the rose holds in her hand a cup of pure wine,
The nightingale sings her praises with a hundred thousand tongues.

Again the patient nightingale, from the bough of a cypress,
Repeats his strains, (saying,) May the evil eye be far from the face of the rose!
O Rose! although thou art the queen of beauty,
Do not, for that reason, be cruel to thy wretched downcast lovers.

Hafiz becomes often wearisome, through his repetition of the same idea or metaphor. Want of variety is the grand defect in his style; he is gifted with imagination, but that imagination expends itself upon one limited circle of objects. Nevertheless, he was a poet of unquestionable genius; his works illustrate the manners and customs of one of the most polite courts in Asia; his language is remarkably pure and elegant. He reminds us of Horace. Like the Roman poet he seems to have been little better than a refined voluptuary; love and wine made up the burden of his song. There was, also, in the composition of his character, no small proportion of vanity; but we are not surprised at hearing the Persian bard joining in the

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice,

when we think of the popularity he enjoyed. Sadi—of whom more presently—says, that the poetry of Hafiz derived its innate grace from being bathed in the waters of life; and that it equaled the virgins of paradise in beauty.

That "dread of something after death" which, in spite of the levity, the folly, the materialism of the ancient poets, cast the gloom of despondency over their writings, is evident also in the Schiraz Anacreon. Horace has expressed the feeling that pervades much of the poetry of Hafiz:—

Huc vina et unguenta, et nimium breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ;
Dum res, et ætas, et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

The following quotation is a beautiful instance:—

See, the jocund spring of roses from the garden bower is gone;
Would to Heaven no hapless lovers thus were left to mourn alone!
Nightingales, with early morning, flutter round to sing their woes;
Parted, through the weary winter, from the presence of the rose.
Such is life!—this lonely garden; and its flowers—man's hapless race:
Each in turn Heaven's gardener scatters to its long last resting-place.
Sad it is that all our pleasures thus should hurry from our view;
Sadder still that soul and body have to take their long adieu!
Many a form of beauty slumbers in earth's bosom, side by side;
Strewed by fate, like yonder rose-leaves, rest the monarch and his bride.
O! let time, then, teach thee wisdom; tread thou lightly o'er the dead,
When they rest in silent slumber, from their haunts forever fled.
Cast thy love behind thee, Hafiz; bid the earthly dream be o'er;
Nor let all the smiles of beauty tempt thy soul to error more.

There is in that poem a strain of true pathos, which is not surpassed by the best lyrics of Horace. Sir William Jones is right when he says, "There is scarce a lesson of morality, or a tender sentiment, in any European language, to which a parallel may not be brought from the poets of Asia. I may confidently affirm that few odes of the Greeks or Romans, upon similar subjects, are more finely polished than the songs of these Persian poets; they want only a reader that can see them in their original dress, and feel their beauties without the disadvantage of a translation."

One more quotation, ere leaving the poet whose works are still sung, as travelers witness, in cottages and in palaces, in schools and in banqueting halls:—

The rose has come forth! O, my friends, 'tis the hour
To fill the bright goblet, and drink in the bower!
Come, seize the sweet season—who knows not, too well,
That not always the pearl can be found in the shell:
Love's path is a desert of doubt and dismay,
Where none but the foolish would willingly stray;
A truce to your volumes—your studies give o'er—
For books cannot teach you love's marvelous lore;
Come, listen to me, ye shall learn it apace,
If you 'll fix fast your thoughts on your mistress's face.

My mistress's image, that idol divine,
Has found in my bosom an altar and shrine;
There she rules like a queen, with a crown on her brow,
Though she scorns her poor subject, and laughs at his woe.
Come, open the tavern, why longer delay?
And bring us the wine to chase sorrow away.—
Not Cuther's fair stream can so gladden his soul,
As the liquor that dances and laughs in the bowl!
Come, friends, bring the wine; for the moments fast fly;
Ere the week is well ended the roses will die;
And may fortune look smiling, and shield us from sorrow,
Nor send us an ache and repentance to-morrow.
And do thou, too, my fair one, be here with thy smile,
And scatter thy glances, like jewels, the while;
For none but the bigot will ever reprove
The passionate fervor of Hafiz's love.

Schiraz has been aptly called the Athens of Persia. During the thirteenth century, another great man flourished there, SHEKH MUSLIHU'D-DI SADI, the celebrated author of the "Gulistan," or rose-garden. We lament the paucity of biographical details respecting him. We know, however, that on his father's side he was descended from Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed. He received his education at Bagdad, and took his fellowship in Nizamiah College.

The "Rose-garden" is a kind of autobiography; Sadi there records the experience of his life, and the work becomes doubly interesting from this circumstance. We subjoin the narrative of the poet's matrimonial catastrophe:—"Having become weary of my friends at Damascus, I set out for the wilderness of Jerusalem, and associated with the brutes, until I was made prisoner by the Franks, who set me to work along with the Jews at digging in the fosse of Tripolis, till one of the principal men of Aleppo, between whom and myself a former intimacy had subsisted, passed that way, and recognized me, and said, 'What state is this? and how are you living?' I replied—

STANZA.

'From men to mountain and to wild I fled,
Myself to heavenly converse to betake;
Conjecture now my state, that in a shed
Of savages I must my dwelling make.'

COUPLET.

'Better to live in chains with those we love,
Than with the strange 'mid flow'rets gay to move.'

"He took compassion on my state, and with ten dinars redeemed me from the bondage of the Franks, and took me along with him to Aleppo. He had a daughter whom he united to me in the marriage knot, with a portion of a hundred dinars. As time went on, the girl turned out of a bad temper, quarrelsome, and unruly. She began to give a loose to her tongue, and to disturb my happiness, as they have said:—

DISTICH.

'In a good man's house an evil wife
Is his hell above in this present life.
From a vixen wife protect us well,
Save us, O God! from the pains of hell.'

"At length she gave vent to reproaches and said: 'Art thou not he whom my father purchased from the Franks' prison for ten dinars?' I replied: 'Yes! he redeemed me with ten dinars, and sold me into thy hands for a hundred.'

DISTICH.

"I've heard that once a man of high degree
From a wolf's teeth and claws a lamb set free.
That night its throat he sever'd with a knife,
When thus complain'd the lamb's departing life:
'Thou from the wolf didst save me then, but now
Too plainly I perceive the wolf art thou.'"

Sadi's style is sententious, pithy, and yet sometimes highly imaginative. The author of the "Gulistan" is a moralist, whose observations on men and society are stamped with much shrewdness. He had traveled extensively; Barbary, Abyssinia, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Armenia, Asia Minor, Arabia, Persia, Tartary, India, were successively visited by him; it is even asserted that he went as far as Italy. He understood Latin, and studied Seneca.

Sadi devoted the latter part of his life to seclusion and solitary musings. He was a hundred and sixteen years old when he died, in the year of the Hegira 690, (A. D. 1291.) The "Gulistan" is the most celebrated of all his works. It consists of eight chapters, subdivided into stories, and bearing the following titles:—

1. On the manner of kings. 2. On the qualities of Darweshes. 3. On the excellence of contentment. 4. On the advantages of taciturnity. 5. On love and youth. 6. On decrepitude and old age. 7. On the effects of education. 8. On the duties of society. Each story con-

tains a maxim or short narrative in prose, illustrated by distichs, couplets, or stanzas. The sentiments are generally remarkable for their sound views of morality, and even for their religious tone.

In concluding, we cannot resist transcribing the following well-known but exquisitely beautiful poem:—

"Once from a cloud a drop of rain
Fell trembling in the sea;
And when she saw the wide-spread main,
Shame vail'd her modesty.

"What place in this wide sea have I?
What room is left for me?
Sure it were better that I die
In this immensity!

"But while her self-abasing fear
Its lowliness confess'd,
A shell received and welcomed her
And press'd her to its breast.

"And nourish'd there the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes—
Exalted by its lowly shame,
And humbled but to rise."

The literature of Persia deserves the attention not only of the scholar, but of all who can appreciate the truly beautiful. Since the seventeenth century we hear of no original writers there; men are obliged to live upon the treasures of the past. These, fortunately, will amply compensate for the silence now prevailing, where "the daughters of song" were wont to be heard; from the casket of gems which Sadi and Hafiz presented to their country, sparkling jewels may still be held up to the admiration of posterity.

[For the National Magazine.]

WINTER SCENE IN POLAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFITZER.

Stay within, my child; thou shalt not go
Out to-night to perish in the storm;
Only ravens now, and fierce wolves howling,
Hold their moonlight feast o'er man and horse,
And the Cossack, mad for plunder, prowling,
From the snow digs out the corpse.

Stay within, my child; thou shalt not go;
For if thou wert lost in drifts of snow,
There's no father now to seek thee weeping,
Lead thee home again with faithful hand;
Under winter's bier-cloth is he sleeping?
Roams he in the stranger's land?

Yonder see! a cold and trembling roe,
Chased by wolves, comes flying through the snow;
Let him in, and give him food and fire!
Child, we must be merciful, that so
To thy lost and shelter-seeking sire
Strangers may like mercy show.

C. T. B.

A PLEA FOR THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.

EVER since I was a boy—and that's long ago—I have heard of the sea serpent; and although it has been the fashion to ridicule the existence of the monster, I never met with anything worthy the name of candid argument in support of its nonentity. A few years since Captain M'Quhae, of Her Majesty's ship "Dædalus," officially reported that an enormous sea serpent passed within pistol shot of that ship; and his statement afforded our great modern caricaturist an opportunity of enabling the world to laugh at a representation of sea serpents standing erect upon their tails, and picking sailors off the top-gallant yards of a line-of-battle ship; and people, as with one consent, voted the whole story to be what Jack calls "a yarn;" the possibility, much less the probability of its truth, was pooh-poohed; but as to argument, nobody seemed to think it necessary to advance any, to refute such an absurd fiction; except, indeed, that a number of letters were written to the newspapers, asserting that it must have been a seal, which had been mistaken for a sea serpent, because there is a class of seals which resemble the description given by the gallant captain; but it must be admitted that this was merely the opinion of persons who had not seen it, against the powerful evidence and deliberate judgment of ocular demonstration.*

It is well ascertained that in tropical climates, and particularly in India and South America, serpents of an enormous size exist; and, judging from those which have been actually seen, it is difficult to form an idea of the size to which they may attain in the deep recesses of wild and unexplored forests. I lately heard a person, whose veracity I could not doubt, state that he was shooting in the outskirts of a wild Brazilian wood, when stopping to load his gun near to a ruined wall, which had once formed an inclosure, his attention was arrested by what appeared to be a large trunk of a tree, blackened as if it had been subjected to fire, leaning against the ruined wall, at about fifty yards from

* It must be remembered, however, that this was also the opinion of that eminent physiologist, Professor Owen.

where he stood. Suddenly he saw the object move, and as it elongated, he perceived it was an enormous serpent, the half of which was on the side of the wall on which he stood, and the other half on the other side. Slowly it drew itself forward, until its whole length was stretched before him, when it glided into the thicket. He declared that he spoke within the mark when he estimated its length at forty feet, and its bulk as large round as his own body; nor is this length by any means improbable, for there is, or was, the skin of a boa in the British Museum thirty-five feet long.

Before concluding these brief observations upon land serpents, the writer may mention two well-known allusions to these reptiles by ancient authors. Livy gives a relation of the alarm into which the Romans under Regulus were thrown by an enormous snake, which had its lair on the banks of the Bagradas, near Utica, and which is said to have devoured many of the soldiers; and when at length it was killed, its skin, which was sent to Rome, was one hundred and twenty feet in length. Aristotle also writes of Libyan serpents so large that, after pursuing certain voyagers to that coast, they capsized one of the galleys.

Now, reasoning from analogy, may we not ask, Why should not serpents inhabit the vast ocean, as large as those which it is admitted inhabit the vast forests of India and South America? We know that there are hydrophidæ, or water-snakes, of the genera hydrus, pelamys, chersydrus, acrochordus, pseudo-boa, &c.; and we also know that the conger-eel attains a very large size, even when taken off the Channel Islands; and therefore, why should it not be possible, nay probable, that in the unfathomable depths of the mighty seas there should exist serpents larger than ever entered into the mind of man to conceive?

It must be remembered that comparatively little is known of the inhabitants of the ocean; that although the Scriptures speak of "this great wide sea, wherein are *creeping* things innumerable, both small and great beasts," yet that seamen often traverse the ocean for weeks, passing over thousands of miles, without seeing scarcely a sign of life upon its surface. It frequently happens, during a prolonged voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, that beyond flushing a covey of flying-fish occasionally, and seeing a few dolphins in chase of them, nothing is seen of the "things *innumerable*" which are described in God's word as dwelling in the sea; and if this be the case with them "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters"—if those whose eyes by day and night are employed in gazing on the mighty deep, see so little of its inhabitants—how aptly may the questions which were propounded to Job be now asked of the wisest of naturalists: "Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?"

Again, we must bear in mind that whatever is opposed to, or beyond our finite knowledge, is too often treated with ridicule. There is scarcely a discovery in the whole range of science, the author of which was not absolutely persecuted as an empiric; and so it has been, and still is, with discoveries in nature. How long the character of that great man, Bruce, was impugned, because he stated that he had seen steaks cut off the living bullock, and the animal afterward driven on its journey! How commonly the fact of gathering oysters from the branches of trees is doubted, even when stated by those who have eaten them; and this, too, at a time when superstitious fables, such as Romish mock miracles, are believed by millions! It reminds one of the old story of the poor woman, questioning her son as to what he had seen in foreign lands, when he returned from his first long voyage. "Seen, mother?" exclaimed the lad; "why, mountains of sugar, rivers of rum, and fishes that fly!" "Come, come," replied the dame, "mountains of sugar and rivers of rum you may have seen, but fishes that fly! never, never."

It is now a familiar fact, that geologists have discovered fossil remains of former inhabitants of the land, which in point of magnitude reduce the largest of the present known living animals to mere pigmies; but before the fossil remains of the iguanodon, for example, were discovered, how absurd it appeared to talk of a reptile of the lizard tribe having existed sixty or seventy feet in length, and of such colossal dimensions as to require thigh bones larger than those of an elephant to support its bulky carcass; and yet such is the description of this reptile by the late Dr. Mantell, and nobody disputes his accuracy.

Now, when we consider that all the inhabitants of the earth were destroyed at the flood, (except those in the ark,) and that, moreover, whole classes of animals have become extinct from various known natural causes, which natural causes and requirements do not apply, so far as we know, to the inhabitants of the seas, who can say that the descendants of monsters, which existed in the ocean before the flood, (corresponding to antediluvian monsters on the earth,) are not still existing there? and although the region which they inhabit may be uniformly the greatest depths of the ocean, yet individuals, from some physical or natural cause, may have been compelled to rise to the surface, and so become visible to human eyes.

But it may be objected, and with reason, that this is all speculative; that if the skeptics as to the existence of the sea-serpent come to their conclusions upon mere assertion, what has been advanced by us, thus far, is likewise mere surmise. Granted; but let us proceed a step further. It is often found that when man's wisdom is utterly at fault, the wisdom of God throws a ray of light upon a subject, which makes it clear as day. Turning to the prophecies of Amos, we find the following passage, describing the power of God, and showing the hopelessness of the impenitent escaping the search of his justice:—"Though they dig into hell, thence shall mine hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down; and though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence; and though they be hid from my sight *in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them.*"

Now this passage cannot, I contend, be considered as merely figurative. It is evident, I think, that just as the hiding-place on Mount Carmel, which was to be searched out, described literally a place, and as the sword which, in a subsequent verse, it is declared should slay them in a strange land was also a literal expression, so the expression about the serpent meant that even though it were possible for them to seek concealment in the bottom of the sea, a terrible agent was there, ready to bite them, at the command of their offended God. It is noticeable also, that, like the "leviathan" in the book of Job, this serpent is mentioned in the singular number, implying that it must be a creature of unusual magnitude.

One more observation in conclusion. Many persons imagine that, because we have the very able works of Cuvier and other great naturalists, so elaborately classified, so beautifully minute, and, considering all things, so wonderfully accurate, therefore we have nothing to learn of natural history; but it is a singular fact that in the *Critic* of August 16th, 1852, there is the following notice:—

"EXTRAORDINARY, IF TRUE.—According to some Italian journals, a new organized being has been discovered in the interior of Africa, which seems to form an immediate link between vegetable and animal life. This singular production of nature has the shape of a spotted serpent. It drags itself on the ground; instead of a head, it has a flower, shaped like a bell, which contains a viscous liquid. Flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of the juice, enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes, and remains shut until the prisoners are bruised and transformed into chyle. The indigestible portion, such as the head and wings, are thrown out by aspiral openings. The vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and soft flesh, and, instead of a bony skeleton, a cartilaginous frame, filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it delicious food."

And if this *be* true, what does it prove? Why, that there are objects of a most singular, nay marvelous organization, existing in such numbers as to form an article of food for a portion of the human family, which up to the year 1852 escaped the researches of the civilized world! How can any one, in the face of even the probability of such a fact as this, venture to pronounce the existence of a serpent, of an astonishing size, to be a ridiculous fiction and impossibility?

IN that unknown world in which our thoughts become instantly lost, so different from what we now are acquainted with, that our present knowledge will utterly vanish away, and be succeeded by another faculty altogether, ere we can understand the things of heaven; still there is one object on which our thoughts and imaginations may fasten, no less than our affections; amidst the light, dark from excess of brilliance, which invests the throne of God, we may yet discern the gracious form of the Son of man.—*Arnold.*

THE CHRISTIAN NEGRO.

SOME years ago, an English gentleman had occasion to be in this country, where the following circumstance occurred to him, which is related in his own words:—"In one of my journeys, I was walking by myself over a large plantation. Amused with its husbandry, and comparing it with that of my own country, I came to a middle-aged negro, who was tilling the ground. I felt a strong desire to converse with him, he seemed so happy. After I asked him some questions, he answered very sensibly: 'My massa teach me to read, and I read good book; that makes me happy,' was one of his replies. 'I am glad,' replied I, 'to hear you say so; and pray what is the good book you read?' 'The Bible, massa: God's own book.' 'Do you understand, friend, as well as read this book; for many who can read the words well cannot get hold of the true and good sense?' 'O massa,' says he, 'I read the book much before I understand; but at last I feel pain in my heart: I find things in the book that cut me to pieces.' 'Eh!' said I, 'what things were they?' 'Why, massa, I found that I had bad heart, a very bad heart indeed. I felt pain that God would destroy me because I was wicked, and done nothing as I should do: God was holy, and I was very vile and naughty; so I could have nothing from him but fire and brimstone in hell.' In short, he entered into a full account of his convictions of sin, which were indeed as piercing and as deep as I ever heard of, and also of what scriptures came to his mind which he had read, that both probed him to the bottom of his sinful heart, and were made the means of light and comfort to his soul. I then inquired of him what ministry or means he made use of, and found that his master was a Quaker, a plain sort of man, who had taught his slaves to read, but who had never conversed with this negro upon the state of his soul. I asked him likewise how he got comfort under all this trial? 'O massa,' says he, 'it was Christ gave me comfort, by his dear word: he bade me come unto him, and he would give me rest; for I was very weary and heavy-laden.' Here he went through a line of the most precious texts in the Bible, showing me, by his simple comment upon them, as he went along, what great things God had done, in the course of some years, for his soul. I asked him several questions about the merit of works, the justification of sinners, the power of grace, and the like. I own I was as much surprised at, as I admired, the sweet spirit and simplicity of his answers, with the heavenly wisdom that God had put into the mind of this negro. His discourse, flowing merely from the richness of grace, with a tenderness and expression far beyond the reach of art, quite charmed me. On the other hand, my entering into all his feelings, and telling him, what he had never heard before, that thus and thus the Lord in his mercy dealt with all his children, and had dealt with me, drew streams of joyful tears down his black face. We looked upon each other, and talked with that unspeakable glow of Christian affection which made me more than ever believe, what I have often too thoughtlessly professed, the communion of saints.

"I shall never forget how he seemed to hang upon my lips, and to eat my very words, when I enlarged upon the love of Christ to poor sinners, the free bounty and tender mercy of God, the frequent and delightful sense he gives of his presence, the faith he bestows in his promises, the victories this faith is enabled to get over trials and temptations, the joy and peace in believing, the hope, in life and death, of a glorious immortality. He had never heard such discourse, nor had the opportunity of hearing it before: he seemed like a man who had been thrown into a new world, and at length had found company.

"Though my conversation lasted at least two or three hours, I scarcely ever enjoyed the happy swiftness of time so sweetly in all my life: we knew not how to part: he would go with me as far as he might; and I felt, for my part, such a delight in the simple, solid, unaffected experience of this dear man, that I wished to have seen him often. But my situation prevented this. I therefore took an affectionate leave, with an ardor equal to the warmest and oldest friendship, telling him that neither the color of his body, nor the condition of his present life, could prevent him from being my dear brother in our Saviour; and that, though we must part now, never to see each other again in this world, I had no doubt of our having another joyful meeting in our Father's home, where

we should live together, and love one another through a long and happy eternity. 'Amen, amen, my dear massa,' said he; 'God bless you and poor me too, forever and ever.' If I had been an angel from heaven, he could not have received me with more evident delight than he did; nor could I have viewed him with a more brotherly regard, if he had been a long-established Christian of the good old sort, grown up into my affections in the course of many years."

THE WINTER SLEEP OF ANIMALS.

MOST, perhaps all, animals sleep or repose at given intervals, after certain periods of longer or shorter duration devoted to active exercise. This oblivious rest is necessary for the restoration of the energy of the nervous and muscular systems, when that energy is exhausted by fatigue. There is, moreover, a tendency to sleep, or at least to rest quiet, after repletion; and in hot countries men and animals take their siesta during the fervid heat of mid-day; narcotic drugs produce sleep, by tranquillizing an irritable condition of the nerves, but in overdoses they produce *coma*, which is not true sleep, and which may end in death.

Distinct alike from true sleep, and its similitude coma, is a species of lethargic insensibility, ordinarily called *the torpidity of hibernation*. This torpidity is either perfect or imperfect, and it varies in duration. All animals do not fall into this condition, although many do; it occurs at a fixed period of the year, continues for weeks or months, passes off, and leaves the animal to the exercise of its wonted energies, and to its usual alternations of activity and repose.

The term hibernation means retirement into winter quarters; but, in the present instance, also supposes a condition of torpidity when in that winter retreat. In our northern latitudes, all our reptiles hibernate. Many of our quadrupeds do so also, but none of our birds; for to them is given the instinct and the power of migration.

As examples of hibernation among quadrupeds, we may notice the marmot of the Alps. This animal excavates a deep burrow, in which it makes a bed of dried grass and moss, and to this asylum it retires in autumn, stops up the entrance, lays itself placidly down, and falls into a state of torpor which lasts till the beginning of spring. The pretty little dormouse also hibernates. It makes a domed nest, generally in a crevice or chink of a tree, sometimes amidst the interlacements of the thickest part of a dense brake or tangled mass of brushwood, and in this snug dome-covered dormitory, made of moss, grass, and leaves, it coils itself up into a ball and waits the approach of sleep. The hedgehog hibernates; forming a warm soft nest of moss and leaves, under the root of some old tree, in the hole of a bank, or under the covert of haystacks, masses of timber or logs, it there rolls itself up like a ball, and sinks into torpidity.

Bats likewise hibernate, some more profoundly than others. They seek the hollows of trees, the recesses of old ruins, church towers, barns, caves, and similar retreats, making no nest, but hanging suspended by the hinder claws. Some hibernating animals, as the marmot, lay up a store of provisions for consumption in early spring, when, although the trance is over, other food is not attainable.

Instinct impels all hibernating animals to seek at a definite period their winter asylum, and thus instinct-guided, they never fix upon a wrong situation. In every case the aim seems to be the securement of a shelter from extreme cold, so as to preserve the maintenance of a degree of temperature conducing to a peculiar condition of the system, without involving the loss of the vital principle: for extreme cold, as experiments have proved, does not produce torpidity in these animals, but death. If, for example, we expose an animal which naturally becomes torpid at a certain season of the year to excessive cold, and allow it no opportunity of sheltering itself, it will certainly perish. On the other hand, if we subject an animal in a state of hibernation to excessive cold, the shock will revive it; but let it continue in that cold medium for a short time, and it will die. Artificial warmth will revive an animal in its torpid state of hibernation, but not without injury. Bats and dormice thus awakened, seldom or never survive after being so unnaturally roused. "Animals which hibernate at a certain period of the year in obedience to a protective law, will not hibernate if exposed to cold at another

season; and if the cold be intense, they will perish, as was proved by the experiments of Mangili." Moreover, the degree of temperature at the time when animals seek their hibernating retreats is often higher than that of the spring month, when their revival takes place.

A truly hibernating animal in its torpid condition presents us with the semblance of death: we can perceive no breathing, no motion of the heart, no vital warmth; wounds inflicted seem to give no pain. We may roll a hedgehog over the floor, or a dormouse over the table, and they exhibit no signs of consciousness; they are under the influence of nature's preservative chloroform.

This is a slight sketch of what we ordinarily term hibernation. Let us reverse the picture, and present to our readers the sketch of a contrary state of things. Hibernation means *torpor in a winter retreat*. Let us contrast it with estivation, which means *a like torpor during the intense heat* of the dry season, or summer, in the hotter latitudes.

In inter-tropical climates a continuance of heat and extreme dryness produces the same effects on animals as does the cold of winter in our temperate latitudes. Life appears to stagnate; torpidity assumes the dominance; the forest is still, as if destitute of its native wild tenants, for the birds either seek the densest coverts or migrate to other localities. We quote, with some omissions, the following extracts from Mr. Darwin's interesting Journal, as calculated to give a true picture of this animal torpidity during the season of heat and drought:—

"When we first arrived at Bahia Blanca, (South America,) September 7, we thought nature had granted scarcely a living creature to this sandy and dry country. By digging in the ground, however, several insects, large spiders and lizards, were found in a half-torpid state. On the 15th a few animals began to appear, and by the 18th, three days from the equinox, everything announced the commencement of spring. The plains were ornamented by flowers of a pink wood-sorrel, wild peas, œnotheræ, and geraniums. The birds began to lay their eggs; numerous insects were crawling about; while the lizard tribe, the constant inhabitants of a sandy soil, darted in every direction." . . . "It is well known that within the tropics the *hibernation*, or more properly *estivation* of animals, is governed by the times of drought. Near Rio Janeiro, I was first surprised to observe that a few days after some little depressions had been changed into pools of water by the rain, they were peopled by numerous full-grown shells and beetles. Humboldt has related the strange accident of a hovel having been erected over the spot where a young crocodile lay buried in the mud; and, he adds, the Indians often find enormous boas, which they call uji, or water-serpents, in the same lethargic state. To reanimate them they must be irritated and wetted with water."

As the rainy season comes on suddenly, so, far more suddenly than in our climate, where the transition from winter to spring is gradual, does animal reviviscence, with a restoration to full activity, take place. To this singular torpidity of animals during heat and drought, Baron Humboldt expressly alludes when speaking of the tanrec, a hedgehog-like animal of Madagascar. From him we learn that in the cold zone the deprivation of heat causes some animals to fall into *winter sleep*, so in the hot tropical countries an analogous phenomenon occurs, which has not been sufficiently attended to, and to which he applied the name of *summer sleep*, (estivation.) Drought and continuous high temperature act like the cold of winter in diminishing sensibility. This is a most singular phenomenon, and one to which naturalists might profitably devote their attention.

The same philosopher says:—

"When under the vertical rays of the never-clouded sun, the carbonized turfy covering of the plains falls into dust, the indurated soil cracks asunder as if from the shock of an earthquake. At such times two opposing currents of air, whose conflict produces a rotatory motion, come in contact with the soil, and the plain assumes a singular aspect. Like conical-shaped clouds, the points of which descend to the earth, the sand rises through the rarefied air in the electrically-charged centre of the whirling current, resembling the loud water-spout, dreaded by the experienced mariner. The lowering sky sheds a dim, almost straw-colored light. The horizon draws suddenly nearer, the steppe (plain) seems to contract, and with it the heart of the wanderer. The hot dusty particles which fill the air, increase its suffocating heat; and the east wind blowing over the long-heated soil brings with it no refreshment, but rather a still more burning glow." . . . . "As in the icy north the animals become torpid with cold, so here, under the influence of the parching drought, the crocodile and the boa become motionless and fall asleep, deeply buried in the dry mud. Everywhere the death-threatening drought prevails, and yet by the play of the refracted rays of light, producing the phenomenon of the mirage, the thirsty traveler is pursued by the illusive image of a cool, rippling, watery mirror."

Of the distress which the herds of horses and cattle suffer at this season,

the writer gives a fearful picture, which we must here omit.

"At length," he adds, "after the long drought the welcome season of the rains arrives, and then how suddenly is the scene changed! The deep blue of the hitherto perpetually cloudless sky becomes lighter; at night the dark space in the constellation of the southern cross is hardly distinguishable, and the soft phosphorescent light of the Magellanic clouds fades away. A single cloud appears in the south, like a distant mountain rising perpendicularly from the horizon. Gradually the increasing vapors spread like mist over the sky, and now the distant thunder ushers in the life-restoring rain. The suffocating heat has passed away as if by magic; the vegetation of the plains springs into luxuriance; the beasts of prey roam abroad; the herds rejoice in water and pasturage; and the creatures which slept in torpidity awake and bestir themselves. It is now that the alligator and the huge boa burst from their temporary graves. Sometimes, so the aborigines relate, on the margins of the swamps, the moistened clay is seen to blister and rise slowly in a kind of mound; then, with a violent noise, like the outbreak of a small volcano, the heaped up earth is cast high into the air. The beholder acquainted with the meaning of this spectacle flies, for he knows there will issue forth a gigantic water snake, or a scaly crocodile, awakened from a torpid state by the first fall of rain."

Thus, then, in the hotter regions, during the season of drought, life appears to stagnate as it does in the winter of our northern latitudes; but in each case one great object is aimed at, according to the wisdom of Providence, namely, the preservation of life, although under a semblance of death.

Wonderful and striking, if we consider it, is this preservative law. In our climate so few are the hibernating quadrupeds or reptiles, that persons in general are seldom led to notice the change which spring produces, when the hedgehog, the fieldmouse, and dormouse, issue forth, when the snake leaves its retreat, when the lizard appears on the hedgerow banks in all its liveliness, and the frog, emerging from the mud, throngs every pool and drainage course.

But in the hotter regions, where during the season of intense heat and drought, when all nature seems oppressed, so great a multitude of animals retire and sleep, and then suddenly burst forth, roused by the first showers, grateful to man and beast, the contrast forces itself on the attention. It is one of the natural phenomena with which the wildest aborigines are conversant.

MR. STEELQUILL—WHAT HE IS, AND HOW HE BECAME SO.

MR. STEELQUILL is a ruined man! We thought a few days ago that he was absolutely good for nothing; but it has just struck us that we may put him to one last use, before altogether banishing him from our society and thoughts. In order once more to make him of some slight service to his fellow-men, therefore, we propose to set up Mr. Steelquill, in a brief history of his career, and shocking fall, as a striking example of the evil and misery which may result from apparently trifling, and certainly not universally reprobated, deviation from the path of ordinary life.

Mr. Steelquill was once an articled clerk in the office of Shearem, Fleecy, and Co., the well-known solicitors, and had the bright prospect of being one day himself a prosperous member of the legal profession. Successful as studious, honorable and gentlemanly as well-born and educated, he bid fair soon to master the mysteries of Blackstone & Co., and eventually to rise to eminence in his profession. The Bench was before him; his hopes of attaining that Mont Blanc of the legal Alps were somewhat faint, but still the Bench *was* before him.

At this period of his history, Mr. Steelquill's personal appearance presented nothing remarkable. A smooth, glossy hat surmounted a fringe of nicely combed hair; his juvenile promises of whiskers, rather than whiskers themselves, were small, but well kept; his countenance wore the open, joyous aspect of one who ceased study when he left his desk, and could walk to and fro without troubling himself with much thought. He dressed in plain, but well-made clothes, always scrupulously brushed; and his boots, in their unsullied brightness, looked as though he had had them cleaned at the nearest corner. In fine, from top to toe Mr. Steelquill presented the appearance of a quiet, steady young gentleman, of good position and better prospects. That is, Mr. Steelquill of old—as he was six years ago. A sad change is apparent. His position now is that of—well, to use his own term, though it is perhaps rather too dignified—an author. In fact, Mr. Steelquill is a periodical scribbler. He does that indescribable sort of work, called "writing for the magazines." Nobody seems to know what he

writes, nor when, nor where; nor does he himself seem to be much in advance of his age, in possessing information on this mysterious subject.

It is evident that his circumstances are not very good, though, fortunately for him, he is the recipient of an annuity, to which the income he derives from his pen is merely supplementary. He looks fully twelve years older than when we first introduced him; and his face habitually wears an anxious, care-furrowed expression; ever and anon intensifying into a look of horribly fierce determination. At such moments, it must charitably be concluded that he is laboring under a fit of inspiration. A thought—a great idea—a grand conception—has arisen in his mind; or a startling denouement, or ingenious plot, has suggested itself to his fancy; or, perhaps, something so alarmingly funny has presented itself to his imagination, that it is only by contorting his features into an aspect of extreme gravity that he is able to prevent an unseemly exposition of mirth. He walks along, lost in sublime speculations and glowing aspirations. His search is after originality. He regards commonplace objects, scenes, persons, and occurrences, with a view to an original treatment of them in "Someone's Journal." He affects humor and wit, and is ever on the watch for subjects on which to exercise his gifts; so that, while the fates of nations and continents tremble in the political scale, he thinks of their most momentous questions as scenes for a burlesque, or jokes for an extravaganza; and a war or a revolution provides him with matter for a comic song.

Then, as to his attire, it varies. Occasionally it is incongruous, and also presents that appearance consequent on overlong wear, which has been happily termed "seediness." At other times he is, so far as the texture of his garments goes, well-dressed; but still his dress is characterized by a peculiar showiness, almost gaudiness, of color, and singularity of make.

His hair he wears exceedingly long, as the customary and universally recognized sign of genius; and brushes, and combs, and strokes it back from his forehead, until little is left visible from the front save its roots; and it looks as though it had had a very narrow escape of being completely eradicated. He wears, too, what would be a moustache, if nature and he were but of the same way of thinking on the moustache question. As it is, he encourages the diffident capillary shoots, displays those of more luxuriant growth, and, in short, makes as close an approximation to that hirsute appendage as circumstances admit of. His gait assumes rather a slouching, lounging character, except when he is impelled by one of those fits of inspiration by which he is visited, and then he strides along at a smart pace, until the violence of his emotions has subsided.

A fearful alteration has, indeed, taken place in poor Steelquill. He is but the wreck of his former self; and, from a peaceable, respectable citizen, is reduced to the poor, objectless, aimless, restless creature we see him now. And yet we must not imagine him a miserable man. Providence has kindly rendered him insensible to his misfortunes, and he is even so enamored of his sad state, that he has rejected several overtures of his friends to reinstate him in his former position. Yes, strange to say, he prefers literary poverty to professional affluence, and would rather write what he mistakes for an epigram, than make out a bill of costs. Here then is a case pregnant with warning to the young and ambitious, to avoid the pernicious ways of literature as they would the plague. The love of it entrances, entices, and, at last, irresistibly fascinates; but the pursuit of it makes a Samuel Steelquill of a man in the end. How the transition in Mr. Steelquill's case took place, we design to relate.

Mr. Steelquill, senior, was a respectable retail dealer in West Indian produce—in fact, a grocer. Well-to-do and contented he was; and, intending to qualify his only child for a profession, he gave him an excellent education, and had the satisfaction of seeing him, for some time, advance steadily and rapidly toward an established position. But Mr. S. Steelquill, as we have seen, departed from the path of prosperity and fortune, and eventually wandered very widely astray.

Of course he did not plunge at once into the wilds of literature. He stepped aside, and culled a flower or a leaf, and then sprung hastily back into the beaten track of professional propriety. In all cases of thus forsaking the right course, vagabondizing for a time, and at length marching off in a totally different path, there must

be a commencement. Some spot might be pointed out as the site of the first deviation—some point where the fresh course branched off at a most acute angle—some puddle of a Rubicon which bounded the forbidden ground; but, in after days, it is not easy, nor always possible, to indicate this starting-point. In Mr. Steelquill's case, it is believed that the perpetration of an anonymous parody was the first act of delinquency, and this was followed by several explosions of squibs, a *jeu d'esprit*, and some foundling jokes, the parentage of which, however, it is but just to him to state, he has never confessed to. These attempts all proving abortive, owing to the stupidity of publishers—who, with a strange blindness to their own interests, refused their insertion in their various periodicals, "unless paid for as advertisements"—we feel at liberty to pass them by without further notice, and proceed to his first acknowledged production—"The Philosopher's Stone." We shall spare our readers the pain of skipping this quaint effusion, by refraining from reprinting it, and merely state, that it appeared in an ill-known monthly periodical, authenticated by the initial signature, "S. S.," and accompanied by a semi-apologetic explanation by the editor that it was evidently the performance of a very inexperienced writer, and, viewed as such, was not wholly destitute of merit.

When Mr. Steelquill procured the magazine in which "The Philosopher's Stone" appeared, and read in the list of contents the title of his little piece, he experienced a sensation of agreeable bewilderment, known only to persons in his position; but when he read the verses themselves, and saw the "S. S." appended thereto, his delight and astonishment were quite unbounded. Of course he cut the particular leaves between which the precious gem lay concealed, while he walked toward his office, and perused it in such a trepidation of pleasure, that, in his insensibility to external impressions, with his eyes fixed on the page, he walked over a little child, through a flock of sheep, and into the wrong office, besides all but running his open pen-knife into the eye of a boy, who, not being aware of his abstraction of mind, walked dangerously near him. To this state of mind, a lofty assumption of indifference to sublunary things in general, magazines in particular, and, especially, to his own trifling contribution, succeeded, as reaction ensued; so that in the evening he presented the periodical to his father, and pointed out his own handiwork, or headiwork, with a calmness truly surprising, particularly when viewed as merely the mask of intense emotion.

Had not Mr. Steelquill, senior, been an imbecile old grocer, instead of praising his son's impotent attempt, he would have expressed surprise at any young man writing, and any editor publishing, such trash. As it was, he read it as he would have read an invoice; and, seeing that each line began with a capital letter, he inferred that it was poetry, while the fact that it was divided into verses, led him to the conclusion that it was a song; and, feeling very proud at seeing his son's production in print, he pronounced it capital, excellent, and so forth; frequently exclaiming, "Well, I never ——!" but, provokingly leaving the sentence in that unfinished and ungrammatical form, he rendered it impossible for any person to understand to what he denied being, doing, or suffering.

His injudicious expression of approval produced two results: first, Mr. S. Steelquill immediately laid before him a large collection of similar pieces, in manuscript; and second, Mr. S. Steelquill began seriously to contemplate freeing his genius from the confinement of legal studies, and allowing it to soar, in majestic freedom, toward—toward—wherever genius does soar.

Shortly this determination was carried into execution, and Mr. Steelquill resolutely refused to proceed with his profession, and declared himself resolved henceforth to devote himself to literary pursuits. The fact of this course being strikingly at variance with the advice he had offered, and the sentiments he inculcated in his own philosophical poem, did not at all affect his resolution, as he claimed the freedom from general rules usually accorded to genius. He received, indeed, a slight check in his career, on having, as soon as he thought to make merchandise of his ware, almost every paper he forwarded to publishers returned to him. In vain did he pass from tale to sketch, and thence to essay; in vain did he, with the versatility of genius, turn from prose to verse —blank and rhymed; in vain did he write

lengthy pieces, and equally vain did he cut down his articles into mere scraps—editors were insensible alike to their own interests, and to his extraordinary merit. In vain did he seek fresh editors; alas! they were all alike insensible. True, they all "*regretted*"—but still they *did* "regret"—"that the paper, 'Memoirs of a Monkey, or an Account of an Ape,' was unsuitable for insertion in ———." Occasionally, indeed, some unfortunate editor, worried beyond even an editor's patience by his pertinacious applications, did not vouchsafe him quite as polite a reply; and his favor was ruthlessly and thanklessly declined. As a general rule, his papers would not become contributions.

Disgusted by the want of taste and discernment he discovered among editors, Mr. Steelquill made up his mind to leave them to their fate, and to turn his attention to the stage. Though feeling himself fully equal to a tragedy in five, or a comedy in three acts, he nevertheless very modestly decided on making his *debut* as a writer for the stage as the author of a farce in one act.

He plodded at his plot until he fancied it unexceptionable, and polished his jokes till, in his own estimation, they were as brilliant as Bude lights; and, then, perusing it once more, with a half-repressed self-complacent smirk writhing over his features, he put it in his pocket, and went forth in quest of a manager, intending, as it was a first attempt, and he had a name to make, to offer it gratuitously.

Fortunately, he was able to procure a letter of introduction from an influential friend to a celebrated manager, remarkable, however, for not manifesting in a most extraordinary degree that *suaviter in modo*, which so frequently renders even opposition to one's wishes tolerable. Armed with this note, he sought the manager, presented his farce, and was requested to call again in a month or so. This short age having elapsed, he again waited on the man who, to his apprehension, held his fate in his hand. The manager had satisfied himself by a glance that the piece was infinitely below par, and totally unfit for representation "on any stage;" but to afford an author such satisfaction, he experimentally knew was literally impossible. So, thinking it best to cut short any parleying on the subject by decisively intimating his opinion, preliminary civilities having been briefly hurried through, he bluntly said, "Mr. Steelquill, it's a perfect farce!"

Mr. Steelquill, quite mistaking the meaning and scope of this statement, bowed courteously, smiled complacently, and modestly replied, "I am delighted to hear you express such an opinion. I feared, that, being my first essay, it might betray many imperfections."

"But, sir, you altogether misunderstand me—I dare not attempt to put it on the stage. It would be laughed at!"

"Laughed at! Why, of course it would. I expect it would prove a screamer. That scene, now, in which Giles Bumpkin tells the dairymaid——"

"Really, sir, to be plain with you, I cannot accept your piece."

"In that case, I have no objection to take a moderate sum in payment for——"

"Payment! Sir, you must be mad! Me pay you for such execrable rubbish! I'll be hanged if I—— But good morning, sir. There's your farce! Good morning!"

Mr. Steelquill has an indistinct recollection of some bowing taking place, and of his offering to shake hands with the servant man; but when he fairly recovered his consciousness, he was walking along the street.

To attempt to convey any just idea of his discomfiture and intense mortification, would be futile. But even this decided treatment of his sad case failed to effect a cure, and from that time to the present he has continued to write all sorts of pieces; as yet unsuccessfully striving to attain a respectable literary position, he still lives on in the hope of one day taking the reading public by storm, and springing suddenly from his present obscurity into all the splendor of a popular author.

SENECA was wont to jeer the Jews for their ill husbandry, in that they lost one day in seven, meaning their Sabbath. O that it were not too true of the most professors both young and old, that they lose not one day in seven, but several days in seven. Sirs, time let slip cannot be recalled; the foolish virgins found it so, and Saul found it so, and Herod found it so; the Israelites found it so; yea, and Jacob, and Josiah, and David, though good men, yet they found it so to their cost.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE ART OF EMBROIDERY.

EMBROIDERY is an ancient art, as we find from the mention made of it both by sacred and profane writers. From a very early period, people knew how to embroider stuffs and vary their colors, either by means of the needle, working into a plain ground threads of different colors, gold, or precious stones, or by introducing such threads into the tissue of the stuff while preparing the warp. The directions for making the tabernacle and its embroidered curtain show the knowledge of this art communicated to the Hebrews. Exod. xxvi, 1–31; xxxix, 2, 3, 5, 8, &c.

The Medes and Babylonians of ancient times were celebrated for the beauty of the draperies of their apartments. The hangings which decorated their palaces were wrought by the needle, which in eastern nations is still employed in embroidered works. Chardin says of the Persians: "Their tailors certainly excel ours in their sewing. They make carpets, cushions, vails for doors, and other pieces of furniture, of felt, in mosaic-work, which represents just what they please. This is done so neatly, that a man might suppose the figure was painted, instead of being a kind of inlaid work. Look as close as you will, the joining cannot be seen." Tents, which are much used in hot countries among nomadic tribes or on military excursions, have for ages kept the skill of the eastern embroiderer in practice. The covering of tents among the Arabs is usually black goat's-hair, so compactly woven as to be impervious to rain. In addition to this, there is usually an inner tent of white woolen-stuff, on which flowers are embroidered. Curious hangings are also hung over the entrances. A tent of a late king of Persia, which is said to have cost ten millions of dollars, and to have been a load for forty camels, "was embroidered with burnished gold, studded with precious stones and diamonds, interspersed with rubies and emeralds set with rows of pearls; and there was painted thereon a specimen of every created thing, birds, and trees, and towns, cities, seas, and continents, beasts and reptiles."

This art was also generally known among other Asiatic nations. Homer speaks of embroidery as the occupation of Helen and Andromache; he mentions also the golden cincture of Calypso, and that of Circe. At that period, (unless the poet's imagination has rendered his description too partial,) embroidery approached painting in the truthfulness of its imitations: in Ovid's fable of Minerva and Arachne, the art is praised as giving the touches of light with a degree of fidelity beyond that of painting, but which they were enabled successfully to accomplish in wool. Many modern authors are, indeed, disposed to seek the origin of painting among the Greeks in the talent of the Ionian women in tapestry-work. We find, even, in the "Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences," an interesting dissertation on painting, in which the author, describing the numerous varieties of that art, makes mention among them of tapestry worked with the needle or at the loom, and of designs executed on white silk and cotton cloth, by employing various dyes which penetrate the stuff.

At the present day, the most patient and laborious embroiderers are said to be the Chinese; their regularity and neatness are very great, and the extreme care with which they work preserves their shades bright and shining. The Indians also excel in this kind of work. "They embroider with cotton on muslin, but they employ on gauze, rushes, skins of insects, nails and claws of animals, walnuts and dry fruits, and, above all, the feathers of birds. They mingle their colors without harmony as without taste; it is only a species of wild mosaic, which announces no plan and represents no object. The women of the wandering tribes of Persia weave those rich carpets which are called Turkey carpets, from the place of their immediate importation. But this country was formerly celebrated for magnificent embroideries, and also for tapestries, composed of silk and wool, embellished with gold. This rather beautiful art, though not entirely lost, is nearly so, for want of encouragement. But, of all eastern nations, the Moguls were the most celebrated for their splendid embroideries; couches, and even walls and floors, were covered with silk or cotton fabrics, richly worked with gold, and often, as in ancient times, with gems inwrought."

The poet Cowper has immortalized Mrs. Montague's feather hangings. Various articles of dress have of late years been covered or ornamented with feathers, such as muffs, tippets, &c. In Canada, the

women embroider with their own hair and that of animals, copying the ramifications of moss agates and of plants; they also insinuate into their works skins of serpents and morsels of fur, patiently smoothed. The negresses of Senegal embroider various skins of animals with flowers and figures of all colors. The Turks and Georgians embroider the lightest gauze or crape; they use a very delicate gold thread, and represent very minute objects on morocco, without varying the form or fraying the gold. They have a habit of ornamenting their embroidering with pieces of money of different nations, and travelers often find in their old garments valuable and interesting coins.

In Saxony, embroidery is practiced on muslin with untwisted thread, and is very beautiful. That of Venice and Milan is celebrated, but costly. France has also a reputation for embroidery; but the Germans, especially those of Vienna, are said to be most successful in the art. In England, the practice of ornamental needlework and that of embroidery have gradually declined from the days of Elizabeth. "The literary and scholastic pursuits which had suspended the use of the needle, did not, indeed, continue the fashion of later times; still the needle was not resumed, nor perhaps have embroidery and tapestry ever, from the days of Elizabeth, been so much practiced as they are now."

Embroidery at the present day is not merely a female occupation, but a considerable branch of industry, which occupies thousands of young persons and children, and makes large demands not only on the manual dexterity, but on the intelligence of those who practice it; for the work of the embroiderer requires that he should understand the nature of the materials with which he deals, their several aptitudes to take certain dyes, and to bear certain processes. It requires also a knowledge of drawing, and of the proper arrangement of colors, with inventive power to produce novelties, and methods of executing them in a tasteful and economical manner.

The practice of tapestry-weaving with a shuttle was originally done in a standing posture; the threads of wool being stretched perpendicularly, and not, as they are now, wound upon a beam. The warp was confined by a piece of wood, to which heavy weights were attached. The Egyptians were the first, according to Pliny, who changed the old and inconvenient method, and introduced the custom of sitting to the work, as is now done by the workmen in the royal manufacture of the Gobelins, of Beauvais, Aubusson, &c. The same author informs us that, when embroidered materials were old and worn, the ancients were accustomed to transfer the worked parts to a new ground, and thus to give them a prolonged existence. Thus the embroidery was cut out, following the outlines of the original design, and then applied, laid on, and sewed upon a plain ground of a different color. This was a common practice in trimming the robes of Roman matrons, and is what is meant by Ovid and Horace when they speak of such robes being embroidered or bordered with a fringe of purple, &c. The sort of trimming among the Romans frequently expressed the dignity, sex, and age of the wearer.

The practice of embroidery varies with the nature of the materials worked with. In embroidering stuffs the work is performed in a stretching-frame. Muslin is starched, and then spread out upon a pattern; while working the flowers, it is necessary to count the threads or the muslin both in the warp and in the weft. This makes the work tedious; but it is richer in points, and susceptible of greater variety, than when done at the stretching-frame. Cloths too much milled, are not well adapted to this kind of ornament.

In the practice of embroidery, the French divide the art into various classes. The first class is called *white* embroidery, because it is executed on all kinds of white materials, with white cotton, flat, milled, or twisted; with braid, edging, &c. This species of embroidery also comprehends festoon embroidery, or that which consists of embroidering and cutting out the edge of the material to a certain pattern traced on paper, or on the stuff itself. Festoon embroidery is also employed in the body of the work without cutting out. Chain-stitch embroidery, or that which traces the veins and general shape of the pattern in chain-stitch, and fills up the middle afterward in a similar manner. Needlework embroidery, or simple horizontal stitches, each embracing as much of the material behind as before the thread, and applicable only to thin and soft materials, as muslin, cambric, &c. Lace em-

broidery on tulle, blonde, gauze, &c., manufactured by the aid of the Jacquard loom.

Proceeding from these works in a white material to the embroidery in colors, there are again many kinds. In one of these the figures are raised and rounded, by cotton or velvet, which is placed underneath to sustain them; in another, edging or lace is laid upon the design, and sewn on with thread of the same color in various stitches; in another the whole pattern is cut out in velvet or silk, and carefully sewn upon the material with thread or silk. Embroidery *en guipure* is a rich mixture of several kinds of embroidery, and may be executed in gold, silver, feathers, pearls, precious stones, &c. Embroidery in flat tints is when the threads and other coloured materials are simply put in juxtaposition; shaded embroidery is when the embroiderer seeks to follow nature closely, or to represent in its more delicate shadings the object, natural or artificial, which is to be imitated. Other names of embroidery are derived from the implements employed, as crochet, loom, or tambour embroidery. Under the name of embroidery are also comprehended the numerous kinds of work which consist in forming flowers upon all kinds of tissues, with ribbons or with colored gauze.

The number of stitches in embroidery is strictly only two; the first embracing the material equally in height and width, and on both sides; the second executed either with a crochet or a common needle, and forming a continuous chain. Embroidery on canvas is distinguished from works in velvet, and from the different stitches for marking linen, and for making fancy articles with beads, &c. Embroidery on canvas is often called tapestry-work. The stitches, combined and arranged in various manners, represent the desired figures, and take different names, according to the countries where these combinations were invented. Thus, there is Berlin-stitch, French, Hungarian, English-stitch, Gobelins-stitch, and many others.

Modern embroidery comprehends: 1. Embroidery on the stamp, where the figures are raised, and rounded by means of cotton or parchment beneath. 2. Low embroidery, where the gold and silver lie low upon the sketch, and are stitched with silk of the same color. 3. Guimped embroidery, which is performed either in gold or silver. A sketch is first made upon the cloth, then put on cut vellum, and afterward sewed on the gold and silver with silk thread; and on this kind of embroidery are often added gold and silver cord, tinsel, and spangles. 4. Embroidery on both sides of the stuff. 5. Plain embroidery, which is flat and even, without cords, spangles, or other ornaments.

The elements of tapestry-work are five, namely, the *design* which the embroiderer is to imitate; the dyed *threads* of wool or silk, variously and properly sorted; the *canvas*, more or less regular, of which the interlacing threads guide the stitch: the *frame* on which the canvas is conveniently stretched; the *needle*, with a large head and blunt point, which serves to pass the colored thread freely through the squares or meshes of the canvas. A correct drawing of the object to be reproduced upon the canvas must be constantly under the eye of the embroiderer. Some of these designs are engraved, printed, and colored upon paper representing canvas, so that the forms and colors exactly fill the squares corresponding to those on which the stitches are to be set. Others are traced upon the canvas itself in outline, or without colored shadows: in this last case, the embroiderer works according to her taste, and according to the nature of the objects, in arranging the colored threads, and in putting in the lights and shadows. Tapestry itself, bought ready-made, very often serves for a model, which is imitated on the corresponding part of the canvas, by counting successively with a pin the stitches in such and such a shade of the model, and the squares of the canvas which must receive them; but this, of course, takes more time than working from a design traced on the canvas.

Several kinds of embroidering-frame are in use; but one of the most easy to manage is made with a system of iron-hooks fixed upon the cross-pieces of the frame, and serving to stretch the canvas on the two opposite sides. This sort of frame is now but little used, on account of the price of its construction. The working embroiderers prefer the screw or the lath-frames, which are sold at a cheaper rate, and admit of more easy adjustment. The lath-frame is inferior to the screw-frame, in which the stuff can be stretched little or much, according to the wish of the worker.

THE SONNETEERS.

IN looking back on those rhymists who have given us thoughts and images worthy of lasting remembrance within the narrow compass of fourteen lines, we are by no means disposed to adopt the Johnsonian reading of the word sonneteer, as implying "a small or petty poet." To countenance such a heresy, would be to proclaim that, while "brevity is the soul of wit," diffuseness is the spirit of poetry. All our best poets, those whose more extended flights of genius have been the happiest, have excelled in the sonnet—witness Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and numerous others, to say nothing of Petrarch and his brother poets abroad. Within the restricted fourteen lines, the cause of the despised sonnet has been nobly defended by the poet Wordsworth:—

Scorn not the sonnet: critic, you have frown'd,
Mindless of its just honors: with this key
Shakspeare unlock'd his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camoëns soothed with it an exile's grief;
The sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd
His visionary brow; a glowworm lamp,
It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

The sonnet, from its very brevity, and from its completeness within itself, has an advantage over other forms of poetry in its power of readily ingrafting itself on the memory; and, when in its perfection, it possesses a charming succession of cadences which find their echo in the awakened poetic sense, long after its music has died upon the ear. Who can read aloud Milton's fine sonnet on the *Massacre in Piedmont*, without feeling stirred as by the clang of some far-off battle? With the opening lines, the majestic flow of the verse sweeps over the sense with a peal like the distant roll of artillery:—

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold!
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

Even those master-minds that, in spite of their undoubted claim to the divinity of poetic inspiration, have been justly accused of obscurity and mysticism in their more prolonged efforts, have yet rayed out perfectly clear and transparent when using the sonnet form of versification as the medium of thought. The more ambitious works of these brilliant but fitful geniuses confuse us with their very wealth of imagery and wild license of commingling fancies. To attempt to fathom their "deep obscure" is bewildering. It is like gazing on a summer-night sky when the myriads of heaven's lesser lights are glancing, crowd upon crowd, from the deep blue above us, till the sense aches with the diffused splendor of those countless worlds of beauty. But, closer to the moon's orb, we see perchance some planet of a more distinct and concentrated glory—and here we have a type of that gem of poetic creation, the "scorned" and despised sonnet. Within its narrow scope of words, but wide-reaching realm of thought, the singer no longer runs heedlessly after a meteoric fantasy: he has neither time nor space to go in search of a mere Will-o'-the-wisp. The Puck of Fancy, that freaksome, tricksy sprite, must be caught, caged, and tamed: Imagination must be the slave, Reason the lord-paramount of the hour. With all Coleridge's unquestioned power, we can hardly persuade ourselves that the following sonnet is from his hand:—

Gently I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave: do thou the same.
A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark.
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear *that*—the spark self-kindled from within,
Which, blown upon, will blind thee with its glare,
Or, smother'd, stifle thee with noisome air.
Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
And soon the ventilated spirit finds
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,
Or, worse than foe, an alienated friend,
A rib of dry-rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it God's message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it—thine the gains—
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

What a world of forceful thought lies here! These are the truths that speak to the soul through the medium of a few ringing words, more powerfully than all the field-preaching in the universe. Who, after reading those words, could go incontinently and commit an unworthy action? There is a sonnet of Byron's, whose recollection lingers with us in our moments of higher musing, and which exhibits a striking instance of a poet's power to exalt and ennoble, through an appeal to the better portion of our nature. We allude to the sonnet addressed to George IV. upon the reversal of the attainder of Lord Edward Fitzgerald:—

To be the father of the fatherless,
To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
His offspring, who expired in other days
To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less—
This is to be a monarch, and repress
Envy into unutterable praise.
Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
For who would lift a hand except to bless?
Were it not easy, sir, and is 't not sweet
To make thyself beloved? and to be
Omnipotent by mercy's means? For thus
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete;
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

Once more to quote Wordsworth, the most prolific of our modern sonneteers, we would instance his description of a London morning in a sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge, as a proof of the power residing in this species of composition, to present a perfect picture, which shall leave its trace indelibly on the mind, or to enforge the impress of some single feeling never to be effaced. You stand with the poet where he stood—on that bridge spanning the waters; you see with his eyes and feel with his heart. The smoke of the great city is not. You hail "the beauty of the morning in its clear, unsullied glory, rising over the sleeping city-world. The hush of a deep repose, undisturbed yet by the noisy jar of crowding life and riot cares, rests wherever the gazer turns. You feel, with your spirit-guide, that around and about on every side lie the dwellings of fellow-mortals; for it is in the, *here* pardonable, familiarity of the epithet, "*dear* God," that you are made to feel at once that you are looking not alone on empty "towers, domes, and temples," but where the "mighty heart" of humanity is beating silently in many a slumbering homestead:—

Earth has not anything to show more fair,
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

After such instances as are here given of the higher and nobler purposes to which this same "pipe" has been tuned, we hesitate—however heretical may appear such a dereliction of our bounden duty as his true worshipers—to introduce a single specimen of the sonnets of Shakspeare. Beautiful as these small niche-images are, they yet show insignificant beside the colossal figures of his dramatic canvas. Shakspeare, whose every line could be pregnant, when he so willed, needed not to present to us men's minds cramped within the focus of this "glowworm lamp." The rarest dissecter, and the wisest and most profound expositor of the human heart, shows, in his indulgence of the sonnet form of composition, like a very Achilles sporting and trifling with his own strength, a hero in his softest mood, discoursing sweet harmony by means of this "small lute," while toying with Amaryllis in the shade. The form in which poets of less transcendent genius have embodied their loftiest aspirations, was to him but the outlet of personal feeling—the only escape for, and relief to, that natural egotism which never obtruded itself into the higher conceptions of his genius. As such, they have a value independent of their extreme intrinsic beauty. For the present, therefore, we resign them to that "Silence," at once eloquent and dumb, which has been so aptly and well-depicted by the pen of Richard Flecknoe:—

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart;
Offspring of a heavenly kind,
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind;
Secrecy's confidant, and he
That makes religion mystery;
Admiration's speakingest tongue—
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallow'd cells,
Where retired devotion dwells—
With thy enthusiasms come;
Seize our hearts, and strike us dumb!

JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D.

WE cannot present you, "courteous readers," with an engraved portrait of the subject of our present sketch; you must be content with "a pen and ink" one, or an attempt at such. Some years ago his friends got out a steel engraving of him, but it is still smiled at as a nicely artistic caricature. More than a year ago our artists tried their hands at him, but they failed, and the unused drawing lies now, among other rubbage, in our editorial sanctum. Within a few weeks we have had the attempt repeated: the drawing was made, and the block cut and pronounced "finished;" but no sooner came it under our eye than it was sent incontinently "under the table." There is "no use of trying," say the artists. Dr. Durbin has in fact a most incorrigible face—artistically speaking—and we must be allowed to bow him into your presence without further apology.

Dr. Durbin is slight in person, but apparently in excellent health. He walks with a light, elastic step. We know not but that he must consent to be placed in the glorious class of "homely men" who fill so largely the annals of greatness. We once thought this his inevitable allotment; but by closer and more familiar observation, or perhaps the "fascination" of that indefinable—some would call it Mesmeric—influence which usually accompanies men of genius, we have been tempted to change our mind, and there is a lurking disposition about our heart to consider him a decidedly interesting looking man. His head is diminutive, nearly as outright a refutation of phrenology as that of the late Dr. Channing, or Bancroft, or Bishop Simpson, another of the leading men of his own Church; his eyes are blue; his nose small, and slightly upturned, (for which he may claim brotherhood with Pitt, Burke, and other notabilities;) his mouth is remarkable for its characteristic expression; it indicates great firmness, and the lines from the nostrils to its corners are distinctly marked. His hair is slightly sprinkled with gray. His complexion is somewhat sanguine—it glows with good health, and reminds you not of the suffused floridness of the English face, but of the less tumid and more embrowned countenance of the continental Europeans

After all, it is not the features, as far as the bare lineaments may be so called, that give characteristic expression to the human face, just as it is not the mere verbal expression of a writer that constitutes his style. There is a subtile, general, indescribable something—indescribable because of its exquisite subtilty and spiritual significance, which renders alike the features and the style of a man instinct with his soul, and with even his individual characteristics. The highest perfection of art consists in the ability to give to the canvas or the marble this visible *animus* of the man. Dr. Durbin's face is strongly marked in this respect; his smile is especially expressive; it corrugates the whole face, and always brings the blood to the surface; but it plays with outbeaming radiance, and is usually enhanced by some accompanying gesture expressive of refined courtesy. The intellectual and moral indication of the countenance is especially significant in his preaching. In his more emphatic passages his features glow, and his eyes radiate an electrical fire which darts with resistless effect among his hearers.

His voice is peculiar: there seems to be an organic defect about it. It cannot be called feminine, nor squealing; but you are induced to suppose that it would have been decidedly one or the other were it not for assiduous cultivation, by which he has subdued it into perfect control. He uses it as a well-trained musician uses his instrument, and though far from musical, it is not disagreeable. It drawls somewhat, and on its higher keys becomes harsh; but it is seldom raised above an agreeable colloquial tone.

Dr. Durbin was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, October 10, 1800. His education, up to his fourteenth year, was of the commonest kind of the west. At fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a cabinet maker, in Paris, Ky., and served out his time. In the autumn of 1818 it pleased God to convert him. One of his young friends was pungently convicted, struggled hard and long, and was powerfully and suddenly converted in his presence. He assumed that his experience must be of the same kind in order to be genuine; and as it was gradual and tranquil, without violent signs, he began to distrust it, when by a silent, gentle, yet clear impression on his mind, he was convinced that God for

Christ's sake had pardoned his sins and accepted him in the Redeemer.

He soon felt impressed that it was his duty to preach the gospel, although he had not yet become a member of the Church. As if by inspiration, his grandfather, a pioneer of Methodism in Kentucky, said to him suddenly one day, "John, are you not concerned about preaching the gospel?" It was to him like a flash of lightning in a clear sky. He took counsel of that early apostle of the west, Rev. Benjamin Lakin, joined the Church one week in November, and, during the next week, another of the apostles of the west, Absalom Hunt, asked a recommendation for him to the quarterly conference, where he was licensed to preach November 28th, by still another apostle of the west, Alexander Cummings, and sent to Limestone Circuit. Next year the "old Western Conference" was divided, and he was sent alone into the north-west corner of Ohio, where the Indians still roved, to look after some one hundred members of the Church, who were scattered through the wilderness over a circuit of some two hundred miles.

Here he began his studies in the cabins, where there was but one room, which served for chapel, parlor, kitchen, dining-room, and chamber for the whole family. On this circuit he found an old German who had Dr. Clarke's Commentary in numbers; he borrowed them, and slipped two numbers at a time into a tin canister about four inches in diameter, and lashed it on behind his saddle, and thus carried it round his circuit. As soon as preaching was over and the class met, he sat down in the midst of a western family, with pen and ink to study and take notes of Dr. Clarke, especially on the Pentateuch and New Testament. Not a line escaped him. To this book he added Mr. Wesley's and Fletcher's Works, all of which he thoroughly mastered in the western cabins, generally reading in the winter by firelight, which was made by pine knots and dry wood, prepared by the boys, who used to wonder at him as a living marvel.

Next year he was sent into Indiana, and had for his colleague the Rev. James Collord, for many years the printer of the Methodist Book Concern, New-York. At Mr. Collord's instance, he began to study English grammar, and from him he received much instruction. He used to commit the rules to memory, and read the examples and notes, as he rode on horseback from one appointment to another. Mr. Collord has often been heard to tell of these things with no little glee.

Toward the close of the year he attracted the notice of the late Dr. M. Ruter, who advised him to study Latin and Greek, and gave him a grammar or two. At it he went, and as he was stationed the third year in Hamilton, Ohio, about twelve miles from the Miami University, (at Oxford,) he used to go to the University on Monday, stay all the week, pursuing his studies, and return on Friday evening to prepare for the Sunday. At first this was a matter of some dissatisfaction to the people; but when they saw his thirst for knowledge, and his fidelity and efficiency on Sunday, they had the good sense to approve his course. Next year he was stationed in Lebanon, and was still guided by the counsel of Dr. Ruter. He obtained there the private instruction of a gentleman, who has since become prominent, and now occupies a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the state. The family in which he resided in Lebanon still relate with pleasure the peculiar industry of their boarder. He transcribed the Latin and Greek grammars, and put the copy on pasteboard and suspended it before him for more easy reference. This, doubtless, was not the best way; but it shows his resolution and industry. The next year he was stationed in Cincinnati, and was admitted to the Cincinnati College, with the personal countenance of Dr. Ruter and the late President Harrison. Here he finished his collegiate course, and was admitted to the degree of A. M., without being required to take first the degree of A. B.

During these five or six years his habits of study were unremitting. He invariably rose at five o'clock in summer and six in winter, and sat down to his books; he as invariably retired at nine and ten o'clock at night to rest; he performed all the duties of a minister of the gospel, giving the morning, up to twelve o'clock, or to the time of departing for his appointment, if on a circuit, to study; the afternoon to pastoral visitation and the classes, and the evening to prayer and other meetings. He has often been heard to say, that he adopted as his maxim for the first seven years of his ministry, these

words, viz.: "I have made a covenant with my eyes; why should I look upon a maid?" Adhering strictly to this bachelor philosophy, he maintained it like a true Stoic; he avoided all female society except in the most casual and general way; and many who knew him in these days, speak of the sternness with which he adhered to his maxim. He was never known to give his arm to any lady, or to walk by her side publicly or privately, during these years of severe study. We admire him not the more for his pertinacity, though we may admire the motive that led to it. He should be thankful at least that he did not live in the venerable old times of religious celibacy—he would inevitably have been a follower of St. Anthony.

After taking his degree at Cincinnati, he was appointed Professor of Languages in Augusta College, Ky., and spent the ensuing year in traveling to recruit his health, and to collect money for the college. In this way he first became known in our Eastern cities. Upon a second visit to the East in 1829, some gentlemen in Washington put his name forward as a candidate for the Chaplaincy to the Senate of the United States. There was a tie vote on the case, and Mr. Calhoun, who had that morning taken his seat, gave the casting vote against him. Upon being better informed respecting the defeated candidate, Mr. Calhoun sent an explanation, and shortly afterward invited Mr. Durbin to dine with him alone. Two years afterward, in 1831, without Mr. Durbin's knowledge, and in his absence, the Senate, by a large vote, elected him Chaplain. His sermons in the capitol are remembered still for their pungency and power. It fell to his lot, by vote of the house, and requisition from Mr. Clay, the chairman, to preach the sermon in the capitol on the one hundredth birth-day of General Washington. Both houses and the Supreme Court adjourned, and such an audience probably has never, before or since, been seen in the capitol. When the slender form of the preacher appeared in the speaker's desk, before the vast and august assembly, there was a slight tremor of apprehension in the throng; and the western members felt special solicitude. The tune of Old Hundred resounded through the vast hall, and was followed by the clear, composed, and peculiar voice of the preacher in prayer; and all hearts were quieted. The text was Rev. iv, 11, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." The whole drift of the sermon was to show the agency of God in our revolution, and that the prosperity of the country depended upon morals and religion; there was no effort at display in it; but more than usual directness, plainness, and earnestness. It had all the characteristic effect of his discourses. At the close of the service, as he descended from the speaker's chair, Gov. Wickliff, of Ky., took him by the hand and said: "I advise you never to preach again, if you have regard to your reputation. You never can see such another day as this; and I doubt whether you can do such another deed as you have done to-day." The preacher bowed and was silent. An outline of the sermon was published at the time—it cannot be forgotten by any person who heard it.

In 1832 he was elected professor of natural sciences in the Wesleyan University, but resigned in 1832, upon being elected editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. In 1834, without being consulted, and without his knowledge that it was intended, he was elected President of Dickinson College. In 1842 he had leave of absence from the college to visit Europe and the East, which he did, relinquishing his salary during his absence of eighteen months. He returned in 1843, was a member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, and took a prominent part in the great struggle which divided the Church. His speech in reply to Bishop Soule, and the rejoinder to the Protest of the Southern party, are notable evidences of his power in that body. In 1844 he published his "Observations in Europe," and in 1845 his "Observations in the East." These books are still in demand, an edition of each having been printed within a year or two: the first has been reprinted in two editions in Great Britain. He retired from the college in 1845, and subsequently had charge of stations in Philadelphia, and also traveled the Philadelphia District. In 1850 he was appointed unanimously, by the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Missionary Secretary, in the place of Dr. Pitman, who resigned on account of ill health. The

General Conference of 1852 reappointed him to the same post. Such is a rapid outline of his successful career.

Dr. Durbin has received repeated testimonials of public regard, by being elected a member of many literary and scientific associations, among which may be mentioned the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia; the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians, Copenhagen, Denmark; and the American Oriental Society.

Dr. Durbin is distinguished both as a preacher and an executive officer. It is very difficult to describe his preaching. He begins with a tone, look, and style, which would at once damp all favorable expectation if you did not know him from former instances. The statement of his subject, and the outline of his discourse do not strike you usually as remarkable; but as he advances some unique thought, or some extraordinary thought uniquely presented, startles your interest, and your attention is riveted through the remainder of the sermon.

Three peculiarities keep up this interest. The first is the entire self-possession and apparent facility with which the preacher proceeds in the discourse. We know of no one who rivals him in this respect. You are delighted with the relief which his manner thus affords to his voice and to the effort of your own attention. It is similar to pleasant, artless, but intelligent conversation. Another is the frequent recurrence of the unique passages we have referred to—unique often by their beauty, but often also by the mere manner of their utterance—yet always endued with a strange, a mystic power over the soul of the hearer, calling forth spontaneous ejaculations or sudden tears. The third is a habit he has of introducing into almost every discourse some odd and equivocal speculative suggestion. This is considered by many an artifice designed to interest the attention of the audience: it may be; but, if so, it is not without high sanction. Boswell reports that Johnson advocated a similar treatment of the popular curiosity. "Baxter," said the old moralist, "made it a rule in every sermon that he preached, to say something above the capacity of his audience," and for the purpose, he affirms, of exciting their curiosity and thereby securing their attention.

We have no hesitancy in pronouncing Dr. Durbin the most interesting preacher now in the Methodist pulpit. We gave Olin this distinction once, but it remains now with Durbin. Others there are who excel him in particular respects, but none that equal him either in popular effect or in the interest of intelligent, thoughtful minds. His sermons are usually long, but no one tires with them; no one hears the last sentence without regret, nor leaves the church without a vivid, if not a profound impression of the discourse.

His language is remarkably simple. He excels in illustration, in picturesque description, and in pathos.

A writer in a cotemporary journal says of him:—"We rank the reverend gentleman as a clear and speculative rather than a profound thinker; and we have heard the same opinion expressed by intelligent persons who have been favored with his regular ministrations. We are free to add, that we think his love of speculation is sometimes too prominent in his pulpit discourses, although his speculations always *result* in practical counsels and appeals. A case in point may be mentioned. The reverend gentleman was preaching on the subject of divine providence, and had laid down a plan of discourse that gave promise of a logical exposition and practical enforcement of a doctrine which, though truly Scriptural and eminently full of consolation, is far too much neglected in our pulpit ministrations at the present day. Having heard the doctor in the morning with mingled profit and delight, our expectation was raised to a high pitch when the subject of the discourse was named, and rose still higher when the scheme of the sermon was unfolded. But the spirit of speculation came over the preacher; theory after theory was evolved, metaphysical niceties were minutely canvassed, ingenious distinctions elaborately wrought out, to the necessary exclusion, for lack of time, of that practical exposition and application of the subject which the preacher's scheme promised, and which the preacher, we do not doubt, originally designed. Yet we apprehend that there is no doctrine of the Bible more eminently practical in its character, or more expressly adapted to be of paramount utility and comfort to man, than this blessed doctrine of the general and special providence exercised by the Almighty over the affairs of his people.

"We have said that, in the discourse of

which we have spoken, the reverend gentleman probably departed from his original purpose in the *matter* of his sermon, which reminds us that his platform addresses, there can be little doubt, are frequently, if not generally, entirely extempore. Sometimes, we suspect, even the subject is unpremeditated, and is gathered from some passing incident, or the remarks of some of the previous speakers. He is, therefore, necessarily unequal as a platform speaker. His failures, however, are few, and chiefly to be attributed to the lack of susceptibility or enthusiasm on the part of the audience. If there be but smoldering embers of fire in the hearts of the congregation, that will brighten up when he first breathes upon them — if there be any warmth to respond to his, and emit sparks on the first collision—the glowing flame will soon burst forth, and the house will echo with his impassioned declamation, or the audience be moved to smiles by the playfulness of his wit. Taking him on the average, he has few superiors in platform eloquence; measuring him by his happiest efforts, we should scarcely admit that he has an equal. It is here that the fertile genius of the man is most apparent —a genius that can embellish and infuse new life and interest into the most common-place topics, and gild with beauty whatsoever it touches."

Men of genius are usually men of strong sensibility — this is the secret of their power; but at the same time it renders them liable to variable moods, especially to such failures in public speaking as this extract describes. Dr. Durbin's failures are not infrequent; but his hearers, if sent away sometimes with a downright disappointment, know that at the next time they shall probably be more than compensated by one of his triumphant efforts; that the sun, temporarily behind the mists, will again burst forth and blaze in the zenith. A writer in the *Southern Christian Advocate*, speaking of his first sermon in Philadelphia, says:— "In the Academy it was that the western professor preached his first sermon to an eastern audience; nor did his effort justify his fame, more than his appearance, for it was a failure. And the wiseacres said loudly, 'I told you it was a goose, and not a swan.' The young professor was disheartened, so that although he preached other sermons, not so unsuccessful, yet he left the people only in a state willing enough to hear him again, but not especially anxious. A year elapsed and he was again in the Academy pulpit; and the subject of his first sermon was re-announced—the divinity of our Lord. Is that a goose-cackle? No. It is—yes, it is a swan's song, sweet, clear, full, transcendent; only, not a death burst. Did you ever read, Mr. Editor, Hans Christian Andersen's story of the Ugly Duck? If not, do, and you will be prepared to appreciate the wonder of the Academy listeners — and their joy at seeing and hearing a real live western swan."

We have referred to his executive ability. It has distinguished him in every sphere of his public life; in no one of them has he ever failed. A capacity for details, practical skill, promptness, energy that never tires because it moves always calmly though incessantly, the power to carry with him the interest of the people, these are the elements of his strength, and they render him one of the most capable officers in the Methodist Church. As a college president, he was entirely successful; he is reported to have been one of the very best of the Presiding Elders who have traveled the Philadelphia District; and his success as a missionary secretary may, without exaggeration, be characterized as admirable. All the energies of that department have been augmented under his administration.

He must be seen in the meetings of the Missionary Board to be appreciated as an executive man. At the last General Conference he introduced a series of striking modifications of the mission plans of the Church, nearly every one of which was "tabled" by that practically cautious body; but in the Missionary Board he guides nearly every step taken; its proceedings are, in fact, made up almost entirely of his suggestions, put into form and enacted into energetic measures by a body of sagacious business men, who seldom or never distrust his practical sense.

We speak in strong terms of this superior man, and we do it deliberately; to us, personally, it is a grateful satisfaction to recognize an effective, a great man—not only for himself, but for the common weal. A working man, one who develops the largest resources of his sphere, who, by sple did faculties, produces splendid result is one of God's best gifts to a people.

[For the National Magazine.]

MAKING THE CHILDREN SOMETHING.

BY ALICE CAREY.

FIVE o'clock in the great city—a roar as of a mighty sea in the streets, for the multitude is heaving hither and thither in pursuit of interest or pleasure. "Dinner time," said Mrs. William Hartly, looking up from the torn lace she is trying to stitch together, "and I have not seen Annie to-day—what can the girl be about?"

The door opens, and a feeble little man, with no more color in his face than is in his handkerchief, enters, and in querulous accents inquires, "What are you doing, my dear? and why are you not dressed?" and, opening his watch, he continues—"five minutes past five," which in the lady's estimation seems equivalent to having said, "You outrage all propriety;" for she hastily puts down the torn lace, and disappears with an air not the most amiable in the world.

The white-faced feeble man walks nervously about the room for some ten minutes, more or less, when the lady returns, "made up" for the ceremony of dinner, which the bell has rung for half a dozen times during her preparation.

"You are looking very sweetly, my dear;" and Mr. William Hartly slips the ringed fingers of his stout wife through his own tiny and wiry arm, and in pompous solemnity they descend together.

"Where is Pet?" asks the husband and father, placing a chair for the stout woman, and crooking his lips into what is meant to be a smile.

"If you mean Annie," answers the injured wife, "I do n't know anything about her."

"Very strange, madam," says Mr. Hartly, unfolding his napkin with trembling hands, "that we can't even eat and drink like other folks—where is Albert?" The wife and mother simply shakes her head this time, and the censor continues: "Have you resigned the government of your own household, madam?"

The polished covers are by this time removed, and the wife, with eyes bent intently on the name of "Hartly," graven on her silver spoon, answers, with no submission except in her words, that she will have nothing to do with children or servants any more, and that if her husband thinks it so easy a task to put his own notions into other people's heads, he is welcome to try—she has tried and tried till she is tired, and she can't make anything of either Albert or Annie, and she is quite willing to resign the task to abler hands.

Mr. Hartly bows in acknowledgment of the compliment, and says he will see what can be done, and his tone has in it something of the authoritative meaning of a schoolmaster; and in fact he was bred in early life to the profession of one. His iron-gray hair stands up with a more determinate expression, and his white face grows whiter in the calmness of settled resolve.

A lubberly, yellow-haired boy of twelve years old kicks open the door at this juncture, and with his fine and fashionably-made clothes soiled and torn, dashes his cap at one of the servants in waiting, by way of eliciting attention to his wants, seats himself at table, making not the slightest recognition of father or mother. "Albert, my son," says the father, "what has detained you? have you no excuse?"

"Detained myself," replies the boy, "and that 's the reason; and besides, I stole a piece of molasses cake at school, and did not get so hungry for dinner as common."

Mr. Hartly frowned and Mrs. Hartly sighed, the one looking the picture of indignation and the other of despair.

"Tell you what, old folks," said the boy, without noticing the troubled expressions of his parents, "I 'll run away from school if you make me go there, 'cause I hate books—there haint none of them got no sense in them—and I hate masters; there never was a schoolmaster that had no sense: I 'm a going to hire out to a livery-stable, and learn to nick and dock, that 's what I 'll do; and when I 'm sixteen I 'll be sot up in the trade, and I 'll keep the fastest trotters in town. Old folks, d'you hear that?"

Both father and mother looked as though they did hear, Mrs. Hartly dropping knife and fork, and limberly falling together as if there were no more courage in her, and Mr. Hartly bracing himself up as though about to be swept over the Niagara Falls.

"What 's matter? Anything in my composition surprise you?"

"I think there are some things in your composition that must be beaten down or

wrenched out," said the father; "and now, sir," he continued, "don't open your mouth again till I give you liberty."

"How will I eat, old man," replied the boy, "if I am to keep my mouth shut?"

Mr. Hartly here arose, and having struck the broad shoulders of the lad with his little delicate hand, led him away by one ear, assuring him that for the next forty-eight hours he should have nothing but bread and water to eat.

Annie, ignorant of how matters stood, made her appearance at this moment, carrying a great platter of steaming pudding, her flushed face radiant with smiles, for she had made the pudding with her own hands, and evidently in the expectation of affording her parents a happy surprise.

No smile answered hers, however, as she placed the pudding dish on the table, timidly turning her eyes from father to mother.

"Don't it look nice?" she ventured to say at last; Mr. Wentworth showed me how to make it—shan't I ask him to come and eat with us?"

"I think *you* look nice," said the mother, eyeing the flour on Annie's apron, and the rosy face indicative of the cookery she had been engaged in: "it's no use," she continued, as Annie stood still aghast, "I can't make anything of you, and I may just as well let you run wild—go and live with Mr. Wentworth, and learn to make butter and cheese: I expect that would suit you better than going to dancing-school and practicing your piano, as you ought to do. Your father and I have used every means in our power to make something of you and your brother—you have had money enough spent on you, the dear knows, to make you as accomplished as anybody in the city; and then, to the neglect of your proper duties, you go in the kitchen and talk about pumpkins with Mr. Wentworth, if that is the man's name, and make puddings, and appear at the dinner-table with your hair in that frightfully plain fashion—it's enough to break a mother's heart.

"Mother, father, what have I done? I did not know it was wrong to make a pudding, nor to ask Mr. Wentworth to eat some of it when he was so good as to show me the way to make it—and it was such a good cheap way."

"Economy is not the chief end and aim of *our* lives, my dear," said the father; "there may be people to whom a pound of flour, more or less, makes a difference, but I humbly trust you will never be in their sphere of life;" and for a moment Mr. Hartly subsided, and seemed to be saying, "Does the forty feet stone front of our house look like practicing economy in the making of a pudding? Do the stone steps and the stone baluster look like it? Does the man-servant who attends the door-bell look like it? Do the lace curtains, ten in all, look like it? Do my wife's brocades look like it? Do the entertainments I give look like it, or anything in any way appertaining to us? No, no; nobody would suppose us to be people to economize." And having thus mentally soliloquized, he turned to Annie, who stood at the foot of the table like a culprit, "No, my dear, no; *we* are not the people to count the eggs that go into a pudding;" and having emphasized the fact by tapping his silver fork lightly against his china plate, he added, "Whom have you in the kitchen, and what is his occupation?"

"Why, father, it is Mr. Wentworth, you know him," said Annie, looking a little encouraged. Mr. Hartly slowly moved his head from side to side, as though he said, "I wash my hands of it—I know nothing of him." "One of these men you know," said Mrs. Hartly, in an explanatory way, "who make pumpkins and milk, and cultivate butter, and manufacture corn and cattle, and such things—a man that lives in an open place, you know, where there are trees, and where there are no streets, you know; no houses, only wigwams, or bamboo huts, or something; you know, William, it's the old person that brings us our butter and apples."

Mrs. Hartly said *person*, to indicate that she did not know exactly whether he were black or white, man or monkey. It was a sheer affectation on her part, for Mrs. Hartly was a woman of naturally good plain common sense, if she could have been satisfied to let plain common sense be plain common sense, but she could not; she had a large amount of that "vaulting ambition which is apt to o'erleap itself and fall on t'other side." She was the daughter of a retired horse-jockey, and could, in her youth, drive or ride the most unmanageable animal in her father's stable, and not unfrequently did ride without saddle from the suburbs of

the village where she lived to the city, half a dozen miles away, where she served apprenticeship as a milliner, and afterward herself kept shop. All these things were doubtless forgotten, for they were long ago, when stout Mrs. Hartly was gawky Debby Smith, and before her nature was covered and smothered and lost in affectations. Somewhere about the same time Mr. William Hartly, the present opulent merchant, was a country schoolmaster, near the village of the milliner, carrying his candle to the log school-house for the evening meeting, and paying board by working in the garden of nights and mornings. In the course of time it came about that Debby Smith was employed by the school-master, aforesaid, to make shirts—for plain needle-work entered into the young woman's accomplishments — and from these beginnings had come the present wealthy merchant, the stone-fronted house, and all the appurtenances thereof, the pompous Mrs. Hartly, the young woman Annie, and the hopeful Master Albert.

There had been no sudden influx of wealth, such as often turns the heads of silly people—all had been the growth of years of steady industry and economy, attended with constant good luck and good fortune. And with the wealth affectations had grown, for Mr. and Mrs. Hartly were under the impression that their present position demanded it—it was a duty they owed to the world at large, in view of the stone front, the man-servant, the rose-wood furniture, and the inheritors of their great fortune, Annie and Albert; the first a most active, good-tempered young woman, but plain, and "without hope of change;" the latter a coarse, vulgar lad, on whom no refinement could be ingrafted, and whose natural abhorrence of books and love of horses were not likely to be easily overcome.

So there they were together in their fine house, being supposed to be dining at five o'clock, easily and elegantly, having taken luncheon at twelve, and with tea and supper to be served in due and *proper* course of time—supposed to be, I say, for the luncheon, and the supper, and the tea, were all myths; the luncheon, when traced to its reality, consisting chiefly of bread crusts, strong butter, scraps of meat, and the like, kept in the closet, and resorted to from time to time by such members of the family as were about house, and felt the demands of appetite too importunate to be refused till the regular dinner hour. Mr. and Mrs. Hartly had done well for themselves, as they believed—all they could do: they wore good clothes, and used what they thought good words; they affected high breeding, and believed in their hearts that the pretense was the possession—paste was not less genuine to them than diamonds. Mr. Hartly had worn himself thin and pale; had, in fact, coined his life-blood into money and the effort to be genteel. Mrs. Hartly had, as she supposed, expanded easily to a model of dignity and deportment; but she saw not herself as others saw her—she was, in fact, in her best phases, a big woman with fine clothes on. Her misfortune was, that nothing would fit to her; rings and ear-rings seemed hung on; dresses seemed pinned on and hooked on, but not to have been especially made for her, or in the least becoming to her; they might have belonged to Mrs. Grundy, or Mrs. Lundy, or any other woman who had money enough to buy them; she was a personage on whom all these things were hung, and when she wore a velvet train, she was simply a big woman with a velvet train on, and she was nothing more.

Whether she improved her broad flat face in any very great degree by the little curls she was at infinite pains to twist along either temple was questionable to everybody but herself; and whether the powder which she deposited among the pimples of her face was not calculated to call attention to her sorry complexion was also questionable; but these were Mrs. Hartly's taste, and in some sort the necessities of her station, she thought. They had taught themselves divers little forms and ceremonies, in the use of which they were most punctilious, and a dozen times a day Mrs. Hartly sent her compliments to Mr. Hartly, with some sweet and lady-like inquiry as to his health, or wishes with reference to what dress she should appear in at dinner, and as often Mr. Hartly sent back his compliments, from the garret where he was putting in a pane of glass, or the cellar where he was sawing wood, as the case might be, begging that Mrs. Hartly would oblige him by wearing the blue dress, or the green one, and he often topped these princely messages by a request that Mrs.

Hartly, if she could make it consistent with her previous engagements, would do him the favor to accompany him on a visit to the house of general or governor so-and-so. The Hartlies liked to hear themselves sending these messages; it had a lofty look in their eyes to appear to know little about each other's affairs; their house was so big, and the duties of their station so multifarious; their suits of apartments so vast and separate, that they could not be expected to know much of each other's movements. These affectations were all that was left of them; as the moss grows over a dead tree, so they were overgrown by them. Thus they stood, ornaments of their age and generation, in their own estimation—shams, to other people. If by any means the children could have been screwed up, or pinched down; stretched or flattened to genteel proportions, it would have been done—but alack! they had been put through the artistic mills in vain—they would not be made anything of.

This conviction, forced home upon Mrs. Hartly to-day, is that which reduced her to the ill-natured and somewhat natural demeanor of which she was grown mortally ashamed, and which she essayed to cancel by the double-distilled affectation about cheese and butter. And to the close of this exquisite manifestation of ignorance we return.

"A decent sort of person, I suppose," said Mr. Hartly, in the benevolent supposition that it is barely possible, and he is inclined to hope for the best.

"O, he seems such a good old man, and he has got on such a nice coat that he says his wife spun," exclaimed Annie, in ecstasy at the kindly disposition of her father.

"Lor' me, how foolish you are, Petty," said Mrs. Hartly, in a kind of softened and polite scorn; and she added, in a sweet pouting style, "I would not have a big ugly wheel in my house; they make a noise like one of these great winnow things that countrymen have to put their chaff through. My grandfather told me about one once. I never saw one. I would not look at it."

All this time Mr. Hartly has been sitting with knitted brows, and his iron-gray hair and his white beard twitching almost with the culmination of some most important matter. At length he says: "Annie, my daughter, I am resolved to send you to the wilderness with this old man, as you call him, and keep you there too, till you will be glad to come back to civilized life." Annie bites her red lips together, trying to look demure; but a smile breaks out in her face that is brighter than was ever there before.

Mrs. Hartly lifts up her hands and looks heavenward, as though incredulous of her mortal understanding. "I am determined," continues Mr. Hartly, "that in some way I will make something of my children. I have used bribes, and now I shall use punishments. I have spent thousands of dollars to accomplish my children, and what good has it done?" He broke off abruptly, and sent his compliments to Master Albert, with a request that he would drink a glass of wine with him.

The lad sent no message in return; but, with cap pulled down over his red eyes, and lips puffed out with anger, thrust his sister aside, and commenced eating the pudding with a table-spoon. "Do n't, my dear, do n't," said the mamma, softly; "I am afraid that odd-looking dish won't agree with you."

"If you think this kind of stuff is going to hurt *you*," replied the boy, "I am glad of it—cause I could eat a bushel."

"Mother, shan't I give you some?" asked Annie, looking proudly at her pudding, which was made of corn-meal, and smelled deliciously.

"Petty, you speak so loud—it 's vulgar," said the mamma; and she sends a servant to the other end of the table with her compliments, and the reply that she will trouble her daughter to be so good as to send her part of a spoonful. And having received, she cuts it apart, and dips it up and down in order to see whether it is made of anything of which she has any knowledge, concluding, as it appears, that she has not—for she tastes not, and presently ceases to touch and to handle.

"My son," said Mr. Hartly, lifting his glass.

"I see you," answers the hopeful; "and when I finish this pooden, I 'll drink a bottle or two; haint got my appetite squinched yet, and come to my drinkotite. I was at confession, you know."

For a while Mr. Hartly's head falls, as if a hammer struck him; there is no doubt but that his suffering is sincere. At length he says, in subdued and sorrowful accents:

"Albert, it has been the aim and the hope of my life to make something of you; and now the time has come that you must choose a profession, or rather begin one; for I am resolved to make a painter of you. I shall send you to Florence at once, to study the old masters."

"I 've studied you, haint I?" replies Albert; "I saw you paint the kitchen floor, and I did n't learn nothing as I know of."

"I do n't mean to paint houses, my son; you misapprehend—I intend you shall make great pictures."

"Well, then, say what you mean, and do n't go to sticking on airs, and I 'll tell you what trade I want to go to. I want to be sot up in a stable—and you can fork out the cash as soon as you like."

"Why, baby dear," says the mother, "you are just in fun—a real live horse would scare you to death."

"Scare your granny!" replies the baby; "just as if I did n't run away from school every day, and curry horses and such things in the stables. You do n't know me, do you?" And with such a saucy, impudent look, as can't be described, he goes on with the pudding.

Mrs. Hartly sends her compliments to Mr. Hartly, with the suggestion that they make a poet of the hopeful; and Mr. Hartly sends compliments in turn, though only the table divides them, and begs that Mrs. Hartly will consider the matter settled—the hopeful must be an artist, which is responded to by a whisper of—"Just as you please, my dear."

This, then, being concluded, the person whom Annie has audaciously called an old man, and who, whatever he may be, is supposed to answer to the name of Wentworth, is summoned of his great patrons, and promptly answers the call; not humbly and deferentially, but with a firm step, and a manner of self-respect that is not readily acquired.

Mr. Hartly waves him to a seat in a distant part of the room, and proceeds to inform him that he desires the girl who has just made his acquaintance in the kitchen, to be banished to his residence wherever that may be, and kept there on bread and water, or whatever else the person may be in the habit of eating himself, till she shall be willing to return home and appreciate her advantages. Annie sits down on a stool close by the old man, and rubs the flour from her apron by way of keeping down her disposition to laughter; and *the person* replies that he hopes to give his visitor something better than bread and water, though the accommodations of his poor house will be far short of what she is used to.

Mr. Hartly replies that it is not as a *visitor* that he proposes to send his child, but as a boarder, or rather a prisoner.

Mr. Wentworth smiles, and says his folks have never taken boarders or prisoners, but he is sure they will not object to receive his little friend for a time. She looks as if she might make bread or butter with the smartest young women he knows; and he smiles and lays his toil-hardened hand on Annie's head as the finishing of his compliment.

Mrs. Hartly begins a little scream, which she concludes by whispering in the white ear of her white-faced husband, that she supposes *the* person do n't know *our* child from any common child—and so the affair is negotiated.

While Annie is being denuded of earrings and breast-pins, and all other ornaments, and having laces, and flounces, and furbelows packed away for the uses of the genteel time that is to come after her banishment—and such plain ginghams, calicoes, aprons, and the like, as are thought suited to the term of her imprisonment, made ready—Mr. Hartly, who is unwilling that even the person, old man, farmer, or whatever he may be, should remain ignorant of his great consideration, asks him, condescendingly, whether he has ever seen so fine a house before.

The old man, who seems in no way overcome with the grandeur about him, answers that it seems to be a good house; but that, for his part, he prefers his own little farm and house. It may be very fine, he thinks, but he do n't want it.

"Good heavens!" exclaims Mr. Hartly, the moss breaking apart a little, and showing that there is wood beneath; "you ain't in your right mind, are you? have you seen what my house is? have you seen the stone front, the balustrade? Why, sir, the window-curtains cost me five hundred dollars each—more than all you are worth in the world, I expect."

The old man says, it may be so; still he seems disposed to regard his own possessions as preferable.

Mr. Hartly confronts him as he sits

quietly contemplating the carving of the marble mantel—thrusts his thin white fingers through his iron-gray hair, sets his teeth together, and sucks in a long breath, and then, as though the countryman were an idiot that he would make see if there were any eyes in him, he takes him by the hand, and leads him up the broad flights of stairs, and through all the rooms with their splendid appointments, looking now and then at the beholder of things, that he evidently expected to dazzle him blind—but the old man sees nothing but things that have cost money. It is all very well, he says, for people that like it; but, for his part, he would not have the trouble of taking care of so many things, even if they were given to him.

In the great easy chair of the parlor Mr. Hartly sinks down exhausted, and locking his little white fingers together, repeats to himself: "Well, well, well!" each time a little louder, and as though nothing could be said of such stupidity. Meantime the farmer makes his way out into the sunshine, seeming to find that more genial than the heavy, damp air within the thick walls. The stout horses, having eaten their dinner of oats, are ready to go home, and the coverlet is spread over the straw that fills the wagon-bed for the accommodation of Annie, who presently makes her appearance, and beckons her friend within—her father must speak with him for a moment.

"Old person," he says, as though it were not likely the man had a name; "I consign my daughter to your charge for a certain time, and for reasons that to me are greater than you can comprehend; and I wish you to receive an equivalent, that is pay, for the trouble she may give you—what sum shall you expect? Not that it makes any difference to me—money is to me no object."

These are not precisely his words, to be sure; but both manner and words indicate, or are meant to indicate, that he has had money till he is tired of money. However, it is finally arranged that Annie shall work for her board for her own punishment merely, and not to save a few sixpences, more or less. She is also required to keep a journal of her exile life, and once a week submit the same to her very loving parents, which letter-writing is supposed, on their part, to pave the way to the making of her a famous author. And she is informed, that when she shall find herself willing to come home, and wear silks and laces, and learn dancing and music, keep out of the kitchen, and, in short, be made something of, she shall return. She is furthermore bidden to take an affectionate leave of Master Albert, who, she is informed, is to be sent immediately to Florence to be made into a painter, which Miss Annie essays to do; but the hopeful twists out of her arms, and with a rude push informs her that he means to run away and be a horse-jockey, for that the old folks can't make him over into anything that he aint.

"That has been my notion pretty much," said the old man; "I have always thought it was best to let *natur* have its way; and Joshua, that's my eldest son, has made a preacher; and Cliff, who is sturdy and stout, and full of fun, has stayed on the farm with me. It seems to come *nat'ral* to him to work, somehow."

Mr. Hartly looks pityingly on the old person's ignorance; and abruptly turning away, offers his arm to dear Mrs. Hartly, to conduct her to her own room, and with one or two affected little sobs, she is led off.

I will pass over all the preparation made for the departure of Master Albert, nor trouble the reader with an account of Mrs. Hartly's protracted darnings of lace, and hemming, scalloping and fringing, crimping and curling—all the hanging on, and the taking off of fine things—all the powdering and the combing of her poodle—and likewise pass by all Mr. Hartly's examinations into the quantities of meat cooked for dinner, all his parcelings out of beans and potatoes, all his contemplative pacings up and down before his own house, in happy admiration of the extent thereof—all compliments sent back and forth for the space of eight days, when I must beg the reader to imagine him in his great chair—spectacles shoved up over his hair—a sealed paper lying before him on the table; and also to imagine the transport, with unusual form and dignity, to Master Hartly of his compliments, begging that he will oblige his father by his immediate presence—also of a similar message to Mrs. Hartly, with a little hope that she is well—a little fear that she may be detained by the general pressure of her position.

As has been, perhaps, suspected, these politenesses are the result of the first let-

ter received from Annie, which is about to be read. That it is a sort of humiliation and prayer to be permitted to return home, is expected; and that the effect on the hopeful may be salutary, is believed—but he failing to make his appearance, the reading goes on. Mrs. Hartly having first spread her satin skirt to the distance of some yards about her, turned the showiest parts of her bracelets toward where observers would be if any were there, pulled the lace well out from beneath the satin sleeve, and lifted up the left hand (on one finger of which glitters a quantity of metal) to a line of grace, which she is placidly contemplating with a face drawn to a simpering, unnatural sort of benignity-expression, meant to show forth the fact, that she is lifted serenely above the cares, and toils, and troubles of life, by the house in which she lives, and her obligations to the coming ages—these things having graven themselves in the iron of history, the following letter was read:—

"Dear Father and Mother,—I have so many things to say, and am so little used to writing, that I don't know how to begin; but as I promised to keep a sort of journal of every day's experience, I suppose I may as well begin now, for this is the second night of my being here. You can't imagine what a nice ride we had in the open wagon, so much pleasanter than being shut up in a coach—it was such a pleasure to see the stout horses pull us along, and trotting or walking just as Uncle Wentworth directed: I say uncle, because I like Mr. Wentworth so much, and wish all the time he was some true relation. The straw in the wagon smelled so sweet, sweeter than flowers, it seemed to me; and when we got into the real country everything looked so beautiful, that I laughed all the time, and Uncle Wentworth said folks would think he had a crazy girl. I was very much ashamed of my ignorance, for I thought all country people lived in holes in the ground, or little huts made of sticks, and that cows and horses and all lived together; but we saw all along the road such pretty cottages and gardens, and some houses indeed as fine as ours. I kept asking Uncle Wentworth what sort of place we were going to, for I could not help fearing it was a very bad place; but he only laughed, and told me to wait and see. A good many men were at work in fields of hay—some cutting and some tossing it about—and I kept wishing I was among them, they seemed so merry, and the hay was so sweet. In some places were great fields of corn, high as my head, with gray tassels on the tops of it. I thought men were at work there too, it shook so; but Uncle Wentworth said it was only the wind. And back of the fields, and seeming like a great green wall between the earth and the sky, stood the woods. I mean to go into them before long, but I am a little afraid of wild beasts yet; though uncle says I will find no worse thing than myself there. We met a good many carriages, full of gayly-dressed people coming into the town; and saw a number of young ladies dressed in bright ginghams, tending the flowers in front of the cottages, sometimes at work in the gardens; indeed, so my dresses will be right in the fashion. In one place we passed a white school-house, set right in the edge of the woods; and when we were a little by, out came near forty children, some girls as big as I, and a whole troop of little boys, all laughing, and jumping, and frolicking, as I never heard children laugh. I asked Uncle Wentworth if it were *proper*? and he said it was their nature, and he supposed our wise Father had made them right. Some of the boys ran and caught hold of the tail of our wagon and held there, half swinging and half riding ever so long. Pretty soon uncle stopped the horses, and asked a slim, pale-faced girl, who was studying her book as she walked, to ride; and thanking him as politely as anybody could do, she climbed up, right behind the horses, and sat down by me, and spoke the same as though she had been presented. She had a sweet face under a blue bonnet, but was as white, and looked as frail, as a lily. After she was seated, she looked back so earnestly, that I looked too, and saw the schoolmaster come out of the house and lock the door, and cross his hands behind him as he turned into a green lane that ran by, which seemed to go up and up, green and shady as far as I could see. I could only see that his cheeks were red, and that he had curls under his straw hat. The girl kept looking the way he went; but if it were he she thought of, he did n't turn to look at her. Close by a stone-arched bridge, from under which a dozen birds flew as we rattled over it, Uncle Went-

worth stopped the horses, and the young lady got out, and went through a gate at the roadside; and I watched her walking in a narrow and deep-worn path that was close by the bank of a run, till she turned round a hill, and I could not see her any more; but I saw a lively blue smoke, curling up over the hill-top, and in the hollow behind, Uncle Wentworth said she lived. We were now eight miles from the city—the sun was almost down; we saw great droves of cows coming toward the milk-yards—not driven as they are in the streets, but coming of themselves, and flocks of geese waddling out of ponds, and going toward home; I began to feel a little tired, and a little sleepy, with the motion of the wagon, when all at once the horses began to neigh and trot fast, and Uncle Wentworth said, "Here's your prison, Annie; how do you like the looks of it?" We were right before a white gate that was being opened by a black man, who was smiling so as to show all his teeth, and who bowed twice to us as we drove through and along a gravelly way that led through a narrow lane toward a barn as large as our house. I could hardly think it the place where I was to stay at first—all was so beautiful. The house itself is really as good as our house, built of stone—blue hard stone—better than is in ours; and on every side of it is a white porch curtained with green vines, some bearing red, and others blue flowers. About the house is a large yard inclosed by white pickets, and against which is a perfect thicket of currant-bushes, raspberries, and roses. It is like an orchard, all about with cherry, and apple, and quince, and peach-trees—the latter sticking full of little green peaches, and some of the apples turning red and yellow. There were flowers of all colors growing here and there; and while I sat in mute surprise, a huge dog lifted himself up on the wheel of the wagon, and frightened me so, that I almost cried, though he neither barked nor growled. Uncle Wentworth said he was only saying "How do you do?" And, indeed, it seemed as if that was what he meant; for as I went toward the house, he walked along by me very quietly. A plump, middle-aged woman came to the door to meet us; she was wiping her hands on a towel, and by her heightened color and the specks of flour on her apron, I saw she had been at work in the kitchen. She shook hands with me as though I were some friend, when Uncle Wentworth said who I was, and went with me herself to the tidiest little bedroom you ever saw, telling me, just as though she had been my mother, to put all my things away neatly, showing me where; and when I was through, to come to her in the kitchen. There was no carpet on the floor, which was very white, and the bed-spread and the curtains were white too. I had my dresses hung up and my other things in the bureau very soon, and hearing some one speaking in the yard, I raised the window, and put my head out a little, and saw coming down a straight walk, which was carpeted with tan-bark, Uncle Wentworth, and a young man having a scythe swung over his shoulder. He had on a broad-brimmed straw hat, gray trowsers, and a shirt of white and blue calico fastened about the waist with a leather strap. I drew my head in a little when I saw him, but not till Uncle Wentworth had spied me, and calling out aloud, (for I was up-stairs,) he said, "Annie, this is my boy, Cliff—you must go out and help him mow to-morrow." It was such a funny introduction, that I felt my face all burning red as I tried to answer the polite salutation of the young man, for he took the straw hat quite off, and bowed so low, that his brown curls fell along his forehead, and made him look just like a picture.

"I now began to consider my dress, for it was full of wrinkles with sitting on the straw, and riding so far, and looking in the glass that hung over the bureau, I found my face was white with dust. There was no water in the room; so I went down, and finding Mrs. Wentworth, whom I call Aunt Margaret now, taking biscuits out of the stove, I asked her for water, and she directed me to a shed outside the door, where there was a cistern, and all conveniences for washing. I was quick, you may be sure; for I feared Cliff, whom I heard talking to his dog on the other side of the house, might come round and see me; and as I went toward my room to put on a smooth dress, Aunt Margaret patted my cheek and told me I must be very smart, for that supper was all ready. I told her not to wait—that I would come presently; and I did try to, but everything went wrong—the hooks were off from one dress, and another fitted so ill,

and then my hair never looked so badly; it was nearly dark in my room, and I had no light, so that altogether I was vexed and flurried a good deal when I went down. Aunt Margaret had taken me at my word, and Uncle Wentworth and Cliff were already gone away from the table; they had their evening work to do, she said, and would not stand upon ceremony. She had kept some tea and some biscuits warm for me, and I ate heartily, for the ride had made me hungry. While we were yet at the table, the black man who opened the gate, whose name is Peter, and a yellow woman, called Maria, and who is his wife, passed along the porch, carrying four tin pails full of milk, and Aunt Margaret said I might have a bowl of it if I wanted it, which I accepted, and found it sweeter than any milk I ever drank. I found Peter and Maria very nice and kind, and while they took their supper I stayed by and talked with them, which seemed to please them very much. Peter offered to make a swing for me, to show me about the barn, to teach me to milk, and many other things; and Maria said she would make me as good a cook as herself, when I told her about the pudding I had made. Aunt Margaret came into the kitchen, and as Maria washed the dishes, dried them on a towel, and helped about almost everything she did. Coffee was ground for breakfast, and short-cakes made, and all the parcels that filled the market-basket, and which Uncle Wentworth had brought from town, were put each in its place, sugar and spice and dried beef, and I don't know what all. Among the rest, or rather above the rest, was one paper carefully pinned up, at which Maria and Aunt Margaret wondered not a little, and opening it they found it to contain the neatest little cap that ever was—it had no flowers on it nor ribbon, except the strings, but it was real lace, and prettier, I thought, than ma's gay caps. Maria lighted another candle to look at it, and doubled herself together with laughter, she was so pleased, and Aunt Margaret said it was just like Uncle Wentworth, he was always buying things she didn't send for, and that she would rather he had bought a new hat for himself. She is a dear good woman, and I loved her the more when she said so. Maria would make her try it on, and she and I both thought it most becoming; but Aunt Margaret says she thinks it a little too small—though she would not say so to Uncle Wentworth for anything.

"He and Cliff had taken some chairs out beneath a cherry-tree, and stayed there talking together in the moonlight; the great dog, whose name is Guard, lying by them on the grass. The moonlight fell about them pleasantly, and if Cliff had not been there I would have gone out; but I thought he would think me bold, or perhaps not want me there. The big clock which stood at the foot of the stairs where I came down struck nine directly, and Aunt Margaret said I must be tired and had best go to bed, for that they ate breakfast at six o'clock in the morning. She gave me a candle and told me to find my way, which I did, and on opening the door I saw a whole handful of flowers—some lying about the floor, and others on the pillow—looking as if they had been thrown in at the window, and lodged just as they were. I don't know who could have done it; perhaps Peter—but I don't care who did it, they made the room very sweet, and I left them scattered just as they were, on bed and floor. I was not sleepy, I suppose it was because of the strange place, and sitting down by the little table at the window, I found a book lying upon it, which proved to be a volume of bound newspapers. On the blank leaf was written, "The property of Cliffton Wentworth," in the roundest, best hand I ever saw; I could read it as well as print; so the young man knows something if he does live in the country. I read a good while in the papers, selecting the pieces which seemed to have been most read, for I supposed they were the best; and, indeed, I found some excellent articles, better than I remember to have read before. I went to bed under the roses, at last, and listened to the strange sounds in the air, of birds and insects. Nothing else could be heard, except now and then a team rattling along the turnpike road.

"The sun was shining bright across my bed when I woke, and afraid I had slept too long, I hastened down, and sure enough, breakfast was over, and Uncle Wentworth and Cliff gone out to the fields, the milking done, and Aunt Margaret making bread; for it was after eight o'clock.

"I asked why she didn't call me; and she said she knew I was tired and sleepy, and that I would soon learn their way,

and she complimented me by saying I seemed very smart and clever. I tried to atone for my sloth, and to be as good as she had thought me; so I told her she must not let me sleep so late again—that I was to work for my board, and would begin then. I hope Uncle Wentworth did not know I was sleeping so late, he might think badly of me; Cliff, of course, would not think of me at all. I breakfasted on milk toast, and then having put my room in order, went with Maria to the garden, where we picked a basin of currants, and another of green beans; and afterward, sitting in the shade of a tree, prepared them to cook. It is not lonesome here as I thought it would be, at all; every thing seems happy and busy; bees, and birds, and butterflies, and chickens, and men and women the busiest of all. It was noon before I dreamed of it, and Aunt Margaret said it was time to "set the table," which she showed me how to do, telling me I was "handy," and that work seemed to come natural to me. I like her more and more, she is so kind to everybody, and working seems to her like play; her bread bakes just right, and everything is just where she wants it. She says we must like work in the first place, and then have a place for everything and everything in its place, and all will go well; and she says if I keep on for a week as well as I have begun, I will more than earn my board, and she will give me a dollar. I mean to be up to-morrow morning in time to help get the breakfast. We had for dinner to-day beans and pork and potatoes, and baked apples, and custard pies, and milk; I blew the dinner horn myself, as well as anybody, Aunt Margaret said.

"Cliff was gone to get his scythe mended, and did not come home to dinner, which I was sorry for, though no more for him than I would have been for Uncle Wentworth. He said the dinner was very nice, and he supposed it was because I had helped to prepare it.

"When the dishes were put away, Aunt Margaret put on a clean dress and cap, and sat in the porch with some sewing, and having given the required attention to my own wardrobe, I sat with and assisted her for the rest of the afternoon. We had a pleasant time together, and though we talked all the time, I made two shirt sleeves for Cliff, stitching the wristbands, which was more than Aunt Margaret did.

"At sunset I assisted to set the table again—this time on the porch; and just as the light became a little dim, we sat down, all together this time. Aunt Margaret told Cliff I had made a pair of sleeves for him, and said a good deal more about how smart I was, which made me ashamed—he did not share my embarrassment, but laughing, said, as he shook his curls away, that was very well for me, but that he knew a young lady who could make an entire shirt in an afternoon. His mother said that was one of his stories, and I believe it is—I am sure he do n't know any such young woman. After supper I went out with Peter to learn to milk, and Uncle Wentworth told Cliff to go and show me; but though he came along, he only laughed at my awkwardness a little while, and went away—he is most provoking, but as handsome a young man as ever I saw—the dress he wears is so becoming. I have not yet seen him wear a coat, but am sure he looks better without than he would with one, and I do n't believe he has studied dress as an art at all. I found him examining the sleeves when I came in, when he politely offered me his chair, providing another for himself—for all were sitting together on the porch. I do n't know why, but I declined, and went straight to my room, where I found on the table a small leaf basket full of ripe blackberries. I do n't know who put them there; it could not have been Cliff, for he do n't think anything about me. The book was open too, and a rose laid on this verse:—

'To please my pretty one, I thought;
Alas, unhappy I,
The simple gift of flowers I brought
Has won me no reply.'

"Can it have been Cliff? I wish I knew."

(To be continued.)

It is great folly, it is double iniquity, for a Christian to be troubled for the want of those things that God ordinarily bestows upon the worst of men. O, the mercies that a Christian hath in hand! O, the mercies that a Christian hath in promises! O, the mercies that a Christian hath in hope are so many, so precious, and so glorious, that they should bear up his head and heart from fainting and sinking under all outward wants.—*Brooks.*

[For the National Magazine.]

THOUGHTS FOR THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

WASHINGTON was a remarkable specimen of that true greatness which imparts greatness to little things, or, rather, sees greatness in things which little men call little. There is a spurious greatness which is great on the great scale, on the great stage of action and exhibition, but which, in the common relations, and what are called the small virtues, duties and graces of the day and the hour, is, when weighed in the delicate balance of conscientiousness, found wanting. How different from this pseudo greatness was that of Washington! Because his was moral greatness, manly greatness, Christian greatness; it was a greatness not merely of style and scale, but of spirit and principle. There is a kind of so-called greatness—there is a class of so-called great men, that cannot stop, or stoop, to attend to little things; they let what they call small matters of morals and manners slip; they give small examples of conscience, humble, homely obligations, the go-by, with the understanding that they have great, general objects which preoccupy their attention and preclude the lesser matters of the law. Washington was not of this class; but of a very different one. He shows us that, if a man can be called great, who, in his devotion to generalities, overlooks particulars, there is one who is far greater, namely he who (humbly imitating the great God himself) knows how, with equal ease, to rise to the general and to descend to the minute; or rather, who feels that the smallest appearances may cover the greatest realities, where are involved the principles of religion and of righteousness. Washington's was no superficial greatness—hovering over the field of generalities, but afraid or ashamed to look specialities in the face. He combined some of the best qualities of the cavalier with some of the best of the Puritan. He was a noble type of the true American manhood. Take one trait of Washington's for an example—one which, though a homely one, ought, for that very reason, to be carefully called to mind amid the vague and floating declamations with which holiday patriotism is so apt to imagine itself honoring his memory and canonizing his virtues. I refer to his proverbial *punctuality*. This was so remarkable, so characteristic a trait with him, that I presume many would call, and did call it *punctiliousness*. But with him it was a moral principle—almost a religious one. And in this he manifested a fine, a noble sense of the meaning of that most sacred saying which in many other forms he also so grandly exemplified: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." I might mention other ways in which Washington manifested this same peculiarity of his greatness—and proved it to be a genuine greatness—a substance and not a sham. His veracity was as remarkable as his punctuality—indeed, they were one and the same thing with him; truthfulness in word and faithfulness in deed were identical. I would remind my reader of his honesty and exactness in pecuniary transactions. Remember those beautiful pages of manuscript—(almost poetically beautiful, though the *figures* that cover them are only arithmetical ones)—I mean the volume called "The United States in account with George Washington," of which a fac-simile has long been published for the purpose of spreading before the eyes of American youth evidence to counteract the too common impression that great men must be expected to be careless in the small matters of economy and business obligations. Let such examples go forth to shame all the little and great Swartwouts, and all who, in any degree, wink at great sins, vices, or misdemeanors in great men or official characters. Would that all our citizens—all our demagogues and public men, who extol so highly the name and character of the "great Washington" would take it home to themselves, *what made him greatest!* Would that the truthfulness, the fidelity, the strictness of moral principle, the care for little obligations, which so distinguished him, might awaken in their breasts a self-reproaching emulation! Then would the honor and hopes of our country stand higher than they do at this hour; then would the private example and personal character of public men no more counteract all the benefit of their political influence; then would the delusive idea be no longer so prevalent that there is some sort of moral alchemy by which private vice can be converted into public virtue, or by which individual sin, sufficiently multiplied, can constitute public justice and glory.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN—PERVERTED TALENTS.

WE were seated one hot summer's afternoon in the balcony of our house at Alexandretta, inhaling with great gusto the first cool breath of the sea-breeze, when a servant hastily announced the arrival of a European stranger—a *rara avis* in Scanderoon, and one which we always hailed with pleasure, as lending some variety to the sad monotony of our fever-stricken life. The stranger was shown upstairs, and a venerable yet hale-looking old man, with a firm tread, made his appearance and presented his passport to the consul. That functionary requested the visitor to be seated, and laying aside the document for future inspection, at once entered into conversation with the new visitor. He spoke English as fluently as ourselves, and, as the sequel proved, was as perfectly master of the French, Italian, German, Greek, Turkish, Arabic, and Armenian languages, all of which he read, and wrote, and spoke to perfection.

The old gentleman, for such we considered him, was one of the most agreeable companions we had ever fallen in with, full of anecdote and adventure; but what appeared to us most marvelous of all, was his immense knowledge of countries and people. We talked of old Indian officers long since dead: he had known them as children. We described scenes that had been witnessed by us in our travels in India, Siam, and China; he corrected us whenever we were at fault, and, what completely deprived us of breath, gave us an exact picture of many of our own relations and connections, who were scattered over all parts of the world. "Who can this be?" was our whispered ejaculation. "It must be the wandering Jew," quoth one. "Yes, or a magician," said another; while another jocularly said that he looked like an antediluvian. What confirmed us in this last opinion was, that there were two very old gentlemen, both Frenchmen, and both verging on seventy, residing at Alexandretta. One was a consul, the other a factor; and I know that we always looked up to them as patriarchs before the arrival of this extraordinary individual. In the course of conversation, however, the stranger chanced to ask us the names of the two gentlemen in question. "Monsieur G——, and Monsieur M——," was our reply. "How strange!" he exclaimed; "I have dandled both on my knees when they were mere infants." Now this was an insult to our reasoning faculties, and we were about to resent the same, perhaps too hastily, when the two old patriarchs alluded to so disrespectfully entered the room, and a few minutes' conversation served to convince us that, however absurd the notion might have at first appeared, this old centenarian had spoken the strict truth, for he was instantly recognized by our new visitors, though apparently with no great cordiality or pleasure on their part.

The evening sped rapidly; the hour for tea arrived; and the whole European population, consisting of some twelve individuals in all, were assembled at our consul's to partake of that refreshing beverage, and swallow with avidity the never-ceasing anecdotes of the stranger. He spoke of his friend the governor of Bombay, and of his intimate the viceroy of Egypt—dwelt lengthily on the Ottoman sultan's amiable qualities—gave anecdotes of the late president of the United States—recollected a ball, a brilliant affair, at the Cape of Good Hope—was stranded in a ship at Madras, waylaid by highwaymen in England, and attacked by the cholera at Calcutta—had learned to use chopsticks in China—in short, if we had set a map before him, there was hardly a spot that we could point to but he had visited, and could give a minute description of the locality as well as describe the abodes and persons of the several inhabitants. There was no mistake about his having really been at the places he named, for among the guests assembled were ship captains of various nations, whose experience had led them far and wide. All their cross-questions led invariably to one conclusion: the old man was found right, and their memories were found sometimes at fault in comparison with his accurate one.

At length the guests retired for the night, all save the stranger; he was deaf and blind to all hints, and lingered on till the last guest had taken his departure. Then, diving deep into his greatcoat pocket, he fetched from thence a huge old pocket-book, from the recesses of which he drew forth a neatly-folded, cleanly-kept letter, which he handed mysteriously to the consul, at the same time audibly whispering to him, "This is the

business I am come about." The letter purported to be written by the English foreign-office, and was signed "Palmerston;" the purport was, that the bearer, Alexis Caffara, had instructions from the British government to load two complete cargoes of timber for ship-building purposes, to be carried hence to Malta, and the consul or consuls were instructed to advance the requisite funds, and draw upon the treasury for the same. Such a mad scheme was never heard of; the consul's face for a few minutes was all blank amazement; but suddenly a light seemed to burst upon his clouded brow, and fetching the passport from where he had in the hurry of the moment deposited it, he carefully perused the *vizas* on the back; these were plentiful, but among them was one that brought the whole truth of the matter home to the consul at once.

"Although I have never seen you," said the consul, "my arms have often ached from the multifarious correspondence that has passed through my hands relative to your affairs when I was at Belgrade in such and such a year."

The letter was a well-executed forgery! The wicked old man waited to hear no more, but, mumbling out some unintelligible apology, took himself off with the utmost speed, and next morning, on inquiring for him, we found he was nowhere to be heard of, the fact being that he had thought it safest to decamp during the night; not, however, before he had borrowed a few pounds from a poor ship-chandler, a countryman of his own, whom he had deluded with promises never meant to be fulfilled. And now comes the inquiry, Who was this stranger? His story is best told as recounted to us by the French factor before alluded to, who had, at intervals of ten and fifteen years during the last half-century, heard of this extraordinary man.

Alexis Caffara, as we shall for convenience' sake style him, was a native of Cephalonia, one of the Ionian Islands. When he was born there was no one alive to tell, and he himself had apparently outlived the memory of his childhood. According to his own account, he was verging on a hundred; according to tradition, his years were as many as old Parr's. One thing is certain—that he had quitted his native island while quite a youth; he was, we believe, of a wealthy family; at any rate he was made master of a vessel before he had attained his twenty-fifth year, and the first open act of dishonesty that he committed was the running away with it. Doubtless he had bought over the crew to his own views, and held forth to them brilliant prospects of success and immense wealth. However this may be, the owner of the ship had long since given her up as lost, and, if Caffara had any friends alive, they also imagined that he had gone to the bottom with the ship. Caffara, however, who was a capital seaman and good navigator, had proceeded direct with the vessel to some port on the coast of South America, where, disposing of the valuable cargo with which it was freighted, he with the proceeds laid in a large stock of provisions and ammunition, and purchased six guns, besides a supply of small arms. Weighing anchor, he proceeded with as little delay as possible round the Cape of Good Hope, and so to Suez in the Red Sea. How long he remained there, cruizing about in search of booty, I am unable to say. From his own account, he had many adventures and narrow escapes from being captured by European cruisers; but even at that period he was as wary as he was roguish. He never by any chance attacked or molested any European vessels, confining the havoc he committed to unfortunate Arab and other native barques. In this manner he had amassed considerable wealth, which he assiduously converted into diamonds and other precious stones; this was to guard against sudden flight, as he could the more easily carry such things about his person. Great success emboldened the man, till he actually had the audacity to attack an Egyptian man-of-war, which, after a hard-contested fight, he succeeded in capturing, and which, after rifling, he burned down to the water's edge. This outrageous proceeding roused the dormant ire of the viceroy of Egypt. The assistance of the allied powers was sought and procured, and Caffara found himself hemmed in in the Red Sea without any possible outlet for escape. The whole of his original crew had long since deserted or died off, and their vacancies had been supplied by a heterogeneous assortment of Spaniards, Portuguese, Indians, Turks, and Arabs. So well had Caffara employed his leisure hours, that he had mastered every one of these tongues, and actually detained as prisoner

on board, an unfortunate old Moonshee, who was returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca, for his better instruction in oriental languages.

One fine morning, when it was blowing a fresh gale up the gulf, Caffara discovered to his dismay a large fleet of ships evidently bearing upon his own vessel. There was now no remedy but to run the latter on shore and fly for refuge into the interior of a barbarous country, though that country was under the jurisdiction of the man whose vessel he had burned, and who had offered an immense premium for his head. Caffara, however, disguised himself in the costume of a Bedouin. His ship was stranded on a desolate coast not far from Suez, and the crew separated, each one deeming it safest to take a different route. Caffara chose out for himself the least practicable and least frequented path. With a leathern girdle girt round his loins, which contained all his precious stones, a small goat-skin full of water, and a small bag of biscuits securely strapped on to his back, he, with the assistance of a pocket compass and a small chart, securely and uninterruptedly traversed that immense tract of desert lying between Jedda and Gaza, reaching the latter place in safety after twenty days of intense suffering from want, heat, and thirst. At Gaza he encountered some wealthy Turkish merchants returning from their pilgrimage to Mecca. With those he had hoped to drive a good trade; but he had barely disposed of half-a-dozen stones, and accumulated almost two hundred pounds, when the greater part of his dishonestly gained riches was forever lost to him. He had secured a passage on board a native boat proceeding to Latachia, and had shipped his box, which contained all his money, when, in an unguarded hour, he was set upon by a party of Arabs, who had obtained a clew to his secret, and was stripped, beaten, robbed, and left by the seashore in such a condition that he had barely sufficient strength left in him to crawl on board the boat, which immediately sailed for Latachia. On arriving at the town last mentioned, his version of the story excited sympathy and pity. He was feelingly spoken of as "a wealthy Indian merchant robbed of the fruits of many years' hard labour!"

Such was Caffara considered in those days, and, though I was then a mere child, I have a distinct recollection of Caffara's having been a guest of my father's, and, moreover, that he was always a great favorite with us children, owing, perhaps, to his pockets being usually full of comfits and other sweetmeats. From this period, I heard or saw nothing more of Caffara till I was grown up to man's estate. I had just arrived from France, where my father had sent me for my education, and had taken lodgings at Aleppo, previous to my establishing myself permanently in business. There was only one other lodger besides myself in the house, an elderly man, and I am now speaking of nearly fifty years ago; this individual was Alexis Caffara. In the long interval that had elapsed since we had met at Latachia, he had led a life of vagrant roguery; he had traveled through Russia, Germany, Prussia, Austria, Holland, Italy, France, and the Swiss cantons; and in every place he had been guilty of crimes which rendered his flight a matter of life and death. He had acquired the extraordinary talent of imitating any hand-writing or signature in any given language, with such exactitude that it was next to impossible to detect the forgery. In this manner he had furnished himself with passports, letters of introduction, bills of exchange, and credentials, and, I believe, never in a single instance had he failed in extorting money from his dupes. At that period there were no railways, no electric telegraphs, and Caffara distanced justice by cunning and premeditated schemes.

At the time I am now alluding to, I was entirely ignorant of this man's real character, and consequently gladly availed myself of his patronage and wise counselings. One day he told me that he had a scheme in his head, which would enable me in a few years to make a large fortune. At midnight he introduced me into an inner chamber, and locked the door. He then touched a spring in a huge chest of drawers; the door flew open and exposed to my admiring gaze heaps of glittering gold and silver coins. The truth at once flashed upon my mind. I pleaded a headache for that night. Next morning I shifted my quarters to the other end of the town, and the false coiner, Caffara, thought it safest to depart also, after which period there is a vacuum in his history. I believe he went to America, and from thence to China and India. About twelve years

ago, however, he appeared upon the field again; he was then in Servia, living somewhere on the banks of the Danube. Here he ingratiated himself so much with the pasha, that that individual advanced him sufficient funds to construct two handsome brigs, which he built with great care and skill; but unhappily, as the pasha thought, they had never recollected that to get these vessels out to sea, they would have to pass over the iron-gates, as a dangerous rocky ledge in the Danube is called. This appeared to the pasha a physical impossibility, for the vessels already drew more water than was to be had on this bar at the highest tide. Not so thought Caffara, who, by the aid of inflated goat-skins, and empty tar barrels, succeeded in accomplishing what had never before been undertaken, and safely floated two huge brigs over the dangerous reef, and into the deep waters of the Danube. This feat alone was sufficient to raise him in the estimation of the Turks. The pasha of Belgrade offered to sell him two complete cargoes of grain, upon his bill of exchange; Caffara accordingly drew a bill on a house, that he well knew had not a fraction of his in their possession. The pasha received the bill, and, happily for himself, dispatched it by an express Tartar to Constantinople. Meanwhile the vessels continued loading, and Caffara, to complete his character, turned hypocrite, attending regularly twice a day at the masses held in the Greek Church. This so ingratiated him with the bishop of that communion, that that venerable prelate, who had been long waiting for a favorable opportunity, intrusted to his charge a very large sum of money, destined for the patriarch at Constantinople.

I believe that for once Caffara would have acquitted himself honestly of this charge, had not an unforeseen event retarded his progress down the river. He had arrived as far as Tulcha, near the mouth of the Danube, when orders came to arrest the progress of the vessels, and the infuriated pasha went on board with Caffara's bill in his hand, which had been sent back from Constantinople, indorsed "*not known.*" The pasha began to rave and storm, when Caffara, with the utmost *sangfroid*, told him it was all a mistake; his agents must have been drunk or mad; but, however, that mattered little at the present, as he presumed his excellency would be well contented to receive the money in ready cash. Nothing could exceed the amazement of the pasha at this proposition, and he was of course mollified. Out came the poor bishop's bags of money; the sum was told down in gold; the pasha left the vessel under the firm persuasion that Caffara was a magician, and Captain Alexis Caffara pursued his voyage, and duly arrived at Constantinople. There he met with eminent success in disposing of the cargoes; but not contented with this, he sold his patron's vessels also, and having realised a handsome sum, was on the eve of departure for America, when the authorities of the Greek Church got an inkling of the matter; the British consul-general arrested Caffara, his effects were seized, and the money he was found possessed of proved fully adequate to liquidate the claims both of the bishop and of the owner of the vessels, leaving, I believe, a surplus balance in Caffara's favor. As a lenient punishment, however, he was detained eight months in prison. No sooner was he liberated than he went direct to London, to claim redress for what he had the audacity to term a false imprisonment. For two long years he, like an ogre, haunted the officials in Downing-street, till at length, his wrath getting the better of his sagacity, he published a fulminating pamphlet, which caused him to be sent out of the country after a few hours' notice. From that time till I very unexpectedly met him yesterday, I have never heard anything further of the man.

Such was the truthful account given by the French factor, of this extraordinary and miserable old man. The last trick he played, was after leaving us at Alexandretta, and this was by no means the least impudent or ludicrous. The doctor of our quarantine establishment was absent on leave at Smyrna. Knowing that, as a government officer, the doctor was entitled to travel at government expense, Caffara rested a day among the mountains, where he occupied himself forging the necessary documents, and had by this means traveled free of expense as far as Adana, where he was being feasted with all honors by the nazir of that establishment, when, who should make his appearance but the veritable Simon, the real doctor of Alexandretta, now on his return to join his station. The confusion that ensued was ludicrous in the extreme, and there is no saying how

all might have terminated, had not the pasha, who was dangerously ill, sent for one of the hakims to attend on him immediately. Old Caffara refused to go, on the plea of being too much fatigued, but availing himself of the other's departure, he left the amazed nazir wrapped in a brown study, and stealing forth to his khan, mounted his horse, and was far away before nightfall, or before any were aware of his movements: departing so secretly that not even the muleteer had any notion of his leaving. The old centenarian, spurred on by guilt, thus actually undertook to traverse the wilds of Asia Minor alone, and without even a compass to guide him. Gray hairs, we are told on the highest authority, are a crown of glory to their wearer, if they are found in the path of righteousness. On the other hand, no spectacle is more melancholy than that of a wicked old man. The abilities with which the subject of our sketch had been gifted, were sufficient, uprightly exercised, to have secured him a social position of usefulness and honor, but in his case they were utterly perverted and abused. Even in this world, however, sin finds out its victim. A course of unrepented wickedness seldom fails, sooner or later, to bring with it disastrous consequences. So Caffara himself was made to discover. He never returned from the journey upon which he had set out.

How he perished, or whether he died of want and fatigue, is unknown to man; parts, however, of his mangled carcass were found by the guardians who had been dispatched from Adana to overtake and bring him back. But dogs and jackals had found the dead man long before their arrival. Unhappy man, *he had thrown away a lifetime!*

THE THEORY OF LIGHT.

FROM the most primitive days of speculative philosophy, the origin and composition of light have been involved in doubtful obscurity, and have given rise in all ages to a vast deal of theoretical controversy and discussion.

The views of the earliest philosophers were so extremely limited, that they could scarcely be said to have entertained any correct ideas upon the subject; their knowledge being restricted to the laws which govern the phenomena of light when propagated through a vacuum, or uniform uncrystalized medium, with a very slight insight into the laws of reflection. In elucidation of the sensation of sight, they reasoned, that, as in our knowledge of all tangible bodies we arrive at a true perception of their form and qualities by the sense of touch, so it must be with respect to sight; for, assuming that no two distant bodies could communicate without a connecting medium, they directly concluded that rays, or emanations, must be constantly emitted from the eye, and, by their impulse upon distant bodies, cause our perceptions of their color and form; which proved to be a singularly unfortunate idea, not only on account of the formation of the optic axis, but likewise because it gave no reason why objects should not be equally discernible in the dark.

Although glimpses of more advanced ideas were given forth by Descartes and Hooke in the earliest part of the seventeenth century, it was not until the mighty genius of Newton arose, that anything approaching a comprehensive theory was adduced; but even his hypothesis upon this subject was not marked by that simple majesty of plan, otherwise so highly characteristic of his discoveries; for in the place of comprehensiveness and mathematical arrangement he substituted mere elegance of style. He supposed, that all luminous bodies gave forth particles of an inconceivable minuteness, which, darting along with extreme velocity, fell upon the eye, and were thence depicted upon the retina, thus producing a perception on the system of nerves; that each particle of matter had its pole of attraction and repulsion, and, turning on its center as it advanced on its course, alternately presented its positive or negative pole; so that, arriving at the surface of a body, it was either repelled (*i. e.* reflected) or attracted, so as to enter the surface, according to the pole in advance.

This, although generally termed the Newtonian theory, was never positively advanced by him, but was so carefully given forth in such general terms, that, let the real principles be what they may, they will, when discovered, be sure to have many coincident ideas in the theory of Newton; thus showing, that, if we really possess any new or peculiar views on a subject to which we wish to lay an undisputable claim, we should be especially

careful in the perspicuity of our language and in the avoidance of all ambiguity of expression.

Cotemporaneous with this philosopher was Huyghens, a most rigid mathematician, and one who, by his originality of conception, will always retain a distinguished place in the annals of science. He immediately saw the fallacies of Newton, and in the place of particles of matter substituted undulatory vibrations of an elastic ether, universally diffused through nature; to illustrate which, nothing can be more fitting than the following extract from one of the elegant memoirs of Sir W. Hamilton:—

"This is the theory of Huyghens, who compared the gradual propagation of light, not to the motion of a projectile, but to the spreading of sound through air, or of waves through water. It was, according to him, no *thing* in the ordinary sense, no *body* which moved from the sun to the earth, or from a visible object to the eye; but a state, a motion, a disturbance, which was first in one place, and then in another, as, when we hear a cannon which has been fired at a distance, no bullet, no particle, even of air, makes its way from the cannon to the ear, but only the aërial motion spreads; the air near the cannon is disturbed first, then that which is a little farther, and, last of all, the air that touches us. Or, like the waves that spread and grow upon some peaceful lake, when a pebble has stirred its surface: the floating water-lilies rise and fall, but scarcely quit their place, while the enlarging wave passes on, and moves them in succession. So that great ocean of ether, which bathes the farthest stars, is ever newly stirred by the waves that spread and grow from every source of light, till they move and agitate the whole with their minute vibrations; yet, like sounds through air, or waves on water, these multitudinous disturbances make no confusion, but freely mix and cross, while each retains its identity, and keeps the impress of its proper origin."

This, then, is a fundamental view of a theory which has shown itself peculiarly felicitous in its adaptation to the various phenomena of light, and which won from Herschell the observation, that, "if not true, it fully deserved to be so." Still the supposition that light is but a continuous series of ethereal vibrations will scarcely accord with our conceptions of its influence on chemical combinations, or with the manner of its affecting both animal and vegetable life. Up to the present day, the subject has continued to receive the strictest attention and research from men of the highest talent and industry; the whole of Huyghens' theory has been carefully analyzed and considered by Young, Fresnal, and Cauchy, who have, in fact, remodeled many of its primary elements, thus causing it to bear upon many important points where it was previously highly defective.

Having thus briefly reviewed the abstract theory of light, from the earliest period to the present time, we conclude with the full impression on our mind, that the real secret has still eluded our search, and that it will be found at a fitting time; possibly as a subtile fluid, pervading all space and matter, bearing a strong similarity in its laws and action to the mysterious electric fluid.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE RAIN AT NIGHT.

THE rain comes softly, silently,
While all is damp and chill;
Life's pulses seem almost to cease,
With everything so still.
And sleepy, thirsty earth absorbs
Kind nature's wholesome cheer,
While weary minds are lull'd to rest,
And hush'd each hope and fear.

'T is dropping, dropping, soothingly,
Like music's softest chime;
And dances on the shingled roof
With merry, changing time:
Sometimes it seems like sweet response
To humble, earnest prayer;
A breathing out of God's own love
To those who seek his care.

And now with some soft gust of wind
It tinkles on the pane;
It seems as if love's whisper said,
"I 'm with thee once again;
I 'll bear thee to Elysium's bower,
To home beyond the sky,
And heaven's harmonies thou 'lt hear,
As angels' wings rush by."

O, little, gentle, crystal drops,
So pure, so true, and bright;
Hope now comes with you lovingly
In watches of the night,
And says, "The *morn* will soon grow red,
The *sun* is coming up,
And joy is held in store for thee,
By every tiny drop.

"And sure as you to earth descend,
So sure to heaven you 'll turn;
For Love and Light will gather you
Again in nature's urn."
So, gentle drops, you 've preach'd to me
A lesson kind and true;
You 've form'd a lustrous, sparkling crown,
In heaven's azure blue;
And in the crown these flowers I see—
Love, Hope, and Immortality.

NANTUCKET. M. G. P.

A MODEL CHARACTER.

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

READER, does your heart ever sicken at the universal follies and corruptions of men—the selfishness of demagogues, the unscrupulousness of money-makers, the bigotry of religionists, the infirmities (and the vice, often self-disguised under the plea of infirmity) which deform professedly good men? Have you turned away disgusted, if not hopeless, from their assemblies—their caucuses, or conventions—where the common good was proposed, but personal passions guided everything? Have you—conscious amidst such scenes that your own soul was receiving the malign infection—escaped away to seek self-control and purification in quiet, in prayer, in the tranquil asylums of nature? Take up then the volume that now lies on our table,* and learn to hope yet for your race. Bulwer, in one of his latest and best books, recommends again and again Robert Hall's life, as a solace to men struggling with incurable bodily suffering. Men despairing of humanity should read Buxton's Memoirs; they will learn in the contemplation of his grand and beautiful life, to respect their race for its capability of virtue, and themselves as members of it. Buxton was a Christian—very remarkable as an entire man and an entire Christian—and his life demonstrated what the Christian revelation teaches respecting the capacity of men for moral excellence, the possibility of a life wholly pure amidst those circumstances where usually the worst vices ripen and putrefy. We can recall few, if any, examples which more fully give reality to the very ideal of Christian excellence. More fervid saintship may be found in the records of retired or solitary piety, but larger or more genuine virtue scarcely anywhere. We know not of a better exemplification of Christianity in *practical life*—the Christianity which the characteristics of our own age demand, and which must, at least till another phase comes over the active world, supersede, to a great extent, the Quietistic piety of other times.

Some years have passed since we first read this memoir; but its impression, upon our own mind and heart, has been permanent, and we were, therefore, prepared to greet the great philanthropist again with a warm heart, in the pages of Binney's recent book, where he is presented as "*a study for young men.*"* We can read anything with profit that comes from the pen of Binney, himself a superb man—next, perhaps, to Melville, among the pulpit characters and religious writers of London; and so much in contrast, by his manly sense and good taste, with the charlatanism of the only London religious author who seems just now to have much popularity among us.† But we have closed his present little book with unusual satisfaction. It befits its theme. It is an analysis of the character of Buxton, and the portraiture is drawn and colored with a masterly hand—bold, pliant, discriminating and conclusive. Like a portrait by a great artist, it shows few of the particularities of *nice* work, but is perfect by the complement of all strong and essential traits.

It is not with the book, however, that we now have to do, but with its subject. We wish to send out, on a few of our pages, into the parlors, the log-cabins, the hands, and if possible the hearts, of the many young men who read this Magazine, a few of the lessons of this noble "study," from the life of a man who was of the best style of greatness.

And one thing which the world hardly cares about as an attribute or a condition of human greatness, we wish to emphasize in the outset, the fact, namely, that Buxton had a robust *physique*—a fit panoply for his noble, robust soul. He was "Herculean," say the biographers, almost "awkward" in his magnitude. By "idleness," (some of the good but mistaken members of his family thought,) rather by instinct inspired by generous nature herself, he betook himself to athletic exercises and sports through most of his boyhood. Nature would hardly allow him to study down to the period—his fifteenth year—in which only a boy should begin hard study. He delighted in fishing, boating, shooting; and nature, we repeat, the God of nature let us say reverently, was responsible for these imputed faults. God

* Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, &c., by his Son. London: John Murray.

* Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. A Study for Young Men. By Rev. T. Binney. New-York: Carter and Brothers.

† Dr. Cumming.

made him so, and he has made all boys so—and "let God be true and every man a liar," on this as on all subjects, say we to all grave-faced good men who think that nature mistakes in her very instincts—who seem not to be capable of understanding how intimate is the connection between happiness and virtue, especially in childhood—how happily playing and praying may go together through that stage of our sad enough pilgrimage—and who, worse than all, by associating criminality with amusement, lead the young mind, which cannot forego its instincts, to hold itself suspicious if not guilty, and at last to prefer its supposed guilt to unnatural and intolerable restraints. A great blunder is this! It has filled childhood, in many an instance, with wretchedness and self-degradation; it has blasted many a young noble heart with prejudice against piety—prejudice the more fatal for having been so early received.

Buxton would not study in his boyhood, as his family wished—they despaired of him—his excellent mother looked forward to his manhood with increasing solicitude. But when at last he "took to study" with a staunch brain, strenuous nerves, and the brawny muscles of a young athlete, how did he succeed? "He entered Dublin University," says Binney. "When he first began to study with a private tutor, preparatory to this, he found himself behind most of his associates; but by resolute application and determined perseverance he soon overcame that disadvantage. At college his course was a perpetual triumph. He triumphed over difficulties, he triumphed over others, he triumphed over himself. He took everything every year that it was possible for him to take. There was not a prize, a medal, a certificate, an honor, that he did not obtain."

Such was his success that when he graduated, the university, which had a representation in parliament, asked him to be its candidate, with the assurance of success. But he knew himself, and chose to bide his better time.

The physical education (for such we must call it) which he acquired in spite of the common opinions on the subject, was, we insist, one of the most advantageous conditions of his subsequent success. We hardly dare utter our fullest conviction on the importance of this fact, lest we be misconstrued. We may affirm, however, that it is doubtful whether he could have gone on through his triumphant career, of merely preparatory success, without it; and it is certain that the gigantic labors of his public life would have been utterly impracticable had it not been for the physical stamina with which he began them—they did, in fact, destroy him at last by apoplexy, but not till he had achieved the life-work of twenty ordinary public men, and conquered all things in his way but death itself, the conqueror of all.

Again. We attribute, in no small degree, to his physical vigor and energetic temperament, that *indomitable force* of character which was, perhaps, the principal trait of the man, and the chief element in his success. We are happy to have so good an authority as Mr. Binney for this opinion:—"Sir Fowell Buxton," he says, "inherited from his parents the great and incalculable blessing of a sound, healthy, physical structure—a robust, muscular frame—and with that, (my philosophical and religious creed alike teach,) many important elements of character—as to temperament, disposition, moral instincts, tastes, tendencies; aspirations ready to be awakened; capacities and powers having within them a native impulsive force toward the good and the better rather than the bad. The truth embodied in these remarks *is* a truth, the doubts and dogmas of certain good men, notwithstanding."

The ancients were wiser than we on this point. We borrow from them the phrase, *Mens sana in corpore sano*, but with scarcely any practical appreciation of it. Gymnastics took the lead in their systems of education. The philosophers discoursed out of doors, and resorted personally to the gymnasium to teach and to learn. Socrates taught in the market-places and on the banks of the Ilissus; Plato in the gardens of Academus; Aristotle, walking in the suburban groves of the Lyceum. Aristotle's system derived its name (Peripatetic) from these philosophic walks. Plato, with all his idealism, knew the importance of taking good care of the body: look at the antique bust of him; take down from the library shelf the second volume of Bohn's edition of his works, and observe in the frontispiece his Jove-like physique. You will understand from it what his biogra-

phy means when it tells us that he "was taught gymnastics by Ariston, an Argive wrestler." The almost saintly old sage was himself famous as a wrestler. Think of such a reputation attaching to any of our modern sages, the venerable presidents and professors of our colleges! Turn over this same second volume of his works, and read his views on education. It contains the immortal "Republic," in which he classifies the education suited to a state under two heads, one of which is *gymnastics*. Women as well as men would he have thus physically trained. And how much of the vigor and splendor of the classic intellect may we not attribute to these better ideas of the *mens sana in corpore sano?*

Moral force and also purely intellectual energy may doubtless bear a man successfully along through the hardest struggles of life in spite of physical enervation; but how much better is the energy of life maintained, when the moral or mental lever moves on a firm physical fulcrum! The Reformation would probably have failed at Wittenberg, had it depended upon the enfeebled Melancthon. The mighty temperament of Luther had an essential connection with it. Beneath his great brain was a great heart; but beneath that heart was his great Dutch stomach—a fact which no philosopher can forget in estimating the man and his mission. Erasmus was his cotemporary, and saw the errors of Popery with a keener insight than Luther himself; he had also more learning, and a more trenchant sword than Melancthon. He could have shaken the intellectual world in a war with Rome; but he wandered about Europe, nursing his weak stomach, fainting if his dinner was delayed, and taking to his bed with sick headache at the mere smell of the Friday fish-diet. He saw his duty, but acknowledged that he was not in a mood for martyrdom. He lacked moral force; that was doubtless his chief lack; but he lacked nerve also. Moral energy may, we repeat, triumph gloriously, even amid all physical disabilities, but in a dilapidated body the soul fights like a hero in an overthrown fortress, the ruins of which expose him to the fire of the foe, while they also obstruct the movement of his own guns. If too late to repair them, let him fire away as best he can, and triumph in dying; but if not too late, let him rear again his walls, even if he has to suspend his fire for a time. He will gain in the result.

Buxton was a fine example of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. He was full of buoyancy and resolution. With the clew of any business, public or private, once in his hand, he could pursue it through all its windings and details, never exhausted, never discomposed, never discouraged. The drawback, on the moral purpose, which most men, of even good vigor, suffer from physical exhaustion, was seldom or never known to him till late in life. "His soul," says Binney, "was large and powerful, like his body. Having made up his mind that a thing was possible and ought to be attempted, he put forth his hand, and never withdrew it, and never flagged. Convinced that he was right, he stood his ground with unflinching and manly courage, and was willing to suffer in his private friendships or public popularity. The basis of all this consisted partly in the original conformation of his body and mind, and partly in the impressions made upon him by his mother—the habits she encouraged, the principles she implanted in him."

In a letter to one of his sons, he reveals the secret of his own success; he writes:—

"You are now at that period of life, in which you must make a turn to the right or the left. You must now give proofs of principle, determination, and strength of mind,—or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a desultory, ineffective young man; and if once you fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again. *I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases.* In my own case it was so. I left school, where I had learned little or nothing, about the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to college opened upon me, and such thoughts as I have expressed in this letter occurred to my mind. I made my resolutions, and I acted up to them: I gave up all desultory reading—I never looked into a novel or a newspaper—I gave up shooting. During the five years I was in Ireland, I had the liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting-place. I never went but twice. In short, I considered every hour as precious, and I made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions,—and then *I speedily passed from one species of character to another.* I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment. I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application, and of irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and I found those things which were difficult, and almost impossible to my idleness, easy

enough to my industry; and *much of my happiness* and ALL MY PROSPERITY IN LIFE *have resulted from the change I made at your age.* If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination."

He declined, as we have stated, an opportunity of entering Parliament when he graduated. His earlier financial expectations had failed through the loss of family property in Ireland, and Parliament afforded no salary. He was determined to secure the means of living, and of living usefully. He married into the well-known Gurney family, when only about twenty-one years of age. In a year after he was without employment, but had a wife and child to sustain. He would have been glad of a clerk's place with only five hundred dollars a year. He met with the Hanburys, his uncles, and entered their noted brewery—we wish he had done better—but brewing and drinking were both thought well of then by British Christians, and are still sufficiently thought so. His application to business was now as energetic as it had been before to study. He enriched himself and his uncles. He was active in charities and public usefulness. He was unwearied in self-improvement by study. He had acquired the art of concentrating his *whole soul* upon the task in hand. "I could brew," he says, "one hour;—do mathematics the next;—and shoot the next;—and *each with my whole soul.*" "When in business," says Binney,

"business, very properly, was *in him.* For the hour or the day that it required his attention, he 'gave himself wholly to it.' Every bit of him, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot—brain and hands—skill and strength—when he had to work, *did* work: and sometimes he was at it from early morning till late at night. But this was not frequent, or the necessity for it became less and less. At the same time, then, that he was thus often occupied during the day, he was finding opportunity, morning or evening, for devotion to books. It was not possible that one who had actually been asked to represent a learned University in Parliament,—asked, as no empty compliment but in serious earnestness,—by men, as he acknowledged to himself, 'of thought and education, honor and principle,—his companions and competitors,—who had known him and observed him for years,'—it was not possible but that he should be alive to the thought of the possibility, at least, of the House of Commons being his destination. He was willing, therefore, to avail himself of all the advantages he had previously enjoyed, and to put himself through a designed and elaborate preparation for public life. Without neglecting any duties at Spitalfields, he studied hard to fit himself for St. Stephen's. He read extensively in English literature; he digested Blackstone, and got some considerable inkling of law; he went through Montesquieu, and meditated on its general principles as a science; he studied political economy and kindred subjects; and thus, by the diligent improvement of 'the intervals of business,' he labored to acquire so much, and such varied, though related, knowledge, that if ever called to go into Parliament, he might not have to refuse from conscious unfitness,—have his qualifications to seek at the moment,—or all his life have to cram and read for subjects as they rose."

There is a motto, quoted from him, on the title-page of his Memoirs, which expresses the whole history of the man:—

"The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY—INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION—a purpose once fixed, and then *death* or *victory.* That quality will do anything that can be done in this world;—and *no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a* MAN *without it.*"

We could go on quoting almost indefinitely illustrations of the gigantic energy and heroic bravery of his character; but sufficient examples will occur when we come to consider him as a philanthropist; meanwhile we cannot omit one instance which is full of significance—a stronger proof of bravery, we will venture to say, there never was exhibited on a battle-field. We give it from his own letters to his wife:—

"SPITALFIELDS, *July* 15, 1816.

"As you must hear the story of our dog Prince, I may as well tell it you. On Thursday morning, when I got on my horse at S. Hoare's, David told me that there was something the matter with Prince—that he had killed the cat, and almost killed the new dog, and had bit at him and Elizabeth. I ordered him to be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to town. When I got into Hampstead, I saw Prince covered with mud, and running furiously, and biting at everything. I saw him bite at least a dozen dogs, two boys, and a man.

"Of course I was exceedingly alarmed, being persuaded he was mad. I tried every effort to stop him or kill him, or to drive him into some outhouse, but in vain. At last he sprang up at a boy, and seized him by the breast; happily I was near him, and knocked him off with my whip. He then set off toward London, and I rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity of stopping him. I continually spoke to him, but he paid no regard to coaxing or scolding. You may suppose I was seriously alarmed, dreading the immense mischief he might do, having seen him do so much in the few preceding minutes. I was terrified at the idea of his getting into Camden Town and London; and at length considering that if ever there was an occasion

that justified a risk of life, this was it, I determined to catch him myself. Happily he ran up to Prior's gate, and I threw myself from my horse upon him, and caught him by the neck: he bit at me and struggled, but without effect, and I succeeded in securing him, without his biting me. He died yesterday, raving mad.

"Was there ever a more merciful escape? Think of the children being gone! I feel it most seriously, but I cannot now write more fully. I have not been at all nervous about it, though certainly rather low, occasioned partly by this, and partly by some other things.

"I do not feel much fit for our Bible-meeting on Wednesday—but I must exert myself.

"P.S. Write me word whether Fowell has any wound on his fingers; and if he has one made by the dog, let it be cut out immediately: mind, these are my positive orders."

He afterward mentioned some particulars which he had omitted in this hurried letter.

"When I seized the dog," he said, "his struggles were so desperate that it seemed at first almost impossible to hold him, till I lifted him up in the air, when he was more easily managed, and I contrived to ring the bell. I was afraid that the foam, which was pouring from his mouth in his furious efforts to bite me, might get into some scratch, and do me injury; so with great difficulty I held him with one hand, while I put the other into my pocket and forced on my glove; then I did the same with my other hand, and at last the gardener opened the door, saying, 'What do you want?' 'I've brought you a mad dog,' replied I; and telling him to get a strong chain, I walked into the yard, carrying the dog by his neck. I was determined not to kill him, as I thought if he should prove not to be mad, it would be such a satisfaction to the three persons whom he had bitten. I made the gardener (who was in a terrible fright) secure the collar round his neck and fix the other end of the chain to a tree, and then walking to its furthest range, with all my force, which was nearly exhausted by his frantic struggles, I flung him away from me, and sprang back. He made a desperate bound after me; but finding himself foiled, he uttered the most fearful yell I ever heard. All that day he did nothing but rush to and fro, champing the foam which gushed from his jaws; we threw him meat, and he snatched at it with a fury, but instantly dropped it again.

"The next day when I went to see him, I thought the chain seemed worn, so I pinned him to the ground between the prongs of a pitch-fork, and then fixed a much larger chain round his neck; when I pulled off the fork, he sprang up and made a dash at me, which snapped the old chain in two! He died in forty-eight hours from the time he went mad."

Mr. Buxton writes to his wife a day or two later:—

"I shot all the dogs, and drowned all the cats. The man and boys who were bit, are doing pretty well. Their wounds were immediately attended to, cut, and burnt out.

"What a terrible business it was! You must not scold me for the risk I ran; what I did I did from a conviction that it was my duty, and I never can think that an over-cautious care of self in circumstances where your risk may preserve others, is so great a virtue as you seem to think it. I do believe that if I had shrunk from the danger, and others had suffered in consequence, I should have felt more pain than I should have done had I received a bite."

There, young men of generous hearts, is heroism for you, of the truest style. The last sentence is fit to be a text for the pulpit on a week-day, if not on a Sunday. What was Napoleon on the bridge of Lodi, or Murat dashing with his columns on the bayonets of the enemy, compared with this heroic man in the desperate chase on the highway to London, and in the seizure and last struggle with the maddened brute?—a struggle against odds, not merely of death, but death with madness itself, and madness the most frightful known in the history of human suffering! Buxton would have declined the challenge to a duel, and been called a coward by the bravoes of the pistol; but what duelist would accept of terms which should expose him to such odds? What chivalry would keep the field, if the enemy were a corps of mad dogs?

We must refer to a third trait of this truly great man, before we close this part of our sketch—his delicate, we were about to say his *feminine sensibility*. Some one has said, that there is always somewhat of fine sensibility, the tenderness of woman, about great natures. Christianity is full of the fact—Christ himself was an impersonation of it. Christianity has transformed not only art and social life, but heroism itself. It would abolish the heroism of war, and will inevitably do so yet; but in postponing its abolition till the due time, it received it from old Rome, only on condition that it should be ameliorated by the gentleness of chivalry—a gentleness borrowed from and ever graciously recognizing woman. "The age of chivalry has gone," said Burke; and he said the truth. Christian warfare has, however, adopted the humanities of the modern "laws of nations," and seems now by its augmented means of destruction, its increased horrors, to be rapidly preparing the way for its self-abolition.

How different is the ideal of the old Greek or Roman heroic character from that of Christianity! Meekness—the very

temper of all Christian virtues—was but moral impotency, to the ancient mind, till it was seen looking up to heaven serenely from the martyr fires. *Humility* is a word unknown to the old classic tongues, in our modern sense. A critic says that Saint Paul had to recoin the Greek term. Magnanimity was the word for Roman greatness—but it implied not only justice, temperance, courage—but revenge, selfishness, pride—pride was its very essence. Christianity has its magnanimity—its heroism for principle, not for self, and its heroism unto death—it reverses the old code of greatness—it pronounces some of the old virtues the most malignant vices. Penitence, self-sacrifice, meekness, humility, forgiveness, forbearance even unto "long-suffering," these are its blessed virtues, and these the proofs of its divinity, for they are just the virtues needed to quell the malignant passions of our fallen world. And it is by these very virtues that Christianity produces a genial character in such a heroic man as Buxton, by diffusing a gentle temper through the stout energies of his life. Especially in the social and domestic life of such a man does it show the sanctifying beauty, the benignity and placidity of its spirit. We feel that we introduce this point at the wrong place—the paging of our manuscript shows that we must not prolong much further the present paper, and yet we need ample space for the picture we should like to draw of the domestic life of Fowell Buxton, as illustrative of the trait of character now before us. It would be a charming picture, we assure the reader, even from our rude hand. We refer him to Binney and to the original memoir for its full outlines, but must gratify ourselves, at least, with a few further allusions to it.

Those of our readers who have read that oddest of the lives of odd men—the Lavengro of Barrow, will recall a scene near Norwich, in England, in which the adventurer penetrates through beautiful riverside scenery and gardens into a most comfortable old English mansion, into its library, and its very sanctuary. It was the house of old Mr. Gurney, the head of the now celebrated Gurney family, though not so stated in the book: there is a charm over the whole picture, and it is genuine, as every subsequent glimpse we get into that refined household from other books, proves. These books have multiplied of late years. Buxton's Memoir owes half of its fascination to the views it affords us of "Earlham Hall," the Gurney homestead; and then there is the life of John Joseph Gurney, the son of the house, and the noblest son of Quakerism for the last hundred years; and the life, or rather "lives" of Mrs. Fry, a daughter of the house, and one of the noblest of women, not to say of Quakerism, but of the earth—one whose reputation is intrinsically greater and dearer to her country and her race, than that of her sovereign. The Gurney family has become "ennobled" within a few years, in a higher sense than any titled house of the English realm. Buxton found in its sanctuary the influence that saved him. He first went thither to spend his vacation, a young, unpolished, unhopeful boy. He "fell in love," one of the best "falls" a young man can have, who wishes to rise well in the world or in worth. Binney waxes ardent in thought and beautiful in style when he refers to this "grand crisis," as he calls it, in the life of the future statesman.

"He had become acquainted with John Gurney, the eldest son of John Gurney, Esq., of Earlham Hall, near Norwich. He was invited thither, on a visit, and went. He found himself in a new world. Mr. Gurney had eleven children, all of them, at this time, at home. There were three elder daughters; John, Buxton's friend; then a group of four girls, about Buxton's own age; and lastly, three younger boys. The father had for several years been a widower. He was by profession a Friend,—but not very strict. His worldly position and long widowhood,—his going into society and his home hospitalities,—his connection with the literary and the fashionable, on the one side, and with 'the straitest sect of our religion,' on the other—had, altogether, a striking effect on the family circle. The members of it were all persons of superior minds—especially the women. One of the elder daughters was already under the influence both of religion and Quakerism; the others were somewhat gay in their habits; all were intellectual. Music, dancing, and drawing, were among their accomplishments; but they were zealously devoted to the higher forms of self-culture, and were strenuous in their endeavors to acquire knowledge and to strengthen their understandings. There would be signs, I should think, in the doings, and dress, and daily life of this extraordinary family, indicative of the two spheres to which they belonged. There might be something present, *or absent*, here and there, about their apparel, that just served to show whence they came, and to give increased interest to what they were. There might be little things, in their modes of address and manners toward each other, startlingly beautiful as '*not* of the world,' while yet, at the same time,

that glow and sunlight of earth's gay morning that *is* of the world, sat on their brow, and was bright about them. They went a good deal into society, and their power to interest and please would lose nothing, I am persuaded, by the slight tinge of the Quaker element that they might carry with them. At home, all were zealously occupied in self-education. The younger boys, even, sympathized with their sisters, and the whole circle were full of energy in the pursuit of knowledge and the conquest of difficulties. They were alike hearty in their play and work, their amusements and their studies,—in the exercise of the accomplishments that adorn life, as in the acquisition of knowledge and the culture and discipline of their best faculties. Sketching and reading in the park, under the shadow of its old trees,—'their custom, often, in an afternoon,'—their excursions on foot,—their long days spent in the woods gathering wild flowers, which, though in sport they might decorate the bonnet, were intended in earnestness to instruct in botany; their long, dashing rides on horseback; their conversation on an evening in the old hall; their one day dining out with a lord, and their receiving on another the visit of a prince; their being equally at home with an artist in his studio, an author with his book, or an officer at a ball;—why, all these things, to our raw, rude Devonshire lad, made Earlham Hall a scene of enchantment. Captivated and delighted, however,—dazzled and entranced as he unquestionably was, by what he saw in his fair associates, the great point to be observed is, that their mental exercises and intellectual pursuits, their intelligence and taste, their aspirations and aims after self-improvement, were the sources of the influence they exercised over him, and of the manly character of the sympathy they excited. He became a new man. Intellectual tastes and energies were awakened. Studious habits were instantly formed. A course of classical reading commenced. A laudable ambition was enkindled and sustained, which superseded his fondness for the field and the gun. It was, *intellectually*, 'a renewing of the mind,'—'a being born again,'—'a conversion,'—a sudden transition 'from death to life and from darkness to light,'—'old things passed away, all things became new.' From the moment that he was subjected to a highly-gifted intellectual influence, his whole mental being underwent a change. He proceeded to Earlham a great idle lad, of sporting propensities and desultory habits; he left it in purpose and pursuits A MAN. He lived longer in that month than he had seemed to do in previous years, or than he could ever do again in the same period, except, indeed, in experiencing another and a higher birth. 'I know no blessing,' he says, 'of a temporal nature, for which I ought to render so many thanks, as my connection with the Earlham family. IT HAS GIVEN A COLOR TO MY LIFE. Its influence was most positive and pregnant with good, at that critical period, between school and manhood. They were eager for improvement—*I caught the infection.* I was resolved to please them, and in the college at Dublin, at a distance from all my friends, and all control, their influence kept me hard at my books and sweetened the toil they gave. The distinctions I gained (little valuable as distinctions, but valuable, because habits of industry, perseverance, and reflection, were necessary to obtain them) were exclusively the result of the animating passion in my mind, to carry back to them the prizes which they prompted and enabled me to win.'"

The "animating passion,"—hear the Herculean, strong-souled man speak, as his great heart softens and grows good and loving under the gentle influence which sways him! Hannah Gurney, a sweet young Quakeress, of Earlham Hall, was "the bright particular star" that shed this "select influence" upon his ripening young manhood. He graduated, as we have seen, carrying with him all the honors of Dublin University. He suffered reverses in his property, but no sooner got out of college than he—a Church-of-England man, and the son of one—claimed the young Quakeress as his bride. He declined a seat in Parliament, that he might first earn bread for her and the children she was to give him. He then fought his way to public distinction—to Parliament, to a state title, to opulence, to the comforts and elegancies of "the good old English gentleman's" country residence, with its parks and its lawns, and above all, to the gratitude of his countrymen and of all humane hearts, in the world.

Now though there was a divine providence in all this, and many moral motives and high faculties, yet we believe with Mr. Binney, that the fine sensibility of the man, touched and kindled by the domestic influences of Earlham Hall, and especially by the love that wove his destiny with that of Hannah Gurney and her rare family, was the special cause—"the grand crisis" of the whole. God himself makes the truly great man, and knows best how to lead him in his career; never does he bring about an example of the best greatness without assigning precedence in it to the heart rather than to the head.

And now his family was his moral fortress, where he found refuge from the din and strife of his manly conflicts with the world, and reinvigoration for their incessant renewal. His heart, full of warm affections, grew more and more heroic under the influence of the gentle beings who ever welcomed and loved him there. Binney dwells with delighted interest and much emphasis on this fact—"the most powerful, the most constraining, the holiest and best of the external impulses that

touched and moved Sir Fowell Buxton—that to which he yielded with constant delight—and the source of whose potency lay in its pure and heavenly gentleness in conjunction with the stirrings of his human love—was what came upon him in his own domestic circle, and from the more gifted of his family connections. Of several of his 'sweet sisters' he speaks in terms of high respect; but for Priscilla Gurney—one of the gay Earlham group, who, like Mrs. Fry, gave up the world, devoted herself to God, and became a female minister among the Friends—his love and admiration are almost boundless. He speaks of her intellect as of the first order; of her eloquence as uncommon, almost unparalleled; of her character as the combination of illustrious virtues. She died in 1821. During her illness she repeatedly sent for Buxton, 'urging him to make the cause and condition of the slaves *the first object of his life*.' Her last act, or nearly her last, was an attempt to reiterate the solemn charge; she almost expired in the ineffectual effort—she could only indicate, in two or three feeble, broken words, what became the most sacred memory of the dead, and was cherished as her parting legacy by the living. It is distinctly stated, that it was one of the things to which he often referred, as preparing his mind for accepting the advocacy of the anti-slavery cause. He never, I believe, lost the impression, nor failed to be influenced and sustained by it. If it had been possible for him to have grown lukewarm or careless in the work which he had doubtless promised her to pursue, the spirit of the departed Priscilla Gurney would have seemed to confront him, to reprove and stimulate his flagging zeal."

Celibacy as a convenience for public men, a condition of success to men of great faculties—never did that flagrant barbarism receive a more complete refutation than in the life of Buxton. He was brave in marrying when he did; but he was wise, also, especially as he had taken good care to be previously wise in the choice of his bride. His home was now as a citadel of strength; its influences and motives urged him onward continually. Its sanctities sanctified all life to him; and when he was out in the combats of the world there were but two thoughts that touched his ambition—how the grand world above, and the little world of home approved his conduct. Binney becomes even more eloquent than usual when he treats of this point. We cannot better take leave of the reader till our next number, than with his beautiful words:—

"To Buxton, his *family circle* was the world, so far as judge or audience was concerned. In their sight he acted; to them he spoke; their sympathy was enough—their suffrages sufficient. With them, and with the consciousness of right on his side, he could face anything,—sustain attacks, bear abuse, lose popularity, offend friends. Had *they* forsaken him, he would have suspected himself: it would have been impossible for him, in such circumstances, really to believe that he *could be* right. His soul was a reflection of the light and hues of the heaven that was over him;—and he lived under it so joyously!—and looked up to it so often!—and thought within himself that no spot on earth was canopied like that on which his hearth stood,—and that no eye could rest anywhere on what surpassed the scene which surrounded *him*, and which sparkled and shone with the looks and smiles of a circle radiant with intelligence and goodness! It is no disparagement to Sir Fowell Buxton that the Gurney family 'colored his life;' or that his private affections so assisted to make him and keep him what he was. It is a fine thing,—a beautiful and holy sight in this sad dislocated world,—that of a great-souled, heroic man, in a severe public conflict, refreshed and helped by the descent upon him of the soft but invigorating dew of the domestic charities."

SYRIAN NOTIONS OF MEDICAL SKILL.—A doctor is thought nothing of here unless he resorts to violent remedies. I was told a curious anecdote of a doctor, who acquired a great reputation in Beilan. He was much given to administering emetics, and having a very delicate patient, resorted as usual to this method of cure, leaving in the hands of the patient's brother three strong doses of emetic, which he directed should be administered at intervals of three hours. The brother, finding the first powder had no immediate effect, gave the unfortunate invalid the remaining two within five minutes. The result was violent sickness, succeeded by spasms and cramp, which in a few hours terminated fatally. Next day, the doctor was astonished to learn, on inquiry, that his patient was dead, and evinced his concern in his face. "Never mind," said the brother, "it was so fated: but, Mashalla! you are a great doctor: the medicine you gave never ceased operating till the moment of my brother's death. It was a fine medicine, and if it could n't cure him, nothing earthly could."—*Neale's Eight Years in Syria.*

ESTHER MALCOLM'S STORY.

MY father returned home one afternoon, earlier than usual. I was sitting at the window at work, and looked up when I heard the little garden gate opened, and then shut with a sharp click.

There was a strange mingling of pleasure and pain in my father's looks; and though he seemed to hurry up the garden path, he lingered. I could not make it out.

"You have succeeded better to-day, my dear," said my mother, when he entered the room.

"Yes, Lucy—perhaps," he answered, hesitatingly; "I do not know what to say about that. No; I do not know that I have," he added hastily.

My father was a mercantile clerk in search of employment. A few months before, he had been ill, and we feared he would die; but God spared him. When sufficiently recovered to return to business, he found his situation filled up, and he was cast on his own resources.

These resources, alas! were very slender. His illness had sadly diminished them; and the prospect of a dreary winter approaching, and he unemployed, filled him with natural concern.

Our family was not large. It had been larger; but death had once and again and again entered it. One brother only and myself were left. Harry was younger than I. He was about sixteen, and had left school just as my father's illness commenced; and here was another item in our dear parents' anxiety. Harry had been educated for counting-house life; but we had few friends—none who could assist us in this matter; and he too was unemployed.

My father had made many efforts, had advertised and answered advertisements, had sought and obtained interviews with employers, had seemed at times within reach of what he sought and needed, but some fatality appeared to attend his efforts. He was too late, or too early, or not young enough; or he was ignorant of some indispensable foreign language. Those only who have been similarly circumstanced know how many incidents go to make up a successful application, and how little, for a time at least, success seems to depend on proved efficiency and unblemished character.

Let this pass for an explanation; or shall I say further, that, as a teacher of music to little girls, I was doing the best I could, and it was but little, toward my self-support. Further than this, alas! I had no power.

"I do not understand you, William," said my mother, in rejoinder to my father's somewhat contradictory information. "But I fear you have been again disappointed."

My father did not immediately reply; and we soon afterward sat down to tea.

"I have had a liberal offer to-day, Lucy," said my father presently—"or what appears to be such; but it must rest with you whether I can accept it or not." There was a mournful tone in his voice, I thought, and I wondered at this, for generally he was cheerful and hopeful.

"How can it depend on me?" my mother asked.

"For how long would you agree to part with me?" said my father.

"To part, William?" and my mother's countenance was shaded with anxiety. "You do not mean, by your going abroad?"

"Even so, my dear. I can, if I please, sail next month for India on business which, at the shortest, will take up three years. The terms, as I said, are liberal; but I shall not go without your consent."

My mother heard in silence; she only asked, "When must you decide, William?" and was told that my father must give his answer to-morrow.

That was a sorrowful evening to us all. Before we separated for the night, and when we were by ourselves, I said to my mother, "You will not let dear papa go, will you?"

She was a kind and indulgent mother, and fondly devoted to our father; she was also a prudent, thoughtful woman. "I dare not answer your question, Esther," she said. "You must wait till to-morrow, to know how we have decided."

I lay awake that night for many hours. The painful possibility of the long separation which seemed to threaten us filled me with dismay. I could hear, too, the voices of my father and mother in the room below: a gentle murmuring sound it was, but it prevented me from sleeping. I heard my father, too, in solemn, earnest prayer; and then there was a short silence. They had been in consultation I knew, and I longed to know what the result should be.

It was long past midnight when I heard their steps on the stairs, and saw the passing glimmer of their light through the chinks of my unlatched door, as they went softly by. When the house was quite still, I sunk into a troubled slumber.

The next day their decision was communicated to Harry and me. It was what we feared. My father thought it right to accept the appointment, and my mother had consented.

We had no time to waste in unavailing regrets: we had to prepare for my father's departure, and he to make the best arrangements in his power for our support during his long absence. A small sum of money in hand, and an order upon his new employers for a quarterly advance, to be deducted from his salary, seemed to insure us from the dread of destitution; and we hoped, too, that Harry would soon obtain employment. Thus far all was well.

The day of parting came. It was very painful; but we determined to accompany my father to the dock, where he was to embark; and there we stood, a little family group, on the crowded deck of the ship, taking our last farewell—a very sorrowful one; for how probable it was that we were then parting never again to meet in this world. My father tried to console us and keep up our spirits; but it was easy to see how much he himself needed to be cheered.

You may think that we had neither sight nor hearing for anything transpiring around us; yet, in that painful half-hour, we slightly noticed another group, somewhat like our own, on another part of the deck. There were a middle-aged couple, a younger man, and two fair girls. They, like us, were evidently deeply affected: there was to be a parting there. Presently the group was broken up. I saw the elderly gentleman in conversation with the captain of the ship; and then, gently leading his wife to the ship's side, they disappeared. The younger gentleman and one of the girls followed, and the sister stood alone on deck weeping, though striving courageously to suppress her tears, while she waved her last adieu to her friends. She, then, was to be a passenger, and a solitary one. In a short time the captain approached her, and kindly leading her away, they vanished from our sight. All this came to my memory afterward; at that time, though the scene passed before my eyes, I little regarded it.

Then came our final parting, the last blessing, the last counsel, the last whispered, heart-breathed prayer, the last kiss from a father's lips, which had never uttered a word but in kindness and love.

A few hours later, and the ship was far on its way, and we who remained were passing a dream-disturbed night in our lonely home.

After this, for some months, we went on much as before my father left us. My mother had enough to employ her at home, and I with my music lessons. As to poor Harry, he could get nothing to do, and his face began to wear a look of premature anxiety. We did not become reconciled to my father's absence, and we thought much of the long time which must elapse before we could again meet; but time softens even the pangs of separation, and we were not so unhappy as had been predicted. Our greatest trial, perhaps, was on poor Harry's account.

We had had two or three letters from my father, in which he spoke hopefully of his prospects, and cheerfully of his health and comfort on ship-board. The first was written before the ship left the channel; the next, and the next after that, were written on the voyage, and sent to us by homeward-bound ships. Then came a long silence, and after that—when we had began to conjure up a host of imaginary fears—a long and welcome letter.

My father had landed in safety, and was fully engaged in the business which had taken him abroad. He was well, too, and comparatively unaffected by the climate. All this was a cause for thankfulness. But though safe when the letter was written, my father had been in great peril. The latter part of the voyage had been disastrous. The ship in which he sailed had encountered heavy gales and storms, and had been nearly lost. For many hours, my father wrote, almost all hope of seeing another morning dawn was given up by both passengers and crew; but the danger was averted and the ship saved.

In his former letters he had mentioned that among his fellow-passengers was a young lady with whom he was much interested. Excepting that she had been placed under the captain's protection, Miss Herbert was solitary and unfriended. He described her manners as very modest and

winning, and her tone of conversation superior to that of the passengers in general. My father said that Miss Herbert's loneliness had first touched his sympathy, for he thought of his Esther, as placed under the same circumstances; and he had offered such attentions as an elderly gentleman might with propriety and courtesy show to a young stranger lady. They were received gratefully, and after a time my father and the young lady had become to each other as father and daughter. Miss Herbert was going out to India as governess in an English family of rank and station in Calcutta. My father's destination was Madras.

The events of the fearful night had increased my father's interest in Mary Herbert, by calling forth his admiration of her fortitude and faith in divine love and protection. While others abandoned themselves to despair, she was pale and shrinking indeed, but calm and composed.—Through all the danger my father was by her side, but not, he said, so much to support her as to witness the power of faith in the prospect of sudden and awful death. Thus much for Miss Herbert, of whom we sometimes talked when talking of my father—for his letters had awakened an interest in her fortunes; and then it was that I remembered the parting on board the ship, and wondered whether the young lady I had seen was the Miss Herbert of my father's story.

My father had been away from us about a year, when a cloud arose which threatened us with ruin. One evening Harry came home, pale and agitated. I should say that he had at length succeeded in obtaining employment in an attorney's office; but his salary was very small, and his situation merely temporary.

"Harry, dear, what is the matter?" asked our mother, anxiously.

"Have you heard anything from Mortimer and Hughes to-day, mother?" he said, hastily. Mortimer and Hughes was the firm for which our father was engaged.

"Mortimer and Hughes!" exclaimed my mother, with increased alarm: "is it any ill-tidings of your father?" she demanded, hurriedly.

"No, mother, no; it is not that: but Mortimer and Hughes have failed—their names are in this day's Gazette."

Our sensations were at first those of blissful relief from the suffocating apprehension which Harry's first words had caused. Not that we thought with indifference of the commercial failure; but we had fully expected that Harry had been charged with tidings of death. When, however, we began to think calmly of the intelligence, our spirits sunk within us.

The next morning my mother hastened to the city, and our worst apprehensions were confirmed. Not only was my father's mission at an end, but he would be left without employment in India, and unprovided even with the means of returning home. Our income was also, and of course, suddenly cut off. It was a hard case, my mother was told by the bankrupts' assignees, but it could not be helped. There might eventually be something secured for us; but they gave little hope even of this, for the firm was deeply involved, and the dividend would be very small.

My mother was not apt to give way to despondency. She had that happy confidence in God's superintending and fatherly care which nothing could effectually and permanently displace, founded as it was on the promises of the gospel; and that support did not fail her now. The burden was not removed, but she was helped to bear it; and her example inspired us, her children, with courage and energy.

We began by retrenching our hitherto comparatively small expenses, and I exerted myself to extend my limited connection, so as to be fully employed in teaching. As to dear Harry, he mourned over his helplessness. The small remuneration he received for his occasional services in the attorney's office was not sufficient for his own support. Even this was at length withdrawn, and he was again unemployed.

I had obtained one new pupil. It was at some distance from home, but this was of small importance compared with the additional weekly receipt which it added to our income. One morning, in walking to Mrs. Lascelles', my new patroness, I was caught in a hasty and heavy shower of rain. It vexed me sadly. How little did I think that that very unwelcome shower would be the means of deliverance from threatening poverty!

Mrs. Lascelles was a motherly, kind lady; and when she found that her little girl's music teacher had walked through

the rain, and was very wet, she insisted on my drying my garments by the parlour fire before I gave the lesson. She offered me refreshments also, and made me take them too—"to keep the cold out," as she said.

These kindnesses were hardly through, when a knock was heard at the door, and a lady was introduced, whom Mrs. Lascelles at once received as an intimate friend, without the formality of an announcement.

"I was not coming to see you to-day," said the stranger, "but this unexpected shower has driven me to take refuge."

I was puzzled with the lady's looks. It seemed as though the countenance was not altogether unknown to me, though I could not imagine where or when I had seen it. It was an elderly countenance, very pleasant to look upon, though marked here and there with lines which told of past trials, I thought.

I was about to retire, when Mrs. Lascelles stayed me. "Do not run away, Miss Malcolm. I am sure you cannot be dry yet; and it is a serious thing for young ladies, you know, or for old ladies either," she added, with a pleasant smile, "to catch cold. You must not go, indeed, till you are quite ready; Mrs. Herbert and I have no secrets to talk over."

Mrs. Herbert! I remembered it all—the parting scene on ship-board. This was the lady I had seen, sorrowfully bidding farewell to her daughter: she was the mother of my dear father's fellow-voyager. How strange! I thought; and I looked into the lady's face.

She was regarding me earnestly also.

"Miss Malcolm!" she repeated. "My dear young lady, pardon my curiosity: do your friends live in London?"

"My mother and brother, madam," I replied; "but my father is abroad."

"In India?" asked the lady.

"Yes; he sailed more than a year ago."

"In what ship did he go out?" Mrs. Herbert inquired; and her voice, I thought, trembled slightly. I gave the name of the ship, and the name also of the captain.

"I am glad, I am very glad, to have met you, Miss Malcolm," she said tenderly; and she took me kindly by the hand. "You do not know," she added, "how much I am indebted to your kind father, though I have never seen him; and, how sorry Mr. Herbert and I have been not to have known your mother's direction, so that we could call on her to express our gratitude. You must let us do so now."

Mrs. Herbert asked me no more questions then, except that she noted down our address; and we soon separated, she going homeward when the rain had ceased, and I to my pupil. A few days afterward, however, she called upon my mother.

Half an hour's conversation sufficed to banish from their minds the idea that they had been life-long strangers to each other. There was a bond of sympathy in the circumstances which had brought them together—the dear ones who were far away. There was another bond of sympathy; each had passed through many domestic sorrows, and had been supported under them. And there was yet a third, and a stronger bond—that which unites heart to heart, in Christian love. "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

My mother lightly touched upon her present sources of anxiety, her uncertainty respecting my father's prospects, the loss of income arising from the bankruptcy of his employers, and my brother Harry's want of occupation. Mrs. Herbert spoke a few words of encouragement and hope, and then she departed.

We did not suppose we should know any more of our visitor, now that she had performed her errand; but we were mistaken. Only a few days afterward, my mother received a short note—Would Mr. Henry Malcolm call on Mr. Herbert, at a certain office in the city, at a certain hour the next day?

Harry went, of course; and he returned in high spirits. Mr. Herbert had heard of a situation—a clerkship—which my brother was well qualified to fill. He had introduced Harry, and all preliminaries were arranged. The salary was liberal, so liberal as to be sufficient for the reduced expenses of our home: dear Harry thought it magnificent. Mr. Herbert was, of course, in his estimation, one of the pleasantest gentlemen Harry had ever met.

My brother went day after day to the counting-house, and I to my pupils, to whom two others were added by the recommendation of kind Mrs. Lascelles: and if it had not been for our uncertainty about dear father, we should have been

very happy. But some months passed, and we did not hear from him.

At length came a letter; it contained good news. My father had indeed been put to much inconvenience by the failure of his employers; but he had entered into another engagement, and was prospering. He remitted money to us, which happily we did not urgently need, thanks to good Mr. Herbert's exertions for Harry; and the only drawback to the pleasure of the letter was the uncertainty of his return to England.

POSTSCRIPT.—Why should there not be a postscript to a lady's story, as well as to a lady's letter? Four years have passed away since my father arrived in India. He is not there now; he is on his passage home. We expect him next month; and my dear mother is rather nervous when the wind is high, otherwise she is well and happy. Harry is gay as a lark; his salary has twice been advanced; and his employers have promised him another advance at Christmas. At Christmas I suppose I must give up teaching music: so George Herbert tells me; and I—I have promised. We are very friendly indeed with the Herberts; and Mary, who came home last year with the family in which she is governess, and who is a lovely, affectionate, simple-hearted girl, says that we two ought to be sisters.

I wonder how many of these later events would have taken place, and how many of our bright hopes would have beamed, if my father's sympathies had centred in himself.

THE SNAIL.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

Doom'd to a solitary life,
Unbless'd with children, friend, or wife;
A coward, who hides his head for fear
If danger chance to hover near;
Loving himself with all the passion
His heart is capable of feeling,
And with *himself*, in sordid fashion,
Filling his house from floor to ceiling;
Where'er he bends his wicked course,
Leaving behind him slimy traces,
And sullying without remorse
The loveliest flowers with his embraces;
A slave, whose lot it is to dwell
Forever in a narrow cell,
Growing more wretched every year
As earthly joys grow trite and stale,—
Such is the selfish man's career,
And such his prototype's—the Snail.

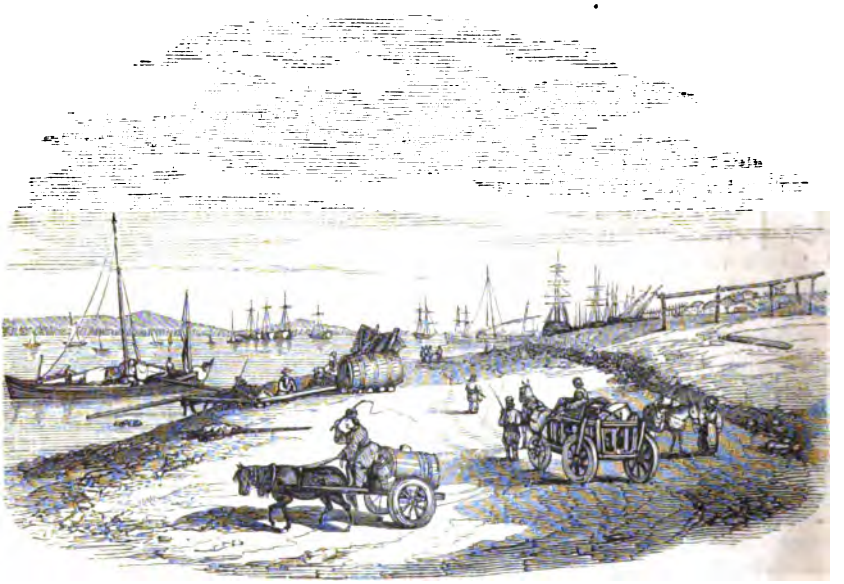
THE BIRD OF WISDOM IN THE EAST.

BOWEN, in his interesting "Journey from Constantinople to Corfu," relates some incidents finely illustrative of classified facts. We give the following respecting the bird of Minerva:—

"In the evening I wandered by the light of a sweet half-moon to the side of one of the hills overhanging the monastery, where I lay down and mused for hours, undisturbed by any sound but the gentle ripple of the waves below, and the quaint cry of one of those little horned owls, about the size of a thrush, which are almost unknown in England, but are common in Greece and Italy. The little creature, as usual, seemed utterly regardless of my presence, and sat on a withered bough within a few feet of me pouring forth its peculiar cry, and twisting itself into the most fantastic shapes. This is the real owl of Minerva, so venerated of old by the Athenians, and can be perfectly tamed with great ease. A number of them are kept in the University of Corfu, because an owl is borne on the arms of that institution; on the same principle, in short, as that on which bears are preserved at Berne, eagles at Geneva, storks at The Hague, and lions were formerly preserved in the Tower of London. Far from seeming to complain

"Of such as, wandering near their secret bower,
Molest their ancient solitary reign,"

they usually appear to feel a fellowship with the solitary being who delights in contemplating at the same hour as themselves the gloomy scenes which they choose as their favorite haunts. I have seen them among the ruins of the Colosseum and of the Parthenon, on the plain of Troy, and on the heights of Syracuse, seated, as to-night, close by me on a broken arch or fallen pillar, and hooting with a certain tone of mockery, varied with that of a more plaintive character. As the mournful or the sarcastic tone prevails, one might almost fancy the bird of Minerva demanding sympathy with its lament for the ruin of a once-favorite seat of the arts and sciences over which she of old presided; or the bird of desolation inviting to rejoice with it over the wreck of ancient glories, a member of our great Teutonic race,—"Heirs," as we are, "of all the ages in the foremost files of time."



PORT OF BRAILLA.

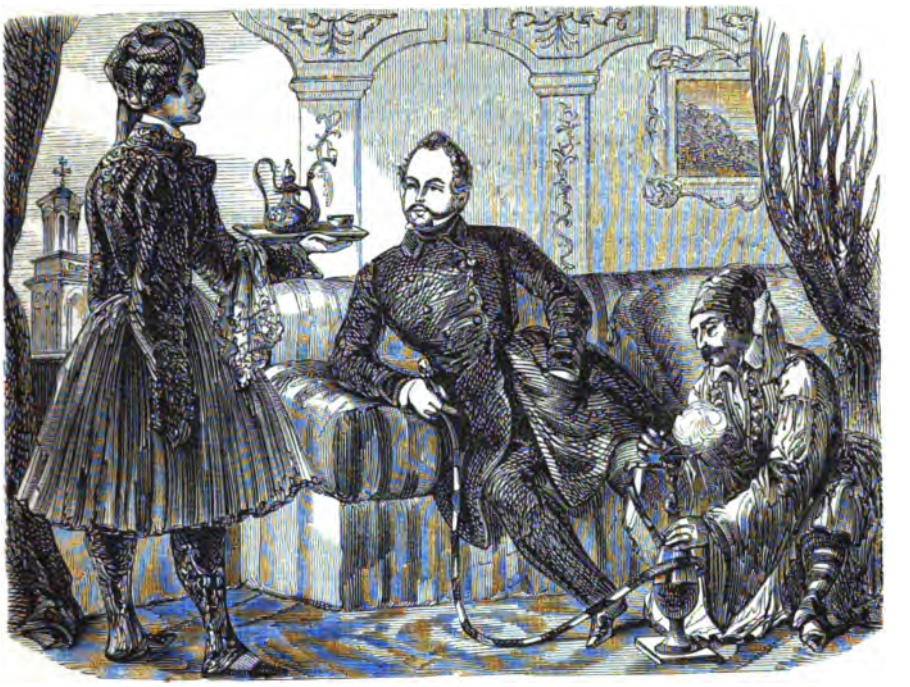
A TRIP FROM BUCHAREST TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

TRIP FROM BUCHAREST TO CONSTANTINOPLE—LIFE IN THE PRINCIPALITIES—FRANK TASTES—HIGHWAYS—GRUMBLING—PEASANTS—GIPSIES—THEIR MODES OF LIFE—MARRIAGE CEREMONIES—GIURGEVO—QUARANTINE VEXATIONS—THE PLAGUE—THE DANUBE—ITS IMPORTANCE—COMMERCE IN LEECHES—BRAILLA—MOUTH OF THE DANUBE—VARNA—VISION OF THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

I HAD seen, somewhat, Moldavia and Wallachia, and have given you glimpses of their history, their religious and their social life. It was time to depart southward. My baggage was ready, my banker had been visited for the last time, and I sallied out to take leave of my friend Mr. ———, whose courtesies and intelligence had facilitated much my observations of life in Bucharest. The interior of his mansion, as well as the ideas and sentiments most habitual in his conversation, could not fail to remind me of what I have repeatedly affirmed in these letters, viz., that the social tastes of Western Europe, particularly of France, are rapidly transforming the life of the Principalities. The oriental type was everywhere yet to be seen, but it was strangely blended with our western characteristics. I sat on a divan; servants in a fantastic semi-oriental costume waited on me. My friend and I smoked the Nargilla; but there was an air of western elegance and comfort all around me, and in an adjacent apartment I had been introduced to the ladies of the family in thorough Frank style; they wore Parisian dresses and sat on chairs.

"What is to be the upshot of matters here?" said I to my Wallachian host, as we smoked together. "What is to be the fate of the Principalities?" He shrugged his shoulders almost *a la Francaise*. "We are not between two fires," said he, "but between three—Russia, Turkey, and the West, crowd us in upon ourselves. We are the apple of discord among them, and it is our fate to roll like a football from one to the other. And then see our contrasted races: we are Russians, Turks, Greeks, Romans, Franks and Gipsies. What can be made of us? There is one hope for us, a new civilization—this is coming in upon us from the west—from Paris itself. Our modes are yours, our children learn your language, your vaudevilles are exhibited in our theaters, we read your newspapers, we are changing in fine, and may become homogeneous in this way if in no other. That is a ground of hope."

It is a questionable one, thought I, as I bowed my leave. Fine, splendid areas



LIFE IN BUCHAREST.

for industry and civilization are these Principalities, with the mighty Danube at hand for their commerce; but ages may be requisite for the solution of the difficulties which beset their *intra*-position between such opposite nationalities as Greek Russia, Mohammedan Turkey, and Papal Austria.

I cannot deny that a sigh or two escaped me, as I looked my last upon the pretty white houses and the little church half hid amid the acacias in the Mahala de la Stela. But though I lingered, I was ready and impatient to be gone, for Constantinople was my next destination. I had been wandering among the ruins and shadows of orientalism; its gorgeous realities were to be revealed to me in the city of the sultan. I therefore chose the shortest route to the Danube, which is through Giurgevo, about sixty miles only separating the two cities, and this distance is soon annihilated with the rapidity of post traveling in Wallachia. The entire space is apparently one vast plain, though it proves to have many more disagreeable inequalities of surface than might be supposed at first view. You look in vain for a hill or any elevations of the soil; but you find plenty of depressions without looking, or rather, which oblige you to look well about you for the best means of extricating yourself from the unforeseen ditch into which you have been plunged, while deploring the monotony of the landscape. More than one carriage has remained inextricably engulfed for weeks in the muddy ravines formed by the rains or thaws, either of which convert the soil into a marsh, where the poor horses perish in floundering despair, and where all kinds of accidents may be expected. Thanks to the cold, which had frozen or dried these horrible quagmires, I was so fortunate as to escape without encountering any of the perils which I had screwed up my courage to endure like a good traveler, without grumbling. *En passant*, let me remark that the experienced *voyageur* is seldom betrayed into the use of this undoubted privilege of his profession. There are persons who seem to travel only to *grumble*—they have probably exhausted their ill-humor upon all home objects, and have set forth with malice aforethought, upon

grumbling discoveries. No project can be undertaken with more certain success. The well-trained traveler, on the contrary, exercises this privilege with great discrimination, and seldom allows mortal ear to catch a grumble from his lips. Do the regulations of the custom-house excite his ire, or is he delayed by quarantine when time is a great deal more precious than money? Is he disgusted with the superstitious mummeries which meet him everywhere, and utterly shocked and sickened with things more nearly relating to his personal comfort? Is the government all "upside down," and are its exactions and petty tyranny pursuing every step of his path? With sufficient of the needful in his purse, is he unable to obtain needful food and repose, because the one is unfit to eat, and the fleas deprive him of the other? Let him, nevertheless, smother his resentment because nothing will be hastened or improved by it. This advice may sound very common-place, but its practice is, nevertheless, sufficiently rare. The traveler must resolve at the outset to take whatever happens good-naturedly, and this is not the least difficult part of his outfit. He must not lose sight of his resolution from the first to the last hour of his journey. If incidents occur at which he would grumble, let it be done soundly on paper and to good purpose. Paper onslaughts of the right kind may sometimes effect a reform of abuses.

But I am wandering from our route, though our surudji did not; he drove with such rapidity that I had scarcely time to bestow a pitying glance upon the few collections of mud hovels which are dignified with the name of villages. Many families are sometimes sheltered in one of these wretched half under-ground habitations. Poor, however, as the peasant appeared, the rapidly-passing picture was relieved by their picturesque costumes, as they occasionally stood in groups before their humble homes—the men with long

PEASANTS IN THE PRINCIPALITIES.

hair and not ungraceful cloaks or mantles hanging from their shoulders; the women with figured jackets and oddly broidered skirts.

As we approached Giurgevo, the country became still more barren. The unfortunate peasants have seen their harvest so many times pillaged, and their fields devastated, that the land is a desert for nearly thirty miles from the Danube.

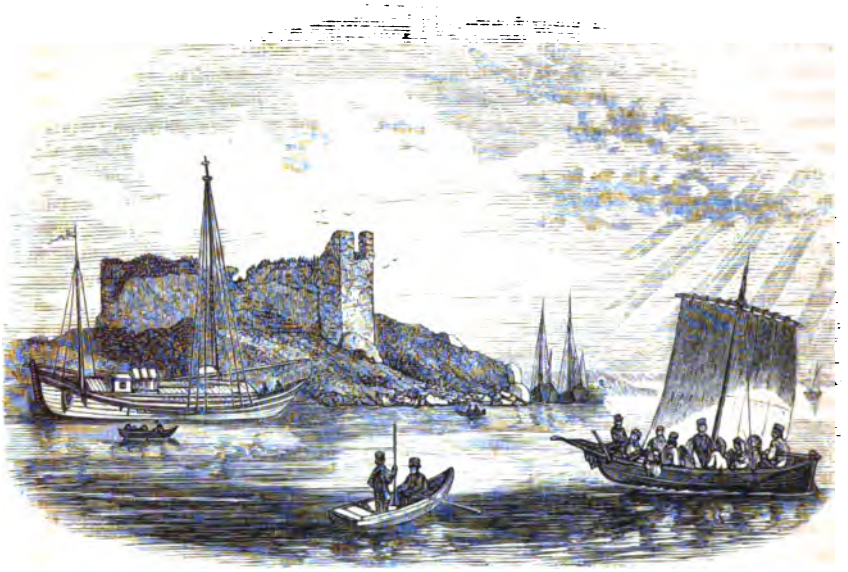
We stopped but once on our route, and that was to indulge myself with a view of a group of Bohemians who were at work in the open air, sheltered only by a thicket of trees. At all seasons of the year, the gipsy's kitchen and workshop are in the open air. Almost every child has stored away somewhere in his memory a picture of these aspects of gipsy life. Three pieces of wood are fastened together in the form of a triangle, and from the point where they unite is suspended the iron pot which contains the food of the family. On ordinary days this consists of a handful of beans or corn; but on festival occasions they add a joint of meat, from which numerous flies have made many a good meal before them, as it hung at the door of the butcher's shop. After this repast, of which they dispose

BOHEMIANS OR GIPSIES IN THE PRINCIPALITIES.

with their fingers, they lay themselves down to sleep beside the expiring embers, perfectly regardless of the inclemencies of the weather. Their robust frames are scarcely sensible of them.

My previous letters have made some allusion to this singular people who are known in the Principalities under the name of Tsiganes. They were formerly in a state of slavery, but in 1844 Prince Sturdza presented a project for their freedom, which was enthusiastically received by the Chamber of Deputies. His plan gave freedom to all Tsiganes belonging to the state and clergy. The colonies formed from these bondmen are prospering and multiplying; those belonging to the boyards or nobles are the only slaves now in the Principalities, and many of these are preparing to emancipate them; meanwhile they are objects of traffic like cattle, with fixed prices for a farmer, a blacksmith, &c.

The number of Bohemian families in Moldo-Wallachia has been estimated at about thirty-five thousand; only a few thousands of these lead a regularly laborious life. The monotony of civilization, its quiet and peaceful occupations, do not harmonize with their wild untutored na-



PORT OF GIURGEVO—RUINS OF FORT ST. GEORGE.

tures. They recognize no legal authority but that of their Bulibassa, who is solemnly chosen in the open air, and after his election is carried about upon the arms of his subjects, as the kings of France were borne on the shield in the olden time. The power of this chief is unlimited; his tribunal is the place of supreme justice, where all questions are decided, and from whose sentences there is no appeal. The head of every family pays an annual tribute to support the majesty of his rank. Like a good prince, he is accessible to the very lowest of his subjects, with whom it is true there is little inequality, and like them he leads a nomadic life. Royalty, however, has its prerogatives even among the gipsies, and the Bulibassa travels only on horseback; his robes, though in tatters, are of the royal hue—purple; he wears colored boots and a long beard. Instead of the mace or sceptre, the useless insignia of monarchical authority, our wandering prince is armed with a whip, which administers summary justice to offenders, in his own powerful hands.

The gipsies of Moldo-Wallachia are tall, robust, and muscular. Their skins are black as ebony, or bronzed, by their constant exposure, to the darkest coppery hue; their hair is thick and crisp, their eyes full and brilliant, their teeth white and well-arranged, their chests full, and their forms squarely and powerfully built. The women are frightfully ugly, or strikingly handsome. They decay very early At thirty they are infirm and decrepit. The dress of those who make any pretensions to costume, consists of a kind of hooded cloak, a white vail which envelops the head and falls over the shoulders, and an untranslatable garment called the *scourteika*, composed of sheepskin, fitted to the form, leaving only the throat, arms, and legs in freedom. Coverings for the feet are seldom worn, and never consist of anything more than sandals, partly of tow or wool, and of old leather. They are passionately fond of ear-rings, necklaces and bracelets, and all similar trinkets; they are by no means fastidious as to the material or workmanship of their finery.

In winter the Tsiganes withdraw to their subterranean abodes, which are in universal use both in cities and in the country. Their skill in the construction of these underground habitations is quite remarkable. But a few hours are occupied in the selection of a situation, the excavation of the earth, and the erection of the hut above it. The simple materials for their winter habitations are furnished by the grass and mud of the country, with

the addition of the canes and wood from the neighboring thickets. Their household goods generally consist of a small iron anvil, hammers, pincers, tongs, &c., an iron pot, a calabash, a pair of scissors, poniards, pipes, and whatever useless trumpery their masters may have thrown aside. One might easily believe himself in South America, or in the steppes of Senegal, while viewing these ebony-hued groups beneath the shelter of their straw-thatched mud hovels. When a gipsy wearies of one locality, or when the mire of his abode accumulates in such a manner as to drive him from it, he shoulders his baggage and establishes himself in a new position. It is unnecessary to ask permission, or to tell where he goes; it being well understood that he will never place himself beyond the summons of his master.

When summer approaches, they throw off their miserable garments, retaining only what is absolutely necessary, and form themselves into bands, which repair to the cities and villages in search of employment. They are generally successful, for they are skillful and ingenious workmen, incredible as it may appear.

When a Tsigane wishes to marry, he must select his bride from among the slaves of his master. When the consent of the latter is obtained, he tells his future father-in-law that he is pleased with his daughter, and wishes to marry her. The paternal relative questions the young aspirant for matrimony respecting his age, occupation, and earnings; for though a fellow-bondman of the same owner, he may be in utter ignorance even of his person. The lover most probably replies that he is a blacksmith, that he is eighteen years of age, and that he earns about twenty paras a day. The amiable couple then conclude the arrangement with smoking and drinking, and separate with an embrace. The next day the gipsy gallant conducts his bride, in presence of their maternal relations, to the hut which he has constructed for her. They have a family repast, at the conclusion of which the most aged person of the tribe consecrates the marriage by a few words pronounced over the young couple, and the ceremony is finished.

The gipsies of the Danubian Principalities are utterly destitute of any religious sentiment, whatever may be true of them elsewhere. They manifest a superstitious regard for whatever is useful, and like their wagons, their tents, and their forges. They have their children baptized as often as they can find any one who will bestow a gift at the ceremony, and this seems to be the only idea which they attach to this beautiful initiatory rite of the Church. A couple can marry themselves at fifteen or sixteen, by breaking the twig of a tree between them, without any other ceremonial. The children are left to themselves as soon as they can walk, and beg their bread, entirely destitute of clothing. Great numbers of them are deformed, and I doubt if the most degraded savages would surmise the explanation. Yet it is nevertheless an undoubted fact, that the wretched parents make use of their helpless offspring as instruments of revenge in their mutual quarrels. The father seizes one by the heels, the mother arms herself with another, and a spirited combat ensues, till victory or peace is proclaimed.

But we are at Giurgevo, and I bid a willing adieu to these degraded people. Their origin, their destiny, and their present purpose in the economy of the world are alike mysterious. The "business of Egypt," (*alias* stealing,) which engages so much of their time, is a befitting phrase for a race who are shrouded in more than Egyptian darkness.

By the treaty of 1829, Giurgevo, which was formerly a Turkish fortress, became a Wallachian outpost. Its ancient possessors, however, destroyed its walls at the time of its abandonment, and it is now an odd medley of ruins and modern constructions. The new residences in the Danubian quarter have somewhat of a European air; at a further distance from the river is a high tower in the midst of an open circular place, surrounded with shops, cafes, and hotels, where the traveler can be supplied with sherbet for his supper, and a billiard-table for his bed. The inhabitants are estimated at about twenty thousand, and their principal occupation seems to consist in smoking the chiboque, extended at full length upon small strips of carpet. The women smoke all day also, but they occupy themselves at the same time with their distaffs. The dogs, however, make up for the inhabitants; like a well-known Scripture character, they are incessantly going to

and fro in the earth, seeking what they may devour.

The quarantine regulations are very strict at Giurgevo. The Wallachians are firm believers in the contagious character of the plague, of which they have a mortal terror. Each principality has its sanitary committee, whose business it is to preserve the public health and maintain quarantine. Every station has a director, an interpreter, and a male and female physician. The time of detention is graduated from four to twenty-four days. Upon the arrival of a vessel, the passengers are conducted into a fumigated apartment, where they are stripped of their clothing, and unless they have taken the precaution to send on a change of raiment twenty-four hours previously, they are invested in loose trowsers, dressing-gown, and slippers, furnished by government for the purpose, and conducted to the chambers destined for their use during their imprisonment. Merchandise is also subjected to various processes. Some are simply immersed in water, others are fumigated with muriatic acid, or exposed to the air for a certain number of days, according to the material of which they are composed. Mixed cotton and woolen fabrics must be regarded as especially dangerous, for they gain admittance to the country only after thirty and often forty-two days of quarantine. The foreign journals which reach their destination might be supposed, from their odor, to come straight from the little imp who figures so largely in printing offices; but this peculiarity is explained as proceeding from the sulphurous fumes in which they are hung for six hours. Money and jewels are rinsed in vinegar.

Absurd as these precautions seem, the Wallachians assert that they have several times owed their escape from the pestilence to strict observance of them. In 1838, from ninety to a hundred persons died daily from the plague for several weeks in Routschouk, which is a city of considerable importance on the opposite shore of the Danube, while not a single case occurred in Giurgevo. Many of the peculiarities, however, which the wild imagination and ignorance of the East ascribe to mysterious or superhuman influences, are easily explained by physical causes. The first and most numerous victims of the plague are always from the most degraded and suffering classes. The month, and almost the very day of its appearance in different countries can be predicted with certainty. At Alexandria it is at its height from November to June; at Cairo, from February to June; at Constantinople, from July to January. The latitude and position of a country, stagnant waters, bad cultivation, and various other causes, have much to do in modifying its intensity. Notwithstanding the frequent communication between Egypt, Nubia, and Arabia, it is well known that the two latter countries have never been visited with the terrible pestilence which devastates the former. It is not a little singular that the plague was unknown during the highest period of prosperity in Egypt, which commenced about fourteen hundred years before Christ, and lasted till about the third century of our era, when the practice of embalming ceased. From this time it has reappeared every year with fatal and unerring regularity. Though not an inevitable attendant upon barbarism, it certainly flies before the march of civilization.

But let me dismiss this dismal subject for my more agreeable voyaging preparations upon the glorious Danube, for it is by this river and the Black Sea that I proceed to Constantinople. Some years since, in going from Baden-Baden to Schaffeuse by the Black Forest, I stopped for a night at Donaueschingen, a little village whose only boast is, that it possesses the source of the Danube. I arose early the next morning and went to the palace of Prince Furstenberg. In a corner of the garden, between the walls of the palace and the church, they showed me a little round basin, surrounded with an iron balustrade, from which gushed a spring of the clearest water. A question might be raised with the princes of Furstenberg and the inhabitants of Donaueschingen respecting their claims to the nativity of the most beautiful river in Europe, because other streams which contribute to the Danube claim the same distinction; but I looked upon these sparkling waters with enthusiasm, and I resolved at some future day to become better acquainted with the noble river. And now as I stood upon the banks at Giurgevo, recalling the great cities past which its proud waves had rolled, and the streams which poured their tribute waters into its bosom, the magnificent river seemed to become a personality to my mind, and its steady progress from Donaueschingen to

the Black Sea became a sublime march, against which cities and mountains contended in vain. Sometimes it was turned to the east and anon to the cold north, but the deep current bore on firmly and resistlessly to its termination. Before its mission and its destiny the great powers of Europe faded into insignificance. The thunder of Roman legions had mingled with its murmurs; dynasties had flourished and become extinct; autocrats and emperors had strutted their brief hour, and moldered into dust, while the mighty river had rolled on in its silent grandeur. From its obscure birthplace in the Black Forest to the Black Sea, into which it pours its wealth of waters, its course is more than two thousand miles. The everlasting Alps are the guardians of its way. The Bohemian and Tyrolian Alps give a new impulse toward its final destiny—the East. This is the mission of the Danube—to unite Europe to the East. It is to enrich the continent of civilization with hundreds of miles of coast, and nothing multiplies the resources of a country like an extended line of coast. It has always been easy for islands to be rich and powerful. The Danube is the great channel of communication between the three great European powers of Russia, Austria, and Turkey. Several smaller states are hanging upon these, whose future is to be determined by the Danube. Nations are waiting upon its shores for resurrection and life. What will become of it? What will it accomplish? Or rather, what will be done with it?

But I fear I have been rhapsodizing. I must not now assume to be political, for the turns in the political wheel far outrun the postal regulations, and by the time you get word from me of amicable negotiations, fields may have been lost and won. Steam itself is not sufficiently rapid to transport the varying intelligence respecting the present and expected arrangements of the excited nations. The steamer which conveys me to Constantinople floats upon the Danube, and I hail its noise and bluster as a pledge of the civilization and commerce which the mighty stream is to bear on its bosom in a not distant future. Steam navigation of the Danube was commenced in 1828. An Austrian company, composed of the highest dignitaries of the government, soon obtained a monopoly of the stream, and in 1836 a regular line was established between Vienna and Constantinople. I cannot say much for the accommodations of the one in which I took passage. My obstinate determination to be good-natured, and my destination, alone prevented me from grumbling at the impositions practiced upon these boats; but I shall not weary you with the details of the annoyances I experienced.

A few miles from Giurgevo we passed Silistria, the capital of Bulgaria. It contains the remains of fortifications erected by the Greek emperors against the barbarians; but it immortalized itself by its famous siege in 1829, when twelve thousand men held its feeble defenses during nine months against fifty thousand Russians. Though it fell into the hands of the besiegers after this glorious resistance, it remained in their power only until 1835.*

Above Silistria the Danube becomes so large, that when near one bank the opposite shore is scarcely visible. The scenery is by no means interesting in this region, the shores being barren and desolate. A few islands covered with willows vary the aspect of the river, which has the proportions of a lake in this part of its course. No living creature was seen during many miles of our passage save a few storks, who regarded our steamboat with a resigned contemplative expression. My only amusement amid the annoying inconveniences which surrounded me was in watching the leeches with which the deck was encumbered. They are quite an important article of commerce in Bulgaria; one of the passengers who was engaged in the traffic told me that he employed more than a hundred persons, without reckoning those whose delightful business it is to catch them in the marshes. Several hundred weight were on board our vessel; some were packed in small tubs half filled with clay and mud, while others were secured in soft linen bags. Every evening after sunset they had a bath in an enormous basin, which was brought on deck for the purpose. It is impossible to imagine a more disgusting spectacle than this squirming mass, two or three feet in extent, and more than a foot in depth. Humboldt's battery of serpents in the valley of the Amazon, though more terrific,

* Our readers are familiar with the late and glorious defense of this city.

could not have been more revolting. In order to return them to their receptacles, the servants of the leech merchant were obliged to roll their sleeves up to their shoulders, plunge their arms into the hideous collection, and draw them out in handfuls. The hungry reptiles fasten immediately upon the bare flesh, and the unfortunate men were obliged to tear them from their bleeding arms with one hand, while they gathered them as speedily as possible with the other.

There has been much discussion in the learned world respecting the reproduction of these disgusting creatures, and I do not know that the question has been satisfactorily settled, but with the rude servants who were familiar with them the mystery has long since been solved. They assured me that the leech was oviparous; about the month of August it produces a small egg, or rather a kind of cocoon, which is deposited at a slight depth in the mud on the borders of the ponds. Ten or twelve leeches are inclosed in this shell, which reach full maturity in four years.

About thirty miles below Silistria is Rassova, the ancient Axiopolis. The Danube turns abruptly here from the east to the north; and instead of descending directly to the Black Sea, from which it is not more than thirty miles distant, it prolongs its course more than a hundred miles. At a short distance from Rassova is a valley about thirty miles in length, which was probably, in some remote time, the bed of the Danube. A canal through this valley would be neither difficult nor expensive, while the advantages to navigation would be incalculable. The present bend in the river not only increases the distance, as I have mentioned, but it is the most dangerous and difficult part of the voyage, on account of the shallowness of the water in many places. The project has been many times discussed; but what government would undertake it in the present confused state of affairs? In order to avoid the delay and inconvenience with which this tedious passage is attended, the passengers of the steam-boat frequently disembark at Csernavoda, a small hamlet a short distance from Rassova, and proceed on horseback to Kuestendge, which lie at the other extremity of the valley. Near this place are some Roman tumuli; and on the route between the two is a marsh, which is pointed out as the remains of the famous canal constructed by Trajan, in the last years of his reign.

The river becomes exceedingly rapid in its descent. Our velocity seemed to me almost alarming above Hirsova, where we were obliged to stop to repair the machinery of the boat. This gave me an opportunity of landing at the town which was anciently known as Carsium. It was once entirely destroyed by the Russians, who left not a single house standing. It is now only a collection of mud hovels grouped around a mosque which is in tolerable condition. I ascended one of the hills which crowned the ruined citadel, commanding an extensive view of the vast plains of Wallachia and a great part of Bulgaria; but notwithstanding the natural fertility of the soil and the beauty of the climate, the aspect of desolation was sickening.

Between Hirsova and Braila, or Brailow, in Turkish Ibrail, vast troops of pelicans may be seen. In some places the two shores are covered with these curious birds, though I could learn no reason for their preference of this locality. Braila is one of the ports of Wallachia, and is characterized by considerable business activity. It is said to be the center of one-sixth of the general commerce of the Principalities. More signs of abundance and prosperity were visible here than I had seen elsewhere in the Provinces. You frequently meet large carts drawn by several yoke of oxen, loaded with cheese, eggs, and all kinds of provisions. The well-stored warehouses displayed the greatest abundance of native and foreign produce.

Considerable emulation exists between Braila and Galatz, the port of Moldavia, which is only three hours distant from its Wallachian rival. Both possess considerable commercial importance, and both were declared free ports within a few years of each other. At a distance, Galatz has a very picturesque appearance, with its wooden houses scattered over green fields; but a nearer view entirely spoiled the picture. The streets are irregular and nameless; the only pavement consists of wooden beams thrown loosely across, from beneath which the accumulated stagnant water sends forth most noxious emanations. There is not the least trace of care, order, or cleanliness in any part of the city. Some fine residences have been erected upon a hill overlooking the town, which

betray their European origin, and show what Galatz might become in the possession of a civilized nation.

In ten hours from Galatz, we reached the mouths of the Danube, of which there are four principal ones: Kilia, Sulina, St. George, and Dunaweez. These all empty into Lake Razalin, and from thence arrive at the sea by four secondary openings. The delta formed by these diverging streams is interspersed with several islands, and embraces an extent of sixty square miles. Sulina is the only valuable gate of the Danube, the true key of the Black Sea. This opening is one of the most important acquisitions ceded to Russia by the treaty of Adrianople; if it is stopped, the navigation of the river is closed. The Czar immediately made Sulina Point a quarantine station, and built a magnificent lighthouse upon it, the expense of which was defrayed by imposing a tax of about two dollars upon every merchant vessel.

This part of the voyage has little to interest the traveler. Sometimes the river flows between islands, whose solitudes are undisturbed, except by flocks of pelicans. Vast marshy plains extend from both shores, where fever and pestilence have their undisturbed abode.

We felt almost at the termination of our voyage, when we had crossed the bar, and found ourselves in the Black Sea, though we had still a long distance before us. Fortunately these turbulent waters were quite calm during our passage, though they are generally swept by howling storms, as their name indicates. We took a straight course for Varna, and the next morning cast anchor in its harbor, which is ample, and might be made one of the securest in the world. This city has a grand and beautiful appearance from the sea, with its white fortifications, its red-roofed houses, and its arrowy minarets; the briefest examination of its dark, narrow, crooked and filthy streets, and its dilapidated residences, disperses the illusion you had received in the distance.

Very few of your readers will, perhaps, remember, that under the walls of Varna, Ladislaus VI., King of Poland, was conquered by Amurath II. But none have forgotten the brave defense in 1828, when, but for the treachery of Youssouf Pacha, the second in command, it would probably have compelled the Russian army to beat a retreat. In the opinion of competent military men, the fortifications are insufficient to hold out any time against a good regiment of artillery, and the loss of time and men with the Russians is still an unsolved mystery. This brave and unexpected resistance changed the opinion of Europe in regard to the Ottomans, who became for the time as much in fashion as the Greeks.

There is little which is interesting about the region of the Black Sea, beyond Varna. Besides, I was so absorbed with the enjoyment which awaited me as we approached the Bosphorus, and so impatient to view the most beautiful scenery in the world, that I had little curiosity respecting my immediate surroundings. Before day-break I was on deck, straining my eyes in the direction we were pursuing; but one of those dense fogs, so common here in spring and autumn, shrouded the entire landscape in mist, and when we cast anchor at Constantinople, the thick curtain still concealed the glorious view from my longing eyes. I scarcely knew how to endure this bitter disappointment at the termination of my long pilgrimage. But suddenly the sun came forth resplendent from the waves, and the mist was changed, as if by magic, into a golden transparence. The vail was rent, and my dazzled eyes were bewildered among the forest of minarets, with their gilded points, thousands of cupolas radiant in the orient light, and hills covered with red mansions, peeping out from the surrounding verdure. Two immense ranges of palaces with their fantastic domes, mosques with azure roofs, forests of cypress and sycamore, and gardens of flowers were crowding upon my gaze, while the eye was lost in the endless succession of masts and pavilions. Charming kiosques spring up from this apparently boundless park, which has lakes for its basins, forests for its shrubberies, arms of the sea for its brooks, squadrons for its pleasure boats, and whose surface is diversified with mountains; the whole seemed to me like an enchanted city. Everything is so exquisite, and yet so magnificent, that it might have been designed by fairies and executed by giants. As the sun ascended still higher, its rays converted the morning vapors into a golden dust; the city seemed on fire, and the whole panorama flaming in the radiant atmosphere.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL VIEW OF THE DAY OF REST.

BY DR. FARRE.

THE ordinary exertions of man *run down* the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature by which God (who is not only the giver, but also the preserver and sustainer of life) prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day with night, that repose may succeed action. But although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. You may easily determine this question as a matter of fact by trying it on beasts of burden. Take that fine animal, the horse, and work him to the full extent of his powers every day in the week, or give him rest one day in seven, and you will soon perceive, by the superior vigor with which he performs his functions on the other six days, that this rest is necessary to his well-being. Man, possessing a superior nature, is borne along by the very vigor of his mind, so that the injury of *continued* diurnal exertion and excitement on his animal system is not so immediately apparent as it is in the brute; but in the long-run he breaks down more suddenly; it abridges the length of his life, and that vigor of his old age which (as to mere animal power) ought to be the object of his preservation. I consider, therefore, that in the bountiful provision of Providence for the preservation of human life, the Sabbatical appointment is not, as it has been sometimes theologically viewed, simply a precept partaking of the nature of a political institution, but that it is to be numbered among the natural duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. And if you consider further the proper effect of real Christianity, namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good-will to man, you will perceive, in this source of renewed vigor to the mind, and through the mind to the body, an additional spring of life imparted from this higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest. Researches in physiology will establish the truth of revelation, and consequently show that the divine commandment is not to be considered as an arbitrary enactment, but as an appointment necessary to man. This is the position in which I would place it, as contradistinguished from precept and legislation; I would point out the Sabbatical rest as necessary to man; and that the great enemies of the Sabbath, and consequently the enemies of man, are all laborious exercises of the body or mind, and dissipation, which force the circulation on that day in which it should repose; while relaxation from the ordinary cares of life, the enjoyment of this repose in the bosom of one's family, with the religious studies and duties which the day enjoins, constitute the beneficial and appropriate service of the day. The student of nature, in becoming the student of Christ, will find, in the principles of his doctrine and law, the only and perfect science which prolongs the present, and perfects the future life.

THE HOUSE OF CLAY.

THERE was a house—a house of clay—
Wherein the inmate sang all day
  Merry and poor;
For Hope sat likewise, heart to heart,
  Fond and kind, fond and kind,
Vowing he never would depart,
  Till all at once he changed his mind:
"Sweetheart, good-by!" He slipp'd away,
  And shut the door.

But Love came past, and looking in,
With smile that pierced like sunshine thin,
  Through wall, roof, floor,
Stood in the midst of that poor room
  Grand and fair, grand and fair,
Making a glory out of gloom;
  Till at the window mock'd old Care;—
Love sigh'd—"All lose, and nothing win?"
  He shut the door.

Then o'er the barrèd house of clay
Kind jasmine and clematis gay
  Grew evermore;
And bees humm'd merrily outside
  Loud and strong, loud and strong,
The inner silentness to hide,
  The steadfast silence all day long,
Till evening touch'd with finger gray
  The close-shut door.

Most like, the next that passes by
Will be the Angel whose calm eye
  Marks rich, marks poor;
Who, pausing not at any gate,
  Stands and calls, stands and calls;
At which the inmate opens straight;—
  Whom, ere the crumbling clay-house falls,
He takes in kind arms silently,
  And shuts the door.

The National Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1855.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

"Are we to understand that you indorse the Know Nothing movement?" inquires a "Constant Reader," referring to our late article on Popery, entitled "The Religious Scarecrow of the Age."

Before replying directly to the query, we have to inform a "Constant Reader," and all others of his class, that we do not, in our editorials, hold ourselves responsible to his personal views, or the personal views of any other individual patron. For ourselves, personally, we would not subscribe a sixpence to a periodical which should hold itself bound to re-edit only received views, or to bring to us, from month to month, such opinions only as are admitted by common consent, or are a repetition—a rehash—of our own individual thinkings. We prefer something independent—something provocative of new and progressive thought—even if it challenges, sometimes, our dissent. This is one of the prime rules of good editing, and he that don't like it had better clear our track as soon as possible. We have some pride in knowing that no magazine editorials of the country have been more extensively copied into our exchanges, than those which this magazine has sent forth for a couple of years past; yet not one of them have we sent to the press without the expectation and the *desire* that it should provoke inquiry if not dissent. What is the use of spending our ink on commonplaces respecting which we are all agreed? We have not yet, brother "Constant Reader," joined that "Mutual Admiration Society," that wishes this policy, and hardly expect to find time to consider the propriety of joining it. We have presented you some novel views in our editorial dissertations, and must have the candor to premonish you that there are some of equal novelty yet to come; but we assure you they shall be presented in a respectful, a frank and discreet manner, and will, we think, do no harm if they do no good.

In regard to the "Know Nothing movement," we meant, in our late article, just what we said, and we said that we had no personal knowledge of it other than what we gathered from the newspapers, and that we were rather inclined to fear its measures than to approve them. We know not enough of them yet to do either very decidedly. One thing, however, we did indorse, and do here again indorse—namely, their attempt to reform the "laws of naturalization;" that, we suppose, to be their ostensible purpose, and we "go in for it, might and main." We do so for two reasons: One is, that there can be no harm in making our national privileges a little less cheap in the estimation of foreigners. They have been made cheap enough to breed general degeneracy and recklessness, if not contempt for us. The importance, the solemnity of the responsibilities of the citizen—of the ballot-box, and of public office—have been almost annihilated among us. Our diplomacy abroad and our caucusing and voting at home, have become national scandals; and mostly, as we believe, through the agency of foreigners—the readiness with which they have been admitted to the ballot-box, to administrative offices, and to our foreign representative posts. The old consideration and patriotic moderation which distinguished the fathers of the country—the men who knew how to value it for having paid so dearly for its liberties, and who guarded it carefully against foreign influence by requiring twenty-one years of probation for naturalization—have passed away. For years we have been growing into a nation of political rowdies. Don't blink at the charge, "Constant Reader," it is an undeniable fact—and it is equally an undeniable fact that this degeneration could not have taken place on so large a scale, if the powers of citizenship had been kept mostly in the hands of the descendants of the founders of the country.

We favor this reform, secondly, as a matter of national safety. Were we a Protestant foreigner, coming from the European examples of Papal corruption and tyranny, we should favor it as a protection for our children, though a temporary privation to ourself; and we doubt not that there are many Protestants of foreign birth among us who, from this point of view, pray God to speed the movement. Popery is of the devil, if anything on earth is; it is the great complicated engine of the powers of darkness, for the most complicated villainies and tyrannies of the earth. It is as incompatible with the liberties and sentiments of the country, as light is with darkness. Its pretensions, as exposed in our late article, have been the most egregious imposture known in our history. There is no genuine American, none in whose veins the blood of the revolutionary fathers flows, whose back-bone should not curve at the outrageous presumption and usurpations of American Popery—its conspiracy against the common-school system; its most dishonorably conceded demands for the expurgation of school text-books; (as in the case of the New-York free-schools;) its interference with the rights of citizens in the control of Church property, as at Buffalo, Hartford, Newark, Maysville, &c.; its bid in the political market for party patronage, &c.—facts which, as we said in our late article, if chargeable against any Protestant body in the land, as the Baptists or Methodists, would almost lead to its overthrow. And yet this semi-barbarous ecclesiasticism—maintained almost entirely by foreigners, and now found out at last by the census to form but a comparatively small fraction of the religious statistics of the nation—has been for years the idol before which demagogues and public functionaries have offered incense, and bowed and fawned, sacrificing the self-respect and political purity of the country. Now we say openly, that we hope every Protestant, whether of foreign or domestic birth, will demand that this degrading abuse cease, and be rendered forever hereafter impracticable by any laws of naturalization that may be necessary.

This is all the "*Know Nothingism*" we know. We care not much for party schemes; but we care for this doctrine as a fundamental sentiment of American patriotism. Brother "Constant Reader" accept, with our frankness, the assurances of our hearty good-will.

Some bad errata escaped in the article on *Bancroft*, in our last number. "A vigorous manly tone of *correctness*," should have read "earnestness," &c.; "*strange* terms of Dr. Francis," should have been "stronger terms," &c.; "the highest *seen* star of his vision," "highest star of his vision;" "*theoretical* opinions," "theological opinions;" "tendency of the *grace* toward unity," "race toward unity."

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The mystery that hangs over the supposed *Christian character* of the Chinese rebellion is not a little vexatious. Some facts, unquestionably authenticated, seem to prove either the adoption of Christianity, (in part at least,) or a studied attempt to gull Christian foreigners into forbearance with the movement. We learn from Paris that the French government absolutely and entirely rejects the belief, which was at one time very general both in England and the United States, that the insurrection is of a Christian character; to demolish the popular credulity on the subject, it has caused several articles, some of them translations of publications by the insurgent chiefs, to be printed ostensibly in its official organ, the "Moniteur." This journal has been made to reproduce a long lucubration of the "great kings" at the head of the insurrection, and in it the most sacred portions of our faith are certainly most scandalously misrepresented, caricatured, and libeled. On the whole, the official newspaper of the French government comes to this conclusion:—"We dispute the right of the revolt to be called Christian. We have as a guarantee for our opinion the *Canton* element which predominates among the chiefs and the promoters of this civil war. This element, the essence of which is inveterate hatred of everything foreign, joined to the quality of *lettered* of all the principal actors in this social and political drama, should exclude, for whoever has seriously studied China, all idea of a sincere inclination of the insurgents for Christianism; for the adoption of Christianity, in whatever form, Catholic or Protestant, would necessarily have for its first consequence the extension of the influence of foreigners—that is to say, *barbarians*. Now the inhabitant of Canton and the *lettered* man have always been opposed thereto. We repeat that we deny absolutely that the pretended 'kings' of the insurrection are favorable to foreigners, and still less to Christians."

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A Lesson worth Learning.—The possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings may be illustrated by a tale which Lockman tells of a vizier, who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage; "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black beetle, together with a little *ghee*, (or buffalo's butter,) three clews—one of the finest silk, another of stout pack-thread, and another of whipcord; finally, a stout coil of rope." When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the *ghee*, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the butter, which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread, who drew up the pack-thread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the pack-thread, and, by means of the cord, a stout rope capable of sustaining his own weight,—and so at last escaped from the place of his duresse.

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"Charity begins at Home."—This passage has done vast mischief. It has been many a time laid as a sweet unction to the very heart of selfishness and cupidity. It seems to be the common opinion that it is in the Bible, but this impression is false. It appears to have been derived from 1 Tim. v, 4: "Let them learn first to show piety at home, and to requite their parents."

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A Hint to the Married.—"I have heard," says Mat. Henry, "of a married couple, who, though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed—never to be both angry together." And he adds, that an ingenious and pious father was in the habit of giving this advice to his children when they married:—

"Doth one speak *fire*, t'other with *water* come;
Is one provoked, be t'other soft and dumb."

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Is it Instinct or Reason?—Bentley, of London, has published a very interesting book on Ceylon, entitled "The Bungalow or the Tent," by Edward Sullivan, which has not been reproduced yet on this side of the ocean. It abounds in curious "natural history" notes on that country. Here is one respecting the elephant, which may be a bone for the disputants about "reason and instinct" to pick:—

"We passed an elephant working on the road; and it was most interesting to watch the half-reasoning brute; he was tearing out large roots from the ground by means of a chain and hook, fastened round his neck with a species of collar. He pulled like a man, or rather like a number of men, with a succession of steady hauls, throwing his whole weight into it, and almost going down on his knees, turning round every now and then to see what progress he was making. Really the instinct displayed by the elephant in its domesticated state is little short of reason in its fullest sense. There is no doubt they do think, and also act upon experience and memory, and their capacity seems to increase in an extraordinary degree from their intercourse with man. The remarkable nicety and trouble they take in squaring and arranging the blocks of hewn stone when building a bridge is incredible, unless seen; they place them with as much skill as any mason, and will return two or three times to give the finishing touches when they think the work is not quite perfect. They retire a few yards and consider what they have effected, and you almost fancy you can detect them turning their sagacious old noddles on one side, and shutting one eye in a knowing manner, to detect any irregularity in the arrangement."

"An elephant at Tinnevelly had been engaged all day in piling timber, but in the evening becoming angry at some promise his keeper had neglected to fulfill, he went of his own accord and undid every stroke of work he had completed during the day."

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Long Preaching.—"There is nothing," says Jay of Bath, in his recently published autobiography,—"there is nothing against which a young preacher should be more guarded than length." "Nothing," says Lamont, "can justify a long sermon. If it be a good one, it need not be long; and if it be a bad one, it ought not to be long." Luther, in the enumeration of nine qualities of a good preacher, gives as the sixth, "that he should know when to stop." Boyle has an essay on patience under long preaching. This was never more wanted since the commonwealth than now, in our own day, especially among our young divines and academies, who seem to think their performances can never be too much attended to. "I never," says Jay, "err this way myself, but my conviction always laments it; and for many years after I began preaching I *never* offended in this way. I never exceeded three quarters of an hour at *most*. I saw one excellency was within my reach—it was brevity—and I determined to attain it."

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Dr. Murray, the author of the famous "Letters of Kirwan," has issued a new and fragmentary book, in which he denies any peril to our country from Irish immigration. He says, "Let the Irish and continental Papist come; we have room for them all. We would have no objection to the coming of the pope himself. Unless he can out-preach us, we have no dread of him; and when he does that in truth, he ought to succeed." He is quite as heretical on the subject as our late article.

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The Hours most fatal to Life.—The *Foreign Quarterly* has some curious statistics on this subject. The writer says he has himself ascertained the hour of death in 2,880 instances of all ages. He remarks that the population from which the data are derived is a mixed population in every respect, and that the deaths occurred during a period of several years. If the deaths of the 2,880 persons had occurred indifferently at any hour during the twenty-four, 120 would have occurred at each hour. But this was by no means the case. There are two hours in which the proportion was remarkably below this, two *minima* in fact, namely, from midnight to one o'clock, when the deaths were 53 per cent. below the average, and from noon to one o'clock, when they were 20¾ per cent. below. From three to six o'clock, A. M., inclusive, and from three to seven o'clock, P. M., there is a gradual increase; in the former of 23½ per cent. above the average, in the latter of 5½ per cent. The *maximum* of deaths is from five to six o'clock, A. M., when it is 40 per cent. above the average; the next during the hour before midnight, when it is 25 per cent. in excess; a third hour of excess is that from nine to ten o'clock in the morning, being 17½ per cent. above the average. From ten, A. M., to three o'clock, P. M., the deaths are less numerous, being 16½ per cent. below the average, the hour before noon being the most fatal. From three o'clock, P. M., to seven, P. M., the deaths rise to 5½ per cent. above the average, and then fall from that hour to eleven, P. M., averaging 6½ per cent. below the mean. During the hours from nine to eleven in the evening there is a *minimum* of 6½ per cent. below the average. Thus, the least mortality is during the mid-day hours, namely, from ten to three o'clock; the greatest during early morning hours, from three to six o'clock. About one-third of the total deaths noted were children under five years of age, and they show the influence of the latter still more strikingly. At all the hours from ten in the morning until midnight, the deaths are at or below the mean; the hours from ten to eleven, A. M., four to five, P. M., and nine to ten, P. M., being *minima*, but the hour after midnight being the lowest *maximum*: at all the hours from two to ten, A. M., the deaths are above the mean, attaining their *maximum* at from five to six, P. M., when it is 45½ per cent. above. —.

Change of Names.—Toward the middle of the fifteenth century it became the fashion among the wits and learned men, particularly in Italy, to change their baptismal names for classic ones. Among the rest Platina, the historian at Rome, calling together his friends, took the name of Callimachus, instead of Philip. Pope Paul II., who reigned about that time, unluckily for the historian, chanced to be suspicious and illiterate. He had no idea that people could wish to alter their names unless they had some bad design, and actually scrupled not to employ imprisonment and other violent methods to discover the fancied mystery. Platina was most cruelly tortured on this frivolous account. He had nothing to confess; so the pope, after endeavouring in vain to convict him of heresy and sedition, released him after a long imprisonment.

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Russian Civilization.—Scotchmen and Germans, the former chiefly in the early part of the last century, and the latter since that period, have had the greatest influence in molding and civilizing the barbarous empire of Peter the Great. Most of the professors in the Russian Universities are Germans, who are also the principal agents in the boasted progress that the Russians have made in the study of the Oriental languages. The compilers of the great Sanscrit Dictionary, now preparing under the auspices of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, are two distinguished German scholars, Messrs. Böthlingk and Roth. The Russians, hitherto, have not been remarkable for their studious and literary habits. Their popular poets of the present day are weak imitators of the worst features of Byron's poetry.

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Ancient Antiquities.—Nineveh was fifteen miles long, and forty round, with walls one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots.—Babylon was sixty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and three hundred high, with one hundred brazen gates.—The temple of Diana at Ephesus was four hundred and twenty-five feet high. It was

two hundred years in building.—The largest of the pyramids is four hundred and eighty-one feet high, and seven hundred and sixty-three feet on the sides; its base covers thirteen acres. The stones are about thirty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and six: one hundred thousand men were employed in its erection.—About the 1590th part of the Great Pyramid of Egypt is occupied by chambers and passages; all the rest is solid masonry.—The labyrinth of Egypt contains three thousand chambers and twelve halls.—Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round. It has one hundred gates.—Carthage was twenty-five miles round.—Athens was twenty-five miles round, and contained twenty-five thousand citizens, and four hundred thousand slaves.—The temple of Delphi was so rich in donations, that it was once plundered of fifty thousand dollars; and Nero carried from it five hundred statues.—The walls of Rome were thirteen miles in extent.

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The carelessness of SHAKSPEARE, as to the publication of his works, is very remarkable. They might readily have been appropriated and printed by any needy poetaster who had the audacity to do so, and Shakspeare have known or cared nothing about it. Mr. Collier says, in his *"Notes and Emendations"* to the text of Shakspeare's Plays:—

"About half the productions of Shakspeare remained in MS. until seven years after his death; not a few of those which were printed in his lifetime were shamefully disfigured, and not one can be pointed out to the publication of which he in any way contributed."

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TASTES OF MEN AND WOMEN.—Men enjoy mountains, women enjoy waterfalls. There is no saying why it is; but the fact is positive. Perhaps it may be, that men can toil up the rugged steep with greater ease, and, therefore, enjoy themselves the more when they reach the top. Perhaps it is that there is something grand, and bold, and rough, and dangerous, in the nature of a mountain, which the masculine mind is alone capable of fully understanding. In waterfalls there is all the beauty of form, and light and graceful motion, and harmonious sound, and cooling freshness, and ever-changing variety, that woman always loves; and there are overshadowing trees, and an escape from the noontide sun, and the hum of insect life, and moss-grown stones, and soft grassy banks. Waterfalls and their adjuncts have a kind of mystic influence about them that acts with all-persuasive energy on the female mind; hearts, like stones, are worn down with their action, and the swain has often been indebted to the Naiad for the granting of his prayer.

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NELSON had the heart of a sailor, and never outgrew its generosity in the successes of his later life. A writer in the London "Notes and Queries" relates an original anecdote of him which has a genuine touch of Jack Tar tenderness about it. He was passing an evening with the family of a London hosier, when the *paterfamilias*, coming in from the street, narrated as an amusing anecdote a misadventure which had just befallen a poor apple-woman. The poor woman had her stall in the street; a man, while pretending to purchase apples, had made fast one end of a cord to a leg of the apple-stall, and the other end to the back of a hackney-coach. Off went the coach, dragging the apple-stall along with it; the fruit was scattered in the mud, the apple-woman was in tears and despair: the hosier thought it a most capital joke, and laughed immoderately. But Nelson thought it no laughing matter: his kindly heart was touched by the poor woman's distress, and he at once left the house, sought out the apple-woman, and more than recompensed her for the loss she had sustained.

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We gave lately some significant facts respecting the declining influence of Popery in European states; next to Italy, or even more than Italy, its strong-hold has been Spain. Yet even in Spain it staggers. The Catholic Herald of England gives a letter from Madrid, which says:—

"The Church is every day receiving fresh warnings of the fate that awaits her from the Constituent Assembly. Clergymen are being constantly denounced for fulfilling their duties. The heralds of Protestantism, the *Clamore* and *Nacion*, continue to fill their columns with invectives; the ritual and the prayers of the Church are mimicked and ridiculed in private conversation, and by the glee of singers in the street. Hunger and defamation are the rewards of those who are now laying down their lives for their flock. Alas! the torrent of impiety, in large towns especially, is on the increase, and as it rolls on threatens to deluge the whole country. Lord Howden has great influence over Espartero; the English party is now in power, and here you have the cause of the present and future sufferings of the Church. The Progressistas and democrats are her declared enemies; the Moderados, in their quality of rationalists, or epicureans, do her more harm than good; none but the Carlists stand by her, and none but these deserve the sympathy of every good Christian. The Jubilee has not yet been published, because, forsooth, it has not pleased a wretched atheist of a minister of grace and justice to let the Pontifical brief pass. The Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo has set out for Rome without being able to afford this consolation to his diocese."

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THE HOLY LAND—A NEW MOVEMENT.—A letter from Wurtemberg, in the *Jewish Chronicle*, London, informs us of a contemplated emigration in mass to Palestine:—"The plan has already been so far matured, that it has been resolved to petition the German Diet for its intercession with the Sublime Porte to grant a tract of land for the above purpose. The origin of this idea of the great exodus is the peculiar view of the present social relations generally, and of religious life especially. Both are considered to have fallen into decay to that extent, that it is the duty and requirement of every one, to whom the will of God and his own true salvation are yet dear, to disengage himself betimes from this degenerating position. As far as we can learn, the petition to be laid before the Diet has already received the signatures of three hundred families. This intelligence is the more remarkable, since the families thus resolved to leave their fatherland for Palestine are not of the Jewish but of the Christian faith."

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M. Dausse has presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris a letter, in which he describes the visit of the *cholera* to Mens, Bourg d'Oisans, and, above all, at Rivier d'Allemont, quite upon the high ground of the Alps. At Lamure, where the air is keen and pure, the epidemic destroyed two hundred and eighty lives. But the most remarkable observation made by the above gen-

tleman is, that the swallows left Grenoble directly the cholera appeared there; and that directly it left the town they returned to their old quarters. During the two months in which the cholera raged at Grenoble, M. Dausse did not see a single swallow there. These observations may be of service to the gentlemen who have studied the atmospheric phenomena which attend the outbreak of cholera. Happy the house where the swallows build, therefore.

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The death of the Rev. Dr. Kitto, the author of many valuable works connected with Biblical literature, is announced as having taken place at Canstadt, near Stuttgard, on the 25th of November. He was in his 51st year. Dr. Kitto had for some time been in ill health, and it will be remembered that a proposed tribute of respect from his friends assumed the sensible and appropriate form of a fund by which he was enabled to seek in foreign travel an alleviation of his calamity. He is best known as the editor of the "Pictorial Bible," and the "Journal of Sacred Literature."

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The American Minister at Rome.—In stating that Mr. Cass presented to the pontiff the letters of the President of the American Union, raising him to the dignity of a resident minister, the *Paris Univers* demands that the Cabinet at Washington should recognize the right of the pope to have a representative in the American republic, as he has at the majority of other governments. "What valid reason," observes the *Univers*, "can the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the President of the United States, allege for refusing to the court at Rome the right which they themselves exercise with respect to it." The reason is an obvious one, viz., that the little States of the Church, or court of Rome, cannot possibly have any state business here. The only affairs of the pope here must be connected with the religious interests of the Papists among us, and to have a diplomatic representative of the pope recognized by our government, as the infamous Bedini was informally, some time ago, would be to recognize politically a religious denomination. This will never do, and yet our absurd aping of foreign despotisms in establishing abroad pretentious diplomatic representatives may expose us to the evil. A good consul at Rome would serve all necessary purposes. An American consul ought to be able to attend to all our practical interests, in the presence of king or pope, as effectually as any court ambassador, and could easily do so if we chose to say that he should. Our whole foreign diplomacy is little better than a farce—it is something worse, as a concession to the greatest system of intrigue and dishonesty connected with the politics of Europe. We should like to see a bold administration at Washington which would sweep it all away, and teach Europe to respect a practical unpretending consular agency.

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Great Discoveries in Egypt.—We lately alluded to the discovery of Memphis, in Egypt, by Mariette. The readers of Bayard Taylor's travels will recall his visit to M. Mariette in the streets of the uncovered ruins. We learn from the *London Gazette* that M. Mariette has just returned to Paris after having completed his operations. The most important result of these is the discovery of the famous Serapeum, or temple of Serapis, which was supposed to have been entirely destroyed. The sand and rubbish have been completely cleared away from the remains of this great and most ancient monument. It contains numerous representations of Apis, and statues of Pindar, Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Plato, and Euripides; and it is preceded by a sort of alley or passage, on each side of which are Egyptian sphinxes, about six hundred in number, and which is terminated by a number of figures, representing in a strange way the Grecian gods united with symbolical animals. Thus, a striking proof of the junction of Egyptian and Grecian art has been obtained. M. Mariette has also discovered the tomb of Apis. It is cut out of the solid rock; and consists of a vast number of chambers and galleries. In fact, it may be compared to a subterranean town. In these rooms and galleries there were found a great number of monoliths, containing dates which will be of great chronological utility; and others bearing epitaphs on, or, if we may use the expression, biographical notices of, certain of the oxen which were severally worshipped as Apis. There have also been found statues as old as the Pyramids, and in an astonishing state of preservation; they are executed with great artistic skill, and are totally free from that inelegant stiffness of form which characterizes early Egyptian sculpture. Some of these statues are in granite and are colored, and the colors are quite fresh. A number of statues of animals, but not so well executed, one of these representing Apis, almost as large as life, and colored, have likewise been discovered; as have also numerous bronzes, jewels, vases, and little images. All the statues and other moveables have been conveyed to Paris, and are to be added to the Museum of the Louvre. The greatest credit is due to M. Mariette for his skill and industry in making his discoveries; they are only inferior in historical and archæological importance to those of Mr. Layard at Nineveh. The precise site of Memphis was until quite recently a matter of great doubt; and when that was discovered, it was not thought at all likely that any remains of the temple of Serapis could be brought to light.

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Who wrote the Vestiges of Creation?—This book has been ascribed to Byron's daughter "Ada;" on what ground we never could ascertain, except that she was an erudite lady. A late number of the *London Athenæum* repeats the report that Robert Chambers is its author, and with apparently conclusive evidence—the testimony of Mr. Page, one of Chambers's literary *employés*. At the time the "Vestiges" was published, Mr. Page says he was engaged as one of the literary and scientific *collaborateurs* of the Messrs. Chambers. The first time he saw it was in the hands of Mr. William Chambers, who came into his room one day with the remark, "Here is a curious work, making some sensation," and requesting that he (Mr. Page) would write a notice of it for the Journal (*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*) For this purpose, Mr. Page took the work home,

and he had not read twenty pages of it before he felt convinced that it was the production of Mr. Robert Chambers. When asked for the review, he said he could not prepare one for two reasons:—1st, That he did not think the work suited for notice in the *Edinburgh Journal;* and 2d, Because he believed it to be the production of Mr. Robert Chambers. Mr. William Chambers received this announcement with apparent surprise; but denied all knowledge of the matter,—and there the subject dropped. Some time after, however, and when the work was being severely handled by the reviewers, Mr. Robert Chambers alluded to the matter, affecting ignorance and innocence of the authorship; upon which Mr. Page remarked, that had he seen the sheets before going to press, he could have prevented some of the blunders. The consequence of this remark was, that Mr. Robert Chambers sent him the proof-sheets of the second or third edition of the "Vestiges," with the request that he would enter on the margin any corrections or suggestions that occurred. Mr. Page states, that he made some notes; but he does not say whether these notes were adopted into the re-impression. However, he has, as he declares, "made a clean breast of it" at length; and he concludes with the remark: "If merit is attachable to the work, the author will reap his high reward,—if demerit, the blame will, at least, fall on the right shoulders."

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Pope's Skull.—William Howitt says that, by one of those acts which neither science nor curiosity can excuse, the skull of Pope is now in the private collection of a phrenologist. The manner in which it was obtained is said to have been this:—On some occasion of alteration in the church, or burial of some one in the same spot, the coffin of Pope was disinterred, and opened to see the state of the remains; by a bribe to the sexton of the time, possession of the skull was obtained for the night, and another skull was returned instead of it. Fifty pounds were paid to manage and carry through this transaction. Be that as it may, the skull of Pope figures in a private museum.

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Old Hundred.—The history of this old Psalm tune, which almost everybody has been accustomed to hear, ever since he can remember, is the subject of a work recently written by an English clergyman. Luther has generally been reckoned the author of "Old Hundred," but it has been discovered that it was composed in the sixteenth century by William Franc, a German. In the course of time it has been considerably changed from the original; and it is said that, as it first appeared, it was of a more lively character than at present.

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A memorial statue of Wordsworth has been erected in the baptistery of Westminster Abbey. The poet is represented in a loose classical robe, sitting on a mossy bank, and has a very characteristic aspect. In the early period of Wordsworth's career he suffered a neglect and ridicule as undeserved as was the praise of his admirers afterward exaggerated and unreasonable. Milton himself never received the encomiums heaped on the gentle and meditative poet of the Lakes. Between the extremes of depreciation and of praise, the true estimate of Wordsworth is now more correctly taken, and every lover of true poetry will rejoice that this tribute to his memory has been placed in Westminster Abbey. The monument is next to that of Secretary Craggs, the friend of Pope and of Addison. The English papers criticise unfavorably both the statue and its position.

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The Author of the Plurality of Worlds.—The attribution of the "Plurality of Worlds" to Professor Whewell has met with no denial on his part, and is therefore considered as correct by English critics, so much so that an English periodical says the work is ascribed to him in the British Museum Catalogue.

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A successful Doctor.—Dr. Wilson, a distinguished physician, has lately published a book on the "Water Cure" in England, from which we learn that he has not only renovated many a dilapidated man, but also an English town. His history is quite interesting. After passing some years as a student at the Liverpool Infirmary, he matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, and spent four years in attending the clinical lectures of Drs. Stokes, Greaves, and Macartney. Speaking of the last, whose fine museum of specimens was purchased by the University of Cambridge, Dr. Wilson says, "I found the advantage and truth of all that I had heard from this profound physiologist and admirable teacher. Later I visited the principal German hospitals as far as Vienna. I afterward looked into the Italian hospitals for several winters in my slow progress from Milan to Naples, and found pathology and accurate diagnosis in the ascendant and rapidly progressing." From Italy Dr. Wilson went to Græfenberg, and met with Priessnitz and the water-cure system. Here he was completely bitten, and returning full of hydropathic ardor to England, he selected Malvern as the seat of his operations:—

"When in Italy, my friend, the late lamented Captain Grover, advised me to visit Malvern before I settled anywhere; this I did, and found it a deserted village, but possessing all the requisites for a Water-Cure Sanatorium—the climate mild, yet bracing; the purest water; with green hills already intersected by walks for invalids. My landlord, I discovered, was a bankrupt; he told me—although we were in the month of June of one of our finest summers—that I was the only person in the hotel, and the only stranger in Malvern. I took his house from the assignees, being the most suitable I could find for my purpose, but soon, however, found the necessity for a larger house, and determined on building one with all the requisites for patients under water-cure treatment. I was my own paymaster, and it cost altogether nearly twenty thousand pounds, every guinea of which I received from patients at Malvern. My private income was not touched. It soon paid for itself, and will again and again, if I do not retire early from the cares of office. Many were opposed to my undertaking; but when my establishment was finished, and full of patients, the effect it produced on Malvern was much what might have been anticipated—house building began, and went on rapidly. There is now a new town of commodious villas and lodgings: it is now well-drained and supplied with water, gas is in preparation, and there will shortly be a railroad to Worcester, eight miles distant, which will make the transit to London little more than three hours."

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Purgatory.—A modern Italian priest defines purgatory as "the fire that makes our pot boil."

Book Notices.

We have been much interested in an examination of MacLaurin's Self-Instructing System of Writing. It is, unquestionably, a great improvement. It proposes to secure both *rapidity* and *elegance*. We commend it to all teachers, as well as to all persons who wish to learn to write without a teacher; it is the true method, and will inevitably win its way. This new "System" embraces some quite original yet very simple principles. It is a series of *manual gymnastics*, in which the hand as certainly acquires rapidity and correctness of motion as the whole person does in the usual exercises of the Gymnasium.

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have published, in quarto form, "Conversations on the Gospel Story," bearing the title of *Evening Hours with my Children*. It includes the conversations of twelve evenings, on the principal events of Christ's history, from his birth to his resurrection. Each conversation is illustrated by a large wood engraving, designed and cut with unusual excellence. It is a very appropriate presentation-book for the young.

Putnam, New-York, has brought out a second series of Bayard Taylor's travels, under the title of *The Lands of the Saracen*. We have already noticed the *Journey to Central Africa*. The present volume is less connected in its narrative, but quite as interesting—it is a series of pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily and Spain. A subsequent volume will contain Mr. Taylor's adventures in India, China, the Loo-Choo Islands and Japan. The author does not indulge much in learned research or antiquarian speculation, but details his personal adventures with sustained interest, in a style evidently exempt from exaggeration, and with no small amount of genuine instruction mingled with genuine entertainment. His route through the very heart of Asia Minor, from Constantinople to Aleppo, is new to most readers, as it has rarely been traversed by tourists; his sketch of it is unusually interesting. Mr. Taylor avoids the rhapsody so much indulged by the latest class of English travellers. Though a poet himself, he affects not poetry in his sketches; he reminds us of the good old matter-of-fact travellers whose facts, rather than fancies, were the entertainment of our childhood. There is a healthy American practical tone about him, a calm good humor, a fund of good sense, a brave spirit of adventure, which will make him welcome to our firesides.

Horace Greeley's Life, written by J. Parton, has been published by *Mason and Brothers, New-York*. Mr. Parton exonerates Greeley from any responsibility for the publication of this memoir. The author has evidently expended much industry in gathering and preparing his *materials*, and has succeeded in making a very instructive book. Greeley's life resembles somewhat that of Franklin, and is quite as genuine an illustration of the manner in which the American mind works out its developments and triumphs. He rose from the lowliest circumstances—he stands to-day at the head of the American press—an honor which a future age will estimate more adequately than the present does. The book is a capital one for young Americans.

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have issued, in very elegant style, a *Pictorial Catechism*, comprising the first, second, and third numbers of the Catechism of the M. E. Church. The Catechism itself has been prepared with great care, and forms a singularly comprehensive yet simple compend of religious truth; but this beautiful volume is particularly noticeable for its numerous and fine engravings. There is scarcely a page without an illustration which does honor to the art. This is the way to prepare books for the young, and especially books of moral instruction which, from their very nature, need the reliefs of such attractions.

Barnum's Life, written by himself, and published by *Redfield*, is having its "run," as a matter of course. Though a record of "humbug," it is not altogether a humbug itself. There is an air of genuine candor about its narrative. Barnum frankly tells a great many disparaging things of himself, though we know not how many he leaves untold. His most remarkable schemes are openly solved. His good humor keeps the book alive with interest, and there is much practical good sense scattered over its pages. It is a better book than we supposed it could be, but we doubt the moral effect of such a record of successful "humbuggery." Barnum, however, pleads that he has always combined the *real* and useful with his experiments on the popular gullibility.

We have received from *Ticknor & Fields, Boston*, a copy of *Clover-Nook Children*, a charming series of juvenile sketches from the always charming pen of Alice Carey. Miss Carey has no rival in this sort of American pastoral sketching. Her pages are redolent of the fragrance of the fields. Her preceding "Clover-Nook" volumes will secure her many readers for this one, among adults as well as children. It has some beautiful embellishments engraved by Baker from designs by Barry.

Messrs. Rand, of Boston, have sent out in a finely-bound volume the first half-year's issue of the *Boy's and Girl's Magazine* for 1854. Its very neat style makes it an excellent presentation volume. We know, at least, one little reader whose eyes sparkles over its pages, and children are the best critics of children's books. Instructive in matter, healthy in its moral tone, attractive in its style, and beautified by numerous engravings, this is among the very best of the juvenile periodicals of the country.

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have issued in very neat style, *Jeanie Morrison; or, the Discipline of Life*,—a fine moral tale illustrative of the self-culture that may be derived from the adversities of life. The story is well told, and its moral is obvious and impressive without being obtrusive. The engravings are excellently done. No house in the United States issues more intrinsically valuable or more instructive books.

Literary Record.

It is reported from Guatemala that a manuscript, by Francisco Ximenes, a celebrated Dominican, entitled "Historia de la Provincia de San Vicente de Chiappas y Goathmala," has just been discovered in a convent of that city, and that it contains most valuable materials for the ancient history of Mexico and Central America. Father Ximenes was a great traveler, and was remarkably well versed in the Indian languages. His writings are highly esteemed, and the manuscript just found, and which was known to exist, has long been sought after by Mexican *savans*.

The circular of the *Wyoming Conference Seminary* (late the University of Northern Pennsylvania) shows an excellent programme for the future career of the institution. Rev. Dr. Nelson Rounds is principal; he has a strong corps of teachers under him. The seminary includes a Biblical department for the gratuitous instruction of such as may wish systematic aid in the critical study of the Scriptures.

The "Memoirs and Letters of Sydney Smith" are at last out in England. They are edited by his daughter and Mrs. Austin. The book is to be printed for private circulation only. A volume likely to take a high place among the scientific books of England is a translation of the "Works of Arago," the French mathematician and politician. Lieutenant Sabine, translator of "Kossuth," and Rear-Admiral W. H. Smyth, author of the large astronomical book bearing his name, and published by Parker & Son, are the chief translators. Mr. David Laing, of the Signet Library, Edinburgh, is collecting and editing the works of Knox, which are soon to be reprinted. A new Quarterly Journal of Theological Literature is about to be issued in Glasgow, designed to expound and defend the distinctive view maintained by the Churches in connection with the Evangelical Union. It is to be under the editorial supervision of Rev. James Morrison, assisted by able theological writers. Southey's son-in-law, the Rev. J. W. Warter, is preparing for the press a collection of the poet's correspondence. A translation of Kugler's work on "The History of Art," will shortly appear from the pen of Mr. W. Ross, the translator of Lessing's "Laocoon." New editions of "Caleb Stukely," and "We are all Low People There," which originally appeared in "Blackwood," are now advertised. The author, Mr. Samuel Phillips, literary critic of the Times, died recently. Professor Creasy announces a "History of the Ottoman Turks," chiefly based upon Von Hammer. Mr. John Timbs, who has been collecting materials illustrative of the Antiquities of London, for the last twenty-five years, is about to issue his long-expected and important volume under the title of "Curiosities of London." "The Melbourne (Australia) Booksellers' Intelligencer" mentions that the newspaper press at that place is progressing so successfully that "a few literary men of business habits" might obtain lucrative engagements there. Messrs. Longmans announce Rev. R. J. Wilberforce's "Inquiry into the Principles of Church Authority," second edition; "Light and Heat Simplified," by Thomas Tate; "Magnetism, Voltaic Electricity," &c., by the same author; and "Life of Nicholas I.," by F. Mayne; "Philosophy at the Foot of the Cross," by J. A. St. John. Messrs. Blackwood announce an Index to the first half-century of volumes of their Magazine, and a collection of the Miscellaneous Writings of Samuel Warren. A. Hall Virtue & Co. have in preparation "Lyrics of the Heart and Mind," by F. Tupper; also, "A Peep into the Canadian Forest," by Mrs. Traill, with illustrations; "The Old Chelsea Bunhouse," by the author of "Mary Powell." Mr. Murray has a long list of new works, among which are the following, viz.: "The Russians at Home," by an Englishwoman; "Letters on Turkey," by N. A. Ubicini, 2 vols.; "Polynesian Mythology and Ancient Traditional History of the New-Zealand Race," by Sir George Gray; "Hand-Book for Young Painters," by C. R. Leslie, R. A.: "A Biographical Dictionary of Italian Painters;" "Kugler's Hand-Book to the Italian Schools of Painting," third edition; Dr. Smith's "Latin-English Dictionary," two sizes; Stanley's "Notes on Corinthians;" "The Works of Dr. Thomas Young," 4 vols.; "The Origin and Progress of the Inventions of James Watt," by J. P. Muirhead. Mr. Murray is also preparing to publish in his "British Classics," a carefully annotated edition of Hume's History of England. Mr. Newby announces "The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington," edited by Madden. Mr. Bentley will publish "A History of Christian Churches and Sects from the Earliest Ages of Christianity," by Rev. J. B. Marsden, to be issued in monthly parts. Chapman & Hall announce "Studies from Nature," by Dr. Hermann Masius. The subscription list for the assistance of Dr. Kitto, editor of the "Biblical Cyclopædia," two volumes, and other books, author of the "Lost Senses," &c., is enlarging very satisfactorily. The author of "Pelham" gave ten pounds; Longman & Co. and Simpkin & Co. gave ten pounds each. Dr. Kitto's books sold at auction. Lord John Russell, at a literary soiree in Bristol, asserted that there is an important branch in English literature yet to be filled up,—that void being the want of a good history of their own country. He spoke depreciatingly of Hume, for his notices of the character of Shakspeare and others; and denounced him, in a religious aspect, as the skeptic of skeptics. A Prospectus for the formation of a "Society for the Compilation of a General Literary Index," has been issued. It is to be hoped that the plan may be put in successful operation.

From an official return, recently published in Paris, it appears that the number of public libraries in France, excluding those of Paris, and those of certain semi-public institutions, is 338, and that they possess 3,689,369 volumes and 44,070 manuscripts. It appears, moreover, that they are frequented on an average by 3,649 readers daily, (a very small number for so large a population as that of France,) and that they

cost annually, for employés and new purchases, not more than £16,000. Forty-one of these are, it is added, open to the public every evening.

The *Cooperstown* (New-York) *Seminary* and Female Collegiate Institute has a faculty of fifteen members under the principalship of Rev. J. L. G. M'Kowen. It includes a normal department, with free tuition. The whole plan and terms of the institution are of the most effective and liberal character.

M. Guizot is busily engaged in preparing for publication a new and important work on the English Revolution. M. Victor Cousin is progressing with a most important work on the Encyclopedists; he is also writing a book to be called "The Philosophy of the People." The Compte Alfred de Vigny is writing an historical novel. M. Villemain is engaged on the second volume of his "Souvenirs." M. Thiers has sent to press his long-promised pamphlet. M. St. Mark Girardin has also a work in hand, and M. Jules Janin contemplates re-editing "Diderot." The Catalogue of the Books, MSS., Autobiographies, &c., left by the great bookseller, Renouard, comprises thirty-seven hundred numbers, including some rare and valued articles. The public sale of these continued thirty days. The "Academia della Crusca" in Italy is now engaged in printing a fifth edition of its celebrated Dictionary of the Italian Language, which, as the product of eleven years, has reached the word "affitto." At this rate of procedure it will require five hundred and thirteen years and eleven months to complete the work. An interesting discovery of MSS. has been made at Tryes, viz.: the archives of the Abbey of Villeneuve, better known as the Abbey of Nesle, which goes back to the ninth century, and numbers over seven thousand pieces. The Rev. Dr. Th. Kliefoth, whose previous works have gained him a wide celebrity as a theological writer, has commenced an extensive work on Church matters. He calls it *Acht Bücher von der Kirche.* The same author has issued the first volume of *Lithurgische Abhandlungen*, in which the rituals of the wedding, ordination, and burial services are treated. The German edition of Francis Arago's works, edited by the most celebrated natural philosophers, Ranke, Fechner, d'Arrest, Schreibe, Dippe, and with the assistance of Baron Alexander von Humboldt, will be completed in 12 vols., viz., I–III, Biographical Sketches and Speeches; IV–VII, Scientific papers; VIII–IX, Scientific Treatises; X, Reports and Miscellanea; XI–XII, Popular Astronomy. To be finished by next spring, and each volume to be sold separately: vols. I, II, IV, are, we learn now ready.

Arts and Sciences.

It is said that a German sculptor, residing in *Athens*, has discovered the quarries of those celebrated marbles, the red and green antique, which have been sought after in vain from time immemorial. He found the red antique on the southern part of the chain of the Taygetus, and the green on the northern side of the Island of Tenos.

Mr. Finney, a dentist, late of Alexandria, Egypt, is reported to have found a *stuffed tooth* in a mummy, and several teeth in other mummies which bore marks of filling. If true, this is certainly one of the most remarkable facts which modern perseverance has yet brought to light concerning the arts of the ancients.

The *paper used by the Japanese* is of a remarkable kind. It is described as being very fine and light, something between the finest banknote paper and gossamer. It appears to be made from a pulp of the rice plant, and is very cohesive. The paper is watered in a very curious, complicated manner, with tracery and flowers, so that some of it looks like lace-work. These Japanese know how to make nice paper, and a knowledge of their materials and mode might be of some service to paper-manufacturers at this time.

A late scientific writer says: "*Science* has thrown even a poetry around the blue mold of a cheese-crust; and in the bloom of the peach the microscope has shown forth a treasury of flowers and gigantic forests, in the depths of which the roving animalcule finds as secure an ambush as the lion within the gloomy jungles of Hindostan. In a drop of liquid crystal the water-wolf chases his wounded victim till it is changed to crimson with its blood. Ehrenberg has seen monads in fluid the twenty-four thousandth part of an inch in size, and in one drop of water five hundred million creatures.

A *portrait of S. T. Coleridge*, painted by Washington Allston, in 1814, has been engraved by S. Cousins. The artist, in a letter to Professor Reed of Philadelphia, thus described his production:—"It is Coleridge in repose; and, though not unstirred by the perpetual groundswell of his ever-working intellect, and shadowing forth something of the deep philosopher, it is not Coleridge in his highest mood—the poetic state. When in that state, no face I ever saw was like his; it seemed almost spirit made visible, without a shadow of the earthly about it. Could I then have fixed it on canvass! but it was beyond the reach of my art." This is said to be an admirable likeness and an excellent engraving.

The *Palestine Archæological Association* has held its first annual general meeting. It comprises one hundred and thirty members, possesses nucleus of a museum, and is sanguine of important results.

Two or three communications made to the *Academy of Sciences of Paris*, in recent sittings, are worthy of notice. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire gave an account of some portions of an egg of the Epyornis, the gigantic and very rare bird

of Madagascar, which have recently been conveyed to France. These portions show, he stated, the egg to have been of such a size as to be capable of containing about ten English quarts. This egg was considerably larger than that which now exists in the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes, and which can only contain about eight and three quarters quarts. The learned naturalist also gave an account of his examination of some bones of the bird, which had been presented to him; but some of them he was obliged to reject as doubtful, and the others were not sufficiently numerous to enable him to state precisely the conformation of the bird: they, however, showed that it differs considerably from that of the ostrich. M. de Saint Hilaire's paper gave rise to some interesting speculations about the Epyornis, which is but little known; and M. Valenciennes, in the course of them, expressed the opinion that it is a sea bird, that it ranks between the penguins and the aptenodytes, and that it lays its eggs in clefts of rocks and in sand. He, however, stated that the large size of its egg affords no certain indication of its own size. M. Schlegel reported that he has ascertained, beyond all doubt, that the famous fossil saurian of the quarries of Maestricht, described as a wonderful curiosity by Cuvier, is nothing more than an impudent fraud! Some bold impostor, it seems, in order to make money, placed a quantity of bones in the quarries, in such a way as to give them the appearance of having been recently dug up, and then passed them off as specimens of antediluvian creation. Being successful in this, he went the length of arranging a number of bones so as to represent an entire skeleton, and had thus deceived the learned Cuvier. In extenuation of Cuvier's credulity, it was stated that the bones were so skillfully colored as to make them look of immense antiquity, and he was not allowed to touch them lest they should crumble to pieces. But when M. Schlegel subjected them to rude handling, he found that they were comparatively modern, and that they were placed one by the other without that profound knowledge of anatomy which was to have been expected from the man bold enough to execute such an audacious fraud.

In 1851, Professor Pettenkofer and Ruland, of Bavaria, invented and patented a process for the manufacture of illuminative *gas from wood*. Since that time the new gas has been introduced and brought into general use in the cities of Basle, Ulm, Dramstadt, Cobourg, Bairenth, Altenburg, and Heilbronn. Mr. Emil Breisach, chemist, of Bavaria, has recently introduced the process into the United States, and has demonstrated its utility and practicability by extensive and successful experiments at the gas-works in Philadelphia, and also at the Manhattan gas-works in New-York city.

If we look to *electricity*, says Faraday, it has, in the hands of the careful investigator, advanced to the most extraordinary results: it approaches at the motion of his hand; bursts from the metal; descends from the atmosphere; surrounds the globe: it talks, it writes, it records, it appears to him (cautious as he has learned to become) as a universal spirit in nature. If we look to photography, whose origin is of our own day, and see what it has become in the hands of its discoverers and their successors, how wonderful are the results! The light is made to yield impressions upon the dead silver or coarse paper, beautiful as those it produced upon the living and sentient retina; its most transient impression is rendered durable for years; it is made to leave a visible or an invisible trace; to give a result to be seen now or a year hence; made to paint all natural forms and even colors; it serves the offices of war, of peace, of art, of science, and economy.

The Electric Telegraph in Italy.—The construction of telegraphic lines is making great progress in Italy at present. A direct line between Piedmont and Switzerland, by Brissago, was opened on the 1st. Another line was opened, some time ago, between the two countries by St. Julien. Caserta, and the towns of Cancello, Santa Maria, Capua, Mola, Terracina, Nola, Salerno, and Avellino, are now connected with Naples by telegraphic lines, which are open to the public.

The inventive faculty of the age promises to familiarize us with another *projectile* of terrific power, which will cast into the shade all the shells now in use. There is before the Ordnance Committee, England, a shell charged with a liquid, which, after its release by the concussion of the ball, will instantaneously become a sheet of fire, burning to a cinder anything it may touch, and suffocating by its smoke any one brought within its radius. A column of infantry, a row of tents, a ship, storehouses and barracks, a forest, anything which acknowledges the terrible influence of fire, could be consumed in a few minutes by the visitation of a shell charged with this noxious fluid. It will require very careful handling by the artillery, for it is of so subtile a nature that the escape of any slight quantity would carry with it direful consequences. Like the *boulet asphyxia*, it is calculated to be formidable alike to friends and foes if it be not watched with vigilance.

Herr Kaulbach, the famous German artist, is to paint two of the hundred High-Art pictures that King Maximilian has ordered for Munich. He has chosen "Alexander and Roxana" and the "Battle of Salamis." Herr Kreling, of Nuremberg, is painting the "Coronation of King Ludwig, of Bavaria,"—Herr Braüer, of Breslau, is painting for the Count de Reichenbach a great picture of "Savonarola brought before the Signory at Florence."

M. Le Verrier announced at a late sitting of the French Institute, that two more new planets had been discovered, making thirty-three now known. One was observed on the night of October 26th, by M. Goldschmidt, and the other on the night of the 28th of October by M. Chareniac. They have been named respectively Pomona and Polyhymnia.

In reference to the *moon*, Professor Phillips remarked, at a meeting of the British Association, at Liverpool: "At one time he believed that there was no trace of water to be seen; but he confessed that more recent observations, particularly those made with Lord Rosse's telescope, shook his belief in that opinion."

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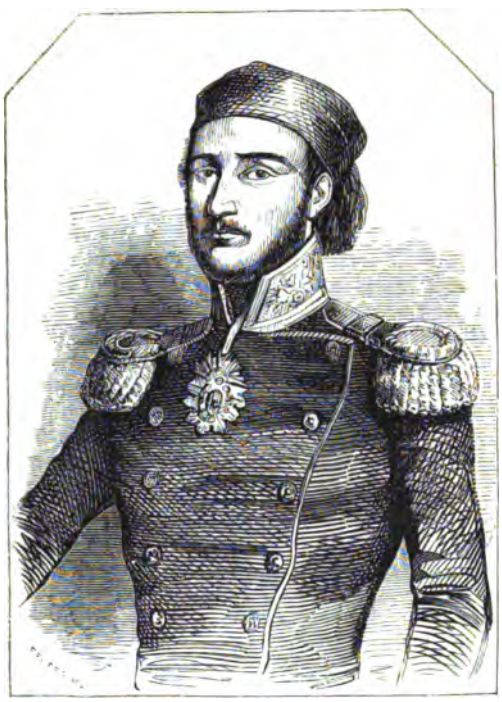


ABD-UL MEDJID.

THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

THE BOSPHORUS — ITS MAGNIFICENT SCENERY — THE GOLDEN HORN — SULTAN'S WHITE PALACE — SULTAN'S YACHT — A SAIL ON THE WATERS — THE SWEET WATERS — WOMEN — COFFEE-HOUSES — THE GRAND BAZAAR — A STREET — THE SULTAN.

MY last communication closed with some references to the glorious scenery of the Bosphorus. The etymology of this word has been traced by those who are fond of searching into such matters to a couple of Greek words signifying *bull* and *passage*, and it is supposed to have been called the "passage of the bull" because the strait is here so narrow that a brute could easily swim across it. Others attribute the name to the classical myth of Jupiter and Io, and the promontory of Scutari is imagined to have been the landing-place of these famous personages. It is also said, by some writers, to have been the burial-place of the wife of Chares, the Athenian general, who aided the Byzantines when attacked by Philip of Macedon, and some relationship has been attempted between these celebrated waters and the figure of a heifer which surmounted the monument erected to her memory. I have somewhere seen what purports to be the inscription which was carved upon the column of her tomb. If it is authentic, it is a disclaimer of this immortality, for the epitaph ran thus:—

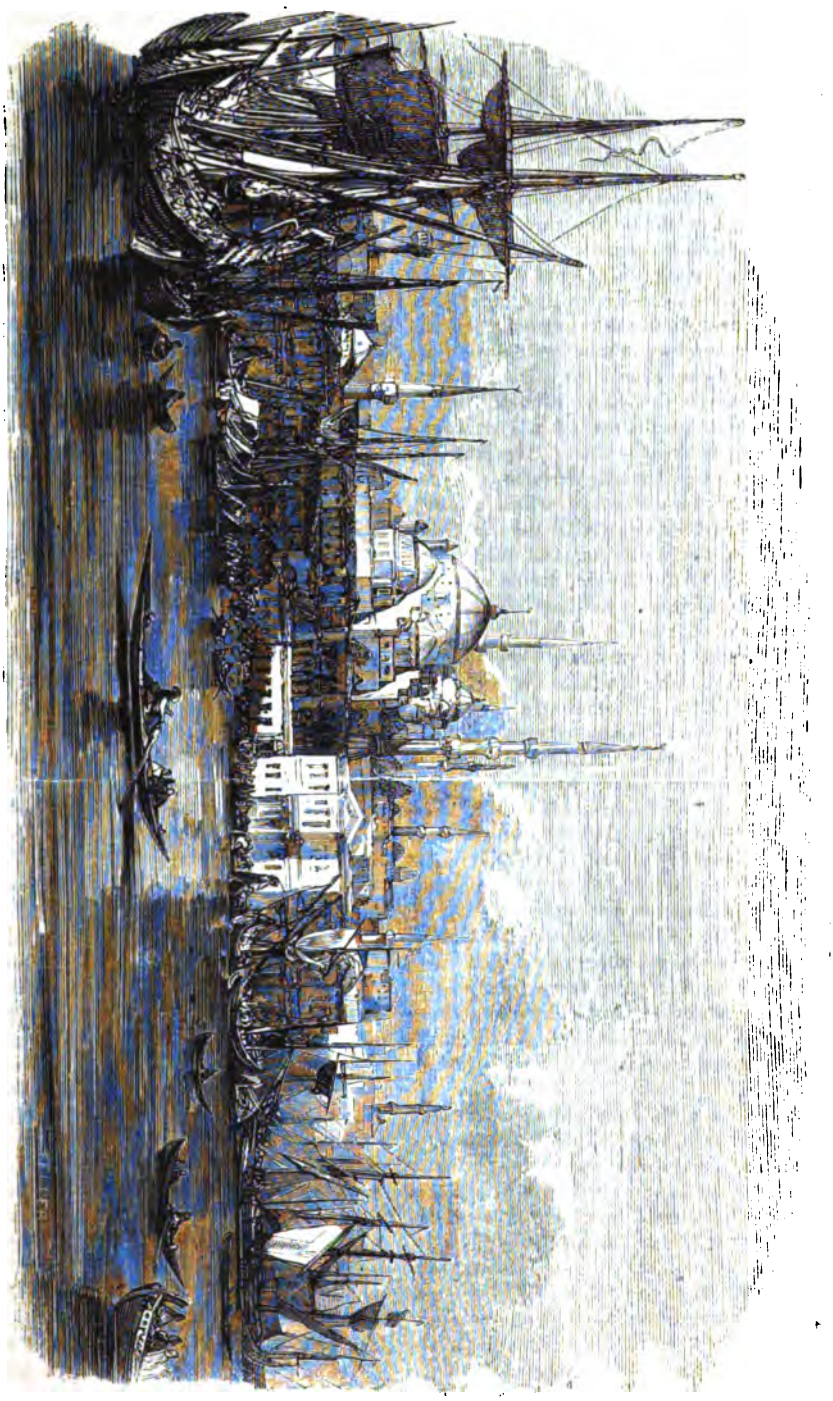
"I am not the image of the cow, daughter of Inachus, and I have not given my name to the Bosphorus which extends before me. Her the cruel resentment of Juno drove beyond the sea; but I who occupy this tomb, I am one of the dead—a daughter of Cecrops. I was the wife of Chares, and I sailed with that hero when he came to combat the ships of Philip. Until then I had been called *Boïdion*, the young heifer; now, the wife of Chares, I enjoy two continents."

The belles of the present day would not be flattered with the appellation "the young heifer," but it was a complimentary expression among the Greeks, and Homer sings of "ox-eyed Juno."

The Golden Horn undoubtedly receives its name from its resemblance to the cornucopia, and from the wealth which the city derived from the advantages of its position upon its shores. The narrow passage which separates Europe and Asia is called the Thracian Bosphorus, to distinguish it from the strait which connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Azof, formerly called the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and now known as the Straits of Caffa. Mount Hermes, a peak of the Balkan chain, borders the European shore, while the Asiatic boundary is terminated by the mountains of Bithynia, which descend to the Black Sea. The best views of these winding waters, which narrow and widen in various places, are from some of the hills which overlook their course. The most central and picturesque view is in Asia, from the summit of Kandili, at the foot of the Sultan's kiosque. Your readers can hardly gain an idea of the beautiful port of Constantinople as it spread out before me, from the imperfect and contracted accompanying sketch. How then can I give even a glimpse of the magnificent view which was spread before me from the heights of Kandili! No artist's pencil, though dipped in the colors of morning, could give it. Notwithstanding all the glowing descriptions I had read, I was ready to confess that language had been unable to exaggerate the marvelous beauty of this oriental panorama. I shall therefore attempt no pen-and-ink picture of what is perfectly indescribable, but endeavor to present some of the more prominent points of the tableau, which you can amuse yourself by grouping in imagination, with the perfect certainty that all your efforts will never surpass the reality. To the left, as you face Constantinople, are the Dardanelles in the distance, the Sea of Marmora, the Mountains of Olympus, the point of the Seraglio, and all the city of Stamboul, with its swelling domes and the elegant minarets of its mosques. A little in advance are Galata, Pera, Top-Khana and the European shore, with its ports, villages and kiosques. Stamboul, Galata, and Scutari, the three cities which are comprised in Constantinople, are thus visible at a single glance. The right view from the same point, though facing the Black Sea, presents all the windings of these beautiful waters, their basins and defiles. In the foreground is the castle of Europe; beyond it are Therapia and Buïuk Déré, the residence of most of the foreign ambassadors to the Ottoman government; while upon the opposite shore are seen the Castle and Sweet Waters of Asia, the valley of Sultanich and Unkiar-Iskilicy, and finally the giant mountain behind which the Black Sea is concealed.

Lamartine said the Bay of Naples faded from his imagination when he gazed upon the enchanted picture of the Golden Horn. He adds that the glowing sky and transparent waters can alone mirror the marvelous beauty of this scenery, which changes and increases with every glance. I recollect laughing heartily over the story of one of my countrymen who was thrown into such ecstasies by this gorgeous panorama that it produced a violent fever. The poor fellow recovered, as he deserved; but true to his enthusiasm, notwithstanding the penalty which it had cost him, he persisted in declaring that if but one look upon earth was vouchsafed to his eyes, that look should be spent upon the Golden Horn. The story recurred to my memory many times as I wandered amid this unrivaled scenery, and though it failed not to call up a smile, it no longer seemed as laughably incredible as before.

The sentiments awakened by these charming scenes are all glad, joyful—ecstatic, I was about to add in the spirit, perhaps, of my spasmodic countryman. You may have experienced similar emotions on some beautiful spring morning while wandering in flowery vales, which glittered with dewy perfume and echoed to rural melodies. Nature smiles and laughs upon the shores of the Bosphorus; she does not awe and silence you with grandeur or solemnity. Some of the elevations which form a verdurous amphitheater



CONSTANTINOPLE.

upon the two shores and are faithfully mirrored in the blue waters at their feet, may sometimes remind you of the Swiss hills, as you search your memory for some point of comparison. Upon these declivities, as far as the eye can reach, extend lines of red pagoda-shaped houses, half concealed amid rose and jessamine shrubbery. Interspersed among them are palaces of dazzling whiteness and of a light and graceful architecture, over which aged sycamores extend their sheltering branches; while still higher up charming kiosques peep forth from thickets of foliage, like rubies encased in enamel. Sparkling brooks gleam like silver ribbons from the shadowing forests, or plunge in cascades, while the warm rays of the sun dance and play with all the prismatic colors upon their surface. The relieving outline to this dazzling parterre is formed by the gray-tinted rocks, which are still beyond and above, giving tone and harmony to the whole picture, while dark cypresses lift their tufted heads upon the summits, forming a subdued and massive frame for the smiling landscape.

The constant variety of aspect presented amid this profusion of beauty, is not one of the least charming of its features: here a hill rises bold and abrupt in its outline, while beneath stretches a verdant and quiet valley, where thought is hushed by the murmuring lull of the fountain, and the intrusion of memory upon the dreamy enjoyment of the present, is banished by the soft whisper of the gigantic sycamore, mingled with the song of the waters. As you advance, one charming scene gives place to another still more charming. At every turn of this enchanted ground some delightful discovery is made of a beautiful picture which had only been concealed by one previously seen.

Now that we have formed some idea of the general aspect of the golden waters which separate the two continents and unite two seas, let us step into one of the floating shells which skim over their surface with the lightness and almost the rapidity of birds. You must step lightly as you seat yourself within the *caique*, for the slightest irregularity of motion will overturn the fragile structure, and plunge you into the water, much to the amusement of the *kaidji*, or boatmen, who invariably recognize the new-comer by his awkwardness and timidity. The long and slender form of these boats, their sharp prows and their knife-shaped keels prove that there are strong currents beneath, and deceitful winds above these beautiful waters. The movement of a hand or arm is sufficient to disturb the equilibrium of these light vessels; but after you have acquired some of the Turkish immobility of character, you seat yourself upon their carpeted bottoms with a feeling of security which is due, in a great measure, to the confidence you soon acquire in the skill and experience of the *kaidjis*, or boatmen. They are a noble-looking set of men, with complexions of bronze and the finest muscular development. The introduction of steamers, which ply between the various landing-places, has very seriously affected the business of this class. Formerly at each point of embarkation you were besieged by them, precisely as the hackney-coachmen take possession of the unprotected traveler at your railway stations. One great drawback from the enjoyment of a *caique* is the absence of all awnings, even in the hottest season—this privilege is reserved entirely for the sultan—parasols and umbrellas were formerly strictly forbidden—for these have always been the symbols of power and royalty in the east, but of late this rigor has been somewhat modified; you can now protect yourself with them if you are careful to lower them upon approaching any of the imperial residences.

There is a whole fleet of caiques drawn up at the landing-place of Top-Khana. The first part of this compound word signifies cannon, and the latter means square, or warehouse; it is applied to its present locality on account of the large foundry which marks this quarter; it is also more frequented by the Franks than any other. After descending the steps to the water, you follow the European shore, in obedience to the strong current in the direction of the Black Sea. Upon the opposite shore is seen Scutari, in Turkish *Ouskoudar*, with its white mosques and red houses. It was anciently known as Chrysopolis, or the Golden City; it is said, on account of its being the place where the Persians received tribute from Bithynia. But though the gold which christened it exists no longer, it will always be a golden city while the rays of the setting sun pour their flood of glory upon it.

The vigorous strokes of our *kaidjis* soon bring us to a pleasant retreat called *Dolma-Baghtche*, inclosing a lovely valley, lying between two hills which border the water. Here it is said Jason landed with his Argonauts, when in search of the Golden Fleece. At its extremity is a kiosque, covered within and without by Persian porcelain—a rare specimen of oriental luxury. The warlike dwellings of the Turcomans were intended to be represented in its construction; the tent of the chief, or the pavilion of the khan, forms the grand hall in the center; while the pavilions placed at the four corners are designed for the official guard.

Opposite Scutari appears the white palace of the sultan. It is in the Italian, or perhaps more correctly, the Lombard style, and was built by Mahmoud II., the father of the present monarch. The material used in its construction is the marble of Marmora, and though it has not all the severe correctness of outline which a cultivated taste might demand for a regal residence in a locality of such exceeding beauty, its massive staircases and columns, its gilded lattices and elaborate carvings produce a very unique and rich effect. It is probably known to your readers that the Mohammedan religion strictly forbids the representation of any living thing either in carving or colors. More than three hundred halls of this sumptuous building are decorated in the greatest profusion with arabesques of every possible variety in the finest executed frescoes. One large saloon is lighted by a dome of ruby-coloured glass, through which the glowing light streams with a strange and striking effect, peculiarly gratifying to oriental taste.

The apartments of the sultan and those of the sultana *valide*, or queen-mother, are of exceeding elegance. Those of the former are somewhat in imitation of the splendors of Versailles; but no monarch in the world looks from his palace windows on such a prospect as stretches beneath the gaze of the padischa, from this magnificent abode.

I often saw the sultan's *caique* in front of this palace. The elegance of its form is only equaled by the richness of its draperies, and the carving and gilding with which it is ornamented. The awning which covers his majesty is of velvet, studded with golden stars. It is surrounded with a silver balustrade, and supported by four columns of elegant workmanship, and it is surmounted by four globes of carved silver and a golden sun. It is manned by twenty-six of the strongest and handsomest *kaidjis*, whose vigorous strokes send it like an arrow over the mirroring waters. Two, and sometimes three caiques precisely similar, follow that which contains the sultan, and these are succeeded by the caiques of the grand pashas, with fourteen oarsmen. This truly royal and oriental *cortege* is always saluted with salvos of artillery from the city, the Bosphorus, and the vessels of the harbor.

Nearly opposite the white palace, upon the Asiatic shore, is another imperial residence, called the *Beylerbey Serai*, or yellow palace. These beautiful shores are almost a continuous line of magnificent edifices. The sultana valide, the sisters of the sultan, and the dignitaries of the empire, have summer residences in this vicinity, adding all that wealth and oriental luxury could suggest to these enchanting scenes. Magnificent flights of steps descend to the water's edge, upon which are seated the household slaves in rich costumes. The entrance to some of the apartments is partially concealed by vine-covered trellises which shade the terrace paths, bordered by flowers and shrubs, whose fragrance is wafted upon the air as we skim over the clear water. The open windows sometimes reveal the master of the house seated with Turkish gravity in a lofty hall, with no companion but the inseparable chiboque. Our caique glides beneath the shade of the overhanging trees in many places. The women's apartments are always in a wing by themselves; and the windows are protected by cedar lattices, but they are all furnished with round openings, by means of which those within can see all that passes, without being seen themselves.

Before the village of *Arnaoul-Keui* the strong current produces a great roughness of the hitherto placid waters. It is only passed by means of assistance from the shore; a rope is thrown by the *kaidjis* to three or four *hamals*, or burden-bearers, who pull lustily till oars may again be resumed with safety. This shore, which is equally dangerous in all winds and weather, is called *Cheitan-Akindici*, or the Devil's Current.

The Asiatic coast is more luxurious in trees than the European. Kiosks, palaces, and villages gleam forth in all the hues of the rainbow from the sheltering foliage. Most of these buildings are of wood, but not the less elegant, with their rich carvings, galleries and balustrades, painted and gilded in the bright hues of oriental taste.

And now we approach *Guyuck-Sou*, literally, "Blue Water of Heaven, or the Sweet Waters of Asia," as it has been called by Europeans. A beautiful building of white marble, covering a fountain, is seen from the water. As we draw nearer, its arabesque carvings and the crescents which crown it reveal themselves. The Golden Horn here narrows to a mere streamlet meandering between green meadows enameled with flowers. It is the favorite resort of the Turk, especially of the women and children. Every day, but especially on Friday, the velvet turf is crowded with groups of Turkish, Greek, and Armenian women, seated upon mats, or reclining on luxurious cushions, beneath the shade of the noble trees which ornament this beautiful spot. The former, however, are invariably accompanied by a negress, or an aged duenna, and those who are wealthy by a black eunuch, armed with the long whip which is the badge of their office, and which would unquestionably be called into use upon the slightest manifestation of improper curiosity from any of the male part of the throng. Too near an approach, or too earnest a gaze upon these "exclusives," would call forth a volley of choice epithets and emphatic maledictions, from which the unfortunate Paul Pry would do well to make a precipitate retreat. Public sentiment is a more effectual protection of them from observation than even the long whips of their attendants. Some English officers were lately enjoying the delights of this charming scenery, when the gilded *arabas*, or chariots, of the royal family, drawn by white oxen, in housings of crimson and gold, attracted universal attention. The first was occupied by the sultan's sister and two of his wives; this was followed by five other carriages filled with ladies of the harem. The whole company preserved, with scrupulous Turkish etiquette, the most imperturbable unconsciousness of the general interest excited by their presence, and though many dignitaries of high rank and brilliant equipages mingled with the scene, not a glance betrayed any vulgar curiosity on the part of these royal ladies.

The Europeans present, far from imitating this example of Moslem high breeding, gazed upon the display of beauty with unconcealed eagerness. One officer forgot himself so far that he took off his cap, and smilingly saluted the lovely inmates of the first carriage. He even advanced a step or two, with cap in hand, doubtless quite absorbed in the novelty and excitement of the occasion. But he was soon recalled from his oriental reveries by a disagreeable-looking gentleman of the darkest complexion, and a frightful scowl, who brandished a jeweled knife in the face of the Englishman, and then taking his place in front of the gilded araba, directed the driver to leave the ground.

Mingled with the groups reposing about the "Sweet Waters" are Greeks and Bulgarians, performing their national dances; Jews, offering trifles for sale; while the numerous coffee venders, water carriers, and confectioners are in great demand among the crowd. Turkish merchants smoke the chiboque or narghila, and occasionally the picturesque scene is heightened by parties of Turkish dignitaries mounted on spirited steeds, their bejeweled trappings flashing in the sunlight.

But we linger too long on these enchanted shores. Not far beyond, the castles of Europe and Asia stand upon the opposite banks of the Bosphorus, which here narrows to a rapid stream. It is about four hundred fathoms in width, and it is said that a bridge was thrown across it by Mandrocles, of Samos, for the passage of Darius with his army of seven hundred thousand men. All succeeding European and Asiatic invaders have followed the track of the Persian monarch. The landscape here has features of sublimity mingled with its loveliness. Two lofty capes, sloping abruptly from the mountains in the distance, support the massive and extended fortifications, which sit on their rocky foundations, looking defiance at each other. Their shadows darken the sun-lighted waters, while the long streamers of moss which hang from the walls, remind you of the drooping banners of the conquered. Roumeli Hissar, the castle of Europe, which is also called

Bogus Kesea, or Cut-throat, presents a fine appearance. It has three large towers, and these with a smaller one near the sea form four Turkish characters, which compose the name of Mohammed II., by whom it was built.

Many points of interest must be omitted in this rapid sketch, and my return beneath the unclouded moon in an atmosphere of such transparency, that it seemed no longer night, but subdued daylight, must be left to the imagination of your readers. What will they think of me when I confess that one of the numerous *cafés* of the Bosphorus was the most agreeable sight which met my eyes, notwithstanding the peerless moon, the glittering stars, and the twinkling lights reflected in the clear waters; but the truth is, I was voraciously hungry. The long streams of light which illuminated the sea, directed the swift strokes of my kaidjis, and I was soon sipping delicious coffee from the tiny cups in which it is served in these establishments. No place of public traffic makes less pretension to elegance and luxury than a Turkish *café*. Those on the Bosphorus are raised on wooden piles, a few feet above the surface of the water. The platform thus supported is surrounded by a balustrade of lattice work, inclosing one small, low room, which is, however, shaded by vines and tufts of trees. They are generally quite open, though many of them combine the barber's occupation in their establishments; but the Turk has few ideas of privacy except as regards the harem. He eats, drinks, sleeps, and smokes in the most public places, and is almost as regardless of the attention he may attract, as the Indian idols of the worship offered to them.

The interior of the *café* is furnished with a divan, upon which the frequenters of the place sit like monkeys, with a kind of ludicrous gravity about them. Shelves are arranged upon the walls, containing razors, basins, &c., rows of narghiles, of Bohemian glass or other material; while a furnace in one corner shows where the refreshing coffee is prepared under your very eyes.

In these places, too, the regulations in regard to pictures have been modified in some manner. The views of their favorite localities and public buildings hang side by side with the Emperors of Europe and your republican President. I cannot say much for the decorative effect produced by these displays; I remember counting twenty pictures in one of the finest *cafés* of the city, for which a quarter of a dollar would certainly have been an extravagant price. The absence of intoxicating drinks from these places, with the decorum consequent among all the inmates, is one of the most agreeable features to the foreigner. The iced water, lemonade, and coffee, form a favorable contrast to the exciting stimulants which are furnished in the resorts for the lower classes of most other countries.

One of the earliest points of interest upon which I stumbled was the Grand Bazaar of Constantinople. My inflated ideas of the elegance of this great mart were very soon dispelled upon a personal inspection. It covers a sufficient extent of space to be a city of itself, comprising streets, squares, fountains, and passages, the whole surmounted by a vaulted roof, through which the softened light is admitted by round tunnel-shaped openings; whole streets of this inclosure are devoted to the sale of drugs, sacks of which lie about and are exposed in heaps upon the stalls, while the merchant sits impassibly smoking, and apparently absorbed with the fragrant fumes of his pipe. Other parts are occupied by the perfumers, and these fragrant quarters are generally thronged by the women, who seem very merry as they inhale the mingled sweets of the rose, the jessamine, or lavender, if we may judge by the constant peals of laughter echoing among them. Then there are the rich carpets of Persia, the silks of Broussa, shawls from Cashmere, mirrors, cutlery, porcelain, jewelry, curious and antique articles of gold and silver, shoes of every fantastic shape and ornament, draperies of the richest hues and material; in fact, almost every article of use or luxury which it is possible to imagine. The tobacconists and pipe dealers are of course well represented in this exposition of oriental commerce and industry. Of the former there are four principal qualities for the chiboque and cigarettes; the latter are becoming very generally used, especially by the women. The only kind of tobacco which is used for the narghila is brought from Persia, and it is called *tombeki*.

But the grand object of luxury in the

CAFE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

East is the pipe; the stem, the bowl, and the mouth-piece are separate articles of manufacture, and command enormous prices: a pair of the latter, such as an aristocratic Turk would purchase, are not to be obtained at less than three or four hundred dollars. Of course they must be faultless in color and quality, and they are ornamented with gold and precious gems. I have been told that many of the wealthy private citizens of Stamboul possess collections of these articles, of twenty or thirty thousand dollars in value.

To a foreigner, the most interesting display of the *Bezestin* or Bazaar is the crowd which is constantly circulating amid its motley assemblage of merchandise. Constantinople must always be the point of intersection for the Eastern and Western worlds, and the various types of the human family in this rendezvous of two continents present some of the most

remarkable and characteristic tableaux. There is no blending of nationality, notwithstanding the general commingling. You recognize the watchful Russian, the calculating Englishman, the business-like American, the gesticulating Italian, the loquacious Frenchman, the bartering Jew, the restless Arab, and the staring Negro, all mixing indiscriminately with the turbaned Turk, who is alone immovable in the midst of the general agitation.

The fez, the turban, and the Frankish hat, form an unbroken stream, in the midst of which move the shroud-like wrappings of the women, (with their white dominoes and yellow boots,) who have one characteristic, at least, with their more civilized sisters, in their passion for shopping. Now a mounted pasha, followed by his domestics on foot, parts the human stream to the right and left; and now a donkey, with the stupidity of his race, in the dis-

TURKISH BAZAAR.

play of which he is greatly aided by his driver, blocks the passage with the long lumbering cart to which he is attached. The sounds are as various as the sights; the flapping of the innumerable flocks of pigeons, the shrill cries of the sherbet and water-venders, the loud voice of the ballad-singer, who amuses his cross-legged listeners with interminable songs, of which they are never weary; and everywhere is heard the loud barking of the dogs, whose name is legion. A good-sized volume might be written upon the canine population of Constantinople; and a description of the city which left them unmentioned, would be like the play of Hamlet, with the part of that important character omitted. I have no intention of entering upon this extensive subject; but I must be allowed to say, that the Turkish dogs are the most wolfish race I have ever seen. I do not wonder that they are never admitted to the companionship or dwellings of the inhabitants. They are protected from destruction because they clean the streets, drive away thieves, and bark at Christians. Legacies have sometimes been left for providing them with food. It is quite amusing to see the canine crowds following the large basket which the bearer empties on the ground—the contents vanish as into air, and the whelps whisk away on their foraging expedition.

Such is Constantinople in the street and in the bazaar. The streets are generally narrow, filthy, and overshadowed by lofty houses and projecting casements; some of them, however, are rather picturesque from the variety of architecture displayed upon them, and the shrubbery or foliage that overhangs their walls. I send you a glimpse at the well-known street of Mohammed; it will indicate to you the reality better than any further words of mine can.

And now let us take a glance at the absolute master of this beautiful country, "the cousin of the sun and moon," as he is called in the language of Oriental hyperbole. Every week on the Mussulman sabbath, which is Friday, the sultan performs his devotions in some of the numerous mosques of the city. The place selected for the royal worship is announced on the previous evening. The avenues to the palace and the entrance to the mosque are occupied by detachments of infantry; but a good view may generally be obtained from the windows of the *cafés* on the route. The music of the band announces the appearance of the sultan. It was to the stirring tones of the Marseillaise that the procession advanced when I saw it. It consisted of the grand officers of government, glittering with gold and jewels, and surrounded by their secretaries and subordinates, all mounted upon superb horses, which glittered like their masters with gems and embroidery. The body-guards wore velvet tunics, richly ornamented with gold, white silk trowsers, and caps adorned with tall plumes of peacock feathers. These were followed by servants on foot in livery, leading the splendid horses of the royal stables, with dazzling caparisons. The superb steed on which the sultan was mounted succeeded this troop; and though the dress of his royal highness was exceedingly simple, he was readily distinguishable by the tuft of heron feathers fastened upon his fez by a magnificent diamond; another gem, of nearly equal size, gleamed upon the breast of his charger; and the imperial device decorated the housings of his saddle. The habit and consciousness of power had also stamped their unmistakable impress upon his features, almost frigid in their marble-like repose. His beard is thick and short, and more brown than black—and this gives him an older appearance than he deserves; he is also slightly marked with small-pox, though this is concealed by the artificial coloring resorted to on public occasions, according to Oriental usage. His form is very erect, his bearing distinguished, and the dignity of supreme power was visible in the slight inclination of his head to the officials who bent before him. His deep piercing dark eyes are the most striking feature of his face—and yet their profound depths give forth no changes of expression—they wear the same unvarying repose, almost amounting to weariness, which marks his countenance. It is evident that his health is delicate; and though but about thirty, he is probably paying the penalty of his sixteen years' reign by premature decay and debility. He is distinguished by his amenity and the moral nobleness of his sentiments. A countryman of mine has recently taken his portrait, and had therefore a good opportunity to see him on somewhat familiar terms. He reports that the sultan was

A STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

full of complaisance. No one is allowed to sit in his presence; but he insisted that the artist should take the posture most convenient for his work. During the first sitting he seemed absent-minded, if not awkward, at the anti-Mohammedan scene; but at the second, which was immediately after his return from the mosque, when he was gleaming with gems, he showed the utmost freedom. His conversation is said to have been not only vivacious, but remarkably sensible; and characterized also by the most humane sentiments. He asked the artist, how Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire was liked in Europe. It was a delicate question; my friend answered as courteously as possible, making allowance for Hammer's severity on the crimes of the sultans. "As for that, sir," rejoined the sultan, "our history presents,

THE SULTAN'S AUTOGRAPH.

unhappily, too many examples of violence and barbarity—more, perhaps, than that of any other people; but I affirm, that so long as I bear the sceptre of the sultans, the world shall not have occasion to reproach me with similar acts."

No sovereign of Europe has shown a more considerate and elevated temper in his relations to other powers; none more moral dignity, amidst the trials that beset thrones.

He was born at Constantinople, in 1823, and succeeded to the throne at sixteen years of age. He seemed very early impressed with the responsibilities belonging to his situation; and it is said that he is governed by lofty motives, and manifests on all occasions the deepest desire for the welfare and prosperity of his people. He has several children, who inherit his own feebleness of constitution; and much anxiety is felt respecting them.

I send you a picture of his majesty, which will give you a better idea of his appearance than any further description. I send also his *thougra*, or signature. It is a curiosity in its way.

The composition of a *thougra* is one among many other difficult things demanded of the "head that wears a crown" in Turkey. The Arabic letters of the royal name must be blended in an original design, indecipherable to the vulgar, and only intelligible to the most skillful calligraphist after long and patient research. This imperial flourish heads all the firmans or edicts which emanate from the seraglio; it is also stamped upon all the coins of the empire. This complicated device signifies, "Abd-ul-Medjid-Khan, son of Mahmoud-Khan, always victorious." But I am prolonging these sketches too much. Let these glimpses at the sultan's city suffice till we can examine it more fully.

FORGOTTEN BLESSINGS.

Where are the stars, the stars that shone
All through the summer night?
Why are they and their pale queen gone,
As if they fear'd to be look'd upon
By the gaze of the bold daylight?

Gone they are not. In the far blue skies
Their silent ranks they keep;
Unseen by our sun-dazzled eyes,
They wait till the breath of the night-wind sighs,
Then come and watch our sleep.

Thus oft it is—the lights that cheer
The night of our distress,
When brighter, gladder hours appear,
Forgotten with our grief and fear,
Wake not our thankfulness.

Yet still, unmindful though we be,
Those lamps of love remain;
And when life's shadows close, and we
Look up some ray of hope to see,
Shall glad our hearts again.

BUNYAN'S WIFE BEFORE CHIEF JUSTICE HALE.

A SKETCH OF JOHN BUNYAN.

ON the 23d of April, 1661, Charles the Second was crowned. In the general jail delivery which, according to custom, then took place, Bunyan might possibly have been included, had he felt it consistent with his high sense of principle to petition for his liberation. As the Royal Proclamation allowed convicted offenders a whole twelvemonth to sue out for pardon, the sentence of banishment was not immediately enforced against him; and, at the assizes in August of the same year, that true woman his second wife thrice presented a petition to the judges, praying them to hear him and consider his case. On the first occasion, the good Sir Matthew Hale promised to do his best, but expressed a fear of being unable to grant the application. On the second occasion, Mr. Justice Twisdon, a man of a different stamp, waspishly retorted that her husband was a convicted person, who could not be released without a pledge to preach no more. On the third occasion, Hale evinced a disposition to listen to the faithful wife, when a magistrate named Chester prevented him by the observation, that the prisoner had been duly convicted. Undaunted still, she pursued their lordships to their inn, from the bow windows of which the jail was visible, and argued the case with an ability as well as a devotion worthy of the wife of Bunyan. Her immediate object was to prevail upon Chief Justice Hale to send for her husband; but, by the hostile intervention of his colleague, and of the county magistrates present, especially Chester, he was held to his first view of the matter. She urged, that her husband had been arrested before the proclamation against meetings was issued; that the indictment against him was false; that he had not been called upon to plead; and that, instead of confessing to it as was pretended, he had but admitted the bare fact of preaching. But all her objections were overruled by the repeated declarations of Chester, that his conviction was upon the record. The poor woman, it appeared, had even been to London, where she placed in the hands of a peer (Lord Barkwood) a petition to the House of Lords, praying for her husband's release. Their lordships' answer was, that they could not grant the application, but referred the matter to the judges of assize; who, nevertheless, as she said in addressing them, "would give

neither releasement nor relief." "He is a breaker of the peace," thundered the rude and surly Twisdon. This, meekly yet firmly, the noble woman denied. "Moreover, my lord," said she, turning from the puisné to his chief, "I have four small children, that cannot help themselves, one of which is blind; and we have nothing to live upon but the charity of good people." "Hast thou four children?" replied Hale; "thou art but a young woman to have four children." "My lord," she replied, "I am but mother-in-law to them, having not been married to him yet full two years. Indeed, I was with child when my husband was first apprehended; but, being young, and unaccustomed to such things, I, being smayed at the news, fell into labor, and so continued for eight days, and then was delivered; but my child died." Whereat, continues the narrator, he, looking very soberly on the matter, said, "Alas, poor woman!" The stony-hearted Twisdon, unmoved by a tale so pathetic, told her that she made poverty her cloak; and even Hale, though touched with her misfortunes, and evidently in admiration of her courage, gave her but cold comfort. "I am sorrow that I can do thee no good," said he to this poor woman, with her husband in prison, and his four children on her hands; "thou must either apply thyself to the king, or sue out a pardon, or get a writ of error; but a writ of error will be cheapest."

From some circumstances it would appear, that, notwithstanding his lowly condition, and the unfashionableness of his opinions, Bunyan's virtuous conduct procured him friends outside the circle of his religious connections.* His wife was encouraged by the high-sheriff to seek her interview with the judges; and, perhaps, it was partly from a knowledge of that functionary's friendly feeling, as well as from the kindness of his own heart, that the jailer relaxed the stringency of the regulations in his prisoner's favor. Be this as it may, between the summer and winter assizes, he was allowed to follow his wonted course of preaching, and even to "go and see the Christians in London." But this coming to the ears of his enemies, the governor of the jail was obliged, for fear of losing his post, to put an end to these indulgences.

Right reverend prelates paid Bunyan the tribute of their anxiety that so formidable a captive should be secure. Thinking to catch his humane keeper in the fact, they dispatched a spy to Bedford, with instructions to arrive in the middle of the night. Their information had doubtless been of the best. Bunyan had indeed been at home with his family; but he was so restless that he could not sleep, and, taking this for a presentiment, he rose and returned to the prison, notwithstanding he had leave to remain out till morning. The jailer did not much relish being disturbed in his first sleep; but when, a few hours after, the episcopal emissary came, and demanded to see Bunyan, he felt very happy in being able to produce his prisoner.

As, from the close of 1661 till August, 1668, there is no record of Bunyan's presence in the Church-book at Bedford, it is probable that this enforced rigor continued till then. In anticipation of the winter assizes, January, 1662, he prevailed upon his keeper to insert his name in the calendar among the felons, and "made friends of the judge and the high-sheriff, who promised that he should be called;" but Messrs. Chester, Cobb, and Company, procured the erasure of his name, and thus defeated his intention to plead his own cause before the judges. The upshot was, that he lay in prison, from first to last, "complete twelve years."

His enemies succeeded in the infliction of much outward distress upon Bunyan himself, and of still more upon his heroic wife and innocent children; but, as to counteracting and suppressing his influence as a teacher of religion and a champion of the rights of conscience, (which, without violation of charity, may be supposed to have been their real purpose,) they were worse than defeated. The principal effect of his long imprisonment was, that, instead of only preaching among the scattered hamlets in the immediate neighborhood of Bedford, and encouraging conscientious Nonconformity within that narrow circle, he became the most popular preacher of

* In 1811, when the old jail was pulled down, a ring was dug up, bearing the initials "I. B." and the motto "*Memento Mori*," encircling a human skull. This relic, which is supposed to have been a gift to Bunyan, was purchased by Dr. Abbot, of Bedford, who presented it as a souvenir to the Dean of Manchester, in whose possession it now is.

BUNYAN'S BLIND CHILD.

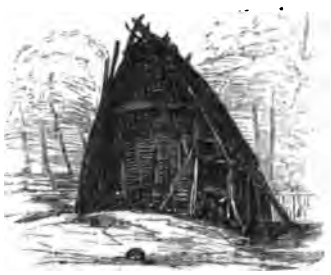
the day, in the metropolis itself; was spoken of, even to the king, as a man for whose pulpit talents the learned Dr. John Owen would gladly have exchanged his erudition; and, above all, produced a book through which, to the present day, he continues, being dead, to preach the gospel in the most persuasive tones, and to advocate the principles of religious liberty with the strongest arguments, not to his own nation alone, but to most of the civilized, and not a few of the uncivilized, nations of the earth.

Thoughts of his poor blind child, who was frequently with him in prison, gave him poignant anxiety. His customary calling being one which could not be pursued in confinement, he acquired the art of making stay-laces for the support of his family, occasionally aiding the jailer in the management of the prison. Much of his time was devoted to study of the Scriptures, and of "Fox's Acts and Monuments;" whereby he was enabled to enrich with the most solid materials that immortal epic which he adorned with the splendors of his imagination. The tedium of confinement must have been further relieved by the presence, under such lenient custody, of so many fellow-prisoners of kindred sentiments, there being other Dissenters in the jail, including two ministers of his own persuasion. The dungeon must have been a dismal place, or it would not have inspired Howard with the resolution to devote his days to the improvement of prison discipline, nor have suggested to Bunyan himself the graphic idea of lying there till "the moss should overgrow his eyebrows." His health, however, does not appear to have materially suffered; while it is certain that the privations of confinement were greatly mitigated by unusual kindness, by the company of congenial minds, and by a state of heart and a class of occupations which might have converted the deepest cell in the Inquisition into a "Palace Beautiful."

The damp "den" which in those days overhung the sluggish Ouse, has acquired a memorable place in history from the fact that, within its gloomy walls, John Bunyan composed the First Part of "The Pilgrim's Progress;" a work drawn, doubtless, from his own unrivaled fancy, from his profound knowledge of the Scriptures, from his intense and varied experience, and from his close, though limited observation. With what facility and speed it was written, we learn from the quaint verses prefixed as an "Apology;" nor, though by much the greatest, was it, by several, the only work that he wrote in jail.

Some obscurity hangs over the period of his liberation. It was preceded by a renewal of the indulgence extended to him in the earlier months of his imprisonment. Although the feeling of the government and the legislature was manifest from the revival of the Conventicle Act in a more stringent form in 1669–70; yet his friendly jailer, for reasons that do not appear, was again induced to allow him so much liberty, that, during 1669, 1670, and 1671, he was regularly present at the Church meetings.

Toward the close of 1671 the Church at Bedford determined upon calling him to the pastoral office; and, in that same year, he received from the other elders the right hand of fellowship in token of his election. But from his own writings it is clear, that he must still have been a prisoner in 1672; though a record in the Church-book of a day of thanksgiving held for "present liberty," affords presumptive proof of his release before the end of that year. Barlow, afterward Bishop of Lincoln, has had the credit of his liberation; but, with many professions of willingness to oblige his former tutor, Dr. John Owen, who had appealed to him on Bunyan's behalf, the slippery ecclesiastic recommended the expensive course of an appeal to the Lord Chancellor. The insincerity of his professions was further shown in 1684, when we find him, in concurrence with the Bedford justices, clamoring for the law to be put in force against Dissenters.



BUNYAN'S CHAPEL.

The truth is, that Bunyan owed the recovery of his liberty to a very different sort of intervention. The Quakers and the Baptists, carrying their dissent to a greater extreme than other Nonconformists, were, in a preëminent degree, the objects of legal vengeance, and, in large numbers, found themselves inmates of the same prisons. As fellow sufferers, they must have sympathized with each other; and although Bunyan had sharply controverted the opinions of such as in modern times have obtained the appellation of the "Hicksite" party, yet with the more evangelical portion he probably symbolized more precisely than with any other section of the Christian Church; for, among no class of divines was he involved in sharper dispute than with his fellow Baptists, who severely reprehended his liberality in opening the terms of communion so wide as to receive to the Lord's table, not only Pædobaptists, and others not practicing immersion, but even such as, with the Quakers, repudiated baptism with water altogether. When, therefore, the advisers of Charles II., having tried "many and frequent ways of coercion for reducing all erring dissenting persons," and being convinced "by the sad experience of twelve years, that there was very little fruit of all those forcible courses," wisely counseled His Majesty to suspend the execution of penal laws in matters ecclesiastical against Nonconformists, and induced him, under the sign-manual, to declare in favor of licensing the places of worship, and also the ministers, of all bodies of Dissenters, Roman Catholics alone excepted—active measures were taken by the leading Quakers for obtaining the benefit of the indulgence for some hundreds of their imprisoned friends.

Foremost among those engaged in this benevolent enterprise was George Whitehead, who, knowing Bunyan, advised him to petition the king; the result of which was, that, at a meeting of the privy council, held May 8, 1672, and before the order for the relief of the Quakers had been finally made, the petition of "John Bunyan" and others was referred to the sheriff of Bedfordshire; and, on the 17th of May, it was ordered by the king in council, that the names of the petitioners should be "inserted into the General Pardon to be passed for the Quakers;" when, through the kindness of Whitehead, the fees and other expenses of discharge were paid. The pardon which included Bunyan is dated September 13, 1672.

While this was in process of arrangement, Bunyan and his friends had already availed themselves of the royal license. On the 9th of May, a dilapidated barn, belonging to Josias Roughed in Bedford, was licensed to be a place for the use of such as did not conform to the Church of England, who were of the persuasion commonly called Congregational; and, on the same day, license was given to "John Bunyan" to be a teacher of the congregation allowed in that house, or in any other place licensed according to the Royal Declaration. And these, not improbably, were the very first instances in which such licenses had been given.

BUNYAN PREACHING IN THE OPEN AIR.

In places where no building sufficiently large could be obtained, Bunyan occasionally preached in the open air. One of the spots thus consecrated in the regards of his admirers, is a dell in Wainwood, near Hitchin, which the inhabitants of that town take delight in pointing out to strangers.

DELL IN WAINWOOD.

Soon after his release, it became necessary to think of providing better accommodation for the crowds who flocked to hear him; and, in the original place, as enlarged, he continued to preach without interruption, except from voluntary absence, till the time of his death. During the greater part of his permitted ministry, Bunyan lived at Bedford, near the meeting-house, in a lowly cottage since taken down.

BUNYAN'S COTTAGE.

It is an evidence of his extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, as well as of his candor and courage, that, in the course of his ministry, he did not shrink from argument with learned divines, who sometimes presented themselves as opponents, supposing him to be an ignorant, because a self-educated man; yet, whenever he met with a difficulty which he could not solve, he frankly admitted it, simply observing on one occasion when other men were giving confident expositions of Rom. viii, 19–22, "The Scriptures are wiser than I."

He paid frequent visits to London, where his popularity was so great, that, on the shortest notice, Zoar Chapel, in Southwark—an unsightly structure, which, in 1822, was converted into a workshop—would be filled to overflowing, and crowded congregations came to hear him even on

ZOAR CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.

INTERIOR OF ZOAR CHAPEL, A. D. 1822, THEN USED AS A FACTORY FOR MACHINERY.

dark week-day mornings at an early hour. He also made preaching tours in different parts of the kingdom, relieving, as the almoner of other persons, the wants of sufferers for conscience' sake, reconciling differences, preventing litigation, and thus meriting a title, first given him in derision —Bishop Bunyan.

When, by the Act of Indulgence in 1687, James II. professed to give liberty of conscience to all Dissenters, Bunyan did not hesitate to avail himself of it, though he declined to be made subservient to the royal designs. The real benefit, he saw, was intended for the Papists; but neither that consideration nor the suggestion that to accept the measure involved an admission of the king's claim to govern without a parliament, prevented him from availing himself, so long as might be, of its advantages.* The storm, which he was among the foremost to apprehend, hung darkly over the land; but, though imminent, it was providentially averted, and the hypocritical indulgence of the fugitive king was followed by that Magna Charta of religious rights—the Toleration Act. He, however, had not the consolation of living to see the glorious calm which succeeded. On the 5th of November, 1688, William of Orange landed at Torbay; but, by that time, the greatest man in England, John Milton alone excepted, had been translated from earth to heaven.

He died at the house of his friend, Mr. Stradwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star on Snow-Hill, London, and was buried in that friend's vault in Bunhill Fields' burial-ground, which the Dissenters regard as their *Campo Santo*—and especially for his sake.* It is said that many have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited. His age and the date of his decease are thus recorded

* Not long after the accession of James II., Bunyan conveyed his little property by deed of gift to his wife, not knowing what might befall him.

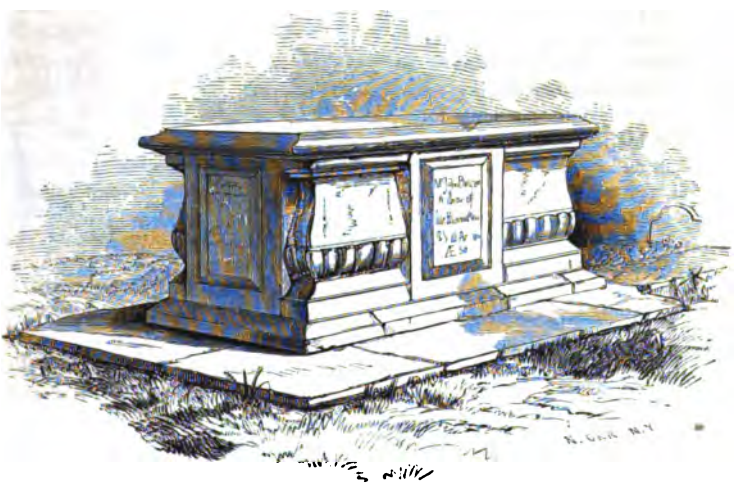
* Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her charming "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," (among which she gives precedence to "The Birth-place of John Bunyan,") states, upon the authority of an old lady who remembers the fact perfectly, that Bunyan's grave "was a decayed-looking grave, some brickwork fallen down, and a sort of headstone, green and moldering, upon which was what she called faintly carved, 'Here lies John Bunyan.'" Mrs. Hall's informant is positive as to the inscription, as she frequently visited the grave, and speaks of it to this day.

in his epitaph: Mr. John Bunyan, *Author of the Pilgrim's Progress*, ob. 12 Aug. 1688, æt. 60.

> The Pilgrim's Progress now is finished,
> And death has laid him in his earthly bed.

It appears that at the time of his death, the Lord Mayor, Sir John Shorter,* was one of his London flock. His earliest biographer says also, that "though by reason of the many losses he sustained by imprisonment and spoil, his chargeable sickness, &c., his earthly treasure swelled not to excess, yet he always had sufficient to live decently and creditably." But all that Bunyan had to lose by "spoil," was his occupation as a tinker, which, fortunately for him and the world, was put an end to earlier than in the course of his preacher's progress he could otherwise have cast it off. His widow put forth an advertisement stating her inability to print the writings which he left unpublished. They are probably included in the folio edition of his works which was published in 1692, the year of her decease, by Bunyan's successor at Bedford, Ebenezer Chandler, and John Wilson, a brother minister of the same sect, who went in Bunyan's life-time from the Bedford congregation to be the first pastor of a Baptist flock at Hitchin.

Three children survived him; there were none by the second marriage; and the blind daughter, the only one whom it might have troubled him to leave with a



BUNYAN'S TOMB.

scanty provision, happily died before him. He is said to have kept up "a very strict discipline in his family, in prayer and exhortations." For according to what little is known of his children, they went on in the way they had been trained. His eldest son was forty-five years a member of the Bedford meeting; he preached there occasionally, and was employed in visiting the disorderly members; he was therefore in good repute for discretion, as well as for his religious character. The names of other descendants are in the book, of the same meeting; in the burial ground belonging to it his great-grand-daughter Hannah Bunyan was interred in 1770 at the age of 76; and with her all that is related of his posterity ends. Mr. Offor, as well as Mrs. Hall, relates a conversation with Mrs. Senegar, a lineal descendant from John Bunyan by his son Joseph. She was living in Islington in 1847, aged eighty-four; and there is still living, at Lincoln, an aged farmer, Robert Bunyan, also a lineal descendant through the same parentage.

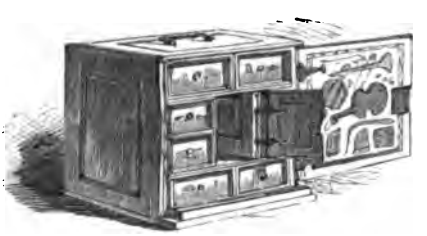
Bunyan is described by Mr. Charles Doe, one of his cotemporaries, as appearing

* September 6, 1668. "Few days before, died Bunyan, his lordship's teacher, or chaplain; a man said to be gifted in that way, though once a cobbler."—*Ellis's Correspondence*, vol. ii, p. 161.

BUNYAN'S PULPIT, BREACHWOOD.

stern and rough, but as being mild and affable, though rather taciturn than loquacious. He was tall, strong-boned, not corpulent, of a ruddy complexion, with sparkling eyes. His hair, originally reddish, was sprinkled with gray; and he wore a moustache, after the old British fashion. His nose was well set, but not declining nor bending; his mouth moderately large, and his forehead rather high. His raiment was always plain and modest.

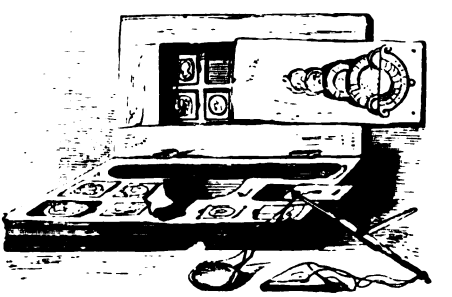
Several relics of this remarkable man have been carefully preserved by enthusiastic admirers. The nature of these will be best understood from the engravings. The pulpit in which he preached at Bedford has perished, but one which he occupied at Breachwood remains. His cabinet is in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Jukes, minister of Bunyan's Chapel; and his chair, with rude simplicity, adorns the vestry. His case of weights, knife, iron pen case, and apple scoop, are the property of a Mr. Offor. The syllabub cup is at Bedford.



BUNYAN'S CABINET.

His published works, it has been remarked, were as numerous as his years. All of them attracted attention at the time; but a few only are generally known. Several collective editions have, however, appeared: the latest, in three volumes imperial octavo, is passing through the press, under the editorial care of Mr. Offor. Even now, his views on the subject of "open communion" are sometimes cited; and those tracts which partake of an autobiographical character are for that reason frequently referred to. With these exceptions, he is celebrated chiefly as the author of "The Holy War," and of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and, for the most part, of the latter only. In some editions, it appears in three parts; but, though Bunyan contemplated a third part, his unexpected

BUNYAN'S KNIFE.



BUNYAN'S CASE OF WEIGHTS.

death defeated the intention. That which has been added is the work of an inferior author, whose name rests in merited obscurity. It has been questioned, whether the First Part was written in prison or not; but internal evidence, not less than cotemporary and other collateral testimony, settles that point in the affirmative. The doubt arose from its not being published till 1678, six years after his release. A more serious but not more reasonable debate has been raised as to the originality of the work. Some have suggested that he may, and others that he must, have borrowed his principal ideas from this or that allegorist; naming authors but little known, Spenser excepted, even among the learned, and overlooking the fact, not simply that Bunyan's whole library then

BUNYAN'S CHAIR.

SYLLABUB CUP.

consisted only of the two treatises his first wife brought him, a tattered copy of Luther on the Galatians, Fox's Martyrology, and his Bible; but, what ought to have received some attention, if not implicit deference, his own solemn and repeated declarations that the production was entirely his.

In ten years, the First Part had run through twelve editions. The Second Part, which was not published till 1684, did not reach the ninth edition till 1708; but, as means are wanting of ascertaining the number of impressions in each case, this circumstance affords no sure criterion of the comparative popularity of the two parts. One fact is, however, undoubted —that, during the author's lifetime, not fewer than a hundred thousand copies of the First Part were sold; a thing paralleled only in rare instances, such as the Waverly Novels, and "Uncle Tom's

VESTRY JUG.

Cabin." Through how many editions the complete work has passed since Bunyan's death it is impossible to compute. It has found admiring editors in almost every Christian denomination, not omitting that in the interests of which its author was supposed to have been incarcerated. Writers of the most various and even opposite opinions have vied in awarding to it the meed of their applause. Johnson and Southey, not less than Cowper and Thomas Scott and Lord Kaimes, Dr. Franklin and Dean Swift as zealously as Ryland, Toplady, and Montgomery, have assigned to it the first place in the order of works to which it pertains. How much soever it might have been condemned by Archbishop Laud, it enjoys, one may venture to assume, the unqualified approval of Archbishop Sumner. Although written by a prisoner for conscience' sake, it is universally acceptable, and is conceived in so catholic a spirit, that the keenest eye cannot detect in its contents to which section of the Church the author belonged. As natural as Shakspeare, as familiar as Robinson Crusoe, and as idiomatic as the Authorized Version, the spring and fountain of the glorious dreamer's inspiration, it has been read with avidity wherever the English language is spoken, and has been translated into more than thirty languages besides—an honor paid to no other book, the Book of God alone excepted.

KORNER'S BATTLE PRAYER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Father, to thee I cry!
The roaring cannon's vapour shrouds me round,
And flashing lightnings hiss along the ground;
Lord of the fight, I cry to thee!
O, Father, guide thou me!

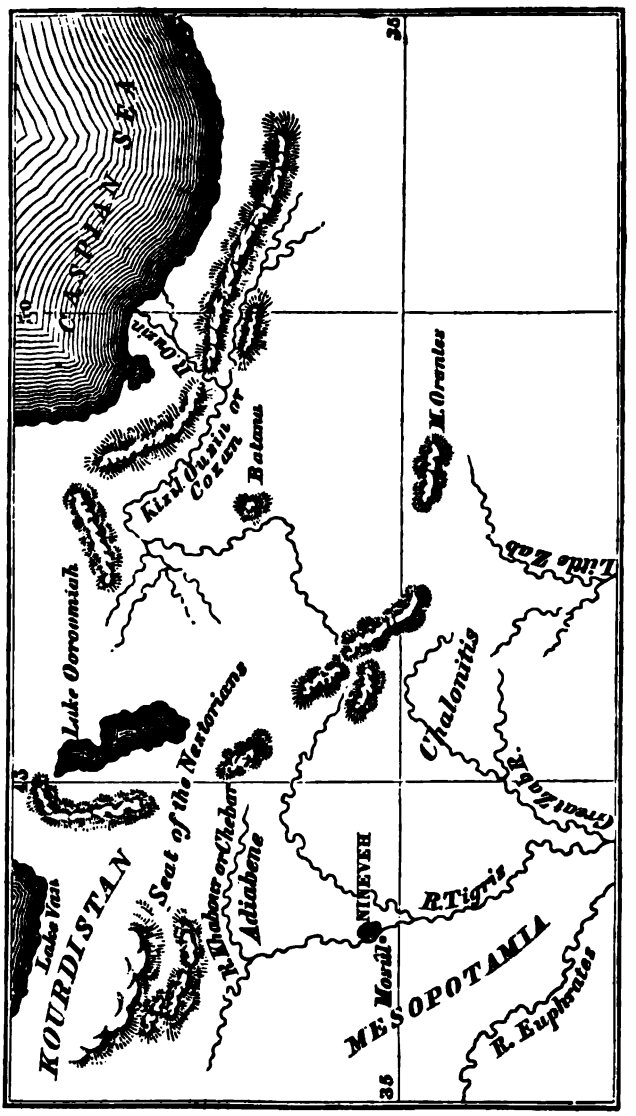
Father, be thou my guide!
In victory's triumph, or in death laid low,
O Lord, unto thy mighty will I bow;
E'en as thou wilt, so let it be!
God, I acknowledge thee!

Thy holy presence, Lord,
In the dread thunder of the clashing steel,
As in the rustling autumn leaves I feel;
Fountain of mercies, I acknowledge thee!
O, Father, bless thou me!

Thy blessing on me rest!
Into thy hands, my Father, I resign
The life thou gavest and canst take, but mine
In life or death thy blessing be!
Glory and praise to thee!

Father, to thee be praise!
Earth's treasures now we combat not to gain;
The holiest cause, the right, our swords maintain:
Falling or conqu'ring, therefore, still
I bow me to thy will!

Lord, unto thee I bow!
When death in thunder greets me as its prey,
When from my flowing veins life ebbs away,
My God I yield to thy decree!
Father, I pray to thee!



MAP OF THE REGIONS IN WHICH THE LOST TRIBES ORIGINALLY SETTLED.

THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

MANY writers, both in ancient and modern times, have contended that if the tribes of which we have been speaking are to be found, they must be sought for in the neighborhood of the Euphrates and Tigris, or the Caspian Sea. And common sense would seem to say, if you would find anything, look for it where it was lost. These regions, then, are without doubt those into which the Israelites were taken from their own country into captivity. Let us, however, endeavor to ascertain from the terms of Scripture, what those countries were into which they were borne. In 2 Kings xviii, 11, it is stated that the "king of Assyria did carry away Israel unto Assyria, and put them in Halah and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes."

From this passage we learn that these

tribes were formed into two colonies, and were carried captive into two distinct provinces. The first occupied the cities of Halah and Habor in Assyria. The other colony inhabited the cities of the Medes. What were their names the sacred historian does not inform us, and we have now no means of determining. Many ancient geographers, as Bochart, maintained that the river Gozan, from which the surrounding country derived its name, was afterward called the Cyrus, when the Persians subdued the province of Gozan, and that it is the same river as that which now goes by that name. Basnage thinks that the Scriptures do not expressly say that Gozan is a river. In this opinion Dr. Grant coincides. According to the former authority, Gozan is a city of Assyria, and one of those together with Habor and Halah into which the captive Israelites were carried; while Dr. Grant, on the other hand, considers it the name of a country, rich with pasture lands. Gozan, he thinks, is the same as Zozan, which signifies *pasture*, and is the name given by the Nestorians to all the high lands of Assyria, which afford pasturage for their numerous flocks. But Major Rennell, in his "Geography of Herodotus," has arrived at a different conclusion. He maintains that Gozan is the same river as the present Ozan, or Ouzan, and frequently called Kizzel Ozan, or the Golden River. (See Map.) This, with little doubt, is the truth of the matter; and somewhere on the banks of this river were situated the cities Halah and Habor, where, according to the book of Kings, one of the colonies of the Israelites was located. We are thus able, therefore, to identify pretty accurately the situation occupied by the ten tribes during the period of their captivity. It is also clear that they spread themselves over a large portion of the Chaldean provinces, in the course of a few years. Nor is there much ground for believing that they returned in any very great numbers to their native country; but settled themselves down, and continued for ages in the very same district into which they were at first deported. Indeed, Josephus informs us, that while many families returned with Ezra, a far larger number preferred their situation in a heathen land to settlement in Judea, to reach which must have cost them a long and dangerous journey.

If we are able to show, as it seems likely we shall be, that the ten tribes remained in the land of their captivity, and did not return; and then if we are further able to prove that they were in the same region in the first century of the Christian era, which was seven hundred years after they were carried away to Babylon; and if we can show that they were still in the same districts in the fifth century; then we shall have done much toward proving where they are at the present day. This hypothetical argument we conceive to be conclusive. Dr. Grant confidently asserts that he has found the antecedent facts, and he therefore triumphantly draws his conclusion.

It is abundantly proved that there were a multitude of Jews in these Chaldean provinces in the early part of the first century, from the statement in the Acts of the Apostles respecting those present at the preaching of Peter on the day of Pentecost, from Parthia, Media, and Mesopotamia. And these correspond with the regions in which the ten lost tribes were settled as captives. Moreover, Peter, the apostle of the circumcision, wrote his first epistle from Babylon, where he had a number of Jewish converts, for he speaks of them as sending their salutations to the Churches in the western parts of Asia. Without laying any special stress upon the mention of the "twelve tribes scattered abroad," to whom James addresses his epistle, evidence is not wanting to show that their representatives and descendants were recognized as existing in these districts.

Josephus, in his "Jewish Wars," is an additional witness; for he recites a speech of King Agrippa to the Jews, in which they are exhorted to submit to the Romans; and expostulates with them in these words: "What, do you stretch your hopes beyond the Euphrates? Do any of you think that your fellow-tribes will come to your aid out of *Adiabene?* Besides, if they would come, the Parthians will not permit them."

Adiabene was a small kingdom on the banks of the Tigris, and formed a part of the Parthian empire. The celebrated Helena, who has been claimed as an illustrious convert, both by Jews and Christians, was the wife of Monobazus, King of Adiabene. And the number and influence of the Jews in his kingdom may be infer-

red from the circumstance that Izates, the son of Monobazus and Helena, being circumcised by Eleazar, openly professed Judaism when he succeeded his father to the kingdom. And although much opposition was raised to the introduction of a new religion into the country, yet so great was his number of adherents, that he succeeded in establishing himself permanently on the throne. Helena, on the death of her husband and the accession of her son, retired to Jerusalem, and there built for herself a palace and a tomb. At the death of Izates, he was succeeded by his brother, Monobazus. He also persevered in his attachment to Judaism, and sent his children to Jerusalem to be instructed in its principles; and they were in the city when it was taken by Titus, by whom they were carried prisoners to Rome. These interesting facts seem to show that the Jews must, at this time, have been both numerous and influential in Parthia. And further, these Jews must have been mainly the posterity of those ten tribes who were carried away captive only a few centuries before.

Then again, on the testimony of Jerome, who flourished in the fifth century, we find traces of them once more; for he informs us that the descendants of these Jewish people were still in these parts. "Until this day," he says in his notes on Hosea, "the ten tribes are subject to the kings of the Persians, nor has their captivity ever been loosened." By which he means, that they were still in exile, though not in bondage. And again he says: "The ten tribes inhabit at this day the cities and mountains of the Medes."

Now as this Adiabene is inhabited by the Nestorian Christians, who number probably no less than 100,000 souls, while only a small remnant of Jews are to be found among them, Dr. Grant imagines that these Nestorians must be the descendants of the Jews who inhabited these regions in the fifth century, and still earlier in the first century, while still united as provinces to the Parthian empire; and hence, also, that they have sprung from the ten tribes who were carried originally into the same countries by their Assyrian conquerors.

We proceed now to put our readers in possession of the principal arguments employed by Dr. Grant, in support of his theory. The first is from the *language* spoken by the Nestorian Christians. With the exception of a trifling difference in dialect, it is the same as that spoken by the Jews of the same district. And what is more singular, it is *not* the vernacular language of the country. This is sufficient to prove that this people is not indigenous to the soil. The language spoken by these tribes, and the Jews who dwell in their vicinity, is a dialect of the Syriac, which plainly bespeaks their origin. Although these Nestorian Christians and the neighboring Jews must frequently meet from their contiguity, yet, like the Jews and the Samaritans of old, they hold no kind of social intercourse. A Nestorian will neither eat with, nor enter the house of a Jew. This kind of exclusiveness and religious antipathy is a sufficient refutation of any supposition that one party may have derived its language from the other. The Syrian dialect used by them identifies them at once, in the estimation of Dr. Grant, with Palestine, from the probability of this having been the language spoken by the ten tribes before their captivity. The proximity of Israel to Syria; the close alliance which, for a long period of their national history, existed between the kings of Israel and the kings of Syria; the frequent adoption, on the part of Israel, of the idolatrous practices of their allies; and above all, the forty years' servitude which they endured under Syria, would all aid them in the adoption of the Syrian tongue, especially as it differed so little from the Hebrew.

Another proof that they are but a continuation of the same stream as the ten tribes is derived by Dr. Grant from their calling themselves "Beni-Israel," sons of Israel. "Ask any intelligent Nestorian," says Dr. Grant, "for information relating to his ancestry, and he replies at once, 'We are sons of Israel.' But," he adds, "while they assert an inalienable right to this name, so significant of their Hebrew origin, still, as their specific character as Jews has merged into the one they now bear as Christians, and as their national character is in a manner lost in their long captivity, they now more commonly apply to themselves another name."

A third argument is derived from the *similarity of rites and customs* prevalent among the Nestorian tribes, to those in use among the Jews. Although these tribes have embraced the profession of

Christianity, yet they have preserved among them a number of customs alleged to be of Jewish derivation. It is not probable that *Gentile* Christians would have adopted Jewish ceremonies, especially under the existence of strong social and religious prejudices. Indeed, these religious rites constituted the *vexata quæstio* between the Jews and the Christians of the first century; and these religious differences would not be likely to diminish as time advanced. But it is a well-established fact, that the Jewish converts did retain many of their previous customs and ceremonial usages after they embraced the religion of Jesus Christ. Upon the supposition, therefore, that these Nestorian tribes were *Jews*, before their conversion to Christianity, we can well enough account for the continued prevalence of these Mosaic observances in connection with their Christianity. Those rites, however, which were antagonistic to the essence of the gospel—such, for instance, as sacrifice—as was the case with the early Jewish converts, they have discarded. But Dr. Grant does not seem to be sufficiently aware that most of the rites still in use among the Nestorians are not exclusively *Jewish*, but such as were common to the East. The special observances of the *Sabbath*, and the *Pascha*, celebrated by the emblem of the body and blood of Christ, must be cast out of the scale as evidence; for these are to be found, with more or less variation of form, among all Christians; though it is not contended that all Christians are on that account of the children of Israel after the flesh. The preparation of the Sabbath, commencing about three hours before sunset on Saturday, when all labor ceases, excepting what is indispensably necessary, together with the abstinence from swine's flesh, are evidently more peculiarly Jewish. Circumcision is not practiced among them; it having been, as they consider, superseded by Christian baptism. This departure from the practice of ancient Israel is sufficient, according to the notions of Sir George Rose, to exclude the Nestorian Christians from all claim of Israelitish descent, as no people can be entitled to future restoration to the promised land but such as have the seal of circumcision!

Another proof of the Israelitish origin of these Nestorian Christians is in their *physiognomy*, which is characteristically Jewish. We must warn our readers to receive this description of evidence with much caution, because it has been employed with an air of triumph by all parties, in their turn, to prove the same of the North American Indians, the Afghans, and Tartars. "When I look upon the Indians," exclaims William Penn, "I imagine myself in the Jewish quarter of London." M. Moria attempted to prove that there was a striking resemblance in the features of the Jews and the Lacedæmonians, and expressed his belief that the Danois are descended from the tribe of Dan. We mention this to show that little dependence is to be placed upon this kind of evidence, unless it were based upon a more scientific knowledge of physiological structure.

As the language, the rites and customs, and the appearance of these Assyrian tribes are Jewish, according to Dr. Grant, so also, the same authority contends, are their *names*. Some of these he specifies, *e. g.*, Abraham, Simeon, Zadoc, Absalom, Elias, Jonah, Solomon, Melchisedec, Gamaliel, &c. The Nestorians themselves seem to lay special claim to a descent from the tribe of Naphtali. The records on which they mainly rely for the evidence of this were lost, they relate, with a large quantity of other manuscripts, in conveying them across the Zab at high water, about sixty years ago.

The strongest argument in favor of the theory of Dr. Grant is that derived from the several links of connection existing between these captive tribes in Assyria and Media through the first and fifth centuries, and almost to our own times. If the present tribes are not the posterity of the Jewish converts in the first and fifth centuries, what has become of them? Did they emigrate to some newly-discovered California or Australia? If so, where did they go? Were they subdued and destroyed by some conqueror? If so, we have a right to demand when, and by whom? On these questions history is silent, where we might have imagined it would have been most declarative. The supposition, however, that the Nestorians are the descendants of the ancient Israelites relieves us of all difficulty, without laying any heavy tax upon our credulity. Nay, the chain of evidence is complete, since it is well known that the Jews of

that locality received the gospel in great numbers in the apostolic age, and the inhabitants of that same district are, as we have seen, Christians up to the present moment.

The arguments of Sir George Rose against the theory of Dr. Grant, lately published in a pamphlet by the honorable baronet, are puerile and even worse. It is amazing how the possession of certain high-flown conceits will blind the mind to all sound reasoning and common sense. "The fact," he says, "of the Nestorians having adopted Christianity, completely negatives the theory that they are the ten tribes. In the thirty-sixth chapter of Ezekiel, the prophet is informed, 'These bones are the *whole* house of Israel.' If the reanimation of all Israel is to be simultaneous, then it has certainly not yet taken place, and the ten tribes cannot have received Christianity." The baronet continues his quotations and interpretations of the prophet: "'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you.' Ezek. xxxvi, 25. This purification, evidently referring to baptism, is not to be performed until they have been restored to their promised land; whereas the Nestorians have preached baptism sixteen hundred or seventeen hundred years." Further, Sir George remarks: "Dr. Grant affirms that circumcision has been superseded among them by baptism; but no nation in which circumcision is not practiced can be recognized as qualified to claim its share in the future inheritance of Israel; it has renounced the title-deed of its ancestors to the inheritance of the land of promise."

A far more weighty authority against Dr. Grant exists in the person of Dr. Layard: "I cannot," he says, "trace the Hebrew descent which that gentleman (Dr. Grant) could discover in them, (the Yezidees,) as well as in almost every other sect in Assyria." Much respect and deference are unquestionably due to Dr. Layard on a subject of this kind, since he has spared no pains to acquire the amplest knowledge of the history, habits, and customs of this interesting people; still the weight of evidence on the opposite side is so great, that we are not justified in complete skepticism on the subject. Let it be granted that all the children of the captivity did not remain in these districts of Assyria; let us suppose also that some, and even many, of them did wander further east into India and China; let it even be granted that these tribes have intermarried with others not of Jewish extraction; still there may be enough of Israelitish blood in them to warrant us in calling them the descendants of Israel and the posterity of the children of the captivity. We are quite aware that this view of the case would not have accorded with the notions of Dr. Grant concerning Israel's future. For he believed them still to exist as a pure and unmixed race. We fully understand also that, in the estimation of such theorists as Sir George Rose and Mr. Forster, these opinions would appear in a light no less awful than impious; for in that case they would consider that the promises of God to Israel would never be fulfilled.

If, as we have seen, the authority of Dr. Layard goes against the supposition of the Jewish extraction of these Assyrian tribes, another, equally learned, is entirely in favour of it. If the Israelites can be supposed to retain to this day any distinct individuality of character, Major Rawlinson thinks that the Kalhurs, who have inhabited the region around Mount Zagros, have a claim to this distinction; and not unlikely preserve in their name the title Calah, (or Halah.) "They declare themselves," he says, "to have descended from Roham, or Nebuchadnezzar, the conqueror of the Jews. This may be an obscure tradition of their real origin. The Iliyat of this tribe now mostly profess Mohammedanism, but a part of them acknowledge themselves an off-set of the Kalhurs, and most of the other tribes of this neighborhood profess a religion made up of a singular amalgamation of Judaism with Sabæan, Christian, and Mohammedan fables." Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, when he visited this region in the twelfth century, says that he found no less than twenty-five thousand Jews. And "these Jews," he remarks, "have descended from those which were originally led into captivity by King Shalmaneser. They speak the Syriac language, and among them are many excellent scholars." Major Rawlinson conjectures, that in the time of Rabbi Benjamin the whole of these Kalhurs may have existed with their Jewish forms of religion very much less

corrupted than they are at the present day.

We have thus impartially stated the views of Dr. Grant. And while pointing out the weakness of some of his arguments, we have conscientiously maintained the strength of others.

We proceed to notice very briefly the last hypothesis to which we shall allude, which is this, that the ten tribes are completely lost by amalgamation with other tribes, making all inquiries after them idle and vain. Those who have maintained this view of the subject divide themselves into two classes. First, those who, with Prideaux, suppose that they have been lost among the surrounding *heathen* population; and second, those who regard the dissolution of these tribes as having taken place through intermarriages with the other *Jewish* tribes of Judah and Benjamin. Prideaux contends that the ten tribes of Israel, which had separated from the house of David, were brought to a full and utter destruction, and never afterward recovered themselves. And the manner in which he conceives this to have been effected was, through their falling into the idolatrous usages of the regions in which they were planted. And as they had been previously much addicted to this sin, they all the more readily fell into the snare, after they were removed from their own land. "And hence," he remarks, "they soon became absorbed among the heathen, and utterly lost their language, and were never afterward mentioned."

This theory has met with another advocate in Von Bohlen, who conceives that the ten tribes intermarried so freely with the surrounding population, that they became completely lost, and thereby, he thinks, the riddle is explained of their descendants never having been discovered. A sufficient refutation of these harsh opinions may be found in the frequent mention made by the apostles of the twelve tribes, among whom the ten must have been included. In their days, these ten tribes are referred to as a well-known people, and are clearly defined from the heathen. Compare James i, 1, and Acts xxvi, 7. And subsequently, as we have seen already, even down to the fifth century, they were known as being then in existence.

The second class of writers we have mentioned contend that all the tribes of Israel have so freely intermarried with each other, that no trace can ever be found of any individual tribe. It is a well-recognized fact, that the present race of Jews have lost all trace of tribal distinction. Soon after their restoration, these ancient marks and boundaries began to disappear. Indeed, after their return to Judea, the laws of their landed inheritance no longer necessitated the maintenance of separate tribes; and no difficulty was therefore in the way of their freely intermarrying from one tribe into another. The obliteration of these distinctions would consequently be natural, if not inevitable. "No modern Jews," says a learned writer in Dr. Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia, "know to what tribe they belong, although vanity always makes them choose to say that they are of the two or three, and not of the ten tribes. That all Jews now living have in them the blood of all the twelve tribes ought (it seems) to be believed, until some better reason than mere assertion is advanced against it."

This writer cherishes the belief, that a greater number of the ten tribes returned with the other two than some are disposed to allow. While, on the other hand, those writers who suppose that the twelve tribes are to be once more restored to Jerusalem, and to live under a theocracy or Christocracy there, are unwilling to allow that any of the ten returned to their own land with Ezra. Free permission was granted both by Cyrus, and afterward by Artaxerxes, to all in their realms to go to Jerusalem; for the proclamation of Cyrus was made "throughout all his kingdom," (Ezra i, 1,) and by Artaxerxes to all the people of Israel "in my realm." Yet we have no clear Scriptural authority for supposing that many of the ten tribes availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them. Indeed, we have no real authority or evidence to guide us on these questions; but are left to the mere probabilities of the case. And these will be strong or weak according to the prejudgments in the light of which they may be viewed. To arrive at absolute certainty is impossible.

We have now examined the principal theories which have been held respecting these mysterious tribes. None are entirely satisfactory in themselves, nor free from objection, though most of them seem to rest upon some substratum of truth. Perhaps this very circumstance may point

out to us a new method of seeking a solution of the difficulty; or a "new key," as Mr. Forster would call it, for explaining what has become of the lost tribes. We cannot, however, promise that it will, like his, unlock any prison door, that we may have a glimpse of them, where they are kept in safe custody, against the time when they are to be redeemed from their temporal bondage.

1. There seems some foundation in Scripture for the belief that a considerable amalgamation of tribes took place during the period of the captivity. For in the list of families given by Ezra, of those who accompanied Zerubbabel and himself from Assyria and Media to Jerusalem, it is impossible to say whether the persons mentioned belong to Judah or Israel. The fact that the tribal heads of these families are not stated, as is invariably the case in all Scripture lists, is sufficient evidence that their genealogy was already lost. Then, further, the more loose and indefinite use of the phrases Judah and Benjamin, and children of Israel, to be found in the book of Ezra, showed that they ceased to mark distinct nationalities. The first appears to be used to describe the more prominent actors; and the last to designate the *whole nation* collectively, including all the twelve tribes. "Israel," says the writer already referred to in Kitto's Cyclopædia, "is used to signify what we might call the laity, as opposed to the priests and Levites; which seem as though the writer were anxious to avoid asserting that all the families belonged to the two tribes." And again, in the book of Esther, the twelve tribes through all parts of the Persian empire are called, not the children of Judah, or of Israel, but *Jews;* which is a remarkable variation from the pre-captivity period. These facts may suffice to show that there must have been a melting together of these different tribes. Still, notwithstanding this fusion, a large number of aristocratic families, proud of their lineal ancestry, would doubtless remain. Indeed, the Talmudists assert that only the rabble portion of the people returned from the land of their captivity to Judea, while the best and noblest families remained in Babylon.

2. So there may be also a residuum of truth in the views entertained by those who consider this people absorbed and lost among the surrounding heathen population. The proneness of these Israelites to idolatry is well known and universally admitted. In their highest state of moral susceptibility for such evil influence, they were taken into the midst of an idolatrous people. Some of them, through the adoption of the worship of their rulers, would be led, eventually, to heathenish intermarriages; and others again, through conjugal unions, would be drawn into the practices of idolatry. And from the book of Ezra we know, that these unions with the heathen did extensively prevail even in Ezra's time; for at the close of his book we are furnished with a very long list of those persons who were compelled by him to put away their foreign wives, before permitting them to return to their own land. "All these," he says, "had taken strange wives; and some of them had wives by whom they had children." If there were such numbers among those who were about to return to Judea, that had taken wives from the heathen population around them, the presumption is, that a vastly greater number among those left behind had done the same, and that they lived with them until death parted them. With such facts as these before us, what can be said of the *purity* of the present race of the ten tribes, even supposing them still to exist? If the stream became vitiated so near its source, it was not at all likely to purify itself in its subsequent course.

From these data the conclusion is inevitable, that the distinction between the tribes must have been in a great measure lost during the captivity, even among those who returned under the leadership of Zerubbabel and Ezra. The precaution used by Ezra in separating the men from their strange wives, preserved those who returned from foreign admixture; while those who remained in the land of their captivity, became, to some extent, amalgamated with the surrounding population. How far this might have been the case, however, it is impossible to say,—probably, as facts would seem to teach us, not sufficiently for them to lose all those marks of individuality of physiognomy, customs, and religion, which would serve to distinguish them from the purely heathen stock.

3. The original situation in which the captive tribes were placed being known, and the partial admixture of these tribes with the surrounding population being sup-

posed, how far will such data accord with or explain the numerous facts which have been brought to light with respect to the people supposed to be their posterity? To begin with the Nestorian theory of Dr. Grant: there is everything in the description which that gentleman gives of these interesting people, that we might have imagined would have been developed naturally out of the conditions we have assumed, only modified by special circumstances. Out of Christianity, grafted upon a corrupted Judaism, and both further corrupted by worldly and superstitious influences, might naturally have grown, in the course of ages, the Nestorianism of the present day. So, again, out of the principles of Zoroaster, a corrupted Judaism and Christianity, together with the Mohammedan superstition by which they were surrounded, might have grown the Yezidees, or devil-worshipers, spoken of by Dr. Grant and Dr. Layard as being also descendants of the ten tribes. Thus the theory of Dr. Grant does not exclude the two previously mentioned. On the contrary, all that is really essential in Dr. Grant's, such as the locality of the tribes, and their present religious condition, seem to require them for its proper elucidation.

4. This combination of theories will harmonize also with all the essential facts brought to light by those writers who have sought to discover these lost tribes among the Afghans, the Tartars, the Chinese, and the North American Indians. We have in the course of our investigations found many references to migrations from the Assyrian and Median provinces, into India, China, Tartary, and even across Behring's Straits into America, although the latter reads rather chimerical. The other countries are not only within the bounds of probability, but they seem to rest upon sufficient evidence to warrant us in regarding the Israelitish extraction of some of these races as an established fact. The Afghans, as we have seen, have traditions among them still of their having come from these Assyrian districts. Similar traditions prevail among the Black Jews of Cochin China, who are believed by Dr. Buchanan and Mr. Forster to have descended from the tribes of Israel. The White Jews of the same country, according to their own account, departed from Jerusalem after the destruction of the second temple, in order to avoid the conqueror's wrath. The Black Jews are believed to have arrived in India long before the White Jews. "The Hindoo complexion," says Dr. Buchanan, "and the very imperfect resemblance to the European Jews, indicate that they have been detached from the parent stock in Judea many ages before the Jews in the west, and that there have been intermarriages with families not Israelitish." "The White Jews," the same writer adds, "look upon the Black Jews as an inferior race, and as not a *pure* caste; and this circumstance plainly demonstrates that they do not spring from a common stock in Judea." And upon further inquiry of them, says Dr. Buchanan, concerning the ten tribes, they said that it was commonly believed among themselves that the great body of the Israelites are to be found in Chaldea, and in the countries contiguous to it, being the very places whither they were first carried into captivity; that some few families had migrated into regions more remote, as China, and Rajapoor in India, and other places yet further to the east; but the bulk of the nation, though now much reduced in number, had not to this day removed two thousand miles from Samaria.

This narrative fully bears out the remarks we have offered, to the effect that there may be a portion of truth in all the theories which have been propounded, to a certain point, and that no one of them is true to the exclusion of the rest. We are borne out, then, by the foregoing facts, in coming to the following conclusions. First, that the Jews who returned from the captivity were, with some individual exceptions, a mixture of all the twelve tribes; secondly, that those who remained in the land of their captivity were not only an amalgamation of Jewish tribes, in which almost all distinctions were obliterated, but they had, to a considerable extent, become corrupted by heathen admixtures; thirdly, that the original stock of these Israelites still exists in the Chaldean provinces, represented by the Nestorians, the Yezidees, and some other tribes; and fourthly, that branches from this stock spread out into India, Tartary, and China, where their descendants are to be found among the Afghans, Black Jews, &c., who have preserved among them traditions of their Israelitish origin.

The force of these conclusions will be felt by all excepting those whose minds are

preoccupied with certain untenable theories respecting the restoration of Judah and Israel to the land of Palestine, and the reconstruction of their national polity under the son of David. There are two classes of prophecies which speak of a deliverance for Israel, and of their future. One class relates to the time when they should be led forth, freed from their Assyrian captivity, into Judea again. These predictions were actually fulfilled in the days of Ezra and Zerubbabel. The other class of prophecies refers to more distant times—to the days of the Messiah and the glorious events of his reign. Now we think that, in regard to this and other cognate subjects, sufficient discrimination is not displayed by those writers who so zealously advocate the restoration of the Jews to their native land, and the revival of their ancient national glory there. These two classes of prophecies are confounded the one with the other, as if they referred to one common object. The passages which speak of the restoration of Israel to their own country are improperly employed to prove and illustrate events which are still unrealized, though an intelligent examination of the context would almost invariably show the true object to which the prophet refers—whether to the nearer or to the more remote future.

With regard to those glowing predictions of the prophets which undoubtedly point to the times of the Messiah, it may be observed that instead of being minute and specific, they are general and shadowy in the forecastings. We do not deny that in some parts of the prophetic roll the writers make use of terms which, in their outward sense, would seem to convey the notion that such a literal restoration to Jerusalem as some are expecting is actually to take place. Other portions, however, parallel in meaning, declare that such will not be the case; but that those grand times will be characterized by what is spiritual rather than by what is external and ritual. Jer. xxxi, 31–34. The Jew must come to Christ as a *man*, and not as a Jew; for in Him "there is neither Jew nor Greek." Let us not, then, unwittingly help to deceive this people in their blind expectations of a coming Messiah; but let us rather tell them, that when "*it* (that is, the heart of the Jew) shall turn to the Lord, the vail shall be taken away."

[For the National Magazine.]

MAKING THE CHILDREN SOMETHING.

BY ALICE CARY.

"THIRD EVENING.

"TWO days having gone since I came here, and days so short I never saw, and yet they are not broken in upon by calls, or by dressing, or by going out, though Aunt Margaret says we shall go visiting a little and see some visitors, she hopes, when the harvest is past. I do not feel the need of any change yet; it will keep me busy for a month more to see all the things on the farm, and it will require longer than that to learn to keep house well, Aunt Margaret says. While it was yet dark in my room I heard such a crowing of roosters as I never heard before—it was like a band of music, almost, and especially when, as it grew lighter, a thousand birds in the trees and bushes about the yard began to shake their wings and to sing as if it did their hearts good. I cannot make you understand how sweet it was—I could not bear to lie in bed, and as soon as I could see to dress, arose, and throwing the window open wide, looked out: there was no dew on the grass, though yesterday morning it was all wet, and green paths went along the gray, wherever footsteps had been. One great white star stood away in the south, as it were right in the treetops; and where the sun was coming up lay a long bank of clouds, red as fire. No wind stirred the leaves, or the curtain of my window, and I could not smell the hayfields as I did yesterday. I heard dogs barking across the hills, and boys calling the cows, but mostly it was very still. While I stayed at the window I saw a young man walk along the turnpike road, with a brisk lively step, and an energetic swing of the arms, as though he had something very important to do, and was thus early astir to do it; as he passed by I saw it was the schoolmaster, and on telling Aunt Margaret about it, she said he walked so every morning—sometimes two or three miles—for his health's sake, and that he is thought a young man of great promise, and is educating himself to go as a missionary to some distant country. I thought about the young schoolgirl, and wondered if she would go with him.

"I put my room in nice order before I

left it to-day, which Aunt Margaret said was greatly better than coming down an hour after breakfast. I thought to be the first one up; but Maria and Peter were already gone to milk, the tea-kettle was steaming, and Aunt Margaret was spreading the table.

"Seeing nothing I could do, Aunt Margaret told me I might go out and feed the chickens, and she showed me how to make food for them by mixing corn-meal and water together. I had two quarts or more of it, which I scattered about the ground, calling the chickens to come; and I do believe two hundred of them came running from every direction: roosters, red and black and speckled, with tails shining like a peacock's; and hens of all colors—some old and having some of their feathers hanging loose; others with cunning brown eyes, and combs as red as roses, and looking plump and sleek, and well to do—these I take to be the young lady hens; and then there were faded prim-looking ones that kept apart and made no noise, and these I supposed to be the old maids; the lean ruffled ones, seeming cross and picking at other hens, I thought were the worn mothers of hungry broods, themselves giving all to their little ones. But the dear little chickens were prettiest of all—some yellow as gold, and some black as a crow, and others speckled—I could not tell which was the most cunning, all were so pretty. I caught one or two of them in my hands; but the mother hens, seeing me, flew right at my face, and I was glad to let them go. While I was feeding, Uncle Wentworth came along from his morning work at the barn, and I said to him I wished Albert was there to see the chickens and ride the horses, but that I supposed he was gone to Florence before that time to learn to paint. He asked me if Albert had any genius for painting; I told him I did not know, but that I was sure he liked horses better than pictures; and he then said money would not put genius into anybody—it must be born in them, and that a great thing could n't be got out of a man unless it was first in him. The minds of people, he said, were just as various as their bodies, and we could not greatly change the form of the face, nor could we any more of the mind. It seemed to me worth thinking about, but perhaps you will not agree with me.

"While we were talking Cliff joined us, having in his hand a small basket full of eggs—all fresh and white: he said he would show me where the nests are, that I may gather them to-morrow myself. He is very handsome, but I do n't believe he gave me the berries. I went this afternoon to the meadow where he was at work to see if I could find any—I thought, perhaps, he would think I came to see him, and so I kept on the other side of the field. Uncle Wentworth came and showed me where there were plenty of berries, and I soon filled the little basin I had quite full. I then thought I would sit a little while in the shade of a walnut-tree that grew in the meadow, and see them make hay, for there were a dozen of men in the field, some mowing, and some pitching, and some raking, and others loading and hauling it into the barn. All worked as fast as they could, for uncle said it would rain—black clouds were flying about the sky, and now and then a gust of wind swept through the corn-field, making a solemn sort of noise, and away in the orchard I could hear the apples falling from the early trees, as they call the harvest-apple trees. The horses were almost covered up with the great load of hay as they drew it toward the barn—two or three men followed, the others remaining to work in the field, for the clouds grew blacker and began to close together. It was not near the house, yet I thought I could run home when the sprinkling began, and sat still. I could see the schoolhouse across the field, and see the children when they came out to play—up and down the woods they ran, talking and laughing so loud that I could sometimes hear what they said. I noticed the young girl that rode the little way with us—I knew her by the blue bonnet, and the quiet, melancholy way she had; for she did not join in the playing nor the talking, but went apart, picking flowers. I left my berries and crossed the meadow, and joined her in the woods, intending to ask her to come and see me at Uncle Wentworth's; but we were scarcely seated on a mossy log together, when the rain came dashing down in a perfect torrent, so that I was forced to go with her into the schoolhouse for shelter. The master made me welcome very politely, and said the rain, so unfortunate to the haymakers, had been to him fortunate, and other pleasant things which I do not remember. The name of the

young girl I learned is Mary Bell, and the master's name is Hillburn. I noticed that Mary kept the flowers she had gathered in her hand, and I could not help thinking she would gladly have given them to the master, but she did not, and presently seeing that she was picking them to pieces I took them out of her hands, and the master coming that way shortly after admired one of them very much, and on my giving it to him he set it in his buttonhole and wore it while I stayed, which was not long, for the storm was soon past, the heavy wind seeming to drive away the clouds. The trees swung their tops together, and we heard the fall of some dead limbs in the woods, which made me a little afraid. The master told me there was no danger—that the trees near the schoolhouse were too sound to break, and that the wind was not strong enough to uproot them. Mary, who sat by me, was trembling with fright, and her pale cheek was paler than ever, but he spoke never a word to her about her fear or anything else. She is a sweet, modest girl, and I could not help putting my arm around her and kissing her when I came away. The schoolmaster is very pretty, having black curls along his smooth forehead and large black eyes. His smile is sweet, and his manner for the most part that of one whose thoughts are introverted upon himself. He is quiet, but I should think not easily turned aside from a purpose when once fixed. As I said, he spoke most politely to me; nevertheless I could not feel as though he thought of me even while he was speaking—I wish I had not seen him—I can't get the picture of his sad sweet face out of my mind—if he is happy it is a happiness so subdued that I cannot understand it.

"Whether my going into the schoolhouse was a fortunate thing for the master or not, it certainly was to the children, for I was never so much looked at in my life—not one of them could see a book while I stayed; some of them, indeed, held their books before their faces, but their eyes were fixed on me—and so many bright eyes I never saw—I think they would light the house at night without any candle. The little schoolhouse stands right on the edge of a green maple woods, and as I walked through them on my return home, I could not help building a little cottage there in my mind, and of putting Mary and the schoolmaster in it. Why I should have joined them together from the first I do n't know; but I did.

"The rain did not last half-an-hour, when the clouds broke apart and the sun shone again, hot as ever. Crossing on the green swathes of hay to the tree where I had left my berries, I found the basin heaped full with finer ones than I had gathered. I asked Uncle Wentworth if he did it, but he said no, and told me to inquire if Cliff knew anything about it. Just then I saw him drop his scythe and lift up one hand, from which the blood was streaming; and putting down my berries, I ran to him and found that he had cut two of his fingers badly: he said it was nothing, and would have gone to work again, but I bound up the hand with my handkerchief, (it was not a lace one,) and ran and told Uncle Wentworth how bad it was; he laughed, and said it was a trick of Cliff's done for the sake of being allowed to go to the house and stay with me; Cliff grew angry at this and threw himself down in the shade of the tree where my berries were. He had been out in all the rain, and his clothes were wringing wet, and I thought he might get his death-cold—so I coaxed him to go to the house with me, for I would not have left anybody lying alone on the wet grass if I could have helped it. The mowers laughed out aloud when they saw us, and one of them said he thought Cliff more of a man. I told Cliff I did not hear what he said, and I did not care either, and that I supposed if one of his hands was cut off he would be glad to leave working. Cliff turned his head away, and I am sure there were tears in his eyes; poor Cliff!—it was heathenish in the mowers to laugh; I hope Uncle Wentworth did not give them one drop of whisky the whole afternoon. I think it strange if one person cuts off a hand, and another person ties it up, that other persons must laugh. Aunt Margaret said he must not go to the field any more that day—and she called him an unfortunate boy; but he is not a boy—he is, he will be twenty-one years old next year, and I am sure that is old enough. She gave him the new shirt that I helped to make; I dressed the hand myself; I knew just how it was, and could do it best; Maria, who stood by, had to say that Master Cliff's hand did n't look much like Miss Annie's; I told her I wished she would go back to her work, and mind her

work; but she did not, and Cliff said, 'No, Maria, my hands look more like yours;' and he put his head down on his arm and kept it there a good while. If he thought I hated him because the sun had made his hands a little brown, he thought what was not the truth, and I wanted to tell him so, but I could not say it—and so I turned back my sleeves and began to scour knives to show him I was not afraid of my hands, and tried to make him forget the mowers and Maria too, by telling him about my visit to the schoolhouse. He smiled directly, and asked me if I thought Mr. Hillburn was handsome? I said yes; upon which he told me that he and Mary Bell were thought to like each other very much. I told him the master had worn my flower, at any rate; but still he would not give it up but that he liked Mary better than any one else.

"When I came back, after a short absence from the room, I found Cliff looking at the stitching in the wristbands of his new shirt. I asked him if he liked it, for the sake of saying something, and he replied that he liked anything I did—he is so kind, you would like him, I know. I read for him some amusing stories I found in the paper; but the night seemed to come in a minute; so I left the reading to assist about the supper, for I don't want Cliff, nor any of them, to think me lazy. Maria could not get water enough to fill the tea-kettle out of the well to-night, it has been dry so long; the springs are shrinking away. Peter took a bucket, and I went with him to a spring at the foot of the orchard hill, which, he said, was never known to be dry in his time. The water breaks right out of a bank in a clear, cold stream as big as my arm, and falls into a shallow well, about which is a pavement of flat stones, and running over this, it flows along the hollow in a stream half a foot deep in places. If the drought continues, Peter said, the cattle will all have to be brought there to drink, for there is no other such spring on the farm. Flags and broad-leaved grass grow along the sides of the run, and two or three brown birds, having very long legs, flew up before us, and one rabbit started from its hiding-place, and ran so fast I could not see what it looked like. Uncle said at supper time, the rain had not done any good at all; that the ground was not wet to the depth of an inch, and that the corn-leaves are all curling together for the want of it. Cliff looked pale and did not eat much, nor say much. I am afraid the wound is going to make him sick; even Aunt Margaret, who is so good and kind, does not seem so much alarmed as I should think she would be. When the meal was concluded, Uncle Wentworth sent Cliff about the farm to see if there was water enough for the cattle; I wanted to go with him—I thought it would be a good opportunity for me to see all the farm; but no one asked me to go, so I left Maria to do her own work, and came to my room to write to my dear parents. The sun is gone down behind the trees, and all the western sky is golden and orange, shaded with black—one star stands out, clear and beautiful, but I can see to write by the daylight yet. Aunt Margaret says I must be up at four o'clock in the morning and help to churn, and if the day bids fair she will have something to tell me. I wonder what it can be. There is Cliff, standing under my window, with his hands full of scarlet and blue flowers—he says I may have them, but he can't throw them up to the window, so I must go down.

"FIFTH EVENING.

"When I dropped my pen the third evening, it was with the intention of taking it up in a few minutes; but Cliff seemed so lonesome, I thought it my duty to stay with him. I told him I would walk with him another time, upon which he said it was not then too late; so we strolled together into the high road, and turned down the way I had come from the city. We could hear voices across the hills at the houses of the neighbors; some, indeed, were just calling the cows home—could hear the tinkling of bells, and sometimes the chirp of a bird, and that was all. Cliff told me about his college days, and how much he had tried to like study as well as did his older brother, but that he would always rather plow an acre than commit a Latin lesson, and that after he had obtained a certain amount of knowledge, it seemed to him that he was losing time, and that for the future he could better learn by experience as he went along than by books alone. His idea of happiness, he says, is in fifty acres of ground, containing woods, and orchards, and springs of water, and being nicely stocked with cattle, and horses, and sheep; having on

it all the best implements of husbandry, a good little house full of everything to make comfort. But what that everything would be, Cliff did n't say. I cannot repeat half so well as he said it; but if you heard him, you would be convinced that a farmer's life is the happiest one in the world.

"We were standing on the stone bridge and talking, when we heard some one singing the sweetest and saddest song I ever heard; and looking about, we saw Mary Bell sitting beneath a walnut-tree, a little distance down the hollow. She did not see us—and with one hand pushed partly under her hair, and her blue bonnet on her knees, she was singing to herself. The water from the spring at Uncle Wentworth's made a pleasant sound, as it ran a little way from her, and blue and white violets were thick all along the bank; but she had not gathered any of them, and did not seem to see them. A strip of bark was peeled from the top to the very bottom of the tree against which she leaned, and the wood was cracked apart, in some places wide enough for me to have slipped my hand in the body of the tree. It is very tall, and has been struck with lightning, Cliff says, two or three times. We called Mary—and tying on her hood, she presently joined us; and turning into the long green shady lane, which I noticed when I first passed by, we walked up and up; Cliff quite forgetting his hand, and talking and laughing gaily all the time. But no matter what Cliff does, it seems the properest and most becoming thing in the world, and I wish he would keep on; but when he turns to something else, it seems better still. I never saw anybody like him—he could not do anything that he would not make graceful.

"Mary smiled now and then, for no one could help sharing somewhat in the merriment of Cliff; but she did not once laugh outright, and often seemed not to hear what we said. We had gone a mile, perhaps, without passing a house, or seeing anybody; now and then we met some cows feeding along the roadside; but it was quite dark, the working was done, and only we seemed out for pleasure, when we came in view of a large red house standing near the roadside. All was still about it, for the country people go to bed very early; but in one of the chambers next the road a light was burning, and seated by the open window, with his book before him, was the schoolmaster. Cliff called him to come out; and putting down his book as quietly as though our visit were just what he expected, he came out; but when we asked him to walk with us, excused himself by saying his studies would not admit of it. Cliff would not hear of it, and told him, laughingly, that he might never have another opportunity of walking with us all; and after some further pleasant urging, he finally came along; and, don't you think, most provokingly offered his arm to me. I was so vexed I did n't hear what he said; but try all I could, I could not invent any way by which I could amend matters. Coming to a mossy log, Cliff said we would sit down, and came to me to get the bandage tightened on his hand, and when that was done he sat by me; and when we went forward again, he slipped my arm through his, leaving Mr. Hillburn to walk with Mary. I heard him tell her that he had fixed the day of his departure from the neighborhood, and that that walk would probably be the last they should ever take together. I did not hear what Mary said, her tones were so low and tremulous; and presently we fell further apart, and soon lost sight of them altogether.

"When we gained the stone-bridge again we met the schoolmaster returning home with a brisk step. He had taken Mary home, and was thus soon returning to his, so it cannot be he loves her. The moon was coming up when we reached the house, and so bright and beautiful it looked, that we sat on the porch a little while to watch it; but Aunt Margaret came to the door pretty soon, and told me it was ten o'clock, and she feared I would not be up in time for the churning in the morning.

"I was not sleepy, nevertheless I went to bed, though for hours I lay wide awake, thinking of a great many things that would not interest you, if I should write them. The clock struck twelve, and I was listening to hear it strike one, the last I remember.

"It was not quite light when I awoke. I heard Maria singing a hymn at the kitchen door, and hastened to dress and join her. The cream was in the churn, and with right good-will I set to work; and when Aunt Margaret came, I had taken up six pounds of hard yellow butter. After breakfast, which Maria had ready

in a twinkling, Aunt Margaret asked me if I could ride on horse-back, and said inasmuch as Cliff could not work that day, she had fixed in her mind a little visit for us to her brother's house, six miles away. I was pleased with the thought of riding; and Cliff said he knew I could manage a horse without trouble; so it was soon arranged that we should go. Aunt Margaret's side-saddle was brought from the garret, looking as bright and nice as new; and a beautiful little black mare, that uncle said was as gentle as a lamb, was bridled and saddled; and a dark gray, with fine limbs and little sharp ears, was placed beside her for Cliff.

"'O what shall I wear?' I said, when I thought of it, for I had no riding-dress nor hat. But Aunt Margaret, who has always some provision, found for me an old black skirt of her's, and Uncle Wentworth said I might have his hat, if I wanted it. I said I would take Cliff's cap—at which they all laughed very much; but when I had tied my green vail on it, they agreed that it became me charmingly; and having taken charge of many messages, we mounted and rode away. I felt strange, and a little afraid at first, but we went slow till I got more courage. I managed my mare admirably Cliff said, and he ought to be a judge, having been used to horses all his life.

"We soon left the turnpike-road, and turned aside into a road much less traveled, narrow and crooked, and running for the most part through the woods. The day was hot, not a leaf stirring nor a bird singing in the trees—we could see no clouds, and the parched and dusty grass made us look for them often. We rode slowly, partly for the sake of talking, and partly because I was not used to riding; so it was not far from noon when we turned the heads of our horses into a lane almost overgrown with grass, and having thistles and briers along the fences. It seemed a lonesome place, and I should have felt homesick but for Cliff, who had never been more merry than on that day. I asked whether the aunt we were going to visit was like his mother; and then it was that I first learned the aunt, whose house we were going to, had been dead many years, and that his uncle was a man over fifty years old, with whom two grandchildren lived, and that the woman who kept house for him was a widow, and named Mickmick; 'and I think,' said Cliff, 'she would not be averse to becoming my aunt.' As we talked we came to the barn, which stood on the side of the lane opposite the house, and a hundred yards from it, perhaps. The doors were open wide, and looking in, we saw two young girls there spinning wool—they stopped their wheels when they saw us, and stood still bashfully, for it is not often, I suspect, they see visitors. We dismounted by a great block near the gate, and took our way down a narrow path toward the house. Stepping-stones were laid along, but the path was not regularly paved. The dwelling stood on a little eminence sloping either way, and on one side was the garden where we saw bean-vines in abundance, with hollyhocks and sunflowers growing among them. Quite a hedge of herbs grew along the paling fence, and underneath them a great many hens and chickens were wallowing in the dust. I think they knew we were strangers, for they cackled and ran fluttering away like wildfire. The house is built partly of brick and partly of hewn logs, and is quite overgrown with moss and with creepers.

"In the hollow opposite the garden, and beyond the house, stands an old mill, moss-grown too, and the day of our visit it was making a lively click. We rapped again and again, but our summons was not answered: so we went in; the door stood open, and Cliff said I might sit down, and he would see if he could not find Uncle John—that he was somewhere about, he knew, inasmuch as the mill was going. Mrs. Mickmick was seated on the porch next the mill, and hearing our voices, came in with no very amiable manner. Thieves might break in and steal the silver spoons, she said, for anything she knew—not a man about the house to tend to things—she did n't know as she need to care if everything was burnt up; and yet she was such a fool, she could not help but care. She told Cliff he could put his horses in the stable, if he had not got too big to wait on himself in consequence of keeping tip-top company, and she glanced at me as though she could not determine what I was. Finally, she said she would ask me to take off my bonnet, if I had one on; but as I had not, I might do as I pleased.

"Having inquired of Cliff if his mother was well, she said she should think she

had enough to do without waiting on townfolks; and on being told that I was come to learn to work, she replied that the room of some folks was as good as their company. I did not like Mrs. Mickmick; she is tall and dark, and I should think had not smiled for many years. Her frock and cap were in the fashion of half a century ago, and she seemed vexed that mine was not so too. She wore no stockings, and her shoes were very coarse, and her bony hands were the color of Maria's, from having been dying wool.

"'Where is Uncle John?' asked Cliff. 'How should I know?' she replied; 'but if he is not deaf and dumb, I'll make him hear;' and taking down a tin horn that hung beside the door, she puffed her withered cheeks quite round in blowing on it. 'There!' she said, after tooting for five minutes; 'if John Gilbraeth do n't hear that, it's because of the gabble of old widow Wakely.'

"Uncle John did hear it, however, and stepping out to the door of the mill, asked what was wanting; but Mrs. Mickmick told him sourly to come and see; upon which he came slowly forward, looking both ashamed and afraid, I thought, and more like a boy about to be whipped, than a man in the midst of his own possessions. 'There's your nephew in the house,' she said, when he came near, 'and a girl from town—it's them that want to see you, and not me, I'm sure—little do I care how long you stay in the mill talking to old widow Wakely.' Uncle John shied as though fearful she would scratch his eyes out, and coming in shook hands with us very cordially, and sitting down, asked Mrs. Mickmick why she had not called the girls? 'Because,' she said, 'the girls had no time to entertain visitors—if we had come to see the girls we could go where the girls were—as long as she had any authority about that house she was not going to have the spinning stop for every town flirt that did n't know how to wash her own hands.'

"Cliff said, very provokingly, that he would go to the mill and find Mrs. Wakely—that she was a good-natured and loveable woman; and without more ado he left us and went to the mill, sure enough. Uncle John and I now went to the barn together, where the young ladies were still at their spinning. Sweet, modest girls they are, and as pretty as I have seen in a long time. Uncle told them to put by their wheels, and employ the day as they chose, and with radiant faces they hastened to obey, and having reeled up their yarn, we all went to the house together. The grand-daughters were soon clad in holiday dresses, and with slippers which they had probably not worn till then, except to church. Mrs. Mickmick lifted up her hands in horror, and ordered the girls to go straight to the chamber and strip off their Sunday frocks, and go back to their spinning again. At this instant Mrs. Wakely, a tidy, nice-looking little woman, appeared at the door, having come as she said to see me; and Mrs. Mickmick, thinking it a good time, doubtless, to show her authority, repeated her order, and said, 'if John Gilbraeth did n't see fit to make them girls mind her, he might find another housekeeper as soon as he chose, that was all.' The youngest grandchild, whose name is Dolly, with the tears in her blue eyes, went close to Mrs. Wakely, and putting one arm around her neck, said, 'Won't you come and be housekeeper?'

"'Why,' said Mrs. Wakely, looking at Uncle John, 'that depends on what your grandfather says.'

"'Well, then,' says he, shying away from Mrs. Mickmick, 'I say, Come.'

"Cliff threw up his hands and shouted. I felt delighted; the girls laughed and cried together; and Mrs. Mickmick, slinging a sun-bonnet on her head, flew across the fields like a mad woman, to tell the scandal to the nearest gossip she could find.

"Just then, Squire Wedman rode past the house toward the mill, and Cliff called him in, and by virtue of his authority Uncle John and the widow Wakely were made one and inseparable. I rejoiced that so speedy a termination was made, for I knew if Mrs. Mickmick once got her bony hands on Uncle John, he would never be free again.

"A happy day we had, though the beginning was inauspicious enough. The widow said she was not dressed just as she would like to have been, but it did not make much difference, and turning back her sleeves, she fell to work as readily as though it had always been her own house. We—girls and Cliff—went to the woods, and brought home green boughs and flowering twigs, with which we filled the fire-

place and ornamented the wall; and when the table was spread with the extra china and plate, the girls said they had never seen the house half so cheerful and pretty in their lives. Mrs. Wakely seems a famous cook, and as fond of the children, as she calls them, as if they were her own. She cut the pattern of my sleeve, and says she will go to town and buy them dresses like mine with her own money, and that they shall not be tied to the spinning-wheel in the barn all the time—it must not be all work nor all play, she said, but a wholesome mixture of the two.

"The ride home seemed very short, so engaged were we in talking of the new turn affairs had taken. The widow Mickmick, Cliff told me, had been his Uncle John's housekeeper for seven years, and that she had appeared to him to be mad all the time because his uncle did not marry her—'and I believe in my heart,' he said, 'uncle would have done so some time or other, but for the accidental combination of circumstances to-day.' Uncle John had seemed to me to grow taller and larger, and more of a man, the moment Mrs. Mickmick was out of the house; and Mrs. Wakely was so sweet and motherly to the girls, that I loved her from the first: it is a happy change for them, I am sure; two or three visits were planned, and one day was set apart to go to town before we came away; so they will not be left to spin barefoot in the barn, all the time, I am sure. They walked to the end of the lane with us to drive the cows home from the meadow; as we rode away and after we were out of sight of them, we could hear them laughing. They are to visit us in a week or two, and their new grandma with them.

"It was after sunset, but not yet dark, when we got home. Aunt Margaret sat on the porch looking for us, and beside her a grave, handsome young man, whom she introduced as her son Joshua. He has the manner and look of a city-bred man, is taller than Cliff—whom he does not much resemble in any way. I suppose most folks would think him finer-looking, but I don't. Cliff seemed to lose all his merriment when he saw his handsome and finely-dressed brother, and said to me, aside, that if Joshua had anything to do in town, he might as well stay there and do it.

"Aunt Margaret told us that we were all invited to drink tea at Mrs. Bell's the next afternoon.

"While we were talking, Cliff complained of his hand, which he said had not been so painful all the day past, and asked if he dare trouble me to make another application of the balsam with which it had been dressed.

"I told him it was not any trouble, and I am sure it was not. I would be very hard-hearted if I could refuse to do so small a favor as that. I found it so neatly bandaged that I thought it were best not disturbed till morning; but when I said so Cliff replied pettishly, that he would do it himself, and not any longer keep me away from the very profitable conversation of the great Joshua. I can't think what made him so pouty. I never saw him so before.

"I was tired and went early to my room, with the intention of writing on my journal, but I kept thinking of Cliff, and of what he said to me, and could not write at all.

"This morning I was up and milked a cow before breakfast; to be sure Maria milked three while I was milking one, but I shall keep trying till I learn to work as well as she. Cliff says the most useful and active life is the happiest, and I think so too. Good words, he says, are good as far as they go, but they are less than good works. He could not go to the field to work, and so he and I weeded the garden beds. Joshua came into the garden, and picked and ate some currants, but he did not offer to help us work. Cliff told him the sun was burning his face red as fire, which seemed to alarm him, for he presently returned to the shade of the porch, at which Cliff made himself merry. Aunt Margaret called me directly, upon which Cliff said he expected she wanted me to listen to the edifying conversation of his wonderful brother, and that he could not pretend to outweigh such an attraction; but when I told him I would rather weed the garden all day with him to help me, than do nothing with Joshua to help me, he gathered and gave me a cluster of ripe red currants, and said he was not worth my thinking of him, and that his brother Joshua was a great deal wiser and better than he was. Poor dear Cliff! I don't believe anybody is better than he is. Aunt Margaret wanted me to

find her some fresh eggs, so I must needs ask Cliff to show me the nests; it seems to happen so that we are together a great deal. We had no sooner opened the barn door, than away ran a hen from a pile of fresh straw, cackling so loud that she got one or two roosters to cackling with her, and peeping into the strawheap, there was a nest full of white warm eggs; we took out nine, leaving one, which Cliff called the nest egg, and returned, to the surprise of Aunt Margaret, who had not expected us so soon. She gave me a bowl and told me to break six of the eggs and beat them well; and when I seated myself on the porch with the bowl in my lap, Joshua brought his chair near me and began to talk; and seeing him, Cliff said, a little spitefully, I thought, that he would go to the field, and rake hay—he guessed he could do a little good with one hand.

"I had the eggs soon ready, and Aunt Margaret, measuring some sugar and flour, baked the nicest pound-cake you ever saw—it was not like those we buy at home at all. We had spring chickens and an apple pudding for dinner, the latter eaten with a sauce of cream. I wish you were both here for a week—I think you would feel like new-made butterflies—I do; I have thrown away my corsets, and for two days have not tried to make my hair curl. Uncle Wentworth says, if it is not the nature of it, it will only make it dry and harsh to twist it into curl. At three o'clock Aunt Margaret and I were ready—that is the fashionable hour of visiting in the country—and Aunt Margaret wrapped the cake in a napkin and carried it with her: not but that Mrs. Bell would have everything enough and to spare, she said; but that her pound-cakes were a little better than most folks made, if she did say it herself. I forgot to tell you in its proper place, that I carried home from Uncle John's a half a peck of apples, tied in a handkerchief, and hung on the horn of my saddle, and that Cliff carried half-a-dozen potatoes in his pocket—enough for us to taste, Uncle John said. Aunt Margaret wore her new cap and a nicely washed and ironed dress of small brown and white checks, a white silk shawl on her neck, and a close-fitting gray bonnet. I wore the pink gingham with the plain skirt; I did not like to wear ruffles, because I knew Mary Bell would not have them. I was careful to be tidy; but with a rose in my plain hair I looked quite stylish enough, Aunt Margaret said.

We went through the gate by the stone bridge, and along the path by the run, round the base of the hill, and were there. Mrs. Bell and Mary were at the door looking for us. The house where they live is very small, having only two rooms, and they made of logs—but whitewashed within and without, and looking very comfortable. Green boughs ornamented the wall and filled the fire-place; some pots of pretty flowers were in the windows, and on the bed was a red and white patchwork quilt. Over the door was a porch roofed with green boughs, and a dozen yards or more from the house was a baking oven over which a shed was built, and against which a fire was burning—for it is here that Mrs. Bell does her cooking in the summer.

"We took sewing work with us, and all sat on the shady porch together, and worked till sunset, when our hostess set about preparing the tea-table. Mary was joyous and full of life during the afternoon, but her spirits flagged when it was time for the schoolmaster to come and he came not. I too was disappointed, seeing that Joshua came alone.

"The table was kept waiting till nearly dark, and Mary and I walked out to the bridge, and looked down the lane—in vain—we saw no Mr. Hillburn. We saw Cliff bringing the cattle to the spring; he waved his straw hat to us, but shook his head to indicate that he was not coming: so we went sorrowfully back. I had little appetite for all the excellences spread before us; and Mary could not eat at all, even of Aunt Margaret's cake. Joshua tried to entertain us, but we could not make right answers to what he said.

"Mary walked with us to the gate on our return home; and when she turned back alone, I could not keep the tears from my eyes. She is melancholy, and most of the time muses silently, and I think it is the master she is thinking about. Everywhere the talk is that he is to go away shortly, and whenever Mary hears it I can see that it gives her pain. The grass is withered and the cornblades have lost much of the brightness which they had a few days ago; the blue bells of the morning glories scarcely come out at all; everything is suffering for the want of

rain. It is so close in my room I can scarcely breathe. The dust is settled all over the rose-bushes, and uncle is afraid his good spring will dry pretty soon. I did not see Cliff when we came home. I can't think where he is. It grows late, and I will stop writing for this time. The lightning runs along the sky all the time, yet there are no clouds.

"SEVENTH EVENING.

"When I laid down my pen the fifth evening, I expected to resume it the sixth; but how short-sighted we are at the best. The day following our visit to Mrs. Bell's was still and sultry; one black cloud lay low in the west, and that was all—we sat on the porch with fans nearly all the day, wishing and wishing for rain. I have no recollection of the day except a sense of suffering and a looking for clouds. We could see the men in the field wiping their faces often and looking at the sky, and great clouds of dust going after the teams, as one after another went along. About four o'clock a sudden breeze sprung up, turning the leaves of all the trees wrong-side up, and filling all the air with dust; then came a distant growl of thunder, then another louder and rattling up the sky, with clouds, black as midnight, behind it. The shutters blew round, striking violently together, troops of swallows came hurrying home to the barn, and shortly after, the cattle, running one after another, some of them bellowing, others pawing the dust, or turning their foreheads up to the fast-blackening sky. I was afraid, as the wind tore down the vines from the porch, and a flash of lightning, that almost struck us blind, was followed by such a clap of thunder as I never heard. The rain now came plashing down, sending the smoking dust up at first, and in a moment driving furiously against us, and forcing us into the house. We heard the limbs of the trees cracking and falling, and then the men from the field came running in. I hurried to Cliff, and held fast his hand, and would not let him go away, I was so much afraid he would be killed. He told me not to fear—that the greatest danger was past—but that he believed the lightning had struck somewhere near by. He had no more than said this, when Mr. Peters, the neighbor who lives nearest to Uncle Wentworth, came to the door, the water dripping from his hair, his clothes completely drenched, and his lip trembling: 'Mrs. Wentworth,' he said, 'I want you to get ready as quick as you can and go with me to Mrs. Bell's—poor Mary has been killed with lightning;' and when he had said so, he hid his face in his good honest hands for a minute before he could tell any more. Presently he told us that as he was crossing the stone bridge, on his way home from town, he heard his dog, that always went with him, howl, and turning his head, saw him with his fore paws lifted on the gate, and saw at the same time a woman lying beneath the tall walnut-tree. He hurried to her, and there found it to be Mary. 'I carried her in my arms,' he said, 'to her mother's house, and she lies there on the bed—poor Mary!' And through the driving rain Aunt Margaret and Joshua went together to the house of death. We were stunned speechless, almost; and sat all together—Maria and Peter and all—till late at night. Cliff held close my trembling hand, and I am sure we felt the worthlessness of everything in comparison with love.

"To-day was the funeral. Joshua, who had known Mary from a baby, spoke an hour in such a sweet, comforting way, that even Mary's mother was still to hear him. I felt, as I heard him, that he was a good man, and that his hopes were, indeed, anchored beyond this life. I determined then more than I ever had to live a good life, and to grow in grace as much as I can. Mr. Hillburn sat close by the coffin with Mrs. Bell, and his suffering seemed greater than he could bear. Over Mary's bosom lay beautiful flowers, and when he had looked at her and kissed her, he took up one of them with one hand, and struck his bosom with the other, as though in some way he blamed himself. All the school-children walked behind their mate, holding each other's hands tightly, and seeming to be afraid.

"When the grave-mound was heaped smooth, Mr. Hillburn, who had all the time been with Mary's mother, walked with her to her lonesome home. An hour ago Joshua was sent for, and he has not yet come home. I cannot make it seem that sweet Mary Bell is dead! Where is her home, and what are her thoughts now? Surely she needed but little change to become an angel. Life is a great, a solemn thing, and the idler must render an account of his idleness.

"Cliff has just come to my door, and asked me to come down stairs—he is so lonesome, he says. So for to-night, good-by.

"EIGHTH EVENING.

"I ASKED Cliff what he would do when I was gone, and he replied I must never go away—the house was big enough for us all, and I would never find any one to love me better than he did.

"The sun is not yet set; I came early to write you, that I might have the twilight to walk in the yard with Cliff, who is impatient at a minute's absence—he is the best young man in the world.

"Aunt Margaret told me to-day that Mr. Hillburn told Joshua last night the story of his life, and that it is indeed true he loved Mary Bell, but that he was predetermined to become a missionary, and for the more effectual taking of the cross, to leave behind him all he loved. It appears, she says, he designed it as some atonement for what he considers as sin of early life. He loved books, and was of a serious and thoughtful turn of mind always; but his father, contrary to his wishes, apprenticed him to a blacksmith, from whom he ran away, and by dint of industry and perseverance succeeded in finally educating himself. But when he thought to return home in triumph, he found his bright anticipations turned into the bitterest sorrow—his parents had died in extreme poverty, crushed to the earth by what they esteemed the ingratitude and worthlessness of their son. Penitent, and broken-hearted almost, he resolved to consecrate his life to some good work; and with the view of enabling himself to prosecute his studies for the ministry, undertook the school in the neighborhood of Uncle Wentworth's, where the sweetness and gentleness of Mary Bell quite won his heart; but he guarded his foregone resolve, and never spoke that sentiment which she, nevertheless, silently received and responded to. Aunt Margaret thinks it likely he will remain with Mary's mother, and continue the school for a year at least; but he scarcely seems to have plans or purposes left. She says, I am sure he meant for the best, but how sadly it has all ended!

"When Uncle Wentworth came home from the near village to-day, he brought me a letter from the post-office there, and on opening it I found it was from Albert, telling me that he had run away from home, and engaged to ride the horses of a canal-boat. I therefore hasten to let you know, that you may not be so much alarmed.

"MIDNIGHT.

"HERE I am in my pretty, quiet room again. The moon is smiling out of the sky as gently and lovingly as though she looked not on fallen harvests and broken boughs, where the storm went yesterday. The stars are as thick as the dew in the grass almost, and I never saw them so bright. I have been sitting at the open window, and as I looked out upon the beautiful world, I felt more humbly grateful, more truly and reverently prayerful, than I ever felt till to-night. Heaven has been very good to me always; but especially so, I think, in bringing me to this pleasant home, and making me loved and useful here.

"As I promised, I joined Cliff at twilight, and we walked among the flowers, cutting off the broken limbs and picking off the blossoms which the storm had broken to pieces. It was a sweet silent evening, and we were very happy, and yet sad too, thinking and talking of Mary and Mr. Hillburn.

"We sat together on the stone doorstep, and made pictures of the happy home they might have had—a cottage in the woods, where Mary might have milked the cow and tended the flowers, while the schoolmaster might have continued to be a schoolmaster year after year, teaching the children, and then the children's children, and so going on happily and usefully to the end, and lying at last side by side where Mary now lay alone.

"'But,' said Cliff, looking very close in my face, 'if the master had left teaching, which is wearisome, and had become a farmer, having some land of his own, and fine cattle; and if Mary had been a little more like Annie; what a heaven they might have made!' And when I said, 'Yes,' he asked me why we could not make just so sweet a home as we had pictured? For the life of me, I could see nothing in the way: so do not be troubled any more about making something of me; for before you hear from me again, I shall have made a farmer's wife of myself."

A MODEL CHARACTER.

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

IN a preceding paper we considered some of the personal traits of Buxton. We come now to look at the result of these elements of character as they combined and imbodied themselves in the life of the man—to contemplate him in the two most ostensible attitudes of his history—as a *philanthropist* and as a *Christian*—the first comprehending chiefly his public activity, the second his more personal life.

As a *philanthropist* he was not a hobby rider—he was a *leader* in very various reforms; but the great distinction of his life, before which the deeds of Marlborough and Wellington will pale in the light of that better day in which the moral sense of the world shall judge of heroism and of history, is the fact that *he fought down slavery throughout the British Empire*. That is a fact, before which we may well pause here a few minutes, and with a sentiment of reverence not unmixed with awe. Considered as a great moral achievement, aside from its incidents whether favorable or unfavorable, and from all predispositions of American opinion, whether for or against it, the fact looms up on the field of English history with overtopping height and grandeur. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that no one Englishman, whether on the throne, in the senate, or in the field, has ever signalized himself by a greater result—by a result which will be read with more reverence, in British history, under that purer Christian civilization, that "universal reign of justice," to which we have alluded, and which good men hope is yet to appear in the development of the race. It is not alone to the philanthropic fanatic or the "Millenarian" religionist that such a moral revolution is probable: the theistic philosopher, perhaps we may say the materialistic philosopher even—who sees the law of progressive development in all things—must hope for it. What havoc will that revolution make with the *fame* of great men—so called! How many a laureled conqueror will be required to vacate his niche for a better man, and take his place among the butchers, if not the savages of the race! How many a strutter in royal purple be ousted from his pedestal into infamy or oblivion! How many an example of "great statesmanship" be exploded as an historical cheatery—an instance only of superior rascality and audacity in the management of parties! How many a resurrection and apotheosis of neglected merit or forgotten heroism be witnessed! God speed that redeeming day!

In that day Thomas Fowell Buxton will bear an imperial mien in English history. And yet, judging from late intimations in the public prints, we ought to refer to this noble man, in this his noblest attitude, with an averted and hasty glance. A frank appreciation of him here will be offensive to American opinions! We give the lie direct to that intimation. Some of our cotemporaries have been pronounced marvelously heroic for a passing allusion to slavery, given perhaps in a political article. Is it indeed the case that amidst the violence of our party clamors, public opinion among us has sunk to such abject servility as this? We know not a severer insult to the public sentiment of the slave states, than the implication that it does not admit a legitimate allusion to this subject by thoughtful men, in the literary organs of the country. Washington, Jefferson, Madison—nearly all the great statesmen who founded the nation—have left as legitimate opinions on slavery as any good man need wish to utter, and these sentiments pervade yet the mind of the people, however their manifestations may be temporarily confused or distorted by partisan strifes. The newspapers show otherwise—it is replied. To be sure they do. And what do they not show, here and the world over, on any subject? Who looks to the newspapers for *opinions* now-a-days? We look to them for news—but their moral authority has been dead long ago. Some of these papers call for the revival of the slave-trade. Thomas Jefferson, and the founders of the republic, alleged it in the Declaration of Independence, as one of the crimes of the British throne, justifying the bloodshed of the revolution. Which would be authorities on the question with the public mind, a few rampant newspaper editors or the fathers of American statesmanship? We know not how many readers we have south of Mason & Dixon's line, and we care not, so far as the manly utterance of our honest thoughts is concerned—but is there one such, now reading

these pages, who would consider it an act of deference, who would not scorn it as an act below his contempt, were we to evade this point in our estimate of the great English statesman, through fear of offending his local sentiments? Does he ask from us a compliment so utterly obsequious and mean? If there is one such, we hope he will impromptu throw these pages into the fire, and allow us to respect ourselves in default of respect for him.

Be this as it may, we have something to say with frankness, and, we think, with sobriety, on the philanthropic labors of Buxton in this respect, and we proceed to say it with reliance on the good sense and gentlemanly courtesy of all readers, whether north or south. After the frankness with which we have been accustomed to address them on other topics, we shall not fear a prejudiced hearing.

Thomas Fowell Buxton, we repeat, as the great achievement of his life, and in some respects the great fact of English history in the nineteenth century, fought down slavery in the British empire. Wilberforce was still extant in the beginning of the conflict, and Clarkson, Lushington, Brougham, Mackintosh, and Macaulay were coadjutors in it; but Buxton headed it, leading the charge through successive sessions of Parliament, and consummating the triumph.

The beginning of his public career as a philanthropist was in 1816, when he was about thirty years of age. He made a speech in behalf of the suffering weavers of Spitalfields, London, before an imposing public meeting at the lord mayor's, over which that magistrate presided. The speech produced a remarkable effect; he did not flatter himself much for it, he thought it "flat," a "kind of failure," and omitted some of his topics; but "all others thought otherwise of it." His warm heart could not but utter itself eloquently, whatever might be the rhetorical defects of a first effort; and then he had formed the right practical habits for a successful "business" speaker, such as the British mind, from its masterly parliamentary training in oratory, demanded. He dealt in figures and facts, and strong direct words. He showed what was to be done, and how it was to be done, and why it was to be done. Genuine eloquence is not poetry—it is more contrasted with than kindred to poetry. *Directness* of thought and that energy of passion which cannot delay to dally with poetic imagery, are its best characteristics. Buxton's first speech was of this character, and it produced a sensation. It was successful for the design in hand, and it bespoke parliamentary success. Nearly a hundred and thirty thousand dollars were raised by "this one meeting at the Mansion House," says the report of the society. The speech was printed in the government and the anti-government papers, as showing the state of the country, in demonstration, as each supposed, of its respective views. It thus spread its impression over the kingdom. Lord Sidmouth sent for Buxton two days after its appearance, and informed him that "the prince" had responded with no less than twenty-five thousand dollars to the appeal—an almost unexampled benefaction from even royalty itself. But the greater result of this *debut* was, that it led to the anti-slavery career of Buxton. The veteran Wilberforce, worn out with years and infirmities, read it, we doubt not, from his correspondence, with delight—it showed not only the talents but the *morale* which was requisite in the man whom he longed to find, that he might commit to him the anti-slavery banner which now trembled in his own aged hand. Wilberforce immediately —within a day or two after the meeting —sent him a letter hailing him as a co-worker for humanity, and pointing him to a parliamentary career.

Hitherto the anti-slavery movement in England had been confined to the slave-trade, and Wilberforce had been its hero —its parliamentary hero at least. Our own government had the honor of taking the lead of Christendom in the movement, in one sense at least. It was the first to declare the traffic piracy, and to condemn its perpetrators to the gallows. Let us not forget that honor; for we need it. Slavery within the British dominions remained intact. The battle now to be fought was against this actual British slavery. Buxton entered parliament and became an active member. He did not mount impromptu the hobby of anti-slavery, but measured his strength with opponents on other questions of reform, relating to the criminal law, abuses in the East Indies, &c. At last the time came for the anti-slavery onset, and he had showed his good

sense and competence as a reformer in waiting for the *right time*. When Wilberforce wrote him about "commencing the war,"—"certainly not to be commenced this session," he added; "Discretion is the better part of valor," because its chief guarantee of success. St. Paul used language about "expediency," which if not found in the Bible, would be hooted by some really good-hearted reformers of our age—men of more heart than head—as the utterance of dough-mouthed cowardice. The true reformer is not he who when he gets an abstraction into his pate must, "neck or nothing," plunge headlong to its consummation, from a "conviction" or "conscience" which heeds not opportunities or consequences. Consequences are among the best criterions of duty. Scattering shot may do execution sometimes, but it is better usually to take time to take aim. No great general fights without a plan of battle. Washington saved the republic not so much by onslaughts as by retreats.

I do not like these hints, say you, honest reader? We cannot care for that; you have read us heretofore enough to know that we must speak our convictions in our own way, while we accord you yours. But these are common-places, and very likely to be abused; yes, they are, but we cannot help that. They are common-places, but they have common sense in them also, and nothing we think is more needed in our conflicts, on this and other questions, than a little more of this common sense. Our great want—that for which good men of all sections and all parties should look and pray—is the appearance, among our statesmen and Churchmen, of leading minds, who, with an unshakable integrity of conscience and commanding talents, shall also have that wisdom which can cautiously discriminate the right opportunities to act—the "wisdom which is profitable to *direct*." Our great and influential men in Church and state, who see this fact and who are providentially designated to this responsibility by their positions, almost universally shirk it. They find apologies in the "confusion and fanaticism" of the times for evading the very duties which these alleged evils impose upon them. No class is more criminal for the dangers which at present beset the Church and the state among us than the leading minds of the religion, the literature, and the politics of the country. Our statesmanship, especially, has sunk to the lowest degradation of demagogism, and if the destiny of states depended now-a-days, as a few centuries ago, on statesmen rather than the people, the signs of the decay and speedy downfall of the republic would be undeniable.

Wilberforce, after studying Buxton some time on other subjects in parliament, designated him to the leadership of the new movement. He did so in a letter which is characteristic. It shows the moral animus—the *religious* spirit, we may say, in which such contests were conducted by the English emancipationists; an example for ourselves—for the religious sentiment of the movement, more than all the arguments of commerce, party, and politics put together, effectuated the measure. After stating that "for more than thirty years" he had held up the standard, placing it in the hand of Pitt when too ill to bear it himself, Wilberforce proceeds to say, that he now longed to bring forward the claims of the colonial negroes—"a course recommended to me, or rather enforced on me by every consideration of religion, justice, and humanity." "I can no longer forbear," he adds, "resorting to you as I formerly did to Pitt," and he proposes a complete alliance in the movement. We must insert the remainder of the letter:—

"Your assurance to this effect would give me the greatest pleasure—pleasure is a bad term—let me rather say peace and consolation; for alas, my friend, I feel but too deeply how little I have been duly assiduous and faithful in employing the talents committed to my stewardship; and in forming a *partnership* of this sort with you, I cannot doubt that I should be doing an act highly pleasing to God, and beneficial to my fellow-creatures. Both my head and heart are quite full to overflowing, but I must conclude. My dear friend, may it please God to bless you, both in your public and private course. If it be his will, may he render you an instrument of extensive usefulness; but above all, may he give you the disposition to say at all times, 'Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do,' or to suffer? looking to him, through Christ, for wisdom and strength. And while active in business and fervent in spirit upon earth, may you have your conversation in heaven, and your affections set on things above. There may we at last meet, together with all we most love, and spend an eternity of holiness and happiness complete and unassailable. I must stop."

Odd language that certainly, as between two politicians consulting about a legislative scheme. Most of our Brobdignagian politicians would smile over it. Yea,

but there were others who smiled over it too, those mighty beings,

"Cherubs and seraphs, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits,"

which have tutelary charge of the fate of nations, and who, wheeling forth in their chariots of destiny, crush down thrones, and senates, and armies, and proclaim the resurrection of peoples. They approved it, and the religious sentiment of this letter was, we repeat, the potent element that made these good and great men triumphant, among the people, over king and parliament, over party and cupidity, and crowned at last, with its divine halo, the liberty of England. Let us learn the lesson here.

The alliance was made and the contest begun. Many other reforms were prosecuted by Buxton meanwhile; but now that we are on this subject, let us see him through it, briefly. His journals and letters show that he began it with the very spirit of religious consecration. Never did a missionary give himself to the labors of foreign evangelization with more self-purification and prayer. Wilberforce, Lushington, and Lord Suffield rallied around him; the first wrote an appeal to the public; a popular organization was formed; petitions began to flow into parliament; and Buxton appeared in the house with his scheme of emancipation.

And what was that scheme? It was marked by the practical good sense for which we have pleaded. There is not a thoughtful reader, north or south, now tracing these lines, who would not say that in its main aspects it was both wise and beneficent. There is not a Christian man, as we believe, in the slave states of this nation, from whom it would not command a respectful consideration, if it were presented with suitable adaptations to our own country, and dissociated from the partisan opinions of the land. It comprised the following propositions:—

"1. That the slaves should be attached to the island, and, under modifications, to the soil. 2. That they cease to be chattels in the eye of the law. 3. That their testimony be received 'quantum valeat.' 4. That when any one lays his claim to the services of a negro, the onus probandi should rest on the claimant. 5. That obstructions to manumission should be removed. 6. That the provisions of the Spanish law (fixing by competent authority the value of the slave, and allowing him to purchase a day at a time) should be introduced. 7. That no governor, judge, or attorney-general should be a slave-owner. 8. That an effectual provision should be made for the religious instruction of the slaves. 9. That marriage should be sanctioned and enforced. 10. That the Sunday should be devoted by the slave to repose and religious instruction; and that other time should be allotted for the cultivation of his provision grounds. 11. That some (but what I cannot say) measures should be taken to restrain the authority of the master in punishing his slaves; and that some substitute be found for the driving system.

"These are the proposed qualifications of the existing slavery; but I am far more anxiously bent upon the extinction of slavery altogether, by rendering all the negro children, born after a certain day, free; for them it will be necessary to provide education."

But is this "immediate emancipation?" Yes; just such was the "immediatism" of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, and the noble men associated with them at this period, though not so boldly affirmed as at a later stage of the movement. Nothing has been more abused, or at least more misunderstood, than the phrase "immediate emancipation," as used by these good men; it did not imply the instantaneous overthrow of the slave's relation to his master without regard to time, place, or circumstances The man who proposes that is fit for Bedlam. The immediate emancipation of the slave, according to these Christian statesmen, consisted with any prudential legal restraint to his former locality, or to his former labors—consisted, in fine, with any restrictive regulations which might be required by his incapacities and the security of public order. The second proposition in Buxton's programme is the essential element of "immediate emancipation." The principle of the right of property in man is the essence of slavery; and where this is abandoned by a state or an individual, the essential iniquity of slavery ceases, whatever may be the remaining prudential restrictions on the virtually emancipated slave. Your white apprentices are under peculiar legal restraints and disabilities; your sailors and soldiers are likewise; the inmates of your prisons are still more so; but they are not slaves, because you have no right of property in them.

Here is the grand stand-point from which all wise men should contemplate this dreadfully perplexed question of slavery. Could we all meet in council here, how much more might we hope to harmonize! how would our party violences give way to deliberate language, and our theories

to practical measures! The greatest blunders of the discussion have arisen from our deviations from this main point. Both sides have thus blundered: the one, forgetting the cardinal principle, has dwelt too much upon the mere incidents of slavery—the whip, the poor fare, the hard toil; the other has vindicated itself on the same secondary points. On one side we weep over fictions, describing the sufferings of the slave; and on the other, we say that the slave is better off than the peasantry of Europe, or the free colored people of the north. But what are these considerations in presence of the great ethical question, which is at the basis of all the controversy, and at the basis of all the rights and destiny of humanity? The horse is better taken care of than poor laborers in Europe, or, sometimes, in our free states; there are no pauper or beggar horses; but does this imply that it would be right for such suffering men to be converted into brutes—to be politically unhumanized? Your prisoners are better provided for than many poor laborers; but would this justify you in making the latter prisoners? So likewise, in reasoning about the slave-trade, we hear it sometimes affirmed, that the African is better off here than he would have been if left in Africa—the slave-trade has afforded him the means of his very salvation. We never hear it said, however, that Judas Iscariot deserves to be excused because his crime led to the crucifixion of Christ, and thereby to our redemption.

We believe that these merely incidental arguments of the question, exaggerated on both sides, have produced one-half the exasperation and other mischiefs of the discussion. The radical principle of slavery, we repeat, is the chattelship of the slave, the assumption of a right of property in humanity itself—an assumption which is as inadmissible in respect to a negro, as in respect to an archangel—an assumption which contravenes hypothetically, if it does not practically, in every instance, all the fundamental conditions of man's moral responsibility—of his probation and his destiny—and would, if admitted, overturn the moral economy of the world. This is its inestimable vice—and the grave consequence of it consists not so much in the incidental evils mentioned, as in the fact that it suspends, in respect to the colored race, the great laws of development and progress that God has appointed to humanity; so that the slave among us is now about where he was two centuries ago, and will be there, if the essential evil remains, a hundred centuries to come. Let no good man consent to share in such a crime against the moral universe![*]

We have indulged the more freely in remarks on the subject, because we think the occasion a good one for reproducing the example of Buxton and the great philanthropists associated with him.

He would not be driven into extravagances on so momentous a subject by short-sighted and hot-feeling men. His personal responsibility for it made him wise against their nonsense. They reproached him at times, and attacked him publicly by resolutions, but he would not yield. He favored the "Apprenticeship System," not because he believed it best, but because he believed it the best he could get; and when the abuses of the system led the people of England to rise up against it, he still clung to his old prudential views of the subject. Zealous English abolitionists treated him with contempt for not keeping pace with them; but he kept pace with his duty and his honest, manly convictions—the only way in which any man can ever ultimately triumph.

When the question of compensation came under discussion in Parliament, Buxton was strongly urged to oppose it, as the apprenticeship clauses had not been given up. The difficulties that beset him are thus described by his daughter, who was with him, and acted as his secretary:

"Mr. Stanley declares that if any point is carried against him regarding the grant, he will throw up the bill; whether or not to run this risk, is now the very point of the matter, and numerous are the dilemmas the question involves. We had quite a levee this morning; Messrs. Pringle, Cropper, Sturge, Moorsom, and George Stephen, all came in at breakfast time, and my father made them a speech, telling them that on such a difficult and critical point he would never enter the House with his hands tied. They wanted him to promise to fight the money battle, and to defeat Mr. Stanley, if pos-

[*] Our anti-slavery literature dabbles mostly in the mere incidents of slavery, and fails thus of a right effect on the southern mind. The best book we have yet on the subject is Channing's: we commend it to any southern reader as a calm, philosophical, and most instructive treatise—no southern gentleman will read it without thanking us for our recommendation, however he may dissent from its reasonings.

sible. He will not promise to do any such thing, and says he must be at full liberty to act according to the discretion of the moment. They went away to deliberate upon it, and it is now time to go down to the House again. He told me he trusted but in one thing—'The Lord shall guide thy steps.'"

In the division which followed, Mr. Buxton voted for the grant of £20,000,000 ($100,000,000) to the planters, "as giving the best chance and the fairest prospect of a peaceful termination of slavery." The following afternoon his sister said to him, "Surely you acted hastily last night in voting for compensation?" "No," replied he, slowly rising off the sofa, and speaking with great deliberation, "No! I would do the same again. I did it to save bloodshed; that was my motive, and I am glad I did it."

In the work we are reviewing, Binney says:—

"Two or three times Sir Fowell Buxton was blamed in respect to his public life. He was blamed for acceding to the compensation and apprenticeship clauses of the Slavery Emancipation Act. I can only say, without going into reasons, that I conceive he did what not only admitted of defense but of justification. I think he was right. He was greatly censured for being, as it was thought, behind a more advanced section of abolitionists, in not sympathizing with them, and trying to put an end to the apprenticeship before it would legally expire. To this it may be replied,—he was open to evidence, though he stood firm, at first, to the bargain the nation had made with the colonies; that he listened and read—admitted the force of the representations made—and aided his accusers to achieve success."

While he would not yield in favor of fanaticism on the one hand, neither would he be swayed by cowardly conservatism on the other. Binney says:—

"In the progress of his public measures he was sometimes put to severe trials, in having to follow his personal judgment and to adhere to his own purposes, in spite of the opposition, or, what was far worse, the earnest entreaty of his colleagues and friends. One of the finest moral pictures—the resistance of the individual against united numbers,—the victory of personal conviction, self-trust, adherence to the sense of obligation and right, over every sort of influence that could be brought to bear on inferior affections—may be seen in Sir Fowell Buxton's behavior in the House of Commons on a night when, in spite of all that his friends could urge, he was determined to push his point to a division. His unalterable purpose looked like dead, downright obstinacy—as the most rational firmness always does, when it seems a reproach, or is an inconvenience, to others. Some of Buxton's friends blamed the 'obstinacy;' but the *minister* said, '*It had settled the question.*' It is a happy thing when events justify what is adhered to under a painful sense of personal responsibility; though even disappointment would not destroy the complacency of a rationally decided man."

It would be interesting to detail the progress of this great contest in England, Buxton's tireless and manifold labors through ten years, during which he led the movement, followed by such men as Wilberforce, Brougham, Macaulay, and Mackintosh—but we have not space. On the first day of August, 1834, the victory was consummated. He signalized the day by giving in marriage his daughter, who had acted as his assiduous co-worker and secretary during the struggle, to one of his parliamentary friends. At four o'clock of that day, he wrote to a friend:—"The bride is just gone;—everything has passed off to admiration, AND—*there is not a slave in the British Colonies.*"

Had ever a king on his throne, or a victor on the battle-field, a higher jubilee than passed that day over the head of Thomas Fowell Buxton!*

His agency in the cause of emancipation is sufficient to settle his claims as a *philanthropist;* but his public labors, aside from that cause, would have secured him the title. He was devoted to almost all the religious philanthropies of his day—making speeches for them, and laboring on their committees as well as giving them his money. He was active in the parliamentary reforms of the Criminal Law, the administration in the East Indies and at the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius slave-trade, and, in fine, every really progressive measure of the British legislature found in him a laborious advocate. He served in Parliament nineteen years; and when at last he lost his election, *twenty-seven* other places made overtures to him for his return to the House.

We shall have occasion, when, in our next number, we contemplate him as a *Christian*, to return to some of the most interesting scenes of the conflict which we have now rapidly reviewed.

* The relation between Buxton and his daughter was of an unusually tender character. She had shared his anti-slavery labors, and witnessed his most private anxieties and manful public struggles. She therefore knew how to sympathize with him. "I surrendered," he wrote, "my vocation, and *next* to Macaulay, *my best human helper in it, on the same day.*"

[For the National Magazine.]

A TALK ABOUT SHRUBBERY AND VINES.

IN a previous number we spoke of trees in general, as ornamental and useful; and in particular of several species, as beautiful for lawn and roadside decorations. The truth is, and we cannot too soon embrace and love it, trees are indispensable to every *home*. No man or woman able to own or even to hire, for three successive years, a house away from the city's pavements, should allow himself to think of occupying it, until he has provided for the planting of suitable shade trees and ornamental shrubbery, if such are not already growing on the premises. This leads us to say, that a house should never be built on a line with the street, even if your right and your left hand neighbors have committed that folly. Let there be between you and the dust of the street not less than twenty to fifty feet. You will live quieter, with less annoyance from vagabonds, and you can always have a beautiful foreground of green lawn, and lovely plants to every landscape you look abroad upon. It costs no more to build a house at this distance from the highway—in fact less—than in the street. For thus removed, it will be equally comfortable and more picturesque, if its jets, brackets, and cornices are broader and less highly ornamented. Then the green lawn, with its shade trees and graceful shrubs, give to it a beautiful and manorial appearance, and render it at once an object of delight and respect. And even if it be left entirely destitute of architectural decorations, vines and climbing roses can be so trained over its doorways, around its windows, along its eaves, and upon its corners and naked spaces, as to hide its barrenness, and make it appear as if arrayed in beauty.

How *homelike* does such a house look, so coyly retired from the noise, and dust, and beggars of the street; so sweetly separated from the cares and anxieties of business by such a tidy, tree-shaded, leaf-adorned grass-plat, and so bewitchingly embowered in a tasteful drapery of honeysuckles and roses, blushing on every angle like festoons of sunset clouds! How calmly and beautifully do the shadows on the lawn sleep before it; telling of contentment tranquil as the sheltered grass on which they lie—constant as the unwearied sun that flings them down! Who is not willing to labor and endure for such a home? Who will not economize and even stint, that he may dwell long in such a spot of loveliness? O! by our foolish American practice of building in the street, or making a desert around our houses, we lose, in love of beauty, in attachment to home life, in desire for permanence, in moral goodness, in refinement, in rural taste, and even in dollars and cents, no one can tell how much! And the community loses vastly more than any or than all its individual members: for a community, its habits and follies, outlive a hundred generations of individuals. This loss is moral and immaterial; and till we have some table to compute the worth of increased stability in opinion, of purer virtue, and of improving taste; until we have some balance to weigh the pleasures that spring from heightened domestic joy, from refinement of manners and morals; until we have a scale to measure the extent of that depravity which taints the soul of him who never loved one spot of beautiful earth; we can never tell the amount of our loss when we neglect to render our homes lovely, and to stimulate our neighbors to the same good work.

Let there always be a lawn in front of a house, and let the hardy climbers find, all over it, appropriate places on which to rest, and fasten their wonderful burdens of grace and loveliness; let honeysuckles and jessamines, clematis and bignonias, wistarias and roses, cluster over it, and weave for it a vail of beauty; which the sun shall every moment diversify with bewitching light and shade, and in which the zephyrs shall always nestle and rock themselves to sleep; where the bees shall come light-hearted, and sing their monotonous lyrics of industry, as they gather sweetest nectar; and where the little birds shall build their annual nests, and rear families not more loving than the one that dwells beneath those imbowering vines. Cultivating such natural ornaments upon and around a house will refine the taste of a family, will improve the manners, will elevate the morals, and strengthen all the domestic and social affections in their hearts. It will assist also in forming habits of industry and frugality, as well as habits of observation and intelligent piety. Let a family plan how best to adorn a yard and decorate a house

with foliage, and they will finding springing up in their hearts a unity of feeling and a strength of sympathy to which others are strangers. Each one labors to promote the pleasures of others—hence domestic affection; all are planning for the future—hence hopeful patience; all seek to turn every spare hour to the common profit—hence orderly arrangement of time, frugality, and industry. A family that will consent to dwell, for a half a dozen years, in a house and keep it naked of vines and still surrounded by a barren yard, ought to be abated as a nuisance; for its children will be either heartless or slovenly.

If a house is worth more than a rude hut, it is an advantage to improve it to the utmost of its capability. See how the maize improves beneath the care of man; how the rose multiplies her beauteous petals under the hand of culture; how the oak adds to his leafy crown; how the bloom of the peach deepens, and how it fills its cells with a richer nectar; how the grape supplies a more luscious juice, the pear, the apple, the orange, the melon, each affords a more cooling treasure of comfort, when cultivation watches them! And shall not the home where man's best affections find joy, grow daily in beauty and in grace, while human hearts dwell in it, and plan for its improvement? Shall not every lover of nature, of the race of kindred of God, do at least a little to deck his own abode and the landscape near it with sweetness in spring, to cover it with glory in summer and autumn, and to rob it of desolateness in winter? Let us then encourage in all possible ways the planting of trees about our houses, the cultivation of lawns with fine green and flowering shrubs upon them, and the adorning of our houses with the graceful drapery of vines, jessamines, and roses.

A few words as to the kinds of shrubbery suitable for lawns. The first point to be insisted on is pleasing leaves, abundance of flowers in spring, and berries in autumn or late summer. We think leaves are of more consequence than blossoms, because these latter continue only a few days, while all the summer time we want the leaves. These should not come out too late; they should be very abundant, so as to form a thick head; and they should not wither in drouth nor fall too early in autumn. They should have different shapes on different shrubs, and so of their colors and habits. The second point of beauty in a shrub is its shape. Its head, whatever be its form, should be thick—whether round like the box, or trim and spindle-shaped like the young althea, hemispherical like the tartarian honeysuckle, fan-formed like the strawberry shrub, urn-shaped like fly honeysuckles, or always varying in form like roses, or lilacs, or suringos; and the mass of leaves should be so full and luxuriant, as to mark distinctly its shape, and distinguish it from all else near it. The twigs too should, as a last requisite, grow up gracefully, variously colored, branching off differently, so as, in the absence of leaves and flowers, still to be beautiful to the eye, and suggestive of a profusion of loveliness when summer suns once more shall shine. But however soft and various the colors, however elegant the forms of the heads, and however graceful the curves of the twigs, they will not be perfect nor very attractive unless they shall afford an abundance of blossoms. Flowers—beautiful flowers—once in the year they should produce in a perfect profusion, and if these are highly perfumed and are succeeded by a bevy of bright glossy berries, they will be admired. It is a great recommendation, at the same time, if these are free from insects, and are hardy and luxuriant growers.

A few plants and shrubs ought to be named before we close. The lilac, notwithstanding its commonness, and its propensity to sprout from its roots, is still with us a favorite. Its thick head—its fine heart-shaped glossy leaves, green from spring's sunshine to autumn's frost—its beautiful cones of graceful flowers, so redolent of aromatic perfume—and its hardy habits of growing well in any soil or in any exposure, conspire to give it a claim in the eyes of all.

Still more can be said in favor of the bush honeysuckles. These are both very hardy, graceful in shape—are beautiful in spring, when crowned with pink and white, or buff and white blossoms—and in later summer when covered with bright dark-crimson berries. They ought by no means to be neglected by any family, as they can be so easily raised from seeds or from layers, and are so ornamental. The tartarian blossoms in early May, and with its rounded head, its fine leaves, its gay colors, is an indispensable appendage to

every lawn. The fly honeysuckle has a downy leaf and long slender drooping twigs of a fine lively drab color. The berries of both these shrubs are beautiful, growing in pairs, and having a bright glossy luster, dark-crimson, or orange.

The strawberry shrub is likewise noted for the beauty of its leaves and fruit. It will become quite a tree unless annually headed back. It must however be allowed to grow to a height of from ten to fifteen feet when it becomes old. Its leaves come out late, and its berries, a crimson and then a bright strawberry color, do not reveal their brilliancy till after the frosts of November. For these reasons it should be planted where it will be relieved upon a ground of evergreens. The laburnum or yellow flowering locust, as it is sometimes erroneously called, also becomes a tree of some size, and has a good share of beauty. Its soft sweet green foliage, drooping like ringlets from its graceful twigs, its fine yellow flowers, like clusters of golden curls, render it a desirable lawn ornament. The rose acacia has a very awkward sprawling habit, and can scarcely be trimmed into any decency. Yet its branches — covered with red fur — its downy green leaves, long and pendant— and its sweet pink blossoms, make it worthy of a place in a corner of a yard, or in its border among a mass of other plants. The indigo shrub, though not of a handsome shape, has such pretty delicate leaves, and such trim taper spires of purple and blue flowers, adorned with a golden dust of pollen, as will always render it beautiful, as it sends up these spikes from among the hedgerow.

The old snow-ball bush, or viburnum, is not a great favorite with us; but with many its abundant white blossoms will make it desirable. It may be trained to grow upon a ladder by the side of a house to the height of twenty feet or more; and among jessamines and honeysuckles its large round loose flowers will be pretty. The family of spireas—embracing several varieties, white, pink, and purple in color —will deserve some attention. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these blossoms when closely examined. There are two kinds common in most pasture lands—one a very light pink or rose color, the other a light purple—both of which well deserve cultivation. They blossom abundantly, have very beautiful finely-serrated leaves, are hardy, and improve under the hand of care. Another shrub, a native of our meadows, has trim tapering spikes of lovely white, delicately perfumed flowers, and as well as our common azalias, ought by no means to be overlooked. We must also mention the kalmias—our wild mountain and deer-eared laurels—which in their original homes are so beautiful for leaves and blossoms. They are evergreens and good flowering shrubs, and therefore should be reckoned of double value. They will need to be planted, however, where the soil is not too rich, nor the exposure too sunny. The last-named four plants are still uncivilized, and will require great care in transplanting and naturalizing them to gardens.

For early flowering shrubs you will need the very common and very beautiful double flowering almond, with its slender twigs, so thickly wreathed with pink blossoms; and the Japan pear, with its bright cherry red flowers. These both multiply rapidly, and might with a trifling care be made to take the places of worse appearing briers by the way-side. The Chinese magnolia is a magnificent shrub—with its thick glossy leaves and its fragrant and delicate flowers—and well deserves a place where it can have an open space. The double flowered hawthorn is a great beauty, with its thick round head, so densely covered with pink flowers in May, and in autumn bearing such fine scarlet berries; and, if not so liable to be injuried by the borers, would be in constant request. It would, were it not for this exception, be the best hedge plant. The Chinese fringe tree is a beautiful shrub to stand singly on a lawn; it will make a good head and will be completely covered with a light purple cloud of blossoms, fading at last into a golden brown. It has lovely leaves, which, on being struck with a sharp blow, emit a delightful odor. The evergreen box—both the dwarf and the tree—is too well known to require mention. It makes a pretty appearance when grown, but comes forward very slowly. The same remark may be made of the American holly—which will thrive poorly north of New-York. Its finely serrated, smooth shining leaves, and its bright scarlet berries, so sweetly mingled with them, and retaining their color till spring, should make it a great favorite, wherever it can be cultivated.

Then you can have the common waxberry, with its white clusters of fruit, the siryngo, or mock orange, with its abundant white blossoms and far smelling odors, and the Missouri currant, with its yellow flowers and delicate perfume. There are some twenty varieties—enough for the largest yard, and yet most of them can find an appropriate place within a very small space. Some may stand singly, some in clusters, some in hedgerows, and some will form screens to hide an unsightly object; and they will at all times afford beautiful flowers, cool and grateful leaves or fruits, and pleasing and admirable forms to gratify the eyes.

We should by no means omit the roses—so lovely, so various, so queenly, so easily cultivated, and so fragrant. The white, the red, the yellow, in all shades of colors, in all shapes, they dazzle the eyes of our fancy, and so bewitch our fingers, that we cannot write about them. Who does not love them, and who dares to keep possession of a single square rod of ground for a year, and neglect to cultivate these queens of beauty? If there lives such a one on this earth, we cannot really hope to meet him in heaven, for assuredly he will never enter that world of beauty, unless his nature becomes completely changed "in the hour and article of death." At all events, we would by no means take his chance for both this world and the next, for all the gold California ever held.

The beauty of shrubbery is much enhanced by the manner in which it is planted. Let it be planted in a wide border with indentations, where the grass shall creep in among it, and form nooks of emerald verdure—and let the several varieties be so arranged and mingled, that the short shall stand nearer the walks, and that the leaves and blossoms of each plant shall be relieved and set off by the diverse shades of color near them, while they themselves also serve to increase the beauty of the others. A great amount of taste may be displayed in the selection and arrangement of these plants and others we might name; but study on this point, as well as thinking and conversation, will profit our readers more than any reading, especially such reading as our desultory article.

The collecting, planting, and caring for a dozen varieties of these shrubs, will bring to a family an untold amount of pleasure, and the cost need be nothing, or next to nothing. Any family will give you a root of lilac or flowering almond, a slip of rose, or Japan pear; a few seeds of the bush honeysuckles, or strawberry shrub; the viburnum, or the althea; or a sprig of box, or a shoot of the spirea; and summer will not more surely come, than these will grow with care, and blossom forth a most refreshing beauty. Give them a winter-dressing of good manure; see that the grass does not grow directly among their roots, and kill off whatever insects attempt to plunder their foliage; and all the rest of your business with them will be an ample enjoyment of their glories and perfections.

But a *home* needs the adornment of vines and creepers, as well as a foreground of shrubs. It should be imbowered with roses and jessamines, and every spring and summer should find, all over it, places on which to hang beauty and glory. These are to a *home* what graceful ringlets and glossy curls are to the comely features of woman. And these, whatever grave theological doctors may say in condemnation of them, are as necessary to beauty, as clouds are to a perfect summer sky. For our part, we cannot imagine a lovely cottage home, around which vines do not bloom and riot in luxuriant glory. A city mansion, or a royal palace, must be seen and admired for the beauty it shows in its lines and angles; in its pillars, its capitals, its architraves, balustrades, and cornices. It must be *naked*, in order to show each and all of these in their perfection. But a home-like cottage must be like the sky under which it stands, changing every day and every season. Spring should imbower it with the freshest of bursting buds and sprouting foliage; early summer should crown it with the sweetest of party-colored blossoms, and later heat should show upon it the golden leaf and the ripening fruit; while autumn and winter should clothe it with rainbow dyes, and strip it, as they strip the oak, like a wrestler to contend with the northern blasts. Morning should find places upon it to deposit her diamond dew-drops, to drink the sun's fire, and transmute themselves into a thousand gems; noontide should find spots on which to hang cooling shadows and brilliant masses of sun-light; and evening should find around it odorous cells, from

which her zephyrs may gather Sabean perfumes, to scatter in every apartment, and send abroad over all the landscape.

Let us anticipate one or two objections made to vines by our very utilitarian countrymen, or these will impede us at every step of our further progress. It is said that these, by collecting and retaining the moisture of dew and rain, will rot the covering and cause it to decay. This objection forgets that the shade of their foliage operates, quite as much, to protect the wood from cracking and shrinking in the heat of the sun. Besides, they serve to ward off the beating of the sleet and rain, and save much of its wear. Another says, that they attract insects: not if well cared for. But they do afford a refuge for many a bird's nest, and the parents in these will more than destroy all the insects the vines will attract, and will carry off whole armies of bugs and worms from the kitchen garden to pay for their shelter. Again one says that vines will obstruct the light and hinder the ventilation. This depends altogether on the manner of training them. They may be so carried around a house, over its windows and doorways, and along its eaves, as to attract breezes and impart coolness, and be no sort of obstacles to the passage of light from any direction.

But vines are not only beneficial and beautiful, they have a noble significance, as shadowing forth a type of excellence, and a coming glory seen only in the highest conceptions of the imagination. They may be made to conceal every unsightly angle and corner, or every broad and naked space; so as to relieve the roof of its stiffness and the gables of their awkwardness; so as to add a grace to every window or door, and a loveliness to every pillar or porch; so as to impart a freshness to a house made hoary by years, and a dignity to the cottage, whose newness would be displeasing. The best mode of training vines and creepers is upon ladders, or brackets fastened to the sides of the house. To cover a window beautifully with jessamine, twining honeysuckle, rose, wistaria, clematis, woodbine, or trumpet creeper, let a light open-work hood be thrown over it, resting upon brackets extending two or three feet from the house; then bring up from the ground a fancifully-wrought trellis for the vines to follow, and they will twine and wreathe themselves into the lattice-work of the hood, so as to form a rich clustering mass of verdure and flowers, graceful, and breathing fragrance, dazzling beholders with beauty, and entrancing the world with delight. A door is covered and shaded in the same manner. Ladders of simple workmanship may be raised to the eaves near the corners, and on them the vines will rise to the roof, and hang there in richest festoons of blossom and foliage, like fairy curtains suspended to shield the tender ones within from the fierceness of the dog-star's rage. It should always be an object of care not to spread these vines all over the surface, but to accumulate them in masses, so that they may fling upon the house rich shadows, which always render it homelike and picturesque. If a residence is plain, and originally destitute of the shadows of window-caps and projecting eaves, this lack can be well supplied by masses of vines trained on ladders and bracketed window-hoods. By accumulating these thus, they give a much better appearance, and they will better protect themselves from winds and storms.

A word now as to their culture. Do not plant them too near the underpinning of the house, nor too near each other—not less than four feet from the house and six apart. In winter, cover their roots with a good dressing of manure, and keep them well watered in summer. The house, with its eaves and eave-troughs, will take off much water, which would otherwise belong to them—hence their needs. After so much done by way of planting, manuring, watering, and providing for them places on which to climb and rest, they will require only a trifle of care to rid them of insects, and to see that they do not break away from their fastenings. Then you may at all times have a home covered with a "garment of beauty," filled with the perfumes of Eden, redolent with memories of purity, and suggesting anticipations of all excellence.

Vines are so easily cultivated, so love to thrive under the hand of the careful housewife, make a house so bewitchingly homelike, require so little space, and afford so much of beauty, that whoever does not love, or neglects to cultivate them, deserves to be confined in the damp walls of a stone prison, on the barren sides of which not even the cold moss dare plant its parasite feet. Nature employs vines on every convenient opportunity. Go into

the forests, and see the beautiful trees so full of symmetry and glory, all covered with climbers. Nature is not content to let them stand in unadorned beauty, and adds to their charms by hanging the lovely tufts of scarf-like moss from their hoary branches, by clothing their trunks with a party-colored garment of lichens, and planting at their roots the grape, the woodbine, the ivy, the celastrus, and the wild clematis, to creep into their tops and mingle their different hued leaves in gayer wreaths of glory. How these, with their glossy foliage and blue and orange berries, twine their tender shoots around the stiff boughs, and touch the forest's stern magnificence with all the grace of innocent and helpless beauty! And if nature finds a heap of stones, or decaying rubbish, or even a withered stump, how will she rejoice to bring these her recumbent children to laugh and gambol about it! to send out their airy twigs upon the wind, hiding all that is unseemly, and protecting all that is feeble! If nature thus takes pride in adorning and beautifying what is distant as well as near, how should culture love to adorn what art has perfected, and made to be the home of affection; and how should affection delight to clothe, in more than paradisaical loveliness, the spot where live the joys of life, and the comforts of domestic bliss!

Some of the vines most suitable for adorning houses deserve mention, as a fitting close to this rambling article, which resembles, in its wandering irregularities, the creepers it attempts to describe. Our own native climbers are very lovely, and grow well on the north side of a house. The woodbine, Virginia creeper, or five-leaved ivy, is very hardy, grows in any soil, or in any exposure, and bears the rude assaults of wind with little injury. It has a great abundance of rich green glossy foliage, looking refreshingly cool in summer; and in autumn is gorgeously crowned with crimson. The wild clematis is desirable for its lovely sharply-cut leaves, and it addition bears a profusion of white blossoms, which change into broad cotton-like gray tassels. But for the more sunny sides of a cottage, the cultivated climbers are most appropriate. The honeysuckles—scarlet, golden, fragrant, and evergreen—are beauties! How sweet the appearance of their trumpet-shaped flowers, coming out abundantly from among the thick leaves during the whole season, hanging in lovely coral-like clusters, attracting such bevies of fairy hummingbirds, and producing such quantities of cornelian berries! These will grow so luxuriantly and twine together so roguishly, they will hang in such fine masses, and cast such deep shadows, that we hesitate not to recommend them most enthusiastically. The wistaria has more beautiful leaves, and more delicate-hued blossoms of pearly blue, but it flowers more seldom, and does not so well combine into masses, though it will spread over more surface, which is sometimes a great recommendation. The trumpet-creeper is another vine which will cover a great space, and in July and August puts forth a splendid array of brilliant trumpet-like flowers, of bright crimson and orange.

Roses, however, are the great passion of the day; though we confess that, as climbers, they have some drawbacks. They lack foliage, especially when the summer droughts come on, and their blossoms are soon faded. But still we shall cultivate them and admire them. In June they will, if allowed to climb ladders and twine themselves in latticed hoods over doors and windows, beneath the eaves of a cottage, or along the cornice of a piazza, contribute such a wilderness of loveliness, as makes the house seem really to be hidden beneath the ruins of a rainbow's majestic arch. The double prairie roses—especially the prairie queen and Baltimore belle—are strong, healthy growers, are hardy, and produce a profusion of pink or white flowers, too full of petals ever to open fully. South of Philadelphia, the multifloras and the yellow monthly roses together make a great addition to the variety of cottage drapery.

But with these, if one has a correct taste, he can cover his habitation with glory from early spring to winter's first snow, making it a delight to the traveler's eye, an ornament to the landscape, and a place of the most purifying and ennobling associations. Remember that utility and true beauty can never be dissociated; and that he alone has a well-adapted and desirable home who has it glowing with loveliness, and surrounded with nature's own attractiveness. By thus adorning your home, shall you become a worker with God, who clothes the hills with verdure, and the valleys with beauty.

LIFE SCENES IN MEXICO.

Queen of the Valley, thou art beautiful!
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun!
Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden sweets
Enrich the pleasant air! Upon the lake
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and high
In heaven thy temple pyramids arise!—Southey.

WHOEVER has viewed this splendid city from one of the towers of its cathedral, will fully agree in the praises bestowed upon it by travelers and poets. I was never weary of contemplating this grand panorama, and turned from it unwillingly to continue my studies of the people, who, various in feature, costume, and customs, as in race, compose the population of Mexico. Among these the *lépero* especially excited my curiosity, and through a Franciscan monk of my acquaintance, I was enabled to gratify it. But I must describe the class itself, before I recount my personal experiences.

The *lépero* is the Mexican *lazzarone*. At once brave and cowardly, calm and violent, superstitious and incredulous, believing in God only enough to fear the devil, an inveterate gambler, a thief by instinct, and quarrelsome by profession; as sober as he is at times intemperate, the *lépero* can accommodate himself to all circumstances. By turns a street-porter, a mason, a pavier, a courier, a trader, the *lépero* is to be seen everywhere; and everywhere exercising his favorite profession—at church, in processions, at the theater, to the great detriment of the spectators: thus his life is one long struggle with justice, which itself is not sheltered from his villany. Lavish when rich, the *lépero* is no less courageous when poor: when he has acquired enough in the morning to subsist upon during the day, he leaves his work; and when all resources fail, he wraps himself in his ragged cloak, and lies down in the corner of a street, or on the step of a door. There, scraping his *jarana*, (a small mandoline;) contemplating stoically the *pulqueria*, (public-house,) where credit is unknown to him, he listens carelessly to the hissing of the frying-pan near, draws his belt more tightly round him, and makes his breakfast upon a sun-ray, his supper upon a cigarette, and sleeps without anxiety for the morrow. But there is a darker shade to this: for, after the evening promenade on the Plaza Mayor has ceased, and the gay and busy world is hushed by the sound of the Ave Maria bell, the nightly scenes begin, and for some hours the *léperos* are masters of the city.

Such are the worthless offspring of civilization, whom I wished to compare with the wild adventurers I had met with in the woods and savannahs of savage life; and, as I have said, my curiosity was gratified by an acquaintance with a *lépero* of the first water, named Perico the Zaragate—or villain. But before I had gained a full insight into the condition of the class, Perico had robbed me to such an extent that I thought fit to break the connexion; and I had resolved to be satisfied with my expensive lesson, when one morning Fray Serapio, the monk who had introduced Perico to me, entered my room.

"I come to conduct you to the circus in the square of Necatillan," said the Franciscan; "there is a Jamaïca and a Mount of Parnassus which will amuse us."

To my question of what the things were which he named, he replied that I should know presently; and that we had not a minute to lose to secure a good place. I wished to see a bull-race, and the monk's company would insure my safety in traversing the suburbs of the city; in which, and above all in that which joins the aforesaid square, it is always dangerous to be seen in a European dress: now the monkish cowl would serve as an ægis to the Frankish coat. We set off, and I saw, for the first time without uneasiness, the dirty unpaved streets, the black ruinous houses, which were the refuge of those bandits by whom the roads were infested, and even the dwellings in the city occasionally robbed. A number of *léperos*, lame, scarred, or maimed, were drinking, whistling, and shouting in the taverns, clothed in dirty cotton garments, or in ragged *frazadas* of coarse wool. Women, half naked or in tatters, were lounging about the doors, surrounded by naked children, who were rolling in the mud, and squalling in shrill tones. When obliged to pass through these streets, which are the terror of the police, the criminal judge repeats a prayer, the alcade crosses himself, the constable walks gently, and an honest man trembles; but the monk goes boldly along with a smile on his countenance; for the light sound of his sandal is more respected there than the rod of a school-master, and the robbers often come from their hiding-places to kiss his hand.

The square of Necatillan presented a sight quite strange to me; for the center space of the circus was transformed into a kind of grove by trees and flowering shrubs; beneath which were little stalls, some furnished with hotly-spiced *ragouts* of fat pork, others with enormous glasses filled with red, green, yellow, and blue liquids, interspersed with flowers. On one side were the covered seats for the military and higher classes; on the other side, exposed to the burning rays of the sun, the populace were enjoying the scent of hot viands; while some, more happy, were seated under the trees feasting upon *ragouts* or wild duck.

"See!" said the monk, pointing to the arena; "that is what is called a Jamaïca."

"And what do you call that?" I asked, pointing to a tall tree in the center, to the branches of which a great number of colored handkerchiefs were attached.

"That is Mount Parnassus," replied the Franciscan.

"Are we to witness an ascent of poets then?"

"No: but one of *léperos*, and less learned folks, which will be much more diverting."

As the monk said this, cries of "The bull! the bull!" resounded from the open gallery; the cooking and drinking stalls were deserted in the twinkling of an eye; and the arena was strewed with broken-down boughs by the assault of a band of *léperos*, who, with shouts, furiously attacked and destroyed the frail edifices. Among these mad fellows, I was not surprised to see my old acquaintance Perico. Mount Parnassus, with its cotton handkerchiefs, now stood alone in the midst of the wreck of all kinds which covered the arena, and became the point of attack by the mob, who endeavored to climb its branches and seize the handkerchiefs: but in vain; for they succeeded only in hindering each other. At this moment a trumpet was heard, the door of the inclosure opened, and there entered the most splendid bull that could be procured, but having knobs at the end of his horns. The aspirants of Mount Parnassus looked toward the door with fear; and the animal himself hesitated a moment, but presently galloped toward the tree. Some of the *léperos* ran away; others climbed into the tree—at which the bull began to butt furiously with his horns. Mount Parnassus yielded a little to the blows, and a catastrophe was certain, when Perico, leaning too far in securing a rich booty of handkerchiefs, fell, dragging with him to the ground the tree and all those clinging to it—a frightful group. A mad roar of laughter and enthusiastic cheers burst from the twelve thousand spectators who filled the circus, while the unhappy objects, wounded and mangled, endeavored to disengage themselves from each other, and from the branches in which they were entangled. The bull increased the confusion, by butting at the dark mass; and I had the grief of seeing the unfortunate Perico thrown ten feet high in the air, and fall insensible to the ground, depriving me of all hopes of continuing my study of Mexican life under his able tuition.

While they were carrying Perico, with great difficulty, out of the inclosure, the mob called loudly for a priest, at which Fray Serapio crouched down in a corner; but he could not escape, and rising at the call of the mob, with an air of dignity well calculated to hide his vexation he whispered to me—

"Follow me—you shall pass for a doctor."

"You are jesting," I said.

"Not at all; if the fellow be not quite dead, he will have a doctor and a confessor of equal capability."

I accompanied the monk; and as we descended the steps of the circus, heard bursts of laughter and shouts which showed that the spectators of the shaded side, as well as those who were uncovered, had already forgotten an occurrence so common. We were introduced into a dark place among the water-courses of the building, in a corner of which the unfortunate man had been placed, after having been disencumbered of his handkerchiefs; then, partly through respect to the two professions we so worthily represented, partly from anxiety not to lose any of the sight, the assistants left us alone. The *lépero*, with his head leaning against the partition, and apparently lifeless, was seated rather than lying; his pendent arms and death-like color told that, if not already dead, the spark of life which remained was very feeble. The Franciscan and I gazed upon him in equal embarrassment.

"I think you might venture to give him absolution," I said.

"*Absolvo, &c.*," said Serapio, with his

foot roughly touching the *lépero*, who at length appeared conscious, and, half opening his eyes, murmured—

"I believe— Ah! the villains have stolen my handkerchiefs. *Señor padre!* I am a dead man!"

"Not yet, my son; but, probably, you have but a short time for confession, and you would do well to profit by it at once, that I may open the gates of heaven to you; for I can tell you I am in haste to be gone."

"The fight is not finished then," said poor Perico. "But, altogether," he added, rubbing himself, "I believe I am not so bad as you imagine." Then, catching sight of me, he shut his eyes, as if about to faint, and said, in a weak voice—

"Indeed I feel very ill—very ill; and if you will listen to my confession, it shall be soon made."

"Begin then, my son;" and the monk bent down to the sick man, who however gave no outward appearance of being hurt. Taking off his large gray hat, Perico leaned toward the monk and began thus, while I moved away that I might not interrupt him:—

"First, I accuse myself, father, of the deepest ingratitude toward this gentleman, in having robbed him as often as possible, and—much less, however, than I wished; but I beseech him to bear me no malice; for, at heart, I was very much attached to him."

I bowed my head in assent to this.

"I also accuse myself, father, of having robbed the criminal judge, Sayosa, of his gold watch, the last time I was taken before him."

"How was that, my son?"

"The Signor Sayosa was so imprudent as to wish to look at his watch in my presence, and to express his surprise at having left watch and chain at home; at which I said to myself that, if I was not hanged, there was a lucky job before me; and being uncertain of my own fate, I gave the hint to an associate who was just then set free. I should tell you that it is well known the judge loves turkey."

"I do not understand you, my son."

"You will presently. My accomplice bought a turkey, which he presented to the judge's wife, telling her it came from her husband, and desiring her to send him the watch and chain which he had forgotten to take with him. So the watch—"

"This is serious, my son."

"I did still worse, father: the next day I stole from the woman, while her husband was in court—"

"What, my son?"

"The turkey, father. You see one does not like to lose," murmured Perico in a whining tone, while the monk with difficulty restrained a hearty fit of laughter.

"And for what, my son," he asked in rather an unsteady voice, "were you taken before the criminal judge?"

"A mere trifle. For some crowns I had engaged to serve an inhabitant of this city, (his name is of no consequence to us.) I was shown the man I was to strike; he was young and handsome, and might be recognized by a long narrow scar above his right eyebrow. I concealed myself at the door of a certain house, to which this man came every evening after vespers, and saw him enter. Night came on, and I was still watching; two hours passed thus."

Whether from weakness or some other cause, Perico seemed now to yield reluctantly to the command of Fray Serapio to continue his confession; and by a look I asked the monk whether I should go quite away; but he made a gesture for me to remain.

"I saw," continued Perico, "an old woman closely enveloped in her mantle and fast asleep; and I recognized the young man seated on a couch; while before him, her head resting on his knees, a beautiful young girl was reclining, and gazing on him with intense affection. The young man was playing with a pink rose, fastened to the comb which confined the tresses of the head thus inclined toward him. I understood why time passed so quickly with him. Perhaps, the compassion I felt may be placed to my credit somewhere else, for I was very sorry to be obliged to cut the thread of so sweet a romance."

"Did you kill him, wretch?" cried the monk.

"I sat down in the shade on the pavement before the house. I was discouraged; so much so that I fell asleep at my post, till the sound of an opening door roused me; a man came out. I said to myself then, that a promise ought to be sacred; that this was not the time for giving way to my natural sensibility, and I arose. In

a moment, I was at the heels of the stranger; and almost at the same time I heard the sound of a piano within the window; the fingers which touched it seemed inspired by happiness! 'Poor woman!' I said to myself, 'your lover's last moment is come while you are singing!' I struck —the man fell!"

The tender Perico was silent and sighed.

"Had sorrow dimmed my sight?" he resumed, after a short silence. "At this moment the moon shone upon the face of him I had killed; it was not my man. I was, in truth, glad. I had been bribed to stab; I had stabbed; and my conscience being thus at ease, I cut off a lock of the stranger's hair to carry to my employer in token that I had accomplished my work. 'All hair is alike,' I said to myself; but I was wrong—the man I had killed was an Englishman, with hair as red as pimento; and the handsome cavalier was still alive. Then, in my disappointment, I blasphemed the holy name, and it is of this that I accuse myself, father."

Perico continued striking his breast, while the Franciscan represented to him the blackness of this last crime, passing lightly over the former one; for the life of man—above all, of a heretic Englishman—is of little value in the eyes of the ignorant part of the Mexican nation, of which the monk and the *lépero* offered me two distinct types. Fray Serapio ended his exhortation by giving Perico a hasty absolution in Latin, worthy of Molière's comedies; and then continued in good Spanish,—

"Now you have only to ask this gentleman to forgive your having too often placed him under contribution, which he will readily pardon, seeing the impossibility of your doing so again."

The *lépero* turned toward me, and, with the most languishing air he could assume, said,—

"I am a great sinner, and I shall not think myself wholly absolved till you condescend to pardon the shabby tricks I have played you. I am dying, sir, and I have not the means of burial; my wife must know this directly, and it would comfort her much to find a few piastres in my pocket to pay for my shroud. God will repay you, sir."

"Indeed," said the monk, "you cannot refuse the poor wretch this favor: they are the last piastres he will cost you."

"God grant it," said I, not recollecting that it was a homicidal wish; and I emptied my purse into the hand of Perico, who shut his eyes, let his head fall on his shoulder, and spoke no more.

"*Requiescat in pace!*" said Fray Serapio; "the fight must be nearly finished, and I have nothing more to do here."

We went out. "After all," I said to myself, as I left the place, "such a confession as this amply recompenses me for the cost of my former acquaintance with the *Zaragate*. Besides, it is the last lesson he will give me;" and I could not help pitying him a little at this thought. However, as we shall see, I was wrong in fancying all my accounts settled with Master Perico.

THE ALAMEDA.

It is needless to describe the Alameda of Mexico; its beauty is acknowledged; trees, fountains, flowers, all combine to render this promenade worthy the resort of beauty, wealth, and fashion. Nearly adjoining it is the Paseo de Bucareli, a piece of ground shaded by trees and adorned with fountains, to which, after a certain number of turns in the Alameda, carriages and walkers resort.

To gain the Paseo, the crowd passes carelessly by a grated window which looks out upon the foot-pavement, and it would scarcely be guessed what a frightful exhibition these rusty gates every day inclose, within a few steps of the most brilliant promenade in Mexico:—this window is that of the house where the dead are exposed to be viewed and owned. Justice only now exerts herself; and the bodies of men and women are thrown here, half-naked, still bloody: this *morgue* receives fresh guests every day!

On the evening of the day on which I had been present at the bull-fight, I was among the idle crowd which generally fills the space between the Paseo and the Alameda. The lamps were being lighted, and the *Ave-Maria* bell was heard from all the churches and convents, calling upon the giddy crowd to prostrate themselves. The declining day cast a dim light through the grating of the *morgue* upon the victims, who lay *pêle-mêle* upon a bed of masonry, stained with large spots of blood; while some women, whom the soldiers vainly endeavored to send away, were loudly lamenting in front of the bars,

pitied by some of the passengers, looked at with curiosity by others. On his knees, before the grating, with uncovered head, and holding a richly-caparisoned horse by the rein, a man was devoutly reciting his prayers. His costume, which bespoke him as belonging to the highest class of country residents, harmonized well with his handsome and noble features. Above his right eyebrow was a long, narrow, white scar, which identified him with the portrait Perico had drawn in the morning. Was he thanking God for having saved him from peril, or did he bless God for loving and being beloved? My conjectures and his devotions were suddenly interrupted; for, frightened at the noise of carriages, an unmanageable horse kicked the ladder upon which a man was mounted, lighting the lamp over the barrack of La Accordada, and he fell motionless on the pavement from a height of fifteen feet. I might describe the consternation of the unfortunate cavalier, at seeing the lamplighter senseless before him, perhaps mortally hurt; but I was that cavalier, and I pass on to what followed.

We know the general feelings of a mob in such a case; and in Mexico they are still stronger, every stranger being regarded as a natural enemy. Hemmed in, notwithstanding his spirit, by a crowd of *léperos*, who were disputing what kind of punishment they should inflict on the miserable delinquent, my horse was no help to me; and for a moment I envied the condition of the senseless lamplighter, upon whom the crowd were carelessly trampling. Fortunately, chance sent to my relief two persons, one of whom at least I could not expect to see. The first was an alcade, who, escorted by four soldiers, made his way to me, and said that, in his opinion, I was convicted of having caused the death of a Mexican citizen. I bowed my head in silence. By the magistrate's order, the lamplighter's body was placed upon a litter, from the adjoining barracks; then, politely desiring me to alight, the alcade desired me to follow the litter to the court-house, where I should find myself, of course, within two steps of the prison. It may be imagined, I was not very ready to yield to this intimation; and I endeavored to show the alcade that a case so uncommon did not authorize such a judicial proceeding. But the alcade was obstinate, and replied only by insisting on the custom; so I looked around me for some one who would be my bail. The kneeling cavalier, who had so much interested me, had disappeared; but chance, at this moment, sent a second person to my assistance. This person was wrapped in an olive-colored mantle, a lappet of which nearly concealed his face, and through the numerous rents might be seen a dark vest. Making his way through the crowd, he stood before the alcade, and putting his arm through one of the holes in his cloak, without deranging his costume, he courteously removed the fragment of a hat which he wore, and showed a black shaggy head of hair, ornamented with several cigarettes, a lottery-ticket, and an image of the Virgin of Guadaloupe. I was considerably astonished at recognizing, in this respectable Mexican citizen, my friend Perico, whom I believed dead and about to be buried.

"Signor Alcade," said he, "this gentleman is right; he committed this murder accidentally, and ought not to be confounded with common malefactors; and, moreover, I am here to bail him, for I have the honor of his intimate acquaintance."

"And who will be your surety?" asked the alcade.

"This gentleman," replied the zaragate, pointing to me.

"But if you are his surety?"

"Well! I bail the gentleman—the gentleman bails me: there are two sureties for one, and your lordship cannot find better."

I acknowledge that for a moment I hesitated between the justice of the alcade and the protection of Perico; and the magistrate, on his side, did not seem quite convinced by Perico's impudent logic; so I ended the debate by whispering to him my name and address.

"Very well!" said he, drawing away. "I accept your friend in the olive cape as your bail, and shall expect to find you at your house presently."

The alcade and his soldiers were gone, but the crowd remained still threatening, when a shrill whistle brought Perico's friends to the spot, and they presently surrounded us. The *lépero* led my horse, and I thus escaped the angry groups, very uneasy as to the sequel of the adventure, and grieved at the sad cause of it.

"How is it that I see you so well?" I asked my guide, when I had a little recovered my composure. "I thought your business in this world was ended forever."

"A miracle has been wrought in my behalf," replied Perico, raising his eyes to heaven; "but it seems, sir, that my resurrection vexes you. You think that, in spite of my wish to be agreeable to you——"

"Not at all, Perico—not at all. I am delighted to see you alive: but how did this miracle happen?"

"I know nothing except that it was accomplished in time for me to take my place again among the spectators of the fight, and even to try another ascent. I had just confessed and received absolution. It was a singular opportunity for venturing my life without risking my soul; I took advantage of it, and was lucky; for this time I fell upon my legs when the bull tossed me, to the great delight of the public, who showered reals and demi-reals upon me. Then, finding myself—thanks to you, above all—with a well-filled purse, I gratified my taste for dress by purchasing this suit at a broker's, and it gives me a very respectable appearance. You saw with what consideration the alcade treated me! There is nothing like being well-dressed, sir!"

I saw well enough that the fellow had cheated me once more; and that his pretended suffering, like his confession, had been merely to obtain some piastres from me; but I must say, that my anger melted away before the comic dignity with which the *lépero* strutted about in his ragged cloak during this strange tale. My aim now was to get rid of a troublesome companion; and I said to him, with a smile—

"If I reckon rightly, the illness of your children, your wife's confinement, and your own shroud, have cost me nearly a hundred piastres; by excusing you all this, I think I amply repay the service you have just done me. I am now near my home, and I again return you my thanks."

"Your home, sir! Are you thinking of that?" cried Perico. "At this moment your house is being searched by soldiers; they are seeking for you in your friends' houses; you do not know what alcade you have to do with."

"Do you know him, then?"

"I know all the alcades, sir; and what shows that I little merit the surname which I bear is, that all the alcades do not know me; but, among them all, he who is now seeking you is the most cunning, rapacious, and diabolical."

Although I had reasons for thinking this portrait exaggerated, I was somewhat shaken in my resolution. Perico then represented to me, in really touching language, the pleasure his wife and children would feel in giving their benefactor an asylum for the night; and, being obliged to decide between two protectors, equally interested, I chose him whose greediness had the least gloomy appearance, and resolved to follow the *lépero*.

It was night; we traversed suspicious-looking alleys, deserted squares, dark streets, quite strange to me; lamps were more and more scarce; I was decoyed into the depths of those suburbs where justice dares not penetrate; and I was unarmed, at the mercy of a man whom I had just heard make a terrible confession: to leave him abruptly in these regions was dangerous; to follow him not less so.

"But where do you live?" I asked Perico.

He scratched his head and made no answer, upon which I repeated my question.

"To say the truth," he replied at last, "having no regular dwelling, I live a little everywhere."

"And your wife, your children, and the concealment you offered me?"

"I had forgotten," replied the zaragate, unmoved, "that I sent my wife and children yesterday to —— to Queretaro; but, as to a hiding-place——"

"Do you offer me that also at Queretaro?" I asked, recollecting, too late, that the wife and children of this honest man were as imaginary as his dwelling.

"As to a hiding-place," answered Perico, still unmoved, "you shall partake of such as I know how to find, when I have not the means of hiring a home; for bull-fights and large windfalls like this do not come every day. There," he added, pointing to a reflected light which flickered at a distance, "perhaps that will assist us."

Advancing toward the light, I found it proceeded from a lamp; and near it the watchman, in a yellowish cloak, not much better than that of Perico, was crouched upon the pavement, gloomily watching

the clouds; he did not move at our approach.

"Halloo, friend," asked the zaragate, "do you know any *velorio* hereabouts?"

"Yes, to be sure! not far from hence, near the bridge of Ejizamo, you will find one; and, if I were not afraid of the *régidor* taking his round, or could find some brave boy to take care of my cloak and lantern, I would go myself to the *fête*."

"Much obliged," said Perico, civilly. "We will take your hint;" while the watchman, looking surprised at my dress, which agreed ill with Perico's, said—

"Gentlemen like this are not much in the habit of frequenting those meetings."

"It is a case of necessity; this gentleman has made a debt which prevents his returning to his own house to-night."

"That is a different thing; there are debts which one puts off paying as long as possible," replied the watchman; and, turning away from us, he cried in a doleful voice—

"Nine o'clock, and a stormy night!" then resumed his former attitude, while many distant watchmen repeated the words.

I followed Perico dejectedly, leading my horse by his bridle, it being against the police rules of Mexico to ride on horseback in the city after vespers; and I was not inclined for further trouble with the alcades. My guide's words had excited my curiosity; and I wished to know what a *velorio* could be. In about ten minutes we reached a bridge, over a narrow canal, bordered by dilapidated houses, while a lamp, dimly burning before a picture of souls in purgatory, was gloomily reflected in the muddy and stagnant water, and watchdogs were loudly baying the moon, alternately hidden and revealed by a curtain of driving clouds, for it was the rainy season. All else was silent; and in these two lines of melancholy-looking houses the sole light was from the windows of the first floor opposite to the sacred picture, which showed a room well lighted up. Perico knocked at the door of this house, and after some time half of it was opened, the other half being fastened as usual by an iron chain; and a man's voice cried, "Who is there?"

"Some friends, who are come to pray for the dead and rejoice with the living," replied Perico, without hesitation.

We entered, and, lighted by the porter, crossed the hall to an interior court; there, having tied my horse to a ring in the wall, which the man pointed out, we ascended about twenty steps, and I followed Perico into a well-lighted room. I was now to learn what a *velorio* was.

(*To be continued.*)

BEAUTIFUL PARABLES.

"Hold every mortal joy
With a loose hand!"

We clutch our joys as children clutch their flowers;
We know them sweet, yet scarce believe them ours
Till our hot palms have smirch'd their colours rare,
And press'd their dewy blood out, unaware.

But the wise Gardener, whose they were, comes by,
And, while we are not looking, with mild eye,
Mournful, yet sweet, and pitiful, though stern,
Takes them.

Then in a moment we discern
By loss, what was possession, and half wild,
Lift up rash empty hands like wronged child,
Crying, "Why didst thou snatch my posies fine?"
But he says tenderly, "Not thine, but mine;"
And points to those stain'd fingers which do prove
Our fatal cherishing, our cruel love:
At which we, chidden, a pale silence keep,
Yet evermore must weep, and weep, and weep.

So on through devious ways and thorny brakes,
Quiet and slow, our shrinking feet he takes,
Led by the purpled hand, which, laved with tears,
More and more clean beneath his sight appears:
At length the heavy eyelids trembling shine—
"I am content. Thou took'st but what was thine."

And then he us his beauteous garden shows,
Where, bountiful, the Rose of Sharon grows.
Where in the breezes opening spice-buds swell,
And the pomegranates yield a pleasant smell;
While to and fro peace-sandal'd angels move
In the calm air that they—not we—call love;
An air so fine and rare, our grosser breath
Cannot inhale till purified by death.
And thus, we, struck with longing, evermore
Do sit and wait outside the Eden-door,
Until the gracious Gardener maketh sign—
"Enter in peace. All this is mine—and thine."

TRUE JOY.—That is the true and chief joy which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator; which none can take from thee; whereto all pleasure, being compared, is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.—*Quarles.*

METAPHYSICAL SPECTACLES.

HE who walks in a city, pursuing his route through defiles of dingy bricks, has a fascinating study in the figures that pass him on his way. There is often a history in a face. One thing he will not fail to note—the strange coincidence which gives a character, independent of neighborhood or weather, to each city ramble. There are days when every one he meets seems comely or interesting: patriarchal old men lead beautiful little girls; romantic foreigners, with their black hair artistically arranged, seem actually clean; nurse-maids, seized with sudden affection for their quiet little charges, kiss them with ardor; laughing children run after one another, shouting at the top of their voices. He sees young girls, all grace—some looking at him not without interest; some glancing their eyes downward, conscious of interesting him—all pretty.

There are other days when every one he comes upon is hideous: unhealthy children, born of shocking courts and back slums; importunate beggars, hideous and impudent; miserable faces, suggestive of vice and starvation: features, full of ugliness and woe. Wherever he goes, these haunt him. Funerals, with a wretched show of penurious upholstery, beadledom, and badly paid, badly executed sorrow, cross his path. He lights upon accidents, and runs the risk of being entangled in a row, in which a besotted, red-nosed thing, rag-covered and dirt-hidden, plays a conspicuous part.

On some days there is an extraordinary demonstration in our favor: people make room as we pass; every one is strangely polite; we are evidently popular; strangers point the way, as if our inquiries were a personal compliment; and if our toes are trodden on, or we ourselves thrown on the toes of others, the offending parties seem full of contrition, and respectfully beg our pardon. And there are other days when there seems a general conspiracy against us: we are insulted, snubbed, and snapped at; dogs run between our legs, or yelp as we go by; no one moves out of our way; people run against us, and then growl, or swear at us for being so hard. We are looked down upon contemptuously. Fat old women run bump upon us in the midst of crossings, at the moment when angry cabmen are shouting us out of the way. And all this, too on sunny days and foggy days alike.

Now, I am much inclined to think, that in spite of the law of coincidences and the state of our digestion, much of this is due to our wearing spectacles. I refer to metaphysical spectacles, which magnify, diminish, color, or decolorize the objects that float before the mind's eye. Incredible as it may seem, none of us are entirely guiltless of spectacles of one kind or other, for these psychological instruments fall into two classes—the permanent or constitutional, and the dependent or subjective varieties. The permament are tinted with the shade of the character of the wearer, and are apt to magnify and discolor the acts of men of opposite dispositions, parties, or opinions. They invest things with attributes one-sided, strange, or false. The man of science, who views all things through the medium of his ology or ography; the man of art, by the light of his favorite authorities; the man of argumentative temperament, with a searching glance of his critic eye; the poet, with his dreamy, aërial gaze; the practical man with his *cui bono*—all these have permanent glasses, more or less optically wrong, and yet all the subject of implicit, unhesitating faith.

The dependent vary with the state of mind of the owner: if he is happy, they make everything seem light and cheerful; if sad, they invest creation with a gray neutral tint; if exceedingly enraged, they seem, like Iceland spar, to have a double refraction, and to distort everything. And so arise misjudgments, false calculations, and inaccuracies of all kinds.

The permanent glass is notoriously common; indeed, it may be said to be universal. It tends to establish that exquisite diversity of character and opinion so conducive to our wellbeing. It becomes a bore, however, at times. Professor Dingo is apt to chip the stones of buildings with his geological hammer. Talk rapturously of the sea to a friend great in chemistry, and he gives a look worthy of Fadladeen, as he says: "Chloride of sodium; chloride of magnesium; yes, sir, and chloride of ammonium: a vast repository of all the soluble matters of our globe. It is beautiful to think how the great ocean lixiviates our earth. I have myself detected recently sulphate of copper—blue vitriol, you know." Here our

friend raises his eyes with the look dogmatic.

There now comes up a mechanical genius, full of hydraulics, pneumatics, and dynamics. He is talking something about the specific gravity of the vessel yonder; but his conversation will certainly not rank among the imponderables.

The argumentative gentleman interposes: "Blue, sir; it is not blue; do you call that blue?—it is green. Rough, sir; excuse me, but it is n't—calm as a lake: what you took for breakers was very likely a flock of wild geese. Ships, my good sir; surely you are joking: they are only fishing-boats and barges."

And now the poet is appealed to. "See, ah, beautiful thing!—

> O, how sweet it is to wander
> By the sea-shore, when the night
> Has wooed the stars, those eyes of angels;
> Gems unutterably bright,
> Painting with their golden light
> Another heaven on the waters;
> Flashing on our startled sight
> Eyes brighter than earth's fairest daughters."

And now comes the practical man. "Wonderfully cheap and convenient this carriage by water. All very well your poetry, but give *me* the useful. See how cheap salt is; we get it for a mere nothing out of the sea. Look at our fisheries—our potash and soda manufactories—our iodine. *I* like to see the sea turned to account. Poetry is all very well for weak minds and sentimental young ladies. I like the practical, the useful—that's all *I* care about." The poet, it may be, ponders to himself on the line of demarcation between the useful and the useless. He also wonders whether that which elevates the soul and feelings of the people, is not as important as that which only raises their material condition. He is perplexed, for he, too, has his spectacles, and entertains an indefinite idea of sacrilege when he hears of the transmutation of nature's beautiful works into pounds, shillings, and pence. He views practical men as a set of hedge-clipping, valley-filling, mountain-leveling, forest-clearing factory-mongers, and forgets that these art-Goths and nature-Vandals fabricate his comfortable clothes, produce his pleasant dinners, and waft him at his command hundreds of leagues away to spots of loveliness and romance.

To turn from the shadow to the substance, from the symbol to the verity, the mention of the *spectacles critical* will at once bring before our mental vision the optical instrument itself, with a pair of cynical orbs peering behind it; eyes never intended, it would seem, for the purpose of seeing, but preëminently adapted for quizzing. Men have long known that a white cravat gives an aspect of benevolence, and, of course, a popular reception among masses, fanatical in their admiration of wealthy liberality—they have long been aware that the optic instrument which gives its name to this paper, imparts an air of professional dignity to him who wears it—encircles his brow with an intellectual halo. Their use is not confined to the reviewer, nor indeed to the satirist himself. Long ago, Diogenes, the first of cynics, walked this earth, with a lantern to guide him, in the search for an honest man. It was an endless task to such a soul, for his critical spectacles were so awfully powerful, that the world seemed like a demonland, and its inhabitants monsters. It is not strange that he became in fact what he saw others in imagination; that while he quizzed mankind with spectacles critical, himself became the butt of eternal sarcasm, the classic specimen of the wildest extreme of folly.

There are spectacles of another kind common to every age of life. The babe that smiles in its dear mechanical way when it is pleased, has huge glasses before its pretty laughing blue eyes. It sees them not; we see them not; but could we paint the images that lie upon its budding mind, that float before its tiny imagination, they would be strange unrealities to us beings of stern, veritable life. The old forgotten times, that have a dreamy record in the musty chronicles of history, when giants warred with goblins, or piled mountains to the skies; when every marshy valley was the home of some human reptile or zoophytish monster—those old forgotten times are the pen-and-ink sketches of the world as painted in an infant's eye. Every green leaf is strange and wonderful; every sunny bank, a fairy's home. Undoubted Jacks kill real giants; historic Cinderellas sport slippers of genuine gold—not gilded, nor electro-plated, but massy, gleaming gold; stars are angels' eyes; the moon, a plaything—only far away.

Pupilage succeeds to infancy. The

school-boy sports another kind of eye-glass. The world is a huge playground; study, a species of torture; happiness and half-holidays are synonyms. The great optical property of these spectacles is their near-sightedness. I believe a wearer was never known to look beyond the vacation. He is seldom able to see the consequences of neglecting a lesson. Should he be so acute, so far-sighted, as to foresee punishment, he strives to exhibit counterfeit proficiency, or, it may be, endeavors to administer an excuse with sufficient adroitness. But as to anything beyond—ignorance and its inconveniences—he has not the slightest idea in the world.

A don at cricket; a proficient in marble-playing; a graduate in horse-management and dogdom—these are his heroes. He has thoughts of going to sea, and pines for the life of a Crusoe. He is rarely fond of books. His literary acquirements consist principally in the copying of holiday letters, and the perusal of storybooks, reflections and moral passages carefully omitted. Above all, he has not the slightest sympathy with the optic incongruities of his next stage; I refer to the romantic era of human life. Now, the romantic spectacles are really, in some respects, very enviable. The bright tinting they cast over nature, unreal though it be, is full of poetry and beauty. I speak of the milder forms, for the imperfections of vision at such a time frequently amount to absolute blindness. The technical term for such cases is, being in love; and really the assumption of romantic spectacles often produces nothing more or less than acute monomania. The wearer is constantly haunted by some form which he denominates "thee." Poetry of the very acme of sentimentality is quoted, or often, it may be, misquoted spontaneously. If constant allusions to the moon, and fondness for moonlight under various circumstances, be criteria, these spectacles impart somewhat of lunacy. The figure I mentioned as haunting the wearer, often bears a strong but flattering likeness to some lady of his acquaintance, whose personal charms, however, are strangely distorted, if his descriptions are to be relied upon. Her teeth become pearls, and her eyes are gems; light hair is transmuted into gold; while red hair is said to be auburn. No wonder the poor youth becomes dejected: so strange a metamorphosis of a friend, and that friend a lady, must be very distressing. Fortunately, however, the glasses which cause the mischief are very fragile—the slightest shock will break them; and this is a merciful provision, for their long continuance is said to end in the breaking of a much more important organ—I refer to the heart, which is reported to have become fractured under such circumstances.

To these succeed, often more suddenly, the spectacles of prose-life. The world, which before was one chaos of alpine peaks and alpine chasms, now takes the form of a vast flat, bounded by bills—tailors' bills, butchers' bills, doctors' bills. The most singular effect of these prose-life spectacles, is their power of instantly squaring certain numbers: a family of four, for example, will seem to be one of sixteen; a delay of five minutes in the serving of dinner will appear at least five-and-twenty; while the extravagant accounts incurred at the milliner's and silversmith's by the lady referred to—who, by the by, has now regained her wonted looks, and turned out no angel whatever—seem not only to square, but to cube spontaneously. He looks upon his romantic era as a very silly delusion, and seems heartily ashamed of it. He revels in his morning paper, and has been known to read through the supplementary advertisements with evident relish. He is in a sea of business: to his eyes, it seems hemming him in on all sides. *Respectability* is his motto, and that species of employment which the young call pleasure, his exceeding bane.

Last of all come senile spectacles—the spectacles of old men. As the romantic peer with telescopic gaze into the future, so the aged look back into the past; things were very different when they were young; the world has strangely altered—it is a great deal worse than it used to be; their school-boy lessons, their early labors, their rectitude of conduct, were colossal. They live in a world of to-day, but it seems like a fresh picture in dissolving views, which mars and is marred by the world of yesterday.

AVOID STRIFE. — Easily and from the smallest chink the bitter waters of strife are let forth, but their course cannot be foreseen; and he seldom fails of suffering most from their poisonous effect who first allowed them to flow.

ECCLESIASTICAL LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

ST. BERNARD.

AT the close of the eleventh century, when the people of Normandy were suffering from the quarrels of William Rufus and Prince Louis, and France was resounding with the preparations for the first Crusade, a lady, called Aletta, the wife of the Count Tecelin, lived quietly at home in her husband's castle, near Dijon, and devoted herself to the care of her children and of the poor who dwelt around her. She had a gentle, pious heart, and did not find it necessary to travel to Jerusalem in search of heaven and duty. Her favorite pilgrimages were to the cottages of her indigent neighbors; and thither she might often be seen carrying food and medicine, and there she would sit by the bedside of the sick supplying their wants and soothing their pains with words of divine consolation.

Aletta reverenced the clergy as the ambassadors of God; and her first care for her children was to dedicate them to the service of God in the way she deemed most acceptable, and in those days the most acceptable service was believed to be the life of the cloister. As she grew older the strictness of her devotion increased; she divided the day between household duties, almsgiving, prayer, the festivals of the Church, entirely secluding herself from the social amusements of her time, which must, indeed, in their drunken revelry and often bloody encounters, have contained enough to repel any Christian heart. How her husband liked all this does not appear, nor what place he held in the household; he was, probably, frequently absent on some of those petty campaigns which characterized that age of feuds and feudalism.

Such was the atmosphere which surrounded the childhood of Bernard. The cloistral quiet of the house seems to have imparted a thoughtful tone to the whole family; doubtless, however, six brothers and a sister living together in their father's castle among the sunny corn-fields of Burgundy, did not pass a gloomy or a dreamy childhood, though their seclusion knit them with peculiarly strong bonds to each other and to their mother.

On Bernard the hopes of his mother were most fondly fixed. She had dreamed a dream about him at his birth, which, with the interpretation of a certain soothsaying monk, she treasured up as a token of her child's future greatness. He was accordingly sent to the cathedral-school of Chatillon-sur-Seine, to receive the rudiments of a learned education.

For logic Bernard had no great taste. The kingdom of heaven was not, for him, to be unlocked by subtle dialectics. On the other hand, he threw himself with all the enthusiasm of his nature into the study of ancient literature. Still, though he mastered Latin so far as to preach extempore in it with ease, he was never a learned man, or, rather, his learning was of that kind which may be gleaned by an observant eye and a watchful heart. The present had for him abundant wealth. He saw nature for himself, conversed with God for himself, was learned in the "open secret" of the universe, and the mysteries of his own soul; and he had made for himself that discovery which wise men in Germany have recently proclaimed, that for the comprehension of the highest truth man has another faculty than the understanding, and other words than syllogisms, —that for the spiritual world there is a spiritual sensorium,—that logic may weigh the evidences of religion, but that it is not logic which draws near the living God.

Six months after his return from Chatillon his mother's health began to fail. On the festival of St. Ambrose she had been wont to make a feast for the neighboring clergy, and, weak as she was, she made the usual preparations. But as the day approached, she grew worse; and when the day arrived, she was confined to her bed. Still she would not have the feast put off, and when the repast was ended, she requested that "the ministers of the Lord" would visit her in her room. They found her dying, and, at her entreaty, recited in chorus the solemn litany of the dying. She followed them faintly to the words, "By thy cross and passion, good Lord deliver us;" and then laying the cross on her breast, she sank back and died.

For us the life of Aletta is a stray leaf from the chronicles of the middle ages very touching and very precious. It is pleasant to think how many such hallowed homes and Christian mothers there may have been in those days when the biographies of good women were only "printed for private circulation" in the hearts of

those their love had blessed;—how many there are in all ages who, like the poor Scotchwoman, although they "could not speak for Him," would "die for Him."

From Bernard the impression of his mother's early teaching never faded away. Her image hovered before him constantly; her blessing was on his head; her words were in his heart, upholding him in the midst of temptation. At last, one day the beloved form imbodied itself so vividly to his sense, as he traveled to join his brothers in the camp at Tenchebrai, that he entered a church which stood open by the roadside, and prostrating himself before the altar, with tears of gratitude he promised to devote himself to the service of his Redeemer, and to fulfill the vow of his mother by embracing the religious or monastic life.

Bernard used frequently to speak of the circumstances of his conversion to his young friends. "I am not ashamed to confess," he would say, "that often, and particularly at the beginning of my conversion, I experienced great hardness of heart and an extreme coldness. I sought after Him whom my soul would fain love; Him in whom my frozen spirit might repose and reanimate itself. But none came to succor me, and dissolve this strong ice which bound up my spiritual senses, and to revive the sweetness and serenity of the spiritual spring. Thus my soul continued feeble and listless, a prey to grief—almost to despair; and murmuring internally, 'Who is able to abide His frost?' Then, on a sudden, and perhaps at the first word, or at the first sight of a spiritually-minded person,—sometimes at the bare remembrance of one dead or absent,—the Holy Spirit would begin to breathe, and the waters to flow; then would tears be my meat day and night."

With Bernard piety was an expansive principle. From the moment of that solitary consecration in the way-side oratory, he incessantly labored to win others over to the side of God.

Nor was it wonderful that in those days he regarded the monastic vow as the conclusive test of religious decision. The first-fruits of his missionary labors was his uncle, a man of property, rank, and military fame. All his brothers who had reached manhood, one by one, abandoned the world to join him, save Gerard, the one he seems to have loved the best. Bernard, one day, it is said, laid his hand on this brother's side, and said, reproachfully, "A spear shall pierce thy side." Gerard did actually, not long afterward, receive a lance-wound in his side, and in his suffering recalled his brother's words and followed his example. The father, Count Tecelin, abandoned, at length, of all his children, rejoined them beneath the roof of the convent.

The fraternity of Citeaux, to which Bernard had attached himself on account of its superlative austerity, was guided by the *reformed* rules of St. Benedict.

There is nothing more striking in the history of the monastic orders than the frequent recurrence of this word "reformed." A spirit of zealous devotion is awakened, and imbodies itself in some fraternity of recluses, bound by strictest rules of self-mortification. For the course of a century or two all goes on quietly, when, again, in the midst of this religious company, some earnest man begins to look about him for the means of genuine self-denial, and to his disgust finds the rules relaxed, the offerings of charity converted into means of luxurious indulgence, and a life of piety quite as much of a singularity in the order as the order itself originally was in the world. He becomes a nucleus for minds similarly aroused: and a new order is presently instituted. Thus the very monastic societies, against whose lazy self-indulgence Luther so justly protested, had, in their day, been the work of some reformer as sincere and self-devoted, though not so enlightened, as Luther himself. Unhappily the same process may be traced in the Reformation of Luther itself. Nor can any reformation be final. Man can only work for the present. Our contribution toward the wants of our age should be given in subscriptions while we live, not bequeathed in legacies. The institution which imbodies the piety of to-day may cramp and persecute the piety of to-morrow.

The Cistercian order, however, was still in its perfection of discipline in Bernard's time. The day was divided between manual and spiritual labors; and the crucifixion of the flesh, by means of fastings, bleedings, &c., was sufficient to satisfy the veriest epicure in austerities.

In spite of this, or as its consequence, volunteers continued to throng the gates of Citeaux. New cloisters were built,

filled, and overfilled; and, at length, it was resolved to occupy a piece of land in the diocese of Langres, given to the order some years previously by a knight of Champagne. Bernard, not then twenty-five, but already distinguished for his austerity to himself, his gentleness to others, and his fervent love of God, was chosen abbot of the new monastery. The number of emigrants was, as usual, twelve, to typify the College of the Apostles and the Saviour. After a farewell service, the twelve exiles, with Bernard at their head, walked quietly out of the church. The silence was only broken by irrepressible sobs and the sound of faltering hymns. The site of the new settlement was called the Valley of Wormwood. It had been a refuge of banditti, and was a dreary and desolate spot. Never, however, were there more industrious and patient colonists. They had much to do and much to endure. The neighboring gentry soon grew tired of giving alms. They had to wait several months before they could till the ground, and then several months more before the crops appeared. Meantime, they lived on a scanty allowance of the coarsest bread; and sometimes, not being able to get even that, on beech-leaves steeped in salt; and while they were building the cloisters, they had no shelter amidst the damp marshes of the valley but some rough mud-huts hastily run up. The fragile frame of Bernard suffered so severely as to disable him from preaching. His faith, however, retained its exalted confidence. One day their salt failed. Bernard commanded one of the monks to saddle an ass and go to the next town to buy more. The monk remonstrated that he had no money. "Take faith," was the abbot's reply. By his vow of obedience the poor monk had no resource but to obey. In a few hours he returned laden with provisions. A priest had met him on the way, and hearing of their distress, had filled the panniers with food. "Hold fast faith, my son," was Bernard's comment; "and it shall be well with thee all the days of thy life."

At length, after sufferings of eighteen months, the trial passed. Gifts poured in from every side; the crops were reaped, and from the completed convent arose the voice of grateful psalmody.

Then followed days of peace. Bounded by two wooded hills, which sloped gently toward the east, the valley ran into a narrow gorge at the west. The sun shone on it all day, and at evening sank to rest behind the forest. The clang of diligent labor, mingled with choral chants and the sound of church-bells, only broke the calm to consecrate it. One, who visited the place during Bernard's life, declared, "the solemn stillness so awed us, that we forebore to speak on any but sacred subjects as long as we were within the precincts of the valley."

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the effect of monastic ideas on Hildebrand and on Bernard. Gregory's world is peopled with ideas, and their incarnations in *laymen* and *monks*; Bernard's with *men* and his *brethren*. His monasticism is paradoxically social. Monasteries are for him, not so much islands of sanctity in the sea of corruption, as companies of Christian men, uniting in affectionate relationship to serve God;—not so much *segregations* as *congregations*. His first impulse, on receiving the assurance of the love of God, is to communicate it; and it is characteristic that his first converts are among his own family. He commences his life of seclusion with a society of thirty personal friends. His family circle is reunited in the cloister. His father dies in his arms. His brother Gerard is his dearest friend. The abbot of a rival monastery declares that he "would rather pass his life with Bernard than enjoy all the kingdoms of the world;" and an archbishop of Treves journeys to Rome to entreat the Pope to relieve him from his charge, that he might spend the rest of his days at Clairvaux. Constantly do we hear of his "angelic countenance," and of the "benevolent smile" which habitually lit up his attenuated features. His monks loved him as their father; and years of separation, and the dignity of the Papal crown which one of them (Eugenius) attained, could not dissolve the tie. Surely, to have been so much loved, he must have loved much.

It has been said that men of genius have always something feminine in their nature, and this seems to have been the case with Bernard. Gregory VII. might have sprung from Jove's forehead;—in every line of Bernard's history we read that he was "born of woman." His love for his brother Gerard was almost motherly. Gerard became ill. During his illness the

abbot wept, and watched, and supplicated his restoration. But Gerard died. Bernard folded up his grief in resolute resignation, and saw his brother buried without a tear. His monks wondered at his firmness, for hitherto, at the death of any of the brotherhood, his heart had overflowed in sorrow. He ascended the pulpit, and repeating the text, endeavored calmly to continue his exposition of the Canticles, but recollections rushed thick on his mind and overpowered him. His voice was lost in sobs, and for some minutes he was unable to proceed. Then, recovering a little, and feeling the hopelessness of further restraint, he poured out his grief "before his children," and in the most touching words entreated their sympathy.

"Who," he said, "could ever have loved me as he did? He was a brother by blood, but far more by religion. . . . Thou art in the everlasting presence of the Lord Jesus, and hast angels for thy companions; but what have I to fill up the void thou hast left? Fain would I know thy feelings toward me, my brother, my beloved, if, indeed, it is permitted to one bathing in the floods of divine radiance to call to mind our misery, to be occupied with our grief. Yet God is love; and the more closely a soul is united to God the more does it abound in love. . . . His nature is to have mercy and to forgive. Thou must needs then be merciful, since thou art joined to Him who showeth mercy; and thy affection, though transformed, is nowise diminished. Thou hast laid aside thine infirmities but not thy love, for 'love abideth;' and throughout eternity 'thou wilt not forget me.' . . . . . God grant, Gerard, that I may have not lost thee; but that thou hast preceded me, and I may be with thee where thou art. For of a surety thou hast rejoined those whom in thy last night below thou didst invite to praise God, when suddenly, to the great surprise of all, thou, with a serene countenance and a cheerful voice, didst commence chanting, 'Praise ye the Lord, from the heavens.' 'Praise him, all his angels.' At that moment, O my brother, the day had dawned on thee; though it was night to us, the night to thee was all brightness. . . . . Just as I reached his side, I heard him utter aloud those words of Christ, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Then, repeating the verse over again, and resting on the word 'Father,' 'Father,' he turned to me, and smiling, said, 'O, how gracious of God to be the Father of men; and what an honor for men to be his children;' and then, very distinctly, 'if children, then heirs.' And so he died, and so dying he well-nigh changed my grief into rejoicing, so completely did the sight of his happiness overpower the recollection of my own misery."

Was there ever a funeral sermon which came so fresh from the very fountains of tenderness, or which goes so direct to the heart? To the man who uttered it Christianity could never become stoicism, or monasticism itself other than a bond of brotherhood, giving new ties of kindred, while the old ones continued undissolved.

EXPRESSION OF HAIR.

OF the modern beard and whisker we desire to write respectfully. A mutton chop seems to have suggested the form of the substantial British whisker. Out of this simple design countless varieties of forms have arisen. How have they arisen? Can any one give an account of his own whiskers from their birth upward? To our mind there is nothing more mysterious than the growth of this manly appendage. Did any far-seeing youth deliberately design his own whisker? Was there ever known a hobbledehoy who saw "a great future" in his silken down, and determined to train it in the way it should go? We think not. British whiskers, in truth, have grown up like all the great institutions of the country, noiselessly and persistently—an outward expression, as the Germans would say, of the inner life of the people; the general idea allowing of infinite variety according to the individuality of the wearer. Let us take the next half-dozen men passing by the window as we write. The first has his whiskers tucked into the corners of his mouth, as though he were holding them up with his teeth. The second whisker that we descry has wandered into the middle of the cheek, and there stopped as though it did not know where to go to, like a youth who has ventured out into the middle of a ball-room with all eyes upon him. Yonder bunch of bristles (No. 3) twists the contrary way under the owner's ear: he could not for the life of him tell why it retrograded so. That fourth citizen, with the vast Pacific of a face, has

little whiskers which seem to have stopped short after two inches of voyage, as though aghast at the prospect of having to double such a Cape Horn of a chin. We perceive coming a tremendous pair, running over the shirt-collar in luxuriant profusion. Yet we see, as the colonel or general takes off his hat to that lady, that he is quite bald—those whiskers are, in fact, nothing but a landslip from the veteran's head!

Even in Europe, some skins seem to have no power of producing hair at all. Dark, thick-complexioned people are frequently quite destitute of either beard or whisker, and Nature now and then, as if to restore the balance, produces a hairy woman. A charming example was exhibiting some time since in London. The description she gives of herself we will not back, but here it is from the printed bill:—

"The public is most respectfully informed that Mad. FORTUNNE, one of the most curious phenomenons which ever appeared in Europe, has arrived in London, in the person of a young woman, 21 years of age, whose face, which is of an extraordinary whiteness, is surrounded by a beard as black as jet, about four inches in length. The beard is as thick and bushy as that of any man. The young lady is a native of Geneva, in Switzerland, and has received a most brilliant education. She speaks French fluently, and will answer all the questions that may be addressed to her. Her beard, which reaches from one eye to the other, perfectly encircles the face, forming the most surprising contrast, but without impairing its beauty. Her bust is most finely formed, and leaves not the least doubt as to her sex. She will approach all the persons who may honor her with their presence, and give an account of her origin and birth, and explain the motives which induced her to quit her country. Everybody will also be allowed to touch her beard, so as to be convinced that it is perfectly natural."

The beard was a glorious specimen, and shamed any man's that we have ever seen.

Of the *expression* of hair—could we *press* for the nonce a quill from Esthonia—much might be well and edifyingly said. The Greeks, with their usual subtilty in reading Nature, and interpreting her in their works of art, have distinguished their gods by the variations of this excrescence. Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules again remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; while the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own seaweed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus. What gives the loose and wanton air to the portraits in Charles II.'s bedchamber at Hampton Court? Duchess and Countess sweep along the canvas with all the dignity that Lely could flatter them with; but on the disordered curls and the forehead fringed with love-locks Cyprian is plainly written. Even Nell Gwyn, retired into the deep shade of the alcove, beckons us with her soft redundance of ringlets. But too well woman knows the power Venus has endowed her with in this silken lasso:

"Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

In the rougher sex the temper and disposition are more apparent from the set of the hair than in woman, because, as already observed, they allow it to follow more the arrangement of nature. Curly hair bespeaks the sanguine temperament, lank hair the phlegmatic. Poets for the most part, we believe, have had curly hair—though our own age has exhibited some notable exceptions to the rule. Physiology has not yet decided upon what the curl is dependent, but we feel satisfied that it arises from a flattening of one side of the hair more than the other.

So well do people understand the character as expressed by the hair and its management, that it is used as a kind of index. Commercial ideas are very exact respecting it. What chance would a gentleman with a moustache have of getting a situation in a bank? Even too much whisker is looked upon with suspicion. A clean shave is usually, as the world goes, expected in persons aspiring to any post of serious trust. We confess that few montrosities in this line affect us more dismally than the combination of dandy *favoris* with the however reduced peruke of Brother Briefless or Brother Hardup. It is needless to add that anything like hirsute luxuriance about a sacerdotal physiognomy is offensive to every orthodox admirer of the *via media*—to all the Anglican community, it is probable, excepting some inveterate embroideresses of red and blue altar-cloths and tall curates' slippers.

VOLTAIRE AND HIS TIMES.

AN able work entitled "Voltaire and his Times," from the pen of a distinguished French writer, has recently appeared. If the world presents us anywhere with an instance of brilliant but misdirected talents, it is to be found in the memoirs of this once celebrated individual. We open the work, not for the sake of criticism, which we leave in other hands, though we can honestly recommend its perusal to all who wish to see the eighteenth century, especially as it was in France, stripped of the meretricious garb in which it had been the fashion to clothe it, and exhibited in its true colors. Our object is to draw a moral lesson from its contents. If history has any power to teach by example, we shall surely derive some advantage from pausing for a moment before the grave of Voltaire, and asking, in a spirit of severe and righteous charity, what he was and what he did. Indeed, we are scarcely at liberty to decline this task in the present day, when infidelity is raising its old pretensions, and attempting to renovate the world without the aid of divine truth. We shall gain some knowledge of the moral power of skepticism, by surveying the character of him who was recognized for half a century as its chief apostle.

Voltaire began his literary career in evil times. The ambitious and dissolute reign of Louis XV. had poured a flood of immorality through France. Political oppression had forced the mass of the people to think for themselves. In doing this they did not separate the chaff from the wheat, but condemned everything, whether good or bad, which seemed to have any connection with existing institutions. The fearful excesses which marked the close of the century were then beginning to germinate in the bosom of the nation. Here was a noble task for a man of popular talents, combined with integrity and patriotism—to instruct the people in sound principles, to rebuke the levity and licentiousness of the age, to enforce the sacred claims of truth, and, while exposing the superstitious practices of the Romish Church, to assert the reality and necessity of that pure religion which is founded upon the word of God. If Voltaire, and those writers who made him their model, had done this, how differently might we have had to write the history of France! But, instead of playing this noble part, Voltaire pandered to the irreligious principles and tastes of his countrymen. "He led his age," says M. Bungener, "by following it; he served it as it desired to be served—gave it wit and fine verses, but nothing more." An upright man, if he had not been courageous enough to denounce the vices which flourished beneath the throne, and threw from that elevation a poisonous shadow over the land, would at least have been silent. But Voltaire saw nothing in the immorality which disgraced the court of Louis XV. to draw forth his censure. He even dedicated one of his poems to Madame de Pompadour, thus giving the lustre of his talents to the cause of debauchery.

If we wished for a mirror of the eighteenth century we should find it in Voltaire; or, to choose a more appropriate figure, his life is a camera obscura in which we behold, surrounded with darkness, the forms and principles of the men who swayed in his time the intellectual scepter of France. With perfect candor we can say that the more we see of these men, the better insight we obtain into their real character, the more heartily do we despise them. Condorcet, D'Alembert, Grimm, Diderot, Helvetius, Voltaire, and their colleagues of the *Encyclopédie*, were the chiefs of a conspiracy against everything which bore the name of religion, or could even remind men of the existence of God. In this unholy war their tactics were as good as their principles, but no better. To strengthen their influence, they had to make themselves out great men. This was easily accomplished, since they were all agreed. There was a tacit understanding that each should burn incense to all the rest, on condition that all the rest burnt incense to him. Their vanity was astounding. One is almost tempted to think that their impious hatred of the very name of God arose in part from a desire to secure all the worship of mankind for themselves. It is difficult to read without a blush the fulsome language in which they addressed each other. A specimen or two will suffice. "'I was asked the other day,' writes Voltaire, 'what I thought of the *Eloges* of M. de Condorcet. I replied, by writing on the title-page, 'Justice, accuracy, learning, clearness, precision, taste, elegance, and

nobleness.' Has he occasion to speak of Marmontel? 'Our age must have lain sweltering in the mud had not the fifteenth chapter of *Belisarius* been written.' Has he to speak of La Harpe, on the announcement of a new piece from his pen: 'Europe is waiting for *Melanie*,' says he. In his correspondence with D'Alembert, we find perpetually, '*My dear great man—my universal genius—adieu, thou man who art above thine age and country—adieu, great man—adieu, eagle*,' and the like; the whole, to give higher relief to these magnificent expressions, amid familiarities and obscenities of all sorts." Only think of "the age" being rescued from ruin by a chapter of Marmontel, and all Europe standing in breathless expectation of a work by La Harpe! After this it was a poor compliment to D'Alembert, to say that he was *above* his age and country. Poor men! their dust has long since mingled with its parent earth, and their very names are vanishing from the memory of mankind, while the inspired productions of the fishermen of Galilee are daily winning new converts to the cause of truth and righteousness. But, were they honest in thus flattering each other? According to our author, far from it. They did it, partly to create a factitious reputation, which might be of service to the cause of infidelity, and partly to get themselves flattered. The compact was as hollow as it was profane.

Voltaire, and the men with whom he acted, were perpetually vaunting the superiority of philosophy over religion. It would be worth asking whether their philosophy deserved the name, if there were any room for putting such a question. But the fact is too obvious to be doubted for a moment. Their philosophy was falsely so called; it was a mixture of vanity and verbiage; bold assumption and fine talking, nothing more. But what sort of influence did their philosophy, such as it was, exert? Did it make them upright, honest, and philanthropic? Did it tend to purify their hearts and inspire them with generous and disinterested sentiments? Christianity has done this for millions who were destitute of the intellectual advantages which they enjoyed. We are justified in demanding what their boasted philosophy did for them. Let us see. Voltaire had certain notions respecting war. When it suited him he could rave about its inhumanity, but at other times he could treat both its principles and the horrors which flowed from it with the coolest indifference. His model hero, Frederic, King of Prussia, surnamed the Great, had conquered Silesia. Our readers will remember how he suddenly broke into the Austrian dominions with a powerful army, the bloody struggle that ensued, what battles were fought, and how many thousands fell. At the close of the war, Frederic wrote its history, and therein confessed that he was induced to enter upon the war merely by ambition, interest, and the desire to be spoken of, combined with his having plenty of troops and money, and being of a rather vivacious character. There was some nobleness in making the confession; but why does it not appear in his printed book? Because Voltaire persuaded him to expunge it. Frederic was an infidel, and such a confession might have damaged the cause of infidelity. While the Seven Years' War was yet raging, we find Voltaire writing thus: "'I must tell you that I have been crying, *Vive le roi*, on hearing that the French have killed four thousand English with the bayonet. This was not humane, but it was necessary.' *Necessary!* another of those words which depict the man and his epoch." Again he writes: "'People talk still of two or three massacres. What then are we to do? Why, present *Tancred* in December, print it in January, and laugh!'" This is the book which we have already mentioned as the one he dedicated to Madame de Pompadour.

A few years after the termination of the Seven Years' War, Prussia and Austria joined in the first partition of Poland. It is well known how that act of injustice imbittered the last hours of Maria Theresa. She had been only a subordinate actor in the tragedy; the chief part was played by Frederic. But who suggested to him so foul a crime as the wanton overthrow of a neighboring state? Alas for the philanthropy and liberalism of our philosopher! The suggestion came from Voltaire, and it was not his fault if France did not do for Geneva what Frederic did for Poland. Such sympathy did he feel for the work of carnage, that he invented a machine, a sort of chariot armed with scythes, by which he expected that six hundred men and as many horses would be able to destroy an army of ten thousand men.

Writing to Catherine, Empress of Russia, who, though she had acquiesced in the murder of her husband, was a saint with the Encyclopædists, he says of the Turks, with whom she was then at war: "'Will these barbarians always attack as hussars? Will they never present themselves in close array, so as to be run through by some of my Babylonian cars? I should wish at least to have contributed to your killing some Turks; people say that, for a Christian, it is a work agreeable to God.'" But there are still finer specimens of his philanthropy. He had a special enmity against the Jews, because they seemed to furnish a standing proof of the truth of Christianity. Adverting to the fearful cruelties exercised upon them in Spain in the fifteenth century, he says, "'No one could pity them.' Alluding to the exaggerated accounts of the crimes they perpetrated in the isle of Cyprus, during the reign of the emperor Trajan, he says, 'They were punished, but not so severely as they deserved, *since they still subsist.*'" "'It is said,' he writes in another letter, 'that the Rev. Father Malagrida has been broken on the wheel. God be praised!'" "'I have a letter saying that three Jesuits have at length been burned at Lisbon. This is very consolatory news.'" So much for the tender mercies of infidelity. Who does not see here the germ of those miseries which his unhappy country has since endured?

There was naturally little enthusiasm in Voltaire; but we must make an exception to this statement when Christianity is the subject of his pen. He is never cold when attacking the foundation of our faith. Here he applies himself in good earnest, like a man whose heart is in his work. Still, even in this exceptional case, the single passion which gave life and warmth to his enthusiasm is vanity. "'I am tired of hearing them say,' he writes in 1761, 'that but twelve men were required to found their religion. I will clearly show them that no more than one is required for its destruction.'" But deep as was his hatred to Christianity, he had not always the honesty to avow it. He would sometimes fall into a passion if a person accused him of infidelity. This, however, was only in keeping with his usual conduct: To disown some production of his pen, when it happened to be unpopular, was a common expedient. For example, he labored for twenty years at a poem of a very improper nature, and at last he published it. The character of the work was such that government took alarm, and threatened to prosecute its author. How did Voltaire contrive to escape the storm? In the easiest way imaginable. He declared the work was not his, and denounced all who asserted the contrary as base libelers. He speaks of the very idea that the work was written by him as the crowning point of the infamous manœuvers of his enemies. An unfortunate literary broker, believing the work to be the production of Voltaire, went and offered him fifty louis for the manuscript. Voltaire succeeded in getting the poor fellow put in prison for his supposed calumny. "In 1764, when his *Philosophical Dictionary* first began to be circulated in Paris, he wrote thus to D'Alembert: 'The moment there is any danger, I beseech of you to let me know, in order that I may disavow the work in all the public papers, *with my ordinary candor and innocence.*'"

So much for the candor and integrity of those who wished to be regarded as the regenerators of their age. It was quite in harmony with such conduct for Voltaire to profess himself at times very religious. We should certainly not have expected beforehand to find this most enlightened sage among relic-hunters. When we are told that Voltaire had the pretended piety to solicit at the hands of the pope the hair shirt of St. Francis, and to obtain a dispensation for eating meat on Fridays, it is difficult to repress a smile of credulity. Yet so it was. We are justified by such facts in pronouncing his character to have been a tissue of falsehood. Truthfulness never gave him a moment's concern. When his assertions squared with facts, the agreement was, in a moral sense, accidental. He spoke the truth sometimes, undoubtedly, but then it was because it happened to suit him—not because he felt himself laid under any obligation to do so.

EVERY principle and doctrine of Christian faith is, and ought to be, founded upon the Scripture; and whatsoever principles and doctrines are, not only not contrary, but even not according thereto, ought to be denied as anti-christian.—*Robert Barclay.*

THE BASTILE.

THE French people having in 1789 taken possession of the Bastile, that ancient state prison, where so many political crimes had been committed, where such fearful vengeance had been summarily and secretly executed, the whole edifice was ransacked, and totally destroyed. On that occasion, a great iron cage was found, which proved to be that in which the Cardinal de Balue, minister of Louis XI., had expiated for eleven years the atrocious guilt of being the inventor, but for other victims, of the instrument which thus served for his own punishment. In another dungeon was discovered a second iron cage, smaller, in the shape of a bowl, wide at top, and terminating at the bottom in a point so narrow, that any one shut up in it could neither sit, nor lie, nor stand upright. The last-mentioned cage was the only one now remaining, of two, which had served, three centuries before, as the prison of two young princes, Henri and François de Nemours, sons of Jacques d'Armagnac, who in the reign of Louis XI. was constable of France. It is well known to any who have read French history, that d'Armagnac had leagued with the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany (Bretagne) to deliver up France to the English. This plot, which would have snatched the sceptre from the hands of the French monarch, was discovered to Louis when just ripe for execution, and Jacques d'Armagnac was instantly arrested, and sentenced to be beheaded. He had two sons so young at the time of his treason and its punishment, that when these poor children were asked if they had not been the accomplices of their father, they might have answered with the lamb in the fable: "How could I, when I was not born?" Nevertheless, by a refinement of cruelty, which even the barbarism of the age cannot palliate, much less justify, Louis XI. ordered white robes to be put on the two boys, and thus attired, they were placed under the scaffold on which their father was standing, and when he received the fatal blow, the executioner sprinkled the white robes and their innocent heads with the blood of the criminal. Nor was the vengeance of Louis satiated by the punishment of the constable. The two orphans, dyed in a father's blood, were taken to the Bastile, dragged to the subterranean dungeons, and there put into the two iron cages described before. Henri de Nemours was then eight years old, and his brother François very nearly seven.

The unhappy children, thus condemned to continued torture, had no other consolation but putting their hands through the bars of the cages to grasp each that of the other. And all day long, and all night long the young brothers were hand in hand.

François, the younger of the two, was the most desponding. "I am so much hurt here," said he, "surely we cannot live long this way." And he wept.

"Come, come," replied Henri, "a pretty fellow to cry at your age; besides you know papa never liked that we should cry. You see they are treating us like men of whom they are afraid, so we must not behave like children. Instead of crying, let us talk of poor dear mamma."

And then the poor victims of the cruel policy of Louis XI. talked of days gone by, and of the beautiful domain of Loctour, where they had passed the first years of infancy. Once again did they climb their own hills of Armagnac, once more wander in its thick woods, once more run races in the broad walks of the baronial park. But alas! it was only in imagination—yet the young prisoners found a momentary oblivion of their sufferings in that blessed magic of memory which makes the present cease to exist for us, by bringing us back into the past.

One other slight alleviation to their wretchedness was afforded to these infant martyrs by a very little mouse, which, having crept out of its hole one day, was at first so terrified by the sight of the young princes, that it ran back as fast as possible to its hiding-place. In vain did the children try to coax it; it was not till the next day that, pressed by hunger, she ventured out to pick up some of the crumbs which they had purposely let fall from the cages. By degrees, however, she became accustomed to the voices of the children, and a few days after her first appearance, she grew so tame, that she climbed up to the cages of her patrons, and at length used to go from one to the other, and eat out of their hands.

But it was a small thing to the vindictive Louis that the blood of d'Armagnac had stained the fair hair and white robe of his children. He heard that the two

little prisoners of the Bastile were enduring their sufferings with fortitude—that, through custom's wondrous power, they had learned to sleep soundly in their iron cage, nay, even to awake with an almost cheerful "good morrow" on their lips. He heard it—can any heart that responds to one human feeling believe that it but impelled him to devise fresh torture for them? He issued orders that a tooth should be extracted every week from each of the children.

When the person appointed to this office, a man too long accustomed, as the minister of the king's savage cruelty, to the sight of suffering, to shrink from inflicting it, was introduced into the dungeon, he could not suppress an exclamation of pity at the spectacle of the two unhappy, yet patient little creatures. He was, however, obliged to tell the object of his visit, and when the brutal order of the king was announced, the little François uttered piercing cries, and Henri endeavored to plead with the executioner. "Mamma," said he, "would die of grief if she heard of my little brother suffering so much. O! pray, sir, spare him—I entreat of you not to put him to such pain; you see how weak and ill he is already."

The executioner of the king's cruel purpose could no longer restrain his tears. "There is no alternative," he said—but he sobbed as he spoke—"I must obey; I risk my life even by delay. My orders are to hand the two teeth to the governor of the Bastile, in order that he may lay them before the king."

"In that case," said Henri, "you must only take two from me. I am strong and can bear it, but the least additional suffering would kill my brother."

And now a long and touching contest arose between the children as to which should suffer for the other. Surprised and affected, the man hesitated for a few moments, and might, perhaps, have finally yielded to the dictates of pity, and have shrunk from executing his revolting office, had not a messenger come from the governor to inquire the cause of his dilatoriness. The messenger knew that longer delay would be regarded as a crime—he approached Henri and extracted a tooth: the child repressed every expression of pain, and seeing the man moving toward his brother's cage, he cried, "Stay, you are to take another from me—you know I am to pay for us both." And the heroic child obtained his wish, and his self sacrifice gave to the governor of the Bastile the two teeth he was required to lay before the king.

The cruel order was executed in its utmost rigor; every week the minister of his barbarous will repaired to the dungeon, and every week Henri paid his own tax and that of his brother. But the strength of the noble boy was at length exhausted; a violent fever raged in his young veins; he gradually grew weaker, and his legs being unable to support him he was obliged to kneel in the cage. At length a day came when he felt that he had only a few minutes to live, and making a feeble effort to extend his hand once more to his brother, he said, "All is over, François, I shall never see mamma again, but, perhaps, you may yet be taken out of this horrible place. Tell my darling mother that I often spoke of her, and that I never loved her so much as now that I am dying. Farewell, François," gasped he, as his breath failed him, "you will give our poor little white mouse her crumbs every day. I depend upon you to take care of her; will you not, dear François?"

He heard not the answer of his brother; death snatched him from his sufferings, and he passed into that place "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." It may be presumed that Louis was softened in favor of the last of the Nemours, for, after the death of Henri, François was released from his iron cage and transferred to one of the ordinary dungeons.

At length the soul of the cruel monarch was required of him, and the reign of Charles VIII. began. His first act was to set at liberty all the victims of the suspicious and hateful policy of Louis XI. Among the rest, François de Nemours was released, permitted once more to behold the sun, once more to lay his drooping head on the bosom of his mother; but the tortures he had undergone in the horrible cage left him all his life lame and deformed.

UNREASONABLE and absurd ways of life, whether in labor or diversion, whether they consume our time or our money, are like unreasonable and absurd prayers, and are as truly an offense to God.—*Bishop Law.*

FEMALE HEROISM.

JANE DE MONTFORT.

IF it be true that great events call forth correspondent abilities, it is no less a reality, that to certain characters decided adversity presents the congenial, in fact the vital atmosphere, denied by ordinary circumstances. Opposition is like a magnet to human nature—it attracts all the iron and force of our will; but it is only in occasional instances that a temperament is encountered which prefers the storms of fate to a serene sky, and can behold one hope after another shattered and abandoned, yet rise superior to the wreck, resolutely looking onward, to plot and scheme again.

Jane of Flanders (to quote the words of Froissart) possessed "the courage of a man, and the heart of a lion." One of the most beautiful women of her time, the indomitable energy and courage of her physical endowment were second only to the rare qualifications of her mind. A skillful diplomatist, no covert policy could take her by surprise; eloquent, the inherent womanly gift of enthusiasm added additional weight to her words,—results of solid and discriminating thought. "She was above her sex," says Père Morice, (a Benedictine monk and celebrated Breton chronicler,) "and yielded to no one in courage or military virtues: no adversity could crush her."

Comparatively unknown previously, but scanty information subsists respecting Jane's life up to the time of her husband's (the Count de Montfort's) imprisonment and threatened execution. This prince, who had, upon the demise of John, Duke of Bretagne, taken possession of the duchy, by prompt and skillful strategy, fell into the hands of his opponent, Charles de Blois, through treachery. He was conducted a prisoner to Paris, and shut up in the tower of the Louvre. Thus incarcerated, no obstacle remained to the claims of his rival, who had engaged the sympathies of Philip, King of France, while those of Edward of England had been given, on terms of mutual accommodation, to the Count de Montfort.

But at the moment when all was given up for lost, to the surprise of her own party and the consternation of the adverse one, the countess, recently become a mother, roused herself from the grief into which the captivity of her lord had thrown her, and eagerly undertook the task of supplying to the troops the general they had lost.

Bearing her babe in her arms, she presented herself before the assembled inhabitants of Rennes, and in an address, the terms of which history has but scantily left, permitting us to judge of it only by the electric effect it produced, she set forth the claims of the illustrious child, whose father at that moment might have ceased to breathe, and enlisted the hearts of her hearers in the struggle to support his pretensions. With the arguments natural to such a position,—with appeals which, in that chivalric age, it would have been worse than dishonor to hear unmoved,—Jane mingled crafty insinuations respecting the freedom of Brittany, which she represented as likely to be sacrificed by the rival claimant, if successful, to his protector the King of France. From fortress to fortress did this heroic woman journey,—encouraging the wavering,—concerting with the powerful, arranging and scheming for all,—and everywhere with the same success. Finally, having spared no exertion to put her adherents in fair order of defense, she shut herself within the town of Hennebon, and awaited the approach of the hostile troops.

Edward the Third of England had at this time more than one daughter, and although the young heir of Bretagne was their junior, proposals to betroth him to one of them were, in pursuance of the usage of the times, made by the countess, and well received at the English court. The condition upon which this alliance was sought and accepted, was immediate aid on King Edward's part in the civil war now agitating the entire province of Bretagne. One of the De Clissons arrived in England upon this errand, and a large number of soldiers, including several thousand skillful bowmen, embarked as soon as practicable upon their errand of assistance to the Breton heroine.

Meantime, Charles De Blois arrived with an immense train of adherents at the town of Rennes, to which he laid siege, and in a short time the countess had the mortification of hearing that it had surrendered to its vigorous assailants. Scarcely had these tidings reached her, when they were followed up by the rapid advance of the French army, and Jane found herself

speedily blockaded within the walls of her fortress, before which the enemy quietly encamped, evidently bent upon remaining there till herself and her infant boy should fall into their hands.

This result, however, formed no portion of her prospects. So well organized were her plans, so well disciplined her soldiers, that no advantage, however small, could be gained from without. Riding up and down the streets, the female general, clothed in complete armor, urged bravery and constancy upon her hearers, incited all who could hold a sword to the combat, and summoned even those who could take no martial part, women and children, to the fray, employing them in hurling stones and missiles upon the besiegers.

It would be difficult to overrate the effect which this dauntless and personal alacrity produced. "Few men sat a horse better than this princess; in combat she handled the sword with as much address and effect as the most vigorous warriors." Nature, which had endowed her with an elegant form and beautiful features, spoke all the louder in her cause, when it was seen she knew how to forego the privileges and adventitious pleas of her sex, to share the hardships of the meanest trooper, while she assumed the entire responsibility of the camp. Frequent sallies, headed by herself in person, were made; every one followed, where such a captain led the way, and were rewarded with invariable success. On one occasion, having observed that the assailants, entirely occupied elsewhere, had forgotten to guard a distant post, she hurried forth, accompanied by only two hundred horsemen, threw them into disorder, and, after doing great damage to their ranks, set fire to their tents, powder, and baggage. In the enthusiasm of the *sortie*, she had, however, forgotten that she might be unable to return in safety; a considerable force now lay between her little band and the gates of the town; the inhabitants saw her position with unspeakable dread: but a few moments sufficed to arrange her plans; she gave the word for her men to disband, and to make the best of their way to Brest. Here she met them at an appointed rendezvous, bringing with her a collected force of five hundred more cavalry soldiers, and, returning at sunrise on the sixth day toward Hennebon, broke through the enemy's ranks, and accomplished her reunion with her disheartened friends (who had mourned her for lost) unhurt, and in great triumph. She was received with every token of rejoicing; trumpets pealed, and acclamations rent the air, disturbing the troops without, who hastily armed themselves, while those inside the town mounted the walls to defend it. The contest lasted until past noon: vast numbers of the besiegers were killed, and their leader at length decided upon retiring to invest the castle of Auray, leaving Sir Hervé de Léon to annoy and vex the garrison, for which purpose he sent twelve large machines to cast stones, by which to destroy the castle.

Contrary winds unfortunately detained the English reinforcements, and, after some time, fears were entertained that the besieged town would be forced to surrender. The countess harbored an enemy in the person of the Bishop of Léon, who now threw off the mask, and opposed his arguments to hers with the lords, her adherents. Little argument was necessary at this protracted period of fatigue and suspense, to over-persuade these nobles. Allured by the promise of personal safety, which the bishop was empowered to concede from the leader of the French force, his nephew, and possessing, after all, but a secondary interest in the question, the sad moment had arrived when the countess must behold her whole intentions abandoned, and perhaps be dragged to a prison with the child for whom she was so heroically struggling. The French troops were actually marching to take possession, when the countess, whose eyes had been riveted upon the sea, and who had with despairing energy proclaimed the change of the wind to a quarter favorable to her hopes, rushed from the turret where she had taken her position, with the joyful exclamation,—"I see the succor! I see the English vessels! No capitulation!" Joyously the incarcerated and worn towns-people ran to the ramparts—the good tidings were confirmed—glory again shone upon the invigorated gaze of the lately complaining garrison. The English forces, headed by Sir Walter Manny, entered the town, and were enthusiastically received by the lady and her soldiers, the treacherous bishop having taken himself off. But a large machine arrived shortly afterward, the result of the information of the ecclesiastic, which, we read, never ceased, night nor

day, from casting stones into the city; and this was, perhaps, a more alarming neighbor than even his lordship himself.

Some months after this, and when a truce had been concluded until the following summer, the Countess de Montfort, accompanied by her son, paid a visit to the English court, where she desired to present him to his future father-in-law, and hoped to arrange some plan for the delivery of her husband from captivity.

Not long, however, did she absent herself from the scene of action. Obtaining further assistance from King Edward, she embarked on her return homeward. On the seas an encounter took place with some hostile ships, which was only put a stop to by a storm separating the two fleets: the countess chose to take her usual conspicuous part in the action, and with "a trusty sharp sword in her hand" combated bravely. Vannes was the first town taken by the friends of the imprisoned duke, and here his intrepid wife entered with great rejoicings; it was, however, shortly after recovered, and the Lord Robert d'Artois, who had been sent to command the English, having been badly wounded, was conveyed home.

Enraged at the death of this valiant soldier, which occurred almost immediately upon his arrival in England, King Edward determined to go in person to the assistance of his fair ally. But his presence was productive of no actually favorable results, and his enterprise concluded by a somewhat compromising treaty.

Certain epochs are productive of particular virtues, and it is more frequent to witness a constellation of rare merit than a solitary star. The Countess de Montfort's example raised, or at least immediately preceded two similar characters—the wife of Charles de Blois, who, almost under the same circumstances, and with equal valor, as well as success, took her husband's place later in the war, and the English Queen Philippa. During this absence the Queen of England, mounted upon her white charger, formed a brilliant and spirited picture of womanly energy.

We can scarcely imagine, during the tedious interval of suspense and anxiety, the sufferings of the unfortunate De Montfort, immured in a hopeless captivity, and possibly in perfect ignorance of the struggles and exploits of his heroic wife. Her active prowess afforded her something like distraction to the grief of separation from her husband; but the poor prisoner in the Louvre could but brood painfully over his present position, and anticipate the worst event. His release had been the first condition stipulated for by the King of England at the time of truce, but the French monarch chose to violate the terms, and keep him a close prisoner.

To the great joy of the countess, and totally without any expectation of such happiness, De Montfort contrived and executed his escape. Disguised as a peddler, he eluded the vigilance of his enemies, and made the best of his way to the English court. Here, receiving fresh offers of cordiality from King Edward, he tarried only long enough to muster a small force, and hastened to recross the sea, and join the woman who had proved so admirable a mate for his high and noble spirit. But what must have been the agony which this devoted wife endured, after the first raptures of receiving back the object of her constant and unwearied efforts to success! Captivity and grief had done their work:—the fine lineaments of the count were irrevocably tarnished by disease—the tenderness of Jane, formerly omnipotent, failed to bring a smile to his wan lip, or a flash to his heavy and languid eye,—the sword had rusted out—and the days of "le bon Jehan," as his faithful people delighted to term him, were numbered. A few months he lingered—they passed—and the Countess de Montfort stood a widow upon the soil for the possession of which she had so long warred. If we may judge of her feelings at that sad moment of her loss, it must have appeared a poor and valueless conquest; yet motive for action still remained in the young son of this spirited pair. Jane de Montfort's was not a temperament to resign itself to supine and heedless grief. The castle of Tickhill, in Yorkshire, received the bereaved mother and her child, and here she continued to scheme and plot, varying her residence by visits to the English court, and to the shores of France, as seemed most advisable for the interest of the young heir of Bretagne. The Princess Mary of England, betrothed to this prince, was the companion of his childish years, and it is possible that warmer feelings than were usual, in state marriages of the period, grew up between them. The countess (or the Duchess de Bretagne, as she was

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styled in England) had therefore more than common satisfaction in seeing her son united to his long-affianced bride at Woodstock; but not long were the brilliant auguries and actual happiness of this marriage suffered to engage the widow's jaded spirit. In the bright summer-time, when everything was preparing for the majority of the young duke in the following year, (which was to herald his departure with his duchess for Brittany, to take possession of his long-contested domain,) Mary of England was seized with a disorder which sapped the springs of life, and consigned her, within a few weeks, to an early grave.

Little further remains to be told of the subject of our memoir. The Countess de Montfort's checkered and turbulent career had nothing in store to force her into that prominent position that she had occupied in her earlier days. It is probable that, having once held so distinguished a *rôle* in the long contest between France and England, she continued until her death to take interest, if not an actual share, in the agitating events of the period; but she retired to the Château of Lucinio, near Vannes, where the remainder of her life was spent in comparative quiet. Her son inherited her brave and dauntless spirit, and, as John the "Valiant," is familiar to every reader. He was twice married after the unhappy termination of his first nuptials, and left a numerous progeny to dispute the heritage of their forefathers, and share that fated imprisonment and struggle apparently inseparable from scions of the royal line of Bretagne.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF DAVID AND JONATHAN.

THE beautiful history of Jonathan and David has been an oft-told tale, and yet, if closely studied, there may be found delicate workings and bright gleams of excellence shining through the narrative, not always observed.

At the first meeting of these two young men, their positions were widely different. Jonathan was the son of a king; David, the keeper of his father's sheep. We can have no hesitation in affirming that Jonathan was a pious prince, and he must have been struck by the simplicity as well as the strength of David's faith and devotion when he saw him approach the giant with no other weapon than the missive of a rustic.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

David, it appears, possessed external attractions; and in the opening of the account given of this friendship, we learn that "the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and he loved him as his own soul." The next thing which follows is the description of how Jonathan delighted to prove his affection by bestowing upon David the most pleasing gifts, such as bespoke the intimate regard of a brother. "And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle."

Now it is frequently the case that two people *begin* a friendship in the same manner as this, but do we often find that such disinterested faithfulness as Jonathan's *lasts to the end?* The sudden emotions which might fill the heart, and call forth deep affection from any person toward a certain object of attraction, would naturally produce the desire of pleasing and benefitting that object in every possible way; and so far it would be well, if such a fresh spring of delight eventually subsided into a settled attachment of a more sober kind. But suppose a man, unconsciously winning the regard of another, be pursued by personal attentions, and loaded with unsought favors, then, after a while, (the fever of feeling having passed away, and the charm of novelty fled,) find himself slighted, and exposed to the coolness of his once warm friend—what can he think? Why, only, that the voluntary advance of such a one sprung from mere selfish caprice, and that his profession of friendship must be regarded rather as an insult than a kindness.

In the first book of Samuel and nineteenth chapter, we find Saul, worked up by the spirit of envy and jealousy, commanding Jonathan and his servants to slay David. Here, as on similar occasions, Jonathan exhibits the *wisdom* of a *true friend*, as well as the respect due to a father from his son. He first apprizes David of his danger, and then presents himself in the admirable character of *a peace-maker*. At such a moment as this, when one so unoffending, and so dear to him, was unjustly threatened and persecuted, it would have been natural to expect that the language of reproof, or at least of indignant remonstrance, would have burst from the lips of the generous prince. But no,—he knew "a more excellent way," and to that way he betook himself: "And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul his father, and said unto him, Let not the king sin against his servant, against David; because he hath not sinned against thee, and because his words have been to thee-ward very good. For he did put his life in his hand, and slew the Philistine, and the Lord wrought a great salvation for all Israel; thou sawest it and didst rejoice: wherefore then wilt thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause?"

Even the hard heart of Saul was not proof against this touching appeal. In a few words he had been shown, at a glance, David's uprightness, valour, and renown, and at the same time was reminded of the iniquity of conspiring against one who was so evidently favored of God. The pleader proved successful, and for a season Saul was reconciled to David. In this transaction it seems that Jonathan subdued all personal feeling or fear of unpleasant results; he was simply governed by a desire to honor God, deliver his friend, and save his father from the commission of sin. O happy attainment, when a man can accomplish a hazardous undertaking, and manage to forget *himself* throughout the whole of it!

History tells us that the restless spirit of Saul was soon again active in an attempt to destroy his intended victim. David, however, eluded his pursuers by a stratagem of Michal's; and after having fled to Samuel for succour, contrived to see Jonathan. This interview is one of the most pathetic ever recorded. The tender manner in which Jonathan endeavored to comfort and assure the heart of his friend in so distressing a situation; his recognition of David's future elevation above himself and his father's family; his perfect submission to the will of God in setting aside his own claims to the throne; the ingenious plan suggested by love to ascertain and inform David of the extent of his danger; and the solemn covenant made between them, of which God was the only witness—all these invaluable evidences of mind and heart combined, display a refinement of feeling which defies description.

The last meeting of these two friends which Scripture mentions, once more bears testimony to the enduring affection and unfailing constancy of Jonathan. "And David saw that Saul was come out to seek his life; and David was in the wilderness of Ziph in a wood. And Jonathan, Saul's son, arose and went to David into the wood, and strengthened his hand in God. And he said unto him, Fear not, for the hand of Saul my father shall not find thee; and thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee; and that also Saul my father knoweth. And they two made a covenant before the Lord: and David abode in the wood, and Jonathan went to his house." 1 Sam. xxiii, 15–18.

In the experience men have of human friendships, it is not usual to find that a continuance of what is called misfortune, on the one side, contributes to the increase of regard and esteem, or desire to show unwearied kindness, on the other. Such noble instances of disinterested friendship are rare—but, when found, most worthy of imitation. The duty, as well as privilege, of helping and sustaining a falling friend, becomes doubly imperative when that friend is suffering for righteousness' sake; and where the case is thus, even natural affection should not stand in the way to oppose the exercise of so laudable a virtue. We can perceive from all that is written concerning Jonathan in Scripture, that he was a good son; but this in no way interfered with his faithful dealings toward his friend. We find him, disgusted as he must have been with the envy, jealousy, ingratitude, injustice, and cruelty of Saul's conduct, *in his place*; as a *subject* fighting the *king's* battles; as a *son* taking part against the enemies of his father, although he well knew that the

kingdom would be taken from him and given to David. And finally we see, that he perished in the path of duty, at his father's side. He neglected not to perform those services for his king and country which his station demanded of him, yet persevered to the last in succoring, comforting, advising, and encouraging David, whom he loved, be it remembered, *in the spirit* as well as in the flesh.

Had he been spared, days followed which would have given "the man after God's own heart" ample opportunity of conferring upon his friend and former benefactor every blessing in his power; but there was something better in store for that magnanimous prince. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

So sung and lamented the sweet Psalmist of Israel: and surely we may say, Was "*there not a cause?*"

MISERERE, DOMINE.

Miserere, Domine!
Chant which mortal and immortal
Murmur ever at the portal,
Where doth dwell the Lord of light
In wide halls of chrysolite,
By the shore of heaven's blue sea.

Golden August, sun-embrown'd,
Blushing purple, berry-crown'd,
Singeth now her songs of glee;
Of a truth her lips are red—
Vintage-crownals bind her head,
Hazel-tress'd; and children cling
Unto mossy boughs, and fling
Fruit upon the ground;
Yet I hear, o'er land and sea,
Miserere, Domine!

Even so—we are not free
From the ancient blot and staining
On our hearts; though thou art raining
Plenty on the joyous earth,
Lord of mercy! 'Midst our mirth
Miserere, Domine!

Foam-wreaths on the white sea-shore—
Bees amid the sycamore—
Peaches ripening on the tree—
Beauty of autumnal time—
Merry wild birds' matin-chime—
Harvest-calm and cooling showers:
These delights of earth are ours—
They were given by thee.
Father, all thy gifts are free!
Miserere, Domine!

I DREAM MY DREAM.

I dream my dream: the sullen tide
Is flowing slowly past;
The bark lies on the river side,
Rent sail and drooping mast;
The flowers are fading sad and pale,
That bloom'd upon the shore,
And so I furl my idle sail,
And rest upon the oar.
And sometimes sudden tempests fall
Upon the varying stream,
And sometimes sunshine gladdens all,
And I—I dream my dream.

I dream my dream, my lovely dream,
Throng'd with its shapes immortal;
How bright the golden halos gleam
About the mystic portal!
I speak the poet spell I know,
I sign the mystic sign;
Across the holy bar I go,
And all its bliss is mine.
For me the angel voices sound,
For me the soft rays beam;
For me the music swells around,—
And so I dream my dream.

And all that's fair, and pure, and bright,
Around my vision throng;
The people of the realms of light—
"The holy land of song."
I shut the world's fierce clamor out,
I drop the mystic vail,—
The din, the riot, and the shout,
To pierce its folding fail.
No tempests threat, no clouds obscure
The soft seraphic gleam;
No shadows cross the radiance pure,—
And so I dream my dream.

And all is warm and truthful there—
As cold and hollow here;
No stains that load our common air
Sully that atmosphere.
The mourners smile, the dead awake,
Upon the dream-land's shore;
The foes the late atonement make,
The loving part no more;
And silenced voices speak for us,
And hidden glances beam,
And love and duty blend—and thus
I dream my golden dream.

FIGHT ON, BRAVE HEART, FIGHT ON.

Fight onward to the breach, brave heart,
Where victory o'er life is won!
To mourn is but the coward's part—
Thou hast the warrior's now begun:
Pour out thy last, best, ruddiest drop;
But till thy wild pulsation stop,
Fight on, brave heart, fight on!

The knight of old sought Christ's dear grave,
When joy from earthly home had gone;
For this he dared the wintry wave,
And roam'd o'er burning waste alone:
Make thou a wiser pilgrimage
To thine own grave, in youth or age;
Fight on, brave heart, fight on!

THE FRIENDSHIP OF RUTH AND NAOMI.

THE simple and impressive story of the courageous yet modest Ruth never fails to interest us by its moral phase as well as by its oriental incidents. The *disinterestedness* of her friendship for Naomi is its most touching trait. The prospects which lay before her in accompanying Naomi were anything but promising according to human perception. More natural would it have been, and perhaps more prudent in a worldly sense, to remain in her own land, and mix with those who most probably would soon have found her a new protector and another asylum. But the mind of Ruth appears to have been well-regulated; and there is a tenderness depicted in the deeds reported of her, which inspires the reader no less with respect than affection for her character. The value of her substantial friendship for Naomi consisted in this—it was based on divine principle. She had learned to love the God Naomi loved; and seemed to understand and feel the spirit of the Scriptural command—"Thine own and thy father's friend forsake not." Here, as it must invariably be when another is to be served, *self* was forgotten. Consideration of future prospects was not the point in hand. The present question was this: Ought Naomi, a disconsolate, childless widow, to wander to the land of Judah almost an alien, and *alone?* *No.* Then, the duty being plain, the decision was prompt, and therefore we read that the fair Ruth was "steadfastly minded to go," which she feelingly asserted in her exquisite reply to Naomi's repeated dissuasions—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

RUTH AND NAOMI.

Ruth was young and robust, as her labors in the fields of Boaz testify, and grudged not the generous toil which earned the golden grain she wanted for Naomi's nourishment. "The Lord looketh on the heart." She voluntarily devoted her youth and strength to the service of the friendless Naomi; and (to speak after the manner of men) it was a great sacrifice; but He "who seeth not as man seeth" had prepared for her a rich recom-

pense in the love and liberality of Boaz. Had she withheld her compassionate aid from Naomi, we might picture the solitary widow bereft of every earthly tie, mournfully returning to a scene where she would arrive unknown and uncared for, and at a season of life when there is little left to excite interest in the bosoms of strangers. But the industry, purity, and youthful innocence of Ruth were instrumental in opening the way to a bright and happy future both for Naomi and her gentle self. The power of influence, how *great* it is! and when well employed, how *good* it is! The penniless Ruth held a rich dowry in the virtues and graces which adorned her lowly mind. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

[For the National Magazine.]

COMMON SENSE AND SCHOLARSHIP.

WHATEVER else man was made for, it is evident he was designed to work. Labor is the inevitable condition of his earthly existence. It is true that in a great majority of cases toil produces pain; but a proper exercise of its functions always results in pleasure to the worker. Without inquiring further into the philosophy of labor, we only remark that it is the obvious policy as well as the duty of every man, inasmuch as he must work, to ask, first, what he must do, and, secondly, how he shall do it?

It is pretty well understood, theoretically at least, that all effectual labor must be directed by intelligence. It is from neglect of this truth that we so often spend our strength in beating the air—a very tiresome process, by the way, and one that wears out the heart-life of a man far more rapidly than the most intense drudgery which accomplishes the thing undertaken.

The scholar has chosen for himself an inheritance of toil; but he has only to enter upon it with discretion to make it a source of pleasure as exquisite as the labor is severe. In speaking of the scholar, we mean the *practical* scholar—we believe in no other—for though there are many scholars "in the abstract," they are chiefly valuable only as specimens of the extent to which intellectual efforts can be carried without effecting anything real; like hydrogen soap-bubbles, interesting, because they carry high up into the air the liquid film in which they are inclosed!

The work which the real scholar proposes to himself is to acquire the greatest possible amount of intellectual power for every possible emergency. The way in which he is to do this is by arranging, harmonizing and disciplining the various elements of his mind in their proper relations to each other. Now as common sense embraces all these original intellectual elements, it necessarily holds an important relation to any system of education. This, to be sure, is a very tame truth, and always by all men acknowledged, though the fact is not so often made use of as it ought to be. By *common sense* we understand the ability which all men have, to some extent, of making decisions without any formal process of deduction. Propose a question to some men, and they will at once give a correct answer, though they may not be able to give the reasons for their convictions. They *feel* that they are right, and no force of logic can shake their faith. There is a sort of instinct—a short method of reasoning—by which the mind goes at once to the conclusion, unconscious of the numerous steps by which it arrives there. Ask any blunt farmer, in these our northern latitudes, on which side of a particular hill corn will grow most rapidly? and though he may have never seen the spot before, and, of course, knows nothing about it by experience, he will, without hesitation, tell you the south side. His reason for the answer, if he gives any, may be that it lies toward the sun, and it is the warmest there. In most cases he cannot assign any reason for this latter notion, though he feels sure of what he states; and, if you press him further, he may tell you that "common sense would teach anybody this fact"—and this would be the whole truth. Now we do not say that there is a complete absence of reason, or that instinct and feeling at once grasp the truth, but that mere formal reason, such as a scientific mind would use in explication of the fact, would never have revealed it to such a mind.

The fact that men *feel* some truths which *they* cannot prove, but which are nevertheless demonstrable, shows that a power of reasoning may be going on in the mind, and we all the time be unconscious of it. What is more singular still, the

results of such a process are often more reliable than those of more formal deduction.

Hazlitt, in one of his essays, tells us of a man stopping at a hotel in the north of England: he had ordered a dinner of ham and eggs, and was luxuriating in a happy mood by anticipation. While he waited, he saw a man pass the window; soon after, when he sat down to the table, he found himself without appetite, and much depressed in mind, although five minutes before he had been keenly hungry and in a most cheerful frame. As he was reflecting on this mysterious revulsion of feeling, the same man passed the window again, and he now recognized in him an officer of the government, who held a warrant for his arrest, which if executed might consign him to the prison or the gallows. He had *felt* the danger, at first, though totally unable to trace the connection of his feeling with its course, till the second appearance of the man and the recognition of the officer. Similar instances, no doubt, suggest themselves from the experience of every individual.

According to the laws of optics, when a man with two good eyes looks upon a distant object, he sees it in two different directions—thus apparently making two instead of one. By experience he learns to correct the error, and to regard the object as single. The rational demonstration of this fact requires the trigonometrical solution of a triangle whose base and adjacent angles are given—a process to which, we are thinking, few small children are accustomed—to say nothing of those of larger growth. Innumerable examples might be adduced, all going to show that we are not to make pure reason our sole guide in practical life or in mental cultivation. If we attempt this, our whole existence must be at the dictation of certain definite and unvarying formulæ. If we are to enter into a theoretical deliberation on every occasion before we act, it is evident our practical progress will be very slow. We do not mean that we are to abandon reason, by any means, but that we are to use it in connection with instinct, feeling, intuition. If in any case reason disagrees with these, we may be sure that something is wrong. When the latter make their decisions and the former reiterate them, they mutually confirm each other, and assurance becomes doubly sure. This is *common sense*.

One of our sweetest poets has sung in didactic strain—

"Things are not what they seem;"

still we are inclined to adopt the opinion of one whose lessons of practical wisdom we have long since learned to venerate, and disclose on the contrary that "things *are just* what they seem." At all events, had men been more willing to take things for what they seemed to be, we should have been saved many a bewildering tramp through vague theories, numerous speculations, and dark inanition which are ever occurring in the "march of mind." Common sense implies an intuitive perception of the relation of things, and a correct judgment; and enables us to discern what is right, useful, and expedient in any case that may come under its cognizance. The man who cultivates this faculty, reflects upon the facts with which experience makes him acquainted, and forms a series of conclusions of ready and practical application to human life. He is a judge of things that fall under common observation—that come home to the business and bosoms of men. An embodiment of this common-sense principle is almost a marvel among men. No doubt, it was this which Diogenes sought when with his lighted candle at noonday he looked diligently among the thronging multitudes for "a *man*." But the old Cynic might have looked till this time and still not have found one! not so much from their scarcity as that he did not look in the *right place*. Such men are not educated in a crowd—they do not form their opinions while carried hither and thither by the excited but fickle throng of the floating populace. To be sure, they are not always in seclusion—for they learn the great lessons of wisdom from all things natural, human, and divine, which approach them through the senses or appeal directly to the internal man. And thus, whether alone with God and nature, or observing the workings of the human mind in crowds or in individuals, they are ever feeding the soul with majestic truths arising from reflection and the exercise of calm judgment.

The elements of this faculty, we suppose, nature has conferred on all men in nearly equal proportions. The great diversity arises not so much in the amount originally bestowed as in the manner of

its cultivation. The most trivial circumstances often occasion the widest disparity. The man of *genius* is only a modification of the man of extraordinary common sense. The same qualities inhering in the one exist in the other—but in a higher degree, and with this difference, that genius is usually directed to a particular class of objects, while common sense is more nearly universal in its application. Coleridge has called genius "the power of carrying the feelings of childhood into the power of manhood,"—a definition rather unhappily worded, but in a certain sense true. The child possesses very many truths at which he would never have arrived by the dry and difficult process of formal reason. The truth is brought directly to his mind, and he only obeys the impulse of feeling in receiving it as truth. If we would all carry this spirit of childhood with us into the strength of maturer years, we should be all geniuses. This spirit in the man of genius causes him to overleap the tardy and sometimes painfully intricate processes of deduction, and the truth flashes on his soul a bright ideal; but which he no more doubts than he doubts his own existence. We need only refer to the poet and the painter; who place before us nature with unmistakable exactness, though they have never taken her dimensions or *calculated* her proportions. This is true of the real artist of every vocation: he leaps over the ordinary steps to what *seems* to be the desired result, and he finds that he is right. The same thing may be affirmed of common sense, which, as its name implies, is of more general application to the ordinary affairs of life. There is a voice within us answering to that of nature without us, and if we attend to the correspondence of these two voices, our mental cultivation will be much easier and more successful.

This brings us to a prevalent defect in the formation of the scholar. Instead of planting the tree of knowledge on the good, nourishing, and substantial soil furnished by nature, we too often try to rear it on the summit of some conspicuous sandcliff, where the elements will dance around it in derision of its owner's folly. Moreover, when men, who have set out to make scholars, have resulted in fools, then nature is soundly berated, because she has withheld the gift of genius. Now we undertake to say for nature, that she has a way of performing her own functions, and will, no doubt, completely execute her own designs. It is true, she has committed some curious freaks in her various *man*ipulations—she has now and then produced a fool, a genuine idiot—but she never created a *human donkey*. This ludicrous monstrosity is a man's own work performed on himself! He executes this bungling piece of folly by separating science from nature, and words from things. He becomes an encyclopedia of rules and technicalities — an inflation of pompous terms — whom the world can never appreciate, because he fails to appreciate himself.

Education does not imply the addition of any new faculty; nor yet is it the mere accumulation of facts. It is rather the training, strengthening, systematizing, and harmonizing the susceptibilities, which we have originally. We have already said that common sense embraces all the intellectual elements of a man; and moreover, that it has to do with the practical truths of life. If we are right in these views, the whole process of education should consist in *expanding* this faculty and bringing it to bear on principles and facts of a wider range. Perhaps it will better express our notion to say, that the mind *must assimilate to itself* whatever truth it has to deal with. Such a cultivation of scholarship takes philosophy down from the heavens, makes it walk on the earth, renders it conversant with men and things, and shows its connection and correspondence with the other members of the great family of truth. There is no more egregious error committed by men than when they abandon the obvious and direct method of solving questions as in the ordinary affairs of life, and seek for some more abstract way, valuable only as it is mysterious.

"Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill,
Bend the strict rule to their own crooked will,
And, with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide!"

This general fault we find throughout the whole course of education—beginning with its first rudiments in the child, and adhering tenaciously, in too many instances, till the final hours of his Alma Mater—whether that be a log school-house or a richly-endowed university. The passage

from practical to theoretical life is abrupt and absurd; and no wonder the poor subject gets bewildered as to his whereabouts. He is taught that he must ascend into some higher region to find truth; and he struggles to ascend without any steps to aid him, when in reality all he needs to do is to pluck the fruit of the tree of knowledge, whose branches, heavy laden, bend down close to him. Let him diligently compare things as they *are* and things as they *seem*; he will be surprised at their similarity, and the instruction received will be greatly valuable.

The great truths of Nature were all designed for *use*, and she never requires us to approach them with such awful reverence as to obscure them by unmeaning terms. When we have computed the number of fingers on both hands, we have "solved a problem." Two particles of matter being mutually inclined to each other, enter into matrimony according to the authorities vested in chemical attraction. Philosophers tell us the reason why monkeys don't talk is, *because they are destitute of such powers of reflection as are necessary to furnish them with ideas:* in plain English, "*they have nothing to say.*" But this is a species of scientific blasphemy very shocking to some minds, and scarcely excelled by that which affects the nerves of sentimental young ladies after their second term at a boarding school, when they hear of "eating supper" instead of "taking tea," of "putting out a light" instead of "extinguishing a lamp," or applying the name of "cow" to *an animal with powder-horns growing out of its head!*

It is this neglecting to lead up the common sense to grasp the great principles which are the objects of the scholar's pursuit—this straining after the intangible—their excision of the man from the man's mind—that more effectually bar up the student's progress than any other obstruction. To suppose it more difficult to learn the names, classes, and relations of words, than the names, families, and circumstances of our townsmen—that the intricacies of a theory are more bewildering and inexplicable than the roads by which we quickly learn to travel about the adjacent country—or that the solution of a problem requires greater ingenuity than many agricultural and mechanical operations, is simply an absurdity of the grossest kind: the same powers of mind are called into exercise in one case as in the other.

There are in all these cases an assimilation and familiarization of the subjects on which the mind is called to act; and there is implied, too, equally in all, a close, consecutive, and continued thoughtfulness.

Why is it that so often a boy is sent to school and found to be dull and worthy the name of blockhead, who, when put to a trade, or on the farm, becomes a proficient in his vocation? Is not education required just as much in one case as in the other? Obviously the methods are different, and the same kind of mental training which made the farmer or the artisan would have made the scholar.

We by no means mean to intimate that the tendency of our times and our communities is not practical enough. The contrary complaint is, no doubt, well founded in some sense. But why is this? Men intending a life of business rarely procure a thorough course of education, because it neglects to cultivate the same faculties of mind, and in the same manner for scholars as is required for business. This is wrong. We do not advocate an increase of utilitarianism, but that education become more practical—not in its results and application—but in *itself.* Let scholars become more practical—*as scholars*—then will the practical men become more scholarly. Verily we need a new instauration—a new Socrates—a new dispensation of common sense!

THERE are two glorious sights in the world: the one is a young man walking in his uprightness; and the other is an old man walking in the ways of righteousness. It was Abraham's honor that he went to the grave in a good old age, or rather, as the Hebrew hath it, with a good gray head. Many there be that go to their graves with a gray head, but this was Abraham's crown—that he went to the grave with a good gray head. Had Abraham's head been never so gray, if it had not been good, it would have been no honor to him; a hoary head, when coupled with an unsanctified heart, is rather a curse than a blessing. When the head is white as snow, and the soul black as hell, God usually gives up such to the greatest scorn and contempt. —*Brooks.*

The National Magazine.

MARCH, 1855.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

RICH WOMEN, REMEMBER YOUR SISTERS.—A lady comments, in one of our daily papers, with some severity and as much pertinency, on the frequent legacies left by wealthy women to institutions for the education of young men, while so little is done for their own sex. Whatever may be our individual opinions about the question of Woman's Rights, there certainly can be no generous man among us who does not perceive the special disabilities of women, particularly in the arts which secure a comfortable subsistence. There is an unreasonable and a most cruel disproportion between the wages of male and female labor. In the department of teaching, there is particularly a shameless depreciation of women's services, as witness the salaries of our female teachers. They have the hardest drudgery and the lowest salaries of our public schools. And besides this heartless and ungallant fact, there are scores of remunerative places, entirely suitable to their more delicate organization, which are now usurped by the other sex—places that hardy and high-minded men should blush to appropriate to themselves. We need reform in these respects; who that knows the heart-breaking sufferings of poor but virtuous women, in New-York city, the past winter, can question it? We who laugh at the outcries of the advocates of "Woman's Rights," should do something else besides laughing; our sarcasm will be vain—as ridiculous as their ultraism, and unspeakably more heartless—till we take from them the provocations which our treatment of the sex affords them.

But these legacies—what have we to say about them? The year before last, at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were provided (to our personal knowledge) in the wills of wealthy ladies, for the education of young men, in the United States; this sum, we doubt not, was not a tithe of the aggregate of such appropriations. During the past year Miss Caroline Plumer, of Salem, Mass., died, leaving in her will fifteen thousand dollars to Harvard College, thirty thousand to the Salem Athenæum, and thirty thousand to found a Farm School at Salem. This was a noble liberality—and an infinitely better indication of the good sense of the lady than the usual bequests of property to already independent family connections. But why did she not think of her own sex? The munificent sum would have laid the foundations, in Massachusetts, of a provision for some special form of female education, which might, in time, be worth more than all the alms of the state for the poor of her own sex. The lady correspondent to whom we have referred, says:—

"There are in the United States about one hundred and twenty literary colleges, forty-two theological seminaries, forty-seven law schools, and forty medical colleges. Of these two hundred and fifty institutions of learning, not half a dozen admit women to their privileges!"

Education, not merely in its usual limited form, but in special forms, must be the chief hope of self-support and competence to dependant women in our age, and especially in our country. Let the beneficent then be reminded of the fact. We advise ladies of wealth to sympathize more with their less fortunate sisters in this respect. We would respectfully intimate to them, too, that they should not fear to be somewhat exclusive in this sort of beneficence. There is not much danger that our numerous institutions for male education will suffer by a better direction of female liberality. They multiply so fast as to be almost in each other's way. There is a large waste of property on male colleges in the United States through mere local rivalries, while only here and there a female college is seen, struggling through the discouragements of want and public indifference. Wealthy and large-hearted women of the United States, the time has come in which you should rectify this public wrong done to your sex.

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LOVE IN THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY.—It seems that there was at least one example of "true love" in the history of the Buonaparte family. A newspaper correspondent, writing from Italy, gives some agreeable local reminiscences of their residence in the neighborhood of Florence. He describes the daughter of Joseph as a most interesting and beautiful person. During her residence with her father in the United States, she loved and was beloved by her cousin Achille Murat; but the course of true love never runs smooth. Intended by her family for the eldest son of Louis, ex-king of Holland, she married him against her will, and soon became his widow. His name also was Napoleon; and had he lived, he, instead of his brother, might have been Napoleon III. When Charlotte was a widow, her former lover met her in London, where his disappointed passion poured out to her its bitterness in some French verses, the tenor of which may be inferred from the first stanza, which we here translate:—

"I see thee again, after eight long years—
Thou, whose aspect makes flutter my heart!
I see thee again, but alas, 't is with tears—
Now to me but a sister thou art!"

His poetic plaint seems, however, to have been of no avail, the lamented husband of Charlotte having, after marriage, won her affections completely from her first love. He was a poet also; so was she! They were both artists too. "What she designed, he lithographed; what she wrote, he illustrated." In fact, their brief married life was, from all accounts, far happier than that which usually falls to the lot of princes; but, "death did lay siege to it!" nor could the princess long survive her loss.

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PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.—A Boston correspondent of one of our city papers says: "Mr. Prescott appears daily in our streets, and may be often seen taking long walks for the preservation of his health. He is now at his winter residence on Beacon-street, where he spends about nine months of the year. The other three months he has generally spent at Nahant and Pepperell, at both of which places he has country seats, most congenial to the pursuits of an author. Mr. Prescott is as systematic in his daily studies as any Boston merchant, and

as great a miser of the minutes. As many have learned, he was so unfortunate as to lose one of his eyes while in Harvard College. By this loss, the other eye became weakened through over-work, so that, *practically*, he has written his immortal histories as the blind write, or with an apparatus such as they use. And yet he has scarcely the appearance of any difficulty of sight, and recognizes his friends in the street with that single faithful eye. Indeed, the observer might regard his eyes as fine as one could desire. Mr. Prescott, while engaged in writing, writes rapidly, averaging about seven of the printed pages of his volumes daily. His secretary copies his manuscript in a good plain hand for the printer. He is now diligently composing a history of Philip II. His private library is a very valuable one, particularly in the department of that history that can throw any light upon the subjects of his past and present investigations. His library contains near six thousand volumes. It is a picture of a room that the proprietor had constructed for his special use, as he did his study, some distance above it toward the heaven, where his beautiful compositions are produced. That Mr. Prescott, with his physical embarrassments, has accomplished so much toward forming an American standard literature, is quite a marvel. Another wonder is, that though he has been confined to his books and his study for forty years, as close as the monk to his cloister, he has nothing of the scholastic manner, but the ease and polish of a gentleman wholly in society."

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THE CRIMES AND CASUALTIES OF 1854.—From tabular statements of the past year, in some of the newspapers, we gather:—

The total amount of property destroyed by fire in the United States during the year is estimated, in round numbers, at twenty-five millions of dollars. How economical then would almost any sum be, which should be expended on improvements for the better extinguishment of fires!

The number of persons whose lives have been sacrificed by burning buildings is put down at one hundred and seventy-one.

There have been one hundred and ninety-three railroad accidents, killing one hundred and eighty-six persons, and wounding five hundred and eighty-nine.

There have also been forty-eight steamboat accidents, killing five hundred and eighty-seven persons, and wounding two hundred and twenty-five.

During the year six hundred and eighty-two murders were committed, and eighty-four persons were executed. In the state of New-York alone there were seventy-four murders and seven executions, and, in California sixty-four murders and fifteen executions. New-York, it must be remembered, in abatement of her dishonor, is the receptacle, the cess-pool of the European pauperism and vice that pours into the Union.

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By the English Life Tables it is shown that the half of a generation of men of all ages passes away in thirty years, and that more than three in every four of their number die in half a century.

COLERIDGE ON PREACHING.—Coleridge never made a more philosophical, not to say more evangelical suggestion than the following:—

"Since the revolution of 1688 our Church has been lulled and starved too generally by preachers and reasoners, Stoic or Epicurean: first, a sort of Pagan morality was substituted for the righteousness by faith; and lately, prudence or Paleyanism has been substituted even for morality. A Christian preacher ought to preach Christ alone, and all things in him and by him. If he find a dearth in this, if it seem to him a circumspection, he does not know Christ as the *pleroma*, the fullness. It is not possible that there should be aught true, or seemly, or beautiful, in thought, will, or deed, speculative or practical, which may not and which ought not to be evolved out of Christ, and the faith in Christ;—no folly, no error, no evil to be exposed or warred against, which is not at contrariancy and enmity to Christ. To the Christian preacher Christ should be in all things, and all things in Christ: he should abjure every argument that is not a link in the chain, of which Christ is the staple and ring."

Put that gem, Brother Homilist, on the bald brow of your next "skeleton."

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METHODIST MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.—A strong movement in favor of theological education has been in process among the Methodists for a few years past, much to the gratification or the affliction of the good men who respectively sustain or oppose it. The Institution at Concord, New-Hampshire, is unexpectedly flourishing, and promises soon to be numerically the first Theological Seminary of the country. Another school of the kind was opened lately, at Evansville, near Chicago, under unusually favorable auspices, a hundred thousand dollars having been pledged, it is intimated, by a single individual—a lady—toward its endowment. The opening exercises are described, in our Chicago exchanges, as exceedingly spirited. President Dempster delivered an eloquent inaugural address; a collation was given on the premises; and addresses were delivered by Dr. Evans, Rev. Messrs. Judson, Crew, Burroughs, (of the Baptist Church, Chicago,) and Watson of the *North Western Christian Advocate*. On the return of the company to Chicago, in the cars, the reunion was organized, and the "speechifying" resumed (everything "goes by steam" in that magnificent region) by Rev. Messrs. Watson, E. Williams, and T. Hurd, Esq. Mr. Watson's address at Evansville has been published, by request; it is remarkable for its brilliant originality. We give an extract on the "good old times" of Methodist pioneering in the West:—

"There is scarcely a preacher here to-day," said Mr. Watson, "who was ever inside of a theological school in his life. For one, I frankly confess that this is the first hour I ever spent under a roof devoted to such a purpose. For three years, in the domestic comforts of a 'rough and ready' itinerancy, we never saw a yard of carpet, not even rag carpet, or trod a sawed plank—nothing but 'puncheons' or *porcelain*, that is, the clean swept *dirt*, without the 'puncheons.' Our library was the saddle-bags; our closet and 'study' the wildwood; our parlor a prairie; our 'reading-desk' the snake-head-like pommel of a huge Spanish saddle; and our 'easy chair' the back of our favorite pacing 'Bucephalus.' Our circuit swept a circumference of over four hundred miles, with distances between appointments of from thirty to sixty. Nor did we, for the next seven years of twenty-three of our itinerant life, as it regarded opportunity for study, fare much better. But in all this 'rough and tumble' portion of our itinerant life, we suffered nothing—absolutely nothing. True, we have often slept in prairies, with some danger of having a rattlesnake for a pillow; or in the woods, with some danger of presenting to the wolf or panther a tempting banquet; and still oftener

have we rode thirty miles to preach to a congregation of a dozen, and then, before dining, assisted with pestle and mortar, (the former consisting of an iron wedge inserted in the end of a split stick; and the latter, of a conical *burnt mortise* in the top of a stump,) to 'pound the hominy,' which formed a staple in our excellent repast, of wild honey, bear meat, or 'racoon bacon,' taken either with or without the trenchers and wooden forks and fixings (we were often most orthodox in our primitiveness, and used those 'fingers made before forks') of our sturdy pioneer fathers. Yes, we say, we suffered none physically, (or none that we could mention without a blush,) but *intellectually* we did suffer much. Piety is not knowledge. The former is essential to the preacher; but the latter none the less essential to a preacher who would *teach*. I commenced the work of the ministry with just knowledge enough to keep me unhappy. I knew how little I did know, (a most wholesome lesson,) and was constantly unhappy, that circumstances should war so successfully with my attempts to acquire what seemed to me (and I now know I was not mistaken) essential acquisitions. After seven years of study in the itinerant school, and an honorable graduation, I still felt the necessity of a help unavailable—unfurnished then by Methodism in this country. My experience was like that of Brother Judson, which has betrayed me into this egotistic digression. I have seen nothing yet to convince me that its teachings were erroneous. My opinion has remained unchanged on the subject."

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STATISTICS OF OLD AGE.—The census of 1850 shows that the oldest person then living in the United States was 140. This person was an Indian woman, residing in North Carolina. In the same state was an Indian aged 125, a negro woman 111, two black slaves 110 each, one mulatto male 120, and several white males and females from 106 to 114. In the parish of Lafayette, La., was a female, black, aged 120. In several of the states there were found persons, white and black, aged from 110 to 115. There were in the United States, in 1850, 2,555 persons over 100 years. This shows that about one person in 9,000 will be likely to live to that age. There are now about 20,000 persons in the United States who were living when the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. They must necessarily be nearly 80 years old now, in order to have lived at that time. The French census of 1851 shows only 102 persons over 100 years old; though the total population was near 36,000,000. Old age is therefore attained among us much more frequently than in France.

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POPERY IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.—We said in a late article, entitled the "*Religious Scarecrow of the Age*," that the Puseyite movement in England had turned out a failure, so far as its purpose to Papalize the Establishment was concerned. English Churchmen seem determined to uproot even its secret remnants in the learned institutions of the country. A memorial to Parliament is now in circulation, prepared by "influential parties," and purporting to be the "Petition of the Clergy and of the Laity of the Established Church of the United Kingdom of England and Ireland." It says:—

"That whereas the greatness of this nation doth, under God, rest on its complete and absolute independence of all foreign influence or control whatsoever; and whereas the noblest characteristics of Englishmen and Englishwomen do grow, by God's blessing, out of the unshackled use of the sacred right of private judgment secured to each and every subject, together with free access to the enlightenment of God's revealed will; and whereas the Legislature of this empire, in the exercise of its undoubted, sole, and righteous sovereignty, hath set up and established such a National Church as was deemed adequate to protect this kingdom from counterfeit Christianity, and to uphold and teach, according to natural law and the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the sacred and ever-to-be-held inviolable truths of each separate nation's independence, and each individual man's right of private judgment and free access to the word of God; and whereas it is by your petitioners undoubtingly believed that there doth exist, and is daily increasing, within the pale of the said Established Church, a party organized for the purpose of gradually bringing this free Christian nation under the influence and dominion of a foreign pontiff, of principles by law declared to be arbitrary, tyrannical, idolatrous, and damnable, and of defrauding Englishmen of their aforesaid natural right of private judgment and free access to the word of God; and whereas there doth exist a general distrust of certain colleges or seminaries instituted for the training of clergy for the said Established Church; and whereas the care, oversight, and necessary reformation of every body corporate doth manifestly belong unto that sovereignty by which it hath been created and set up: therefore, your petitioners protesting with all their souls against any reconciliation or fellowship with the said foreign pontiff, his usurping claims, arbitrary principles or false doctrines, do pray your honorable house as a constitutional part of the Legislature and sovereignty of the realm, to take under your solemn consideration the dangerous state and condition of the Established Church of the United Kingdom of England and Ireland; and to appoint out of your honorable house, commissioners to inquire into the teaching, discipline, and ceremonial of all seminaries or colleges set up or countenanced by any archbishop or bishop of the said Established Church of England and Ireland."

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A NEW REVOLUTION.—The Archbishop Innokenti, in an Address to the Russian troops before the battle of Inkerman, said among other things:—"In heaven it has been decreed that the scepter which shall rule over the whole world shall remain alone in the right hand of the Lord's anointed autocrat of all the Russias!"

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COMPLIMENT TO AMERICAN SCHOLARS.—In a notice of the Bibliotheca Sacra, the Christian Spectator (an English Journal) says:—"As a rule, we believe American theological writers to be better versed in modern languages, and more deeply read in ancient literature—in other words, better and abler scholars—than the majority of theological writers in this country."

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EXPLORATIONS AT BABYLON.—We have repeatedly alluded to the explorations now in progress on the site of Babylon. From our English papers we learn that the celebrated orientalist, Colonel Rawlinson, has spent a portion of the winter there; a letter from him was lately read before the Asiatic Society of London. At its date he was encamped under the ruins of ancient Babylon, where he had been engaged in tracing the course of the old river through the ruins; and had succeeded, by the aid of bricks and slabs with inscriptions, all found where they were originally deposited, in identifying most of the buildings of the city, and in tracing the ancient wall, which gave a circumference pretty nearly agreeing with what we have received from Greek information. The excessive heat (110° in the tent) had, however, stopped out-door work; and the colonel had passed the time in his tent in making a literal translation of the great slab found on the Euphrates, sent to England by Sir H. Jones in 1807, and deposited in the East India House. He promised to send this translation as soon as completed; and in the mean time he transmits an abstract of it, recording, in succession, the repairs to

the Temple of Bel; repairs to minor temples; the rebuilding of the walls; the introduction of water into the city; the erection of fortifications and outer walls; the adorning of the gates; the building of the new palace, (the Kasr;) the statement that the work was begun on the new moon of Shamalu, and completed on the 15th day, (query, in a subsequent year?) and the formation of the hanging gardens, *with stones like mountains*, (not themselves like mountains.) The close adherence of Berosus to this statement satisfies Colonel Rawlinson that the Chaldean historian must have had this document before him when he drew up the notice of Nebuchadnezzar's works in Babylon, which is handed down to us by Josephus. This is in fact an epitome of the inscription in the East India House. In one passage, that of the admission of water from outside into the city, the slab agrees exactly with the ancient Armenian version of the passage published at Venice, the Greek original in that part being hopelessly corrupt. The incredible statement that Nebuchadnezzar completed his palace in fifteen days is justified by the inscription, though it may be understood diversely. The only part of the statement transmitted by Josephus not found in the inscriptions is that in which Nebuchadnezzar is stated to have made the celebrated hanging gardens for the purpose of pleasing his Median queen, which the colonel is of opinion Josephus might have mentioned as a probable inference, or with a view to connect Nebuchadnezzar with the Medes. The examination of this document has raised Berosus greatly in the colonel's opinion as an accurate compiler; and he is consequently induced to accept his chronology without hesitation.

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A St. Petersburgh journal states that a learned Mongol, named Dorschi, has, after many researches, succeeded in clearing up the mystery which has long hung over the birthplace of *Genghis Khan*. This famous warrior was, it seems, born on Russian territory, not far from the fortress of Tchendant, on the right bank of the Amour, 50° north latitude, and 132° east longitude.

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A Skull that had a Tongue.—When Dr. John Donne, the famous poet and divine of the reign of James I., attained possession of his first living, he took a walk into the churchyard, where the sexton was at the time digging a grave, and in the course of his labor threw up a skull. This skull the doctor took into his hands and found a rusty headless nail sticking in the temple of it, which he drew out secretly, and wrapped it in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said it was a man's who kept a brandy-shop; an honest, drunken fellow, who one night having taken two quarts, was found dead in his bed next morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "A very good one: only the neighbors reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the doctor, who, under the pretense of visiting his parishioners, called on the woman: he asked her several questions, and among others what sickness her husband died of. She giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in an authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned the fact, and was brought to trial and executed. Truly might one say, with even more point than Hamlet, that the skull had a tongue in it.

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Heart Work.—We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily. Neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth the effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared, if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. Dr. Arnold believed that while men held before them the shield of Christianity, all progress was safe. He allows that the advance of civilization destroys much that is noble, and throws over the mass of human society an atmosphere somewhat dull and hard; yet it is only, he says, by the peculiar trials of civilization, no less than by its peculiar advantages, that the utmost virtue of human nature can be matured.

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Fanny Fern.—The *Literary Gazette* gives a frank verdict on Fanny Fern's late book. "*Ruth Hall*," it says, "tells the story of the struggles and successes of an authoress; and it will, of course, be taken as a passage of autobiography, whether it is so acknowledged by the writer or not. The curious public who long ago settled the question, 'Who is Fanny Fern?' will begin anew to discuss her history and her relations, and will busily trace out likenesses and analogies between the story and the real life. How much of it is fact and how much fancy, we neither know nor care; but we are sure it must have been a bitter experience of life that could lead to such a book, which sneers at religion, sees no kindliness in humanity, and admits not the strong instincts of natural affection. It makes some pitiful disclosures, unwittingly, perhaps, of a heart that has lost all trust in God and confidence in man—that has been soured by misfortune and angered by unkindness. We do not see how the book is going to make anybody either happier or better, and we cannot but think it sad to see a woman who has so much genius using it to no better purpose." Some of our American authoresses are fast writing down the character of American female literature. A more deplorable exhibition of a bad heart in woman could hardly be given than that presented in *Ruth Hall*.

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Kossuth and Mazzini.—Both these remarkable men are about to put forth a part of their restless energy through the press. Kossuth is preparing for the press a collection of his letters from Turkey, which will probably contain some curious pieces of secret history. A revised edition of the great Magyar's speeches on the

question of the day—the Turkish war and how to manage it in the interests of freedom—may also be expected from Kossuth's hand. Some time ago, cotemporaries spoke of Mazzini as being engaged, at the instance of an American publisher, on a "History of Italy." There was no truth in this rumor. The Roman triumvir, we believe, is employing his leisure on a work likely to be of importance for the future of Italy—the development of the Italian Religious Question.

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Longevity of Literary Women.—The following examples show that devotion to literary duties is not necessarily destructive to the health and lives of women:—

Name.	Died.	Age.
Mrs. Hofland	1844	74
Jane Porter	1850	74
Mrs. Chapone	1801	75
Mrs. Sherwood	1851	77
B. Maria Roche	1845	80
Mrs. Barbauld	1825	82
Mrs. Piozzi	1821	82
Mrs. Edgeworth	1849	82
Mrs. Amelia Opie	1853	85
Miss Birney	1840	88
Hannah More	1833	88
Joanna Bailey	1851	89
Mrs. Carter	1806	90
Jane West	1852	92
Hon. Mrs. Monckton	1840	94
Harriet Lee	1851	95
Mrs. Garrick	—	97
Caroline L. Herschell	1846	98

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Old Humphrey is dead. His real name was George Mogridge. He resided in London, and wrote incessantly for the religious press. He was a genius in his way, and his works have a quaint charm which have made them exceedingly popular among religious readers of a "practical turn." They amount to some nine volumes. Peace to the good old man's memory!

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The Right Pronunciation.—The correct pronunciation of the word *Niagara* has become quite a *quæstio vexata*. A Mr. Fraser, in discussing the subject in the London "Notes and Queries," says that "the Huron pronunciation, and unquestionably the more musical, was *Niagára*;" and asks, "Have the Yankees thrown back the accent to the antepenult?" Hereupon a Yankee, dating from Hartford, Conn., replies, "That the Yankees are in no wise responsible for a change of accent. What 'the Huron pronunciation' *might* have been is uncertain, as the word had no place in the Huron vocabulary. It is a contracted form of the Iroquois name, *Oniagarah*; or, as it was sometimes written in old authors, *Oghniaga* and *Oneagorah*. *Ak*, in the Iroquois, denotes 'an upright rock;' *ara*, a 'path at a gorge.' The former word, and perhaps the latter, helped to make up the original botryoïdal name; though the syllable *ar* (as Schoolcraft suggests) may denote 'rocks,' like the *tar* in 'Ontario,' and *dar* in 'Cadaracqui.' (Schoolcraft's *History of the Indian Tribes, &c.*, Phila., 1854, Part iv, pp. 381, 384.) The collation of various forms of the name which occur in old manuscripts, Indian deeds, &c., affords conclusive evidence that the principal accent did *not* fall on the vowel of the penult. T. Dongan, (English Governor of New-York,) in a letter to M. de Denonville, Governor of Canada in 1686, writes *Ohniagero*. (*Doc. Hist. of New-York*, vol. ii, p. 206.) In his Report to the Committee of Trade, 1687, he twice mentions *Oneigra*. (*Ib.* p. 155.) The same year he uses the form *Onyegra*. The recorded examination of an Indian prisoner, August, 1687, gives *Oneageragh*. (*Ib.* pp. 251, 258.) The deed of the Sachems of the Five Nations to George I., September 13, 1726, mentions 'the falls of *Oniagara*, or *Canaguaraghe*. (*Id.*, vol. i, p. 774.) In 1751, I find *Niagra* and *Nigra*, in the letters of Lieutenant Lindesay to Colonel (Sir) Wm. Johnson. (*Id.*, vol. ii, pp. 623, 624.) And, finally, in a letter from Robert Livingston, Jun., to Governor De Lancey, written in 1755, *Onjagera*. (*Id.*, vol. i, p. 811.) Goldsmith's pronunciation (in the oft-quoted line from *The Traveller*) was, perhaps, 'more musical' than the Iroquois; but a 'Yankee,' before recognizing its authority, would suggest a reference to such of the correspondents of 'N. & Q.' as have in hand the subject of 'Irish Rhymes.'"

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Irving's Residence.—Voyagers up the Hudson gaze with delight on the simple but beautiful residence of our still best beloved author, reposing quietly with its Gothic outlines on a "sunny-side" slope of the noble river's shore. A newspaper correspondent thus describes it:—"The house at 'Sunnyside,' in which Washington Irving resides, is one he built some three years ago. It is built on the site of the 'Van Tassel House.' In fact the new structure includes a portion of the old walls. At an earlier day it was called Wolfert's Roost—Wolfert Acker being one of the privy councillors of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant. Afterward it came into the possession of the Van Tassels. It was here that the quilting party and dance took place, so graphically described in the 'Legends of Sleepy Hollow.' It was here that the unfortunate Ichabod Crane and Brow Bows unequivocally met, both being suitors for the hand and heart of Kate Van Tassel. Your readers will recall the amusing incidents of that story, and especially the last appearance of Ichabod Crane. A weather-cock of miserable appearance, is perched on the gable-end of the main building. It was once the ornament of the old Stadt House of New-York, in the time of the old Dutch rule. The house is surrounded by trees—some wild and some planted by Irving. The buildings are nearly covered with vines and creepers. The trumpet flower and the ivy-vine are the most conspicuous of them. The ivy, that grows unusually rank, has a peculiar interest. It was brought from Melrose Abbey, near Abbotsford, Scotland, some twenty years ago. It was brought by a Mrs. Trenwick, an intimate friend of Mr. Irving, and planted at 'Sunnyside' by her own fair hands. This lady was a Miss Jean Jeffrey. Her father was a minister, and it was of this lovely girl, then about seventeen, that Burns wrote two beautiful stanzas, among the gems of his poetry."

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☞ Missed from our office a daguerreotype of Dr. Olin, from which our portrait some two years since was taken. If any friend has borrowed it he will please return it immediately.

Again—We miss our office files of "Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor." The borrower will please return them forthwith.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

Death of an old Citizen — Lecture on St. Paul — Dr. Emmons — Statues to Franklin and Webster—The Congregational Board—The American Movement—Literary Items, &c.

It gives one a startling idea of the changes that have been wrought within the past century to run over the reminiscences of one of our septuagenarian patriarchs. The venerable and well-known Samuel M'Cleary, Esq., for twenty-nine years city clerk — ever since Boston became a city — is dead. He was baptized by Rev. J. Elliott, D. D., in 1780, and was one of the six boys to whom were awarded the first Franklin medals distributed in Boston. He formed one of the happy company of Boston schoolboys who, standing in ranks upon the Common, received Washington upon his entrance into the *town*. His residence was upon Beacon-street at a time when, in this *court end* of our city, there were but three houses besides the famous Hancock house. Looking down the hill from his residence, upon the Common, he has seen criminals hung under the great elm. He saw Talleyrand while he was living in Boston, and conversed with Marshals Moreau, Grouchy and Bertrand. He also saw that more distinguished exile, Louis Philippe, when he visited the city. He witnessed the launching of old "Ironsides," and from Powder Horn Hill, now embraced within the town of Chelsea, he watched the progress of the memorable sea-fight between the Chesapeake and the Shannon outside of Boston Bay. What changes have transpired immediately around him, and what an eventful era has he witnessed in the history of Europe, during the period of his vivid recollections! The names of the French marshals, after having been long tossed upon the waves of revolution, have passed into history, and the revolutionary king himself, rising upon one billow, descended suddenly beneath another, and once more wandered in exile until his death. And now the ancient clerk, with his multitudinous memories, has passed on into that world where "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

Judge Thomas lately delivered an admirable lecture upon the "Life and Writings of St. Paul," before the Mercantile Library. The audience, composed largely of young persons, and always somewhat restive under a serious and elaborate lecture, looked not a little blank upon the announcement of the topic; but the learned and eloquent speaker held them, from the commencement of his address to the close, in increasing interest, by the grace of his manner and the originality of his matter. He humorously remarked upon opening that, perhaps, it might be suggested that the subject was one peculiarly within the province of the pulpit. If this were true, he thought a fair exchange would be no robbery; and while clergymen were seen in possession of places of worldly trust, and had the charge of the state, a layman might be excused in venturing to care for the interests of the faith. He earnestly protested against the habit of bowing Christianity out of the common circle of the human mind. Priceless as was its gift, it was given to all humanity, and for its daily bread. It could be chained to no altar. We might as well put a clasp on the gates of the morning, and dole out the light of common day. It was the great central light of history, and we might as well study astronomy and ignore the sun, as to study history and ignore the gospel. "What," he asked, "was the history of all the Cæsars, the Annals of Tacitus, the marvelous learning of Gibbon worth, in comparison with the brief and fragmentary journal of Luke, the beloved physician?" In an eloquent passage he speaks of Paul's visit to Peter at Jerusalem, after his return from Arabia, and just before his first great missionary tour. The cotemporary world, he said, knew nothing of the history of those men. The disciples might have watched them with interest. The Roman soldier on his round might have paused and listened to the voices of prayer and praise from that humble dwelling; but did he dream, think we, that those men were laying the foundations of an empire wider than that of the Cæsars, without limits of time and space; and that beneath the tent of the one, or in the net of the other, all nations should yet be gathered? After a most thrilling contrast between the death of Paul and Nero, he closed with this noble sentiment:—"The life of St. Paul was in itself the best practical demonstration of the truth of the religion which it was his mission to teach—a life impossible before the dawnings of Christianity, of which the philosophy of the old world had no conception—a life in which self-denial was gain; poverty riches; the scourge of the Roman lictor the badge of a new chivalry; constant martyrdom the mother of constant peace and joy; and the angel of death the keeper of the gateway of home."

A fine illustration of the truth of this sentiment is given in the January number of the *North American*. In an article under the singular title of "Finished Lives"—a paper which every young man may read with special profit—the writer attempts to show what constitutes completeness in human life, and illustrates, by numerous striking personal histories, the truth, that it is *not* length of days, nor immediate success in the particular measures to which the energies of life have been devoted, but an unselfish and noble devotion to the well-being of others, crowned with a pious reverence for the will and approbation of our Maker. In alluding to the ministerial profession for exhibitions of finished lives, he relates an affecting incident in the closing hours of the truly venerable Dr. Emmons—a record which the writer also received from the lips of his now venerable son-in-law, Dr. Ide, of Medway. Said the dying patriarch, "I want to go to heaven. The more I think of it, the more delightful it appears. And I want to see *who* is there; I want to see brother Sandford, and brother Niles, and brother Spring, and Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. West, and a great many other ministers. I want to see, too, the old prophets and the apostles. What a society there will be in heaven! There we shall see such men as Moses, and Isaiah, and Elijah, and Daniel, and Paul. I want to see Paul more than any other man I can think of. But it is a great thing to be allowed to enter heaven. Perhaps I shall be shut out. But if I am not saved I shall be *disappointed*." When the hour came for the old soldier to leave the militant for the triumphant Church, his characteristic words were, "I am ready." The whole article should be read. Each paper in the present number of this stately quarterly is worthy of its place, and full of entertainment and instruction.

On Franklin's birth-day the committee, in whose hands was placed the charge of securing the proposed monument to his memory, met at the house of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, to receive the reports of the sub-committees upon Design and Finance. About $16,000 had been subscribed, which is considered sufficient for the completion of the statue. A few thousand dollars more it was thought desirable to obtain, to meet the expenses incident to mounting it upon its pedestal and preparing a suitable inclosure. Mr. Greenough, the artist, has nearly completed his model for the casting, a miniature of which in bronze was exhibited in Mr. Winthrop's rooms. It will be cast in brass, at Chicopee, where the large statue of De Witt Clinton was so successfully produced in metal some time since. It is to be eight feet in height, and to be mounted, twelve feet from the ground, upon a square pedestal. The design represents Franklin in the familiar position with which he is associated in the mind, from pictorial representations, standing with his hat under his arm, and wearing a coat lined with fur. Before the next birth-day of the venerated sage, the task of the committee will be undoubtedly completed.

Of the full-length statue of Webster which Powers is chiseling for the Webster Association in this city, Honorable G. W. Warren writes from Florence to Mr. Everett, that it is rapidly progressing. Webster is represented as standing erect, holding the Constitution of the United States in his right hand, and in his left adhering to the Union. The conception is said to be noble and appropriate, and the name of the sculptor is an abundant assurance of its admirable execution.

The Congregational Board, of which several notices have appeared in this Magazine, was established in 1829, under the title of the "Doctrinal Tract and Book Society." Its object was, the circulation of tracts and books "adapted to explain, prove, and vindicate, the peculiar and essential doctrines of the gospel," as held by the Calvinistic Congregationalists, and to preserve and defend their ecclesiastical polity. Up to 1847 their publications were confined to tracts, forty-two of which were prepared, and ten millions in the aggregate were distributed. At this time twenty thousand dollars were devoted by generous members of this denomination, as a permanent fund, to enable them to enter upon a more extended work of publication. The works already issued, and to be followed by others of like value, are of the class that would necessarily be limited in their sale, and therefore not be likely to pass through the presses of the trade, and yet of invaluable worth to the minister and to many private Christians. Quite an extensive clergyman's library has already been published, and is offered, as you remarked, at an extraordinarily low price, so that the most limited incomes may admit of its purchase. In addition to this, generous donations have been, and are continually

received, for the purpose of distributing these choice fountains of thought among their missionaries and pastors of small Churches and smaller salaries. A noble charity is this, and marked with the characteristics of a far-seeing economy; for in cultivating the mind and heart of a public teacher, who can tell the amount of good that may be accomplished? There can evidently be no better defence of a denomination than a breastwork of its more weighty divines, thrown up around every part of its communion. The last important work published by the Board is one of great general interest, and will undoubtedly have a wide circulation in every community where New-Englanders are found. It is a republication of Morton's well-known New-England Memorial, with General Bradford's History of Plymouth Colony, and Notes by Prince, Hutchinson, and others. The work has been admirably edited by Rev. Sewell Harding, the excellent Secretary of the Board. It makes a noble octavo, and is sold at the very reasonable price of two dollars. It is a treasure-house of instruction and entertainment in relation to old colonial chronicles.

Upon the recommendation of Governor Clifford, the Massachusetts Legislature of 1853 impowered Hon. Ephraim M. Wright, Secretary of the Commonwealth, to cause to be printed the old records of "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New-England," the first two manuscript volumes of which, by constant reference and the corrosion of the ink, had become nearly obliterated. The Honorable Secretary employed the valuable services of Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, as well known as an antiquarian and patron of the sciences as eminent in his profession, in this important work. Six volumes are now published in a style of mechanical perfection at once an ornament and an honor to the state. They form royal octavos of some six hundred pages. The sixth volume brings the record, down to the period, in 1686, when the colonial government of Massachusetts was superseded by the council under President Dudley. The present Legislature will undoubtedly follow the honorable precedent of their predecessors, and continue the publication of these interesting and valuable annals through the colonial period. There will then remain still another act of respect to our noble New-England history—the printing of the Old Colony records, now filed away, awaiting such a permanent imbodyment in the archives of Plymouth.

The new fireproof edifice, in the rear of, and united with, the State House, for the state library, is now rapidly approaching its completion. It will cost the state about two hundred thousand dollars, and if its internal arrangement is effected in accordance with the designs of the trustees, it will form one of the finest library rooms in the country.

The late American movement, whatever may be said of the peculiar character of its organization, (and here good men honestly differ,) and however short may be the period of its organic life, (and its termination probably will be as welcome to many as its sudden birth and development were startling,) has already accomplished many invaluable results. Besides setting in operation measures which will undoubtedly wholesomely modify our naturalization laws, and instituting inquiries into the shocking barbarities now practiced upon sick and insane paupers who are systematically sent to this country by many of the petty European powers, it has directed attention to Catholic schools and the progress of Romanism, and without persecution or an exhibition of bigotry defended the Protestant community from a somewhat serious exposure, on the part of their children; for neither the ecclesiastical nor the political power of Romanism is to be feared when our people are intelligently awakened as to its real character and designs. The development of an American *esprit de corps* has served to rebuke the coquetting of our political parties both with foreigners generally and the united Catholic body specifically. But besides this, the movement has called into lively requisition, some of the most facile pens in the defence of our Reformed faith, and in manly examination of, and opposition to, Romanism. We spoke of Dr. Beecher's work in a previous letter. Rev. Rufus W. Clark, one of our most active and popular clergymen, having delivered a series of ten lectures upon the subject in his pulpit, has consented to their publication for general circulation. They form a portable volume, handsomely published by S. K. Whipple & Co., and offered at a small price. The volume presents nearly all the salient points in the long controversy, and is written in a style so easy and popular, that what might be considered a forbidding subject is made to hold with peculiar interest the attention of the reader.

Dr. Adams, whose work upon slavery, honestly put forth to abate the asperity of the controversy between the North and South, has only been like the casting of oil into the fire, rather than upon the troubled waters, has just put forth from the fruitful press of Jewett and Co., another precious volume, corresponding to his "Friends of Christ," and entitled, "Christ a Friend." Pure and classical in style, fresh in its presentation of old and rich truth, evangelical in sentiment, and redolent with a heavenly fragrance, the volume will be prized as one of the few select books that rest near the altar of devotion, and administer consolations in hours of depression, and afford material for reflection in seasons of religious meditation.

There is no volume of annual statistics that compares in value with the American Almanac, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., and we are sorry to learn that its patronage is far from being equal to its deserts. The astronomical calculations are prepared by Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory. In politics, trade, economical statistics, scientific advances, biographies, it contains invaluable details, carefully arranged. Every professional man, merchant, and mechanic, will receive aid from its fruitful columns.

The portable poetical series of Little, Brown & Co., has grown by the addition of the poems of Coleridge, Keats, and Watts, forming five additional volumes of this beautiful library.

Hon. George Lunt is the reputed Wesley Brooke, the *nom de plume* of the author of "Eastford; or Household Sketches," published by Crocker & Brewster. The volume is a quiet New-England tale, with admirably drawn characteristic portraitures of everyday lives in our sober country towns and cities. The book is enjoying a generous patronage. Who is Ida May? If you find out, please relieve an anxious community. James Russell Lowell's double lectures upon poetry, before the Lowell Lyceum, were crowded with interested audiences. Full of old reading and wit, himself a true poet, the ancient and the modern bards fared well in his generous hands. His fourth lecture opened thus amusingly—"One of the laws of the historical Macbeth, declares that 'fools, minstrels, bards, and all other such idle people, unless they be specially licensed by the king, shall be compelled to seek some craft to win their living,' and the old chronicler adds approvingly—'These and such-like laws were used by King Macbeth, through which he governed the realm ten years in good justice.' I do not quote this in order to blacken the memory of that unhappy monarch. The poets commonly contrive to be even with their enemies in the end, and Shakespeare has taken an ample revenge. I cite it only for the phrase 'unless they be specially licensed by the king,' which points to a fact on which I propose to dwell for a few moments. When Virgil said, *Arma virumque cano*, 'Arms and the man I sing,' he defined in the strictest manner the original office of the poet, and the object of the judicious Macbeth's ordinance was to prevent any one from singing the wrong arms and the rival man. Formerly the poet held a recognized place in the body politic, and, if he has been deposed from it, it may be some consolation to think that the fools, whom the Scotch usurper included in his penal statute, have not lost their share in the government of the world yet, nor, if we may trust appearances, are likely to for some time to come. The poet was once what the newspaper is now."

The present legislature are considering the question of a Girls' Reform School, the disunion of sentiment in the matter turning upon the expediency of one large institution, rather than an officer with local rooms, whose duty it shall be to find positions in households for those exposed girls, even paying their board if necessary. Serious objections are thought to rest against a large institution like that provided for boys.

The Westborough Boys' Reform School being full, it has been proposed to establish a nautical school, in which such of the boys as may give promise of becoming good sailors may be properly trained. This course has been recommended by his excellency, and meets with general satisfaction.

The New-England Society for the Promotion of Manufactures and the Mechanic Arts, numbering among its officers some of the first mercantile names in our community, among other resolutions suggested by the pressure of the times, passed the following—a practical regard for which would alike benefit the private and public economy. Resolved, that we earnestly desire that our people should keep up those habits of plain living and high acting, in which the foundations of New-England society were laid.

B. K. P.

Book Notices.

KEITH & Co., *New-York*, have issued an important work entitled *Positive Medical Agents*. We are not a *medico*, (for which we thank Providence,) and cannot therefore pronounce on the merits of such a production; but our cotemporary of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, who is an "old practitioner," though we suppose not an "old fogy" in the art, declares that it is one of the greatest steps forward which medicine has made for many a year. We like much the tone of good sense and practical sagacity which characterizes the book. It is a treatise on the new alkoloid, resinoid and concentrated preparations of indigenous and foreign medical plants. The doctor is manifestly a "progressionist."

Juvenile books, notwithstanding the hard times, drop upon our table incessantly. *Phillips & Sampson, Boston*, have issued *Country Life, and Other Stories*, by Cousin Mary,—the main story consisting of finely-drawn pictures of the District School, Sunday School, Meeting-House, Thanksgiving Day, &c. *The Angel Children; or, Stories from Cloud Land*, by Charlotte M. Higgins, comprising seven beautiful sketches—not altogether fairy or ideal stories, but enough so, to present the peculiar and absorbing interest of fairy tales. *The Cheerful Heart; or, a Silver Lining to every Cloud*, a sweet, refreshing story for young and old. *The Charm*, a dozen or more pretty narratives. All these volumes are illustrated by cuts of unusual excellence—a fact of special merit in children's books. The young eye should be educated by the best possible samples of art.

Carlton & Phillips have published a neat little volume of *Irish Stories for Thoughtful Readers*. The stories have a good moral, and the engravings are numerous and well executed. The juvenile publications of this house are among the best in the nation, especially in their artistic work. *The Child's Sabbath-Day Book* is one of their finest and cheapest issues. It treats of the observance of the Sabbath in a manner adapted to children, and renders its lessons attractive by its really elegant cuts. *The Tempest* is the title of another of their small illustrated volumes — an entertaining treatise on the atmosphere and its phenomena, with numerous pictorial illustrations.

Fetridge & Co., Boston, have sent us an attractive little volume, consisting of stories, sketches, poems, and paragraphs, entitled the *Little Folks' Own*. It abounds in engravings on tinted paper, and is such a medley of good things as cannot fail to interest any youngster who puts hands upon it.

Higgins & Perkinpine, Philadelphia, have published three discourses delivered by Rev. Dr. F. Hodgson, in Philadelphia, entitled the *Calvinistic Doctrines of Predestination Examined and Refuted*. Some men have a *genius* for polemics, as others have for mathematics or poetry. Dr. Hodgson has not only skill and tact at theological dialectics, but an evident pleasure in mastering difficulties, which can come only from an original predisposition of mind. This little volume we hesitate not to pronounce one of the most trenchant polemical works on the subject yet produced by the Arminian party. We commend it especially to the attention of Calvinistic thinkers, as presenting one of the strongest exhibits of the anti-Calvinistic arguments.

Gould & Lincoln, Boston, have sent us *Oscar; or, The Boy who had his Own Way*—one of the "Aimwell Stories." It teaches an important moral in an attractive manner. The illustrations are not as good as usual with this well-known house; but the typographical execution of the volume makes amends for their defects.

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have issued a third edition of *The Great Journey; A Pilgrimage through the Valley of Tears to Mount Zion, the City of the Living God;* by the author of "The Night Watches," &c. It has a dangerous semblance to Bunyan's immortal allegory; but its successful sale shows that it is not an unsuccessful imitation. There is in fact a great deal of original thought in the volume, its style is winning and its fable skillfully managed, while a sweet spirit pervades its pages, and cannot fail to refresh the heart of the devout reader.

The Chart of Life, a new and important work by Rev. James Porter, author of "The True Evangelist," is not like the above, an allegory, though its title would seem to imply it. It is a series of elaborate and skillful essays on the dangers—"the rocks and shoals"—of man's moral life. Mr. Porter's former works have been extensively successful; this we consider equal to any of them. It is direct and energetic in style, and remarkably clear and practical and home-addressed in its counsels. There is sharp analysis as well as sound common-sense in his appreciation of moral questions, such as skepticism, social hinderances, &c. It is the very book for presentation to young Christians. *Magee, Boston.*

One of the best allegorical works on religion, (always excepting from the comparison Bunyan's—of course) is Keach's *Travels of True Godliness*. Keach was a cotemporary of the "Bedford tinker;" he does not, however, imitate him. Bunyan represents the Christian passing through the stages of experimental religion: Keach represents religion itself on a pilgrimage about the world, encountering all sorts of characters—the legalist, the Pharisee, the hypocrite, the old, the young, &c. The work has originality, and shares largely in the peculiar kind of interest which Bunyan has thrown into his narrative. The *American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia*, has issued a new edition, edited by Rev. Dr. Malcolm.

The Light of the Temple is the title of a volume from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Strickland. It is a history of the divine manifestations, in connection with the Jewish State Church down to the last dispersion of the Jews, after the Advent. The narrative is vividly sketched, and affords

continual and impressive moral lessons, as well as much valuable, historical, and geographical information. It has many of the adaptations of a popular book, and deserves an extensive circulation. Its pictures might have been better. *Ernst, Cincinnati.*

The *Men for the Times* is the title of an eloquent sermon delivered by Rev. J. H. Perry, before the Methodist Churches of Brooklyn, on Thanksgiving Day, and published by request. It delineates with a decided hand the character demanded in the men of our times, and corresponds so thoroughly with our own views of the subject, as expressed repeatedly in these columns, that we feel more than satisfied with its able portraiture. We should like to insert the whole of it, had we space.

A cheap 12mo. edition of *Pearson on Infidelity —the Evangelical Alliance Prize Essay*—has been issued by *Carter & Brothers, New-York.* The multiform aspects of unbelief from atheism to formalism, with their causes and agencies, are discussed by the author throughout with great clearness and power. No one will question the importance of such a work at the present time; and the forty editions through which the essay has passed in England, as well as the extensive circulation it has attained in this country, significantly attest the marked ability with which it is written. It ought to be read, not by theologians only, but by all to whom the truth of Christianity is a question of deep interest. Happily the low price (60 cents) at which the present edition is issued, makes it accessible to all.

Rev. Dr. Charles Elliott, whose great work on Popery has secured him a literary reputation both in England and this country, has given to the public his long-expected *History of the Great Secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the year* 1845, *&c.* It has been prepared in accordance with a vote of the General Conference of the denomination. Nearly six hundred closely printed pages are devoted to the ecclesiastical period from 1844 to 1848—quite as much space as is occupied by Dr. Banga's whole History of the Church. The volume is a repository, of not only all the data and events of the "secession" as the doctor insists on calling it, but largely of the history of the precedent anti-slavery movement in England and this country—especially the Methodistic abolitionism of New-England. Our New-England Methodist readers will be surprised at the detail with which forgotten facts, and forgotten men too, of their anti-slavery conflicts, are here resuscitated. The research of the author is absolutely astonishing—it reminds us of the tireless industry of German scholarship. The book is not one for popular reading; in the nature of things it could not be; it is what the General Conference desired—a *resume* of the historical data of the great revolutionary event which it records. It will be invaluable to the future historian of the Church; it puts in a definitive form the showing of one party at least on the great question in controversy. If it is complained that the work is unnecessarily swelled by matters only indirectly related to its subject, it will be replied that this irrelevant matter is at least put into a convenient form, and makes the book not only a history of the Church movement, but of the general movement against slavery. Of the special views of the author on the legal aspects of the division, which he calls a "secession," we have not space here to remark; but as we differ somewhat from him, we may return to the theme hereafter.

Literary Record.

AMERICAN BOOKS IN GERMANY.—The *Literary Gazette* has a long article on American literature in Europe, in which the editor says:—"'Uncle Tom,' of course, had its thousands of readers; 'The Wide, Wide World' has been almost as generally read, since its appearance first as a newspaper feuilleton and then as a regular volume; the 'Lamplighter,' in the new translation made at Leipsic, is now vieing with its predecessors in its claims upon general favor. These, it must be remarked, are all books showing the peculiar phase of American life, and are just the ones most likely to be mentioned in letters to 'the Fatherland,' from foreigners now resident among us. Beyond this there has been an increasing admiration for American poetry, especially for that of Longfellow; and we doubt whether any living poet, in whatever language he may write, possesses at this moment a wider circle of appreciative readers than does our distinguished countryman. The English original, and the German translation of his poems, are now almost equally well known upon the continent of Europe." The editor quotes from "Dr. Herrig's Hand-Book of North American Literature"—a German work on our own writers—in which he says of our poets that "Pierrepont's 'Airs of Palestine' rank in depth of thought, beauty of language, and harmony of verse, among the best of early American poems. Carlos Wilcox is compared to Cowper. Of the better poets of the second rank, he considers Sprague, Brainard and Steel, the most esteemed. Percival is spoken of in high terms as endowed with wonderful natural powers, and as distinguished for the bold imagination, the freedom and the facility of his verse. Whittier has the soul and spirit of a poet, and will undoubtedly attain the highest rank." No poetical writer appears to our German critic so "subjective" as Dana; none shows so clearly the marks of his individuality. "His words are imbodied ideas, and one of his single epithets often contains a great and powerful thought." Halleck is highly praised, and his "Marco Bozzaris" characterized as a master-piece; but "Holmes is said to stand first among our modern humorists." These are illustrations of the criticisms

which are made upon our poets. Three, however, are reserved for higher praise and more extended comment. They are Bryant, Longfellow and Poe, holding, as poets, in the estimation of Dr. Herrig, very much the position of Calhoun, Webster and Clay, as statesmen.

The New-York Free Academy.—The catalogue of this noble institution for 1854 makes a striking exhibit: a faculty of no less than twenty instructors, headed by Dr. Webster—a programme of study remarkably thorough and well collocated—and a "summary" of students for the year of no less than four hundred and thirty-seven, about two hundred and forty of whom are in the introductory department. A better provision for education adorns not any of our great cities.

The Boston Library.—Our Boston correspondent has frequently alluded to this experimental undertaking. The Second Annual Report of the trustees has appeared, and demonstrates the success of the attempt. It says:—

"Its growth has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the trustees. In their annual report of last year they stated that the income of Mr. Bates's munificent endowment, of the generous donation of Mr. Phillips, and of the other invested funds of the library, would furnish the means of purchasing 3,500 volumes for the current year, while from other sources still further accessions might be confidently anticipated. In point of fact, the library, during the course of the year, had, at the date of the librarian's report, been increased by 6,533 volumes, and about 3,000 pamphlets. Of these, it appears by the librarian's report, that over 2,000 volumes, and nearly all the pamphlets, have been donations, and that about 4,400 volumes have been bought. If we are authorized to form an opinion of the future growth of the library from the experience of the past, we may safely calculate upon an increase thereafter of at least 6,000 volumes annually, exclusive of pamphlets; a rate of increase which in fourteen years will carry the library up to 100,000 volumes—a larger collection than any at present existing in the United States."

This is an encouraging example for other cities of the Union.

According to the census, there are 15,615 *public libraries* in the United States, and 4,636,411 volumes, of which 1,760,820 are in this state. Comparing the free with the slave states, the former have by far the most libraries. For instance, Virginia has 54, and New-York 11,013; Alabama 56, and Massachusetts 1,462; South Carolina 26, and Connecticut 164; Georgia 7, and Rhode Island 96. Of the slave states, in proportion to population, Mississippi has the most public libraries, and Virginia the fewest, although those of the latter contain a greater number of volumes than those of any slave state, excepting Louisiana, South Carolina, and Virginia.

The *literature of Russia* is far more extensive than most Americans suppose. The universities are seven in number, and are at St. Petersburgh, Moscow, Kasan, Charkoff, Keif, Dorpat, and Helsingfors. The last named is for Finland, and is established at the capital of that country, and no longer at Abo, (Obo, as they pronounce it,) where it long was. The instruction is given in the Swedish language in this university. The university of Dorpat is at Livonia, one of the Baltic provinces, and is probably the best of the whole. The instruction is given in German. The other five universities are for the instruction of the *Russian* youth. The institution at Wilna is not, we believe, a university, though it is often called such. There is no university at Warsaw, nor has there been since 1831. The young men of Poland are required to go to Dorpat for their university education.

Sir John Franklin, whose fate seems now to be definitely settled, was born in 1786, entered the British navy as a midshipman, on board the Polyphemus, and served at the battle of Copenhagen. His voyages have been too numerous here to be mentioned. Literature is indebted to him for three works, the titles of which we give:—"Journey to the Coppermine River," 2 vols. 8vo.; A Second Journey to the same locality, 4to.; "Voyages to the Polar Seas," 4 vols. 18mo.

Genesee College, Lima, New-York, has been somewhat reorganized under promising circumstances. Its new president, Dr. Cummings, has made a decidedly favorable impression in its behalf. It has an able and a thoroughly *working* faculty. Including the academic section, the catalogue for the past year reports nearly nine hundred students.

The Newark Library Association has at present about 5,000 volumes on its shelves.—The Printers' Free Library, located at No. 3 Chambers-street, New-York, has nearly 3,000 vols.—The munificent donation of $5,000 by the Hon. Josiah Little to the city of Newburyport, for the founding of a Public Library, has been accepted, and a spacious room of the City Hall building has been set apart for this purpose.—Hon. D. S. Gregory has presented the Young Men's Christian Association of Jersey City with 2,000 volumes of literary, religious, scientific and miscellaneous works.—The new Public Hall at Lawrence, Mass., connected with the Pacific Mills, has about 1,500 carefully selected volumes.—The catalogue of the Library of the Rochester Athenæum and Mechanics' Association has now between seven and eight thousand volumes, and embraces a large number of standard works.

An American newspaper in Europe has been commenced in Paris by Charles L. Fleischmann, giving a summary of news from this country, for the benefit of our countrymen in Paris.

Schiller's Works.—The children of Schiller are endeavoring to obtain from the Prussian Chambers an extension of the copyright of their father's works. Their copyright is already secured till 1858, and they pray that the term may be extended twenty years.

Wisconsin University, located at Madison, has property worth $205,000 over and above all liabilities. Prof. D. Read has been recently elected to the chair of Mental Philosophy. We commend its financial example to western colleges. Now is the time for them to secure substantial endowments in the form of real estate, the very best investment. Soon the cheap lands of the west will be taken up, and the opportunity lost. A *half a million* should be the *minimum* with which any new western college should be content. The Roman Catholics know how to "speculate" in this manner, but our Protestant institutions seem to be sleeping away the opportunity.

The *Wesleyan University*, Middletown, Conn., is reported successful in its attempt to raise $100,000 for its further endowment. The sum should have been double that figure; but it has done well for the "hard times." Its catalogue, now before us, shows one hundred and twenty-three students—thirty-seven in the Freshman Class. Its prospects will doubtless brighten in its better financial circumstances. Its faculty includes some of the best instructors in the land.

Dr. Kitto, whose death we announced some months ago, was a very laborious scholar notwithstanding his poor health. The list of his works includes "Bible History of the Holy Land," 8vo.; "Court and People of Persia," 18mo.; "Cyclopædia of British Literature," 2 vols. roy. 8vo.; also, an "Abridged" and a "People's" edition of this Cyclopædia. "Daily Bible Illustrations," 8 vols. 12mo.; "Essays and Letters," with a Memoir, 12mo.; "Geography of the Holy Land," with Atlas, roy. 8vo.; "History of Palestine," 12mo.; "Pictorial" ditto, 2 vols. roy. 8vo.; "Lost Senses, Deafness and Blindness," 2 vols. 18mo.; "Physical Geography of the Holy Land," 2 vols. 18mo.; "Pictorial Life of our Saviour," 4to.; "Scripture Lands and Bible Atlas," 12mo.; "The Tabernacle and its Furniture," 4to. He also established and conducted, until within two years, "The Journal of Sacred Literature," which has since passed into the hands of Rev. G. Burgess.

The *Moniteur*, Paris, has published a decree, opening a credit of $20,000, to be applied to the necessary expenses which the collecting, editing, and publishing of the first Napoleon's writings entail. The correspondence will include not only the Emperor's autograph and dictated letters, but also his proclamations, instructions, bulletins, reports, and various orders. Even the notes which he appended to projects submitted to him will be used. Whatever may be thought, in a literary point of view, of the *feuilleton* system, which still prevails in France, though of late years with greatly diminished *éclat*, it is certain that it has produced to a few of the most eminent authors immense sums, which under any other system it would have been absurd for them to hope for. Thus, from a statement recently published at Paris, it appears that Chateaubriand received for the publication, in the *feuilletons* of one of the daily papers, of his "Mémoirs d'Outre-Tombe," $19,420, or a little more than $100 for each *feuilleton*. Lamartine received $10,000 for his "Confidences." To Madame George Sands, for the "History of her Life," now in course of publication in a Paris newspaper, $26,000 have been paid; and it is probable, from the extent of her work, that her remuneration will be at least as great, if not greater, than that of either of her distinguished cotemporaries. Considering the difference between poetry and prose, it will be seen that these French people have received more in proportion than the "half-a-crown per line" of Scott, which so aroused the wrath of Byron.

The *Bakersfield North Academy*, under the principalship of Rev. H. J. Moore, reports one hundred and twenty-three students—a larger number than at any preceding year.

The *Gazette de l'Académie*, of St. Petersburgh, states that the Chevalier Bunsen continues to reside in retirement at Heidelberg, and has just sent a new historical work to his publisher.

Arts and Sciences.

The *wife of Omar Pacha* has just had published, at Paris, five military marches of her composition for the piano. They are the first musical productions known to exist of the wife of a professing Mussulman.

Some German gentlemen have succeeded in discovering the temple of Juno, near Argos, which was buried in the earth. They have ascertained its length, width, and height, and have found in it remains of a great number of marble statues.

Proposed Canal across the Isthmus of Suez.—M. Lesseps, formerly French consul in Egypt, has obtained from the Viceroy, Said Pacha, a firman, granting to a company, of which he is director, the applied-for authority to make a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. The canal, seventy-five miles long, is to be completed in twelve years, the company having a right of levying a toll on all vessels passing through for ninety-nine years. The capital is to be raised by shares, and M. Lesseps expresses himself as being promised the support of eminent bankers in France and Germany. Egypt will not be called upon to make any outlay; the viceroy is to have fifteen per cent. of the net profits, and at the expiration of the lease the works are to become the property of the government.

Lieutenant Maury, of the observatory of Washington, reported to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, in a recent sitting, that one of his assistants, in September, discovered a new planet. He did not, he stated, announce the discovery before, from the belief that it might have been previously made in Europe. This is the first planet ever discovered in America. By Mr. Maury's request it has received the name of Euphrosyne.

There seems to be no abatement in the inventive genius of our countrymen. The number of patents issued is reported weekly. They have sometimes amounted to nearly fifty, though thirty is about the average number per week, making over fifteen hundred issued annually. About eighty-five per cent. of these are from the New-England States.

Asiatic Explorations.—See our Editorial Notes for news from old Babylon. The London Asiatic Society declares that the excavations at Birs Nimrud, which have been on a grand scale, have resulted in nothing of consequence; no inscription—not a cylinder has been found. At Kouyunjik fine sculptures are still found, but nothing new in inscriptions. The tablets met with are merely contracts, benefactions, or mythological formulæ.

Expedition to Central Africa.—The *London Athenæum* has already announced that dispatches have been received with the news of the death of Dr. Barth. This sad intelligence has been transmitted by Dr. Vogel from Kuka, who, in a letter dated the 18th of July last, had informed Col. Herman at Tripoli of the *rumor* having reached Kuka of Dr. Barth's death at Menade, near Sakatu. In order to ascertain the correctness of this statement, and, in the worst event, to save the papers and other effects of Dr. Barth, he (Dr. Vogel) had at once dispatched his most trustworthy servant to that place.

The *Geographical Society of Paris* held its annual sitting lately. It was announced that the government is prepared to support and reward travelers who may be willing to explore the parts of Africa between Senegal and Timbuctoo; from Lake Tchad to the mouth of the Tchadda by way of Yola and Yacobe; from Lake Tchad to Belenia in four degrees north latitude; and from Mombas in the coast to Belenia, by Mount Kenia. A detailed report on the operations of the society during the preceding year was read. An account was given of a voyage on the White Nile, by M. Brun-Rollet, to as low down as three degrees north latitude, which is considerably further than any traveler has yet gone. On his way he fell in with some very singular tribes.

The French photographers in the East have already sent to Paris four hundred and nine photographs of incidents in the campaign.

The rarest of all the rare early engraved portraits of Shakspeare—a fine impression of the medallion of 1655—has been secured by Mr. Halliwell, London. It is said that only two other original impressions are known.

Important Discovery.—The *Albany Evening Journal* appeared on paper "made entirely from basswood." The editor remarked, its inventor, George W. Beardslee, Esq., of this city, kindly furnished us with a ream to print for circulation among those directly interested in the important discovery. The paper is made from pulp produced from basswood shavings, of a peculiar form, thrown off by Mr. Beardslee's planing machine, which has been improved to produce this result. It contains no mixture of rags, or other material whatever, nor sizing. It is from the pure wood alone. The paper furnished us was made at Satterlee's Mill, Little Falls, under unfavorable circumstances. The supply of pulp was so small that the mill had to be served by hand instead of by guage pumps, the consequence of which was such irregular feeding as to produce slightly irregular thicknesses of paper. The paper has also been used, with perfect success, by Mr. Gavit for transferring fine line engravings—a result which cannot be attained by any other ordinary newspaper. But Mr. Beardslee is not restricted to basswood. He has made experiments which leave no doubt upon his mind that paper of a texture even superior to that which he has already produced from that wood can be produced from other native woods, found in equal abundance.

Astronomical Discovery.—Professor Pierce of Harvard College has made a scientific discovery which will unsettle, to say the least, the universal accredited theory, that the moon is uninhabited, because she has no atmosphere. That the moon, as far as we have yet been able to examine her, has no atmosphere, or at least none of sufficient density to conform to our optical laws, and the demands of any animal life known to us, is unquestionable. But this can be positively affirmed of only one side of our satellite; for, as will be remembered, although she revolves upon her axis, she constantly presents but one side to the earth. Now it has been discovered by calculation, and demonstrated as geometrical fact, that the moon's center of form is eight miles nearer to us than her center of gravity, through which, of course, her axis of revolution must pass; or, in other words, *this side of the moon is sixteen miles higher than the other.* If, therefore, we suppose that the moon has an atmosphere such as ours, it would be of such extreme rarity on the only side exposed to our observation, that, for optical effect and animal life, it might as well not exist. For mountains upon the earth, none of which are over five miles above the level of the sea, have been ascended to a height at which life could not be supported for any length of time, and still mountains have stretched above the panting traveler. What, then, must be the atmosphere at four times such an elevation? The conclusion seems inevitable, that, although the hither side of the moon is uninhabitable for want of an atmosphere, the remote side may be perfectly adapted to animal life. It is at least certain that the mere want of an atmosphere perceptible to us, is no longer conclusive as to the uninhabitableness of the planet that rules the night.

The *coal* product of the world, in the year 1853, is estimated at 75,000,000 tons; of which amount 40,000,000 were produced by Great Britain, and 9,000,000 by the United States.

Professor Zahn, who has passed not fewer than fifteen years in investigating the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, is preparing for publication, at Berlin, the twenty-seventh and last part of his great work on the monuments discovered in those towns. This work is one of the most expensive ever published in Germany, each copy costing 300 thalers, (about $230.)

Excavations made in lands belonging to the Propaganda at Rome have led to the discovery of a chapel near the Via Momentana, containing the tomb of Pope Alexander I., who suffered martyrdom in 116. The tomb forms an altar, and bears an inscription indicating that it was erected by a prelate in the fourth century. The chapel is in a better state of preservation than might have been expected from its antiquity, and it contains remains of beautiful decorations.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1855.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

WHEN I last saw Buchanan Read he was at the Astor House, in New-York, on the point of starting for Europe, where he resides at this present writing. This was in July, 1853, and a month or two after a visit which I paid him at Bordentown, New-Jersey. I had known Read more or less intimately for five or six years, during which time he had written some of his best poems, and taken a trip to Europe for the benefit of his health. His home was in the west, at Cincinnati, I think; but after his return from Europe he came east, as far as Philadelphia, and finally to Bordentown.

Bordentown is a charming residence for a painter or poet. For my own part I could willingly live and die in just such a place; the only change I could wish would be to have it nearer New-York, or some other equally large city.

It was a bright morning in May, when, in company with a friend, I started for Bordentown; one of those sweet calm days which one remembers long. "The usurper of the vale," as Read calls the engine, whirled us on and on, past fields and farm-houses, in and out of towns and villages, across rivers, along the margin of canals, and dropped us at Bordentown, and was out of sight before we knew where we were.

Read's home was at the end of the village, as far as we could judge, and near the edge of a high piece of ground which overlooked the river. It was an old-fashioned country house, with yellow brick front, and, I think, red boarded sides. On the side nearest the river lay the garden, some thirty feet in breadth and at least two hundred in length, a wilderness of grass and spring flowers. Violets grew wild everywhere, violets of all sizes and colors; here and there were plants and

bushes, rose-trees not yet in bloom, lilacs and almond blossoms, and against the side of the house a wall of shrubbery in which grew the yellow flowers they call African roses. It was not a fine garden, horticulturally speaking, nor a well-kept one; on the contrary, it bore everywhere traces of neglect; but it delighted us for all that, as did the poet's house, with its wide entry, its broad staircase, and its huge poetical parlors.

Neither Read nor his wife, the "Mary" of his poems, was at home when we arrived. "He had gone off fishing for a few hours," the servant said; "but we were expected, and she hoped we would be comfortable till he returned." A good dinner helped to make us comfortable; and the society of Read's two children, Alice, "The Light of our Home," and little Lilian, charmed us into a forgetfulness of time.

Alice was at that time seven or eight years old, slight, graceful, and womanly in demeanor; "a little old woman," we said to ourselves. There was a grave conceit in her conversation, such as we had never before seen. She knew that she was a poet's child; that "papa" had written verses about her; and she meant to write verses herself.

But it was to Lilian, "Little Lily," that we lost our hearts; a clear case of love at first sight. She was the *beau ideal* of a fairy child; beautiful, winning, fantastic and quaint, and so petite! Why we almost feared to touch her. She weighed next to nothing, and gave you the feeling that her bones were pipe-stems, and liable to be snapped at any moment. She had long straight hair, almost white; great staring blue eyes, round, strange, and cold as precious stones; and a sweet white marble-like face. And then her voice—it was the tiniest and prettiest thing in the world, so sweet and piping—a musical whisper! No matter how willing you might be to gratify her whims, and she had many, you would be sure to feign a non-compliance, for the pleasure of hearing the little fairy say, and look, her irresistible "please!"

We romped and played with the children till twilight, when Read and his wife returned. They were a curious little couple, as petite for grown people as Alice and Lilian for children. The portrait at the head of this paper is a faithful copy of a drawing by Mr. Alexander Lawrie, a crayon artist of Philadelphia. It is a fair likeness of Read's face in repose; but it hardly does justice to its flitting expressions. It is Read dressed up. He was not dressed up when we met him that night at Bordentown; but tumbled and dusty, as a man is apt to be after a day's fishing, and burned with the sun; a miniature sportsman.

I am not good at guessing the height of my friends. But for a vague notion of mine that a six-footer is a tall fellow, I am like the Hibernian, who was five foot ten, or ten foot five, he didn't know which! When I say, then, that Buchanan Read is somewhere near five feet, the reader will please to understand that he is below the common height, a dapper, slight-made man. Little men generally marry tall women—"for protection," say the tall men. Not needing protection, or for some other reason equally good, Read married an estimable little dame of his own size.

They were a quaint little couple; and when we sat with them and the children that night at tea, drawn around a large table, in the huge parlor of that old-fashioned country house at Bordentown, we could not but internally smile, (may the gods of hospitality forgive us!) it was so much like children playing at housekeeping!

The next day we had some pleasant chats and rambles around Bordentown. The lion of the town is the old Bonaparte estate, which we visited with Read and his wife. The Bonaparte estate is not what it was fifteen or twenty years ago, portions of it having been cut up and sold for building lots; besides, it has passed into the hands of an English gentleman, who has but little reverence for its old associations and landmarks. He has torn down the old Bonaparte mansion, and some of the outhouses, and built himself a large stone villa in the Italian style, a glaring white pile, not much in keeping with the ruinous old grounds in which it stands. That, however, is his business, and not mine.

We rambled over the gentleman's grounds in various directions, charmed with their extent and wild picturesqueness. The ruins of something like the end of an ancient walk, on the western side of the estate, where it fronts the river, a platform on the edge of a steep

hill, pictures itself in my memory more vividly than all the rest of the estate. It was just the spot to stand and watch the sunset from, and I fancy Bonaparte must have used it for that purpose in his poetical moods.

They have fine sunsets in Bordentown. I saw a never-to-be-forgotten one with Read from the brow of a hill just beyond his house. Below us, I might almost say *under* us, lay the river, stretching away dimly in the distance; over its opposite bank, a long irregular line of trees, houses, and woods, hung the evening sky painted with sunset, a soft red streak on the rim of the horizon, a stratum of gold above, and above that a flush of green light, dying in the darkening blue of the night. Green is not often seen at twilight, nor indeed at any other time in the sky; probably not one person in a hundred ever saw it there. Coleridge is the first English poet who has noticed it.

> "All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
> Have I been gazing on the western sky,
> And its peculiar tint of yellow green."
> (*Dejection, an Ode.*)

The river was as smooth as glass, a perfect mirror of its own banks and the changing sky. Here and there a few vessels were moored, their long spars and black ropes shadowed on the water; and along the piers glimmered ghostly buildings. The picture was so beautiful I could not realize it. It was a Dutch landscape, done after the manner of Claude. Even Read, who affects not to like his own art, was impressed by that picturesque sunset. He commented on its beauties, talked about poetry with me, and gave me a running sketch of his own life. I asked him to write it down for me, but he was too lazy. I remember its drift, and some passages quite distinctly. Take this, then, good reader, for a life of Buchanan Read.

Thomas Buchanan Read was born in 1822 in Chester County, Pennsylvania, where he passed his boyhood. Chester County is the birthplace of Bayard Taylor also, and the two young poets might have been seen in swaddling clothes at nearly the same time. The face of the country in Chester County, and, in my way of thinking, in most of Pennsylvania, is rather English than American, being more regular and cultivated than in any other state in the Union. Everywhere you catch glimpses of landscape which might have stepped from the pictures of the best English masters.

Judging Read and Taylor by their poetry, one would never guess that they came from the same state, hardly from the same continent, or that their early sense of beauty was fed from the same earth and sky. The landscapes of Read are those of Pennsylvania, while Taylor's are tropical and oriental. Taylor's poems are full of far-off peaks, blue gorges, and illimitable wastes of plain; Read's are the sweetest cabinet pastorals. A mere child, the future painter and poet must have had a fine feeling for the form and color around him, and considerable knowledge of its minute and subtile details, a knowledge which never left him; for his family, or some members of it, removing to Cincinnati in his twelfth year, carried him with them, and he saw Pennsylvania no more till he attained his manhood.

While living in Cincinnati Read began to feel the stirrings of ambition, and a visit to the studio of Clevenger led him to think he would like to become a sculptor. He modeled awhile under that artist, and was in a fair way to became a sculptor, when his master started for Europe, and left him to his own resources. His hope of being a second Michael Angelo faded in air, and his disappointment was keen. There was, however, another branch of art yet untried—painting, and he resolved to embrace it for a profession. He engaged himself to a house and sign-painter, if I remember rightly, and, without instructions, took up the palette and brush, working in the shop during his leisure moments, and at home nights. Like most young artists, he had to "make the pot boil" by painting portraits. The Flamboroughs of Cincinnati and the adjacent towns knew and appreciated him; and finally General Harrison, ("good, easy man,") then a candidate for the presidency, consented to give him a sitting. I know not what the public thought of the President's portrait, (of course it was exhibited,) but Read told me that it was a sad daub! The early artistic career of Read reminded me, while he was relating it, of that of the late Thomas Cole, a sketch of which may be found in our third volume. Like Cole, Read wandered from town to town, an art-peddler, as it were, undergoing all sorts of fortune, good, bad, and indifferent, now beautifying the freckled features of some rustic belle,

and now making some monster of a backwoodsman hideous.

In 1840 Read removed to Boston, where he studied his profession more thoroughly than he could hope to do in the West, and entered into the holy bonds of matrimony, taking unto himself the estimable little lady already mentioned. About this time he began to write verses. It is by no means an uncommon thing for an artist to be an amateur poet; there are but few artists who are not, and good musicians besides. Living in a studio seems to make a man a Jack at all trades. How Read came to write his first verses, and what was the class of subjects of which they treated, he never informed me; they were doubtless epical, aiming above the standard of Milton. He met with little encouragement from his artistic and literary friends, and was on the point of forswearing the muse forever, (I dare say he had written several poetical farewells!) when the timely and generous praise of Longfellow decided him to persevere. "You will be a poet," said the swan of Cambridge. The two poets were on the best of terms, if I rightly interpret Read's "Leaf from the Past."

The name of T. B. Read was soon seen in the magazines, and in the poet's corner of country newspapers, attached to dainty poems. Graham numbered him among his list of contributors, and sundry of the mammoth weeklies rejoiced in making him an "Our Own." Some of his best pieces were published anonymously. I remember reading, in M'Makin's old Courier, I think, a series, purporting to be from the pen of a Pennsylvania miner—"Hazel Dell Poems." They were Read's, though few were at the time aware of it. He wrote for the series a collection of female portraits, entitled "Love's Gallery;" but they did not happen to suit the editor, although they are among the sweetest and truest poems that Read has ever written. Such is American taste.

In 1844 or 1845 Ticknor & Co., of Boston, published his first volume, a delicate little tome of about one hundred pages. It was cordially received, and appreciatively noticed. In 1846 Read moved to Philadelphia, still pursuing his art: while there he published a second volume of poems, and entered into arrangements with Mr. E. H. Butler, a publisher of illustrated books, to edit a selection from the American Female Poets. It was adorned with a number of steel engravings of some of our prominent poetesses, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Lynch, Grace Greenwood, etc., copied from portraits painted by Read himself. I have never seen the original pictures, (nor can I say that I wish to!) but if they are one-half as bad as the engravings, I would advise him to drop his palette and brush. Read's "Female Poets" is still a popular book, the American public is so proud of native talent!

In 1850 Read sailed for Europe. He spent a year in Italy—studying the old masters, I suppose. At Florence he made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Browning. Returning by the way of England he visited London, and while there brought out an English edition of his poems, a quaint volume with vignettes by Kenny Meadows. It was very handsomely praised by the English press; and shortly after Read's arrival in the United States was, with one or two recent volumes of verse, Poe's among the number, the subject of a now-notorious critique in the *North British Review*, which pronounced him the best poet of America.

The North British waked up his sleepy countrymen, (and some of our sleepy bards too, but the wrong way!) and Read found himself a great man for a small one. An enlarged American edition of his poems was the result. In July, 1853, (and this brings me back to my starting point,) Read started for Europe the second time, wife and children, bag and baggage, and found rest for the sole of his foot in Florence, *la belle Florence*, the paradise of all poor painters and poets.

As a painter, Read is not entitled to much consideration. With the exception of a few historical and fancy pieces, he has confined himself to portrait painting. His portraits are not above the average, although their tone and expression are pleasing. When he started for Europe the last time he took out commissions to the amount of two or three thousand dollars. Some of them have arrived, among others "The Ivory Carver," an illustration of Mr. George H. Boker's poem of that name. It is said to be a fine picture. Mr. Boker possesses a beautiful Milton from Read's pencil; and Mr. Hammersley, to whom Read dedicated his second volume, a superb Dante, for which Browning

sat, wearing the very head-dress of the illustrious Florentine.

Read the poet is a different person from Read the painter. His poetry is not only the best of its kind in this country, but the best of the kind in the world. There is nothing like it in English literature. It has many faults and many excellences. Its chiefest fault is a too frequent use of pretty conceits, fanciful similitudes; its chiefest excellence a dainty picturesqueness. Daintiness in some form or other,—in language or thought, in the grouping of objects, or general tone,—is a marked feature of all Read's poetry.

His mind is a feminine, not to say a girlish mind—easily impressed by what it comes in contact with—haunted by delicate ideals. He has but little strength, and no subtlety in his nature; he sees but one side of an object, and seldom looks at that in a philosophical point of view. His grandest imaginations do not exceed the fancies of the greater poets. His forte is description. In many instances, says the *London Critic*, his descriptions are fearfully distinct. We not only see the scene that he reanimates from the plastic resources of his brain, but we feel its influence creeping and mingling with our fancy till soul and sense are pervaded. Desolation or ruin—whether it be a cottage in an English valley, or a mastless ship on a strand, or Pompeii—is the saddest of earthly things. Its invisible hand knocks at the human heart and tells it that it is dust, though it has hatreds and affections, hopes and ambitions now. Never was their desolation more vividly displayed than by Buchanan Read in his description of a deserted quay. It is a volume of four lines:—

"The old, old sea, as one in tears,
Comes murmuring with its foamy lips,
And knocking at the vacant piers,
Calls for its long-lost multitude of ships!"

Were I to say what seems to me the weakest point of Read's poetry, and what I would like to have weeded out of it, it would be fancy,—that seeming help, but real drawback to its beauty. Beauty is always intact in itself—a perfect whole—a spiritual thing; fancy is never more than a part, and always belongs to the outward, and consequently diminishes beauty whenever associated with it. There is, to be sure, a class of poems which are really improved by conceits and comparisons, for the simple reason that the poems would otherwise have no vitality. They prop them up; and although props are rather unsightly things, it is better to let them remain than to have the flimsy edifices tumbling about our ears. A passage in Coleridge's "Table Talk" takes a right view of this matter, and gives the fanciful poets a hard blow. "The rapt one with the godlike forehead" is talking of Klopstock. "As to sublimity, he had, with all Germans, one rule for producing it; it was, to take something very great, and make it very small in comparison with that which you wish to elevate. Thus, for example, Klopstock: 'As the gardener goes forth, and scatters from his basket seed into the garden; so does the Creator scatter worlds with his right hand.' There *worlds*, a large object, are made small in the hands of the Creator; consequently the Creator is very great."

If Read goes down to posterity he will be more admired, it seems to me, for his little bits of scenery, than anything else in his poetry. His themes are not remarkable for depth or originality; that is, they are not great, nor always strikingly new; he exhibits no knowledge of the mysteries of human passion; sentiment is his limit; but in landscape, in the art of painting scenery so that you see it, and feel it, he has no superior among the moderns, except Alfred Tennyson. The author of the critique in the *North British* (understood to be Mr. Coventry Patmore, a friend of Tennyson,) quotes Read's "Closing Scene" as his best specimen of landscape painting, and prefers it to Gray's "Elegy." I cannot agree with him in his preference, but I admire the *locale* of the "Closing Scene." I know of no other poem in which a similar landscape is painted; which gives one so strange and so true a feeling of autumnal days—"the saddest of the year." The dying year walks in his realm of leafless trees; the gray barns look from the lazy hills over the wide vales and their waters; the woodman hews his wood with muffled blows; the quail pipes in the stubble; the crow croaks, and the pheasant drums in the vale.

"All sights are mellow'd and all sounds subdued."

As a poem the "Closing Scene" stands in need of compression. It would be

better, too, were the last seven stanzas omitted. The oneness of the composition ends with the eleventh stanza; what follows—the picture of the white-haired matron plying her wheel—seems an afterthought. Such a figure, properly introduced, is not out of keeping with the landscape; but as Read introduces it, or rather tacks it on, it most assuredly is. There is too much nature for the human interest; the background is better finished, and of more consequence than "the center of the scene." Again, when Read says that

"All sights are mellow'd and all sounds subdued,"

he anticipates his effect by making the very criticisms that his reader should make, after finishing the poem.

Here, however, is something nearly perfect. It is from "An Invitation," inscribed to George Hammersley:—

"The winds unkennel'd round the casement whine,
The shelter'd hound makes answer in his dream,
And in the hayloft, hark! the cock at nine
Crows from the dusty beam.

"The leafless branches chafe the roof all night,
And through the house the troubled noises go,
While, like a ghostly presence, thin and white,
The frost foretells the snow.

o o o o o o o

"Come, then, my friend, and this shall seem no more—
Come when October walks his red domain,
Or when November from his windy floor
Winnows the hail and rain:

"And when old winter through his fingers numb
Blows till his breathings on the windows gleam;
And when the mill-wheel spiked with ice is dumb
Within the neighboring stream."

"The Summer Shower" is one of those fresh and simple things that go straightway to the heart of the world; we have all seen just such delightful rains:—

"THE SUMMER SHOWER.

"Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain;
And loiters the boy in the briery lane:
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears brightly burnish'd and tall.

"Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
Like a murmurless school, in the leafy retreat,
The wild birds sit listening, the drops round them beat;
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

"The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,
And, taunting the tree-shelter'd laborers, sing.
Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;
And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud shower fall.

"But soon are the harvesters tossing the sheaves;
The robin darts out from its bower of leaves;
The wren peereth forth from the moss-cover'd eaves;
And the rain-spatter'd urchin now gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all."

One more quotation and we have done:

"MIDNIGHT.

"The moon looks down on a world of snow,
And the midnight lamp is burning low,
And the fading embers mildly glow
In their bed of ashes soft and deep:
All, all is still as the hour of death;
I only hear what the old clock saith,
And the mother and infant's easy breath,
That flows from the holy land of Sleep.

"Say on, old clock—I love you well,
For your silver chime, and the truths you tell.
Your every stroke is but the knell
Of hope, or sorrow buried deep;
Say on—but only let me hear
The sound most sweet to my listening ear,
The child and the mother breathing clear
Within the harvest-fields of Sleep.

"Thou watchman, on thy lonely round,
I thank thee for that warning sound;
The clarion cock and the baying hound
Not less their dreary vigils keep;
Still hearkening, I will love you all,
While in each silent interval
I hear those dear breasts rise and fall
Upon the airy tide of Sleep.

"Old world, on time's benighted stream
Sweep down till the stars of morning beam
From orient shores—nor break the dream
That calms my love to pleasure deep;
Roll on, and give my bud and rose
The fullness of thy best repose,
The blessedness which only flows
Along the silent realms of Sleep."

Since Read has been at Florence he has written a poem on an American subject of between five and six thousand lines. It is entitled "The New Pastoral," and is now in course of publication in Philadelphia.

PICTURES OF WAR.

UNTIL within a couple years the Christian world has, for a quarter of a century, been indulging the hope that the progress of civilization, and especially the new and multiplied ties of commerce and navigation, had about rendered any great or general war impossible in Christendom—that international amity had at last been placed on such a basis of mutual and material interests as could not be shaken by the caprices or passions of kings. Europe has, however, just learned the fallacy of this hope by one of the most terrible conflicts recorded in the history of human barbarities. The improved instruments of war seem only to give it increased horrors, and the hope of the world for a permanent reign of peace is made again dependent upon the hope of a permanent reign of justice—the moral sentiment, in other words, of mankind.

Mackay, in his "Salamandrine," depicts war in its successive scenes of the *Morning Gathering*, the *Battle Slaughter*, the *Night Campfire* and *Sentinel Guard*, the *Reveille*, the *Return*, and *the Home of the Soldier*. We give these pictures, more effectively delineated by the artist than the bard.

THE MORNING GATHERING.

THE SENTINEL.

Cold and misty broke the morn
Through clouds and vapors dun,
When thrice ten thousand men advanced,
Elate with battles won,
To meet the foe in mortal strife
Ere rising of the sun.*

Short was the day, but ere its light
Had faded from the West,
Ten thousand men lay cold and dead
On earth's enshrouded breast;
And the snow where pass'd those angry hosts,
So virgin white before,
Was trodden black by prancing horse,
Or dyed with human gore.

And now 't is night,—and chill and bleak
The wind goes moaning forth;
Cold, bitter cold, the stars shine out
From the clear and frosty North;
And crisp and brittle to the tread
Is the weary waste of snow:

* We sat one evening within the plain white walls of a quiet building, a customary place of the silent worship of Friends. A few score of people—placid matrons, respectable elders, and earnest youth—were calmly meeting for a testimony against war. Some persons, whose character and services to mankind are such as to obtain our reverence, in turn addressed them. With speech impressive because of the great interests it involved, the more convincing through their grave sincerity, they demanded the recognition, in national policy, of the Christian spirit, the Christian law of mutual love. They laid bare the revolting horrors of multitudinous slaughter; they exhibited, from historical examples, the uselessness, the political inexpediency, of warlike operations; and calculated, in money and wasted labor, their ruinous cost. With sarcastic ridicule, they depreciated the delusive renown of military prowess, and protested against having society demoralized by a process which, to mold the mechanical servility of the soldier, crushes the virtue of the citizen. They unanimously adopted the report of the committee, and expressed a hopeful confidence that, in a future age, war shall be altogether abolished.

We have faith in the anticipation, that war shall some time or other cease. The Author of our race has pledged his universe to the fulfillment of that promise. The prayer for the speedy securing of final peace is echoed in the

THE CAMP-FIRE.

Poor sad survivors of the fight!
How shall they pass this wintry night,
And brave the blasts that blow?

From hour to hour the sentries pace
Their round, with blue, cold, shrunken face,
And pray that morn would come
Before its customary time;
Or ere their tongues grow stiff and dumb,
Or ere their very eyes congeal:
For the sharp winds pierce into their flesh,
Like javelins of steel.

The forest-trees, at break of morn,
Stood proudly every one;
The hoar-frost on their leafless boughs
Shone brightly in the sun.

Now here and there upon the earth
Their trunks extended lie,
To feed with logs the beacon fires
That pour their smoke on high;
And merrily they hum and crash,
And flush the winter sky.

o o o o o o o

The shivering remnant of the host
Is gather'd round about,
Faint with the fighting of the day
Or mounted in the rout.

Close to the fires they gather all,
To warm their freezing feet,
And rub their stiff and torpid palms
In the reviving heat.

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hearts of all just men, as it is incessantly repeated from all places of the lamenting earth. The violence done by man to man affects us with a sorrow that craves immeasurable utterance; it would count the dropping blood with its own tears.

Comparing the splendid exhibition of martial state, "the pomp and circumstance of *glorious* war," with the modest agency of retiring benevolence, the quiet protest of which it happened to us then to witness, no method of opposition to the war spirit seemed likely to be more effective than a fair criticism of its æsthetic aspect. It is to strip off the meretricious finery in which the custom of slaughter has been decked by art, so that its hideous reality may be exposed; to do this, we must scrutinize its imposing accessaries, detect the

THE REVEILLE.

And ever and anon they raise,
With joyous shouts, the moldering blaze,
To scare away the wolves, that yell
By the outposts of the sentinel,
And the birds obscene that croak and jar,
And snuff the carnage from afar.

And one fire, brighter than the rest,
Is piled with chumps of oak,
And weaves fantastic to the sky
Blue wreaths of curling smoke.

Five-score men are stretch'd around;
So weary worn are they,
They could not sleep a sounder sleep
If on eider-down they lay,
With sheets and blankets white as milk,
And sheltering draperies of silk.

A streak of radiance in the east
Proclaim'd the coming day,
And drum and fife and bugle-horn
Announced the reveillé.

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false texture of the gaudy pageant, and reclaim from war the magnificence not its own. We deny, then, regarding in the outset its mere external appearance, that a modern army, in the most perfect organization and equipment, affords a complete satisfaction to the eye of genuine taste. In all its brilliancy of costume and of color, in all its symmetrical masses, it is yet a disfiguring perversion, not a graceful development, of nature. The human form, vigorous and erect, is there; but drilling has shaped it into a constrained monotony of attitude. The faces of soldiery, succeeding each other at the same unvaried step, wear an impassive, indifferent expression of blank and even vacuity. No manifestation is perceptible in this dull range,

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

And now the drums beat loud again,
And trumps heroic blow;
Each man of all that host is up,
And marching o'er the snow,

To meet, ere setting of the sun,
The legions of the foe;—
To fight—to bleed—to groan—to die—
And reap false glory out of woe.

THE RETURN.

of the bias of personal energy; the individual peculiarities even of bodily conformation, such as impart fresh interest to every single specimen we see of the brute animals, are in these men partially disguised and cramped by the rigid uniformity of their prescribed exercise. Neither to the faculties of the particular man, nor to the ideal type of the species, has there been any regard in the soldier's education; but he has been trained into a machine of bones and muscles, calculated with precision to execute certain motions, adapted to the construction of that apparatus, manufactured by the iron-founder, to which he is attached as a part of the same mechanism. Several thousand strong men, aided by mechanical and chemical contrivances, are

THE SOLDIER AT HOME.

The meadows gleam with early flowers,
  It is the month of May;
The swallow in the cottage eaves
  Has built her nest of clay,
And the rooks upon the castle tower
  Caw merrily all the day.
The spring has follow'd the winter weary,
  And peace come after a ruthless war;
The land rejoices, and children's voices
  Welcome their fathers from afar.
There are smiles of love on many a cheek;
  Many a fond wife sobs for gladness,
And sheds more tears in excess of joy
  Than ever she shed in all her sadness.
The wars are over—the peasants rejoice—
  Youths and maidens sit under the tree,
While the elder people flock together.
  The rustic pipe makes music simple,
    And young veins tingle,
    As love-looks mingle,
And youth and passion their vows repeat.

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sufficient to concentrate during a short time so much physical power as may produce very astonishing effects. But if the violence of a shock, the crashing force of missiles, the astounding noise of artillery, and the blaze of fire, are of a kind to compose a total of real sublimity; how puny must all this brawling tumult of human fabrication appear when it is compared with the elements of nature in their awful strife, the vast and deep heavings of the tempestuous sea, the jagged darts of rending lightning from the summit of heaven, or when thunder breaks roaring out of the frowning blackness, and whirling eddies of the watery storm rush through the agitated air!

From the view just offered of its external appearances, we may infer that not the power or the pomp manifested in war have made it fit for poetical illustration. The battle-field is beset with sights and sounds of pain, to the fancy not more agreeable than the loathsome, pestilential lazar-house.

The grim subject is capable of being invested with a certain kind of interest, in the exhibition of personal fortitude during a crisis of pain and danger. But it will not be difficult to prove that battle offers no peculiar, certainly no exclusive, advantage to this species of artistic effect. It depends, as has been seen, on suggesting, by means of the representation of immediate or imminent suffering, the sense of man's power to comprehend and defy extreme adversity, the exalted moral sentiment of a free will independent of physical compulsion. If space allowed, we could provide both argument and examples, and ample poetic precedent, for seeking the materials of this sublime imagination, not in the ghastly field of carnage, but in other relations of men to each other, to nature, and to supernatural realities.

ISRAEL AND THE PYRAMIDS.

anterior to Menes, gods of the first series eight, gods of the second series twelve, demigods and manes, I say nothing, though this thick and far extending cloud adds to the mysterious depth of Egyptian antiquity, when the fancy tries to go back to its origin.

VERY early in Egyptian history do we find the Pyramids, objects sufficiently distinct to assist the mind in an attempt to conceive of Egyptian antiquity. But where is the bridge that shall convey us from Abraham to Cheops? and, if we employ imagination for the purpose, how are we to get from Cheops to Menes, the founder of the empire? Whence, too, came Menes? And what and whence the city of This, where he prepared the way for building Memphis? Of fabulous eras

While the extreme antiquity of Egyptian culture is now a settled point, considerable diversity of opinion prevails concerning its details; and diversity of opinion is a sure token of uncertainty. It is only within the last half century, and through the learned researches of such men as Champollion, Bunsen, and Lepsius, that we have been put on the right road for acquiring a knowledge of the originals of the Egyptian state. This advantage has been gained by the well-earned suc-

cess of those, and other eminent Egyptologists, in deciphering the hieroglyphics of the Nile. Those hieroglyphics, or sacred characters, are a species of picture-writing, descriptive originally of *things*, and not *sounds*, but at a later period, of sounds as well as things; which, till lately, were impenetrable mysteries, and, as mysteries, were supposed to contain the richest treasures of knowledge; but which, now that they have been laid open, prove, in their mythological, legendary, and half-historical details, more serviceable indirectly than directly. Indeed, the translation of these signs into equivalent English sounds has not yet been brought to completion. On many points there still remains a diversity of opinion. Nor are the data or facts complete on which our expositors have worked. Nevertheless, the cardinal points have been ascertained.

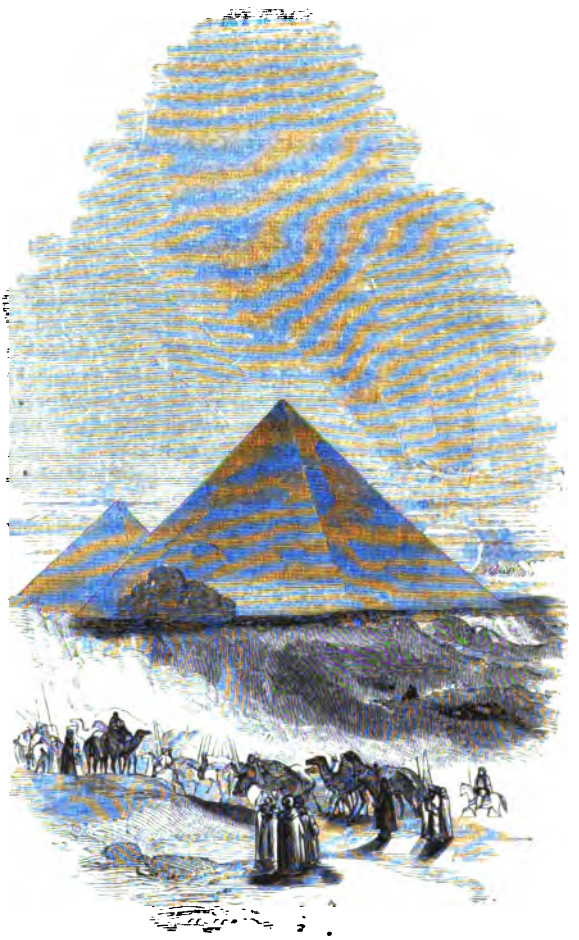
In order that you may understand how this result has been obtained, I must inform you that there are in ancient authors various passages alluding to Egyptian history. The famous Greek historian, Herodotus, (B. C. 450,) who wrote a sort of universal history, has devoted one book of his immortal work to Egypt. Of special value, too, is a long extract given by Josephus, the Jewish historian, from the writings of Manetho, an Egyptian priest, who, in the third century before Christ, composed, from original Egyptian authorities, a history of his native land. Hence, we possess a catalogue of kings of Egypt, running through thirty dynasties. This long line of monarchs supposes so great a lengthening of the recognized chronology, or, in other words, requires the age of the flood to be carried back so far that Manetho's authority was formerly held in little estimation. But, from the recent exploration of Egypt, it has received unexpected confirmation. The names of Manetho's kings have been found on Egyptian monuments. Copies of those monuments now exist in the British Museum in plates and in books; so that you may behold those primeval monarchs, sitting in their seats of honor, side by side, in long succession. It is true, the line is here and there broken; and, it is equally true, that scholars are not certain that more of them than some admit did not reign cotemporaneously, so that to take the sum of their reigns as the basis of a correct chronology, would give an undue length to the Egyptian annals. There are, moreover, other points of doubt. Nevertheless, by researches the most indefatigable, ingenuity the most acute, and learning the most varied and profound, scholars have at length succeeded in giving a generally reliable form to Egyptian chronology, the result of which is, that the date of the flood must be thrown back many centuries.

The opinions of three most eminent writers on the subject may be here mentioned. The first I would refer to is Böckh, who, holding that the thirty dynasties of Manetho were intended to be all successive—that is, that they regularly followed each other—places the first year of Menes, the first king of Egypt, in the year 5702 before the birth of Christ. Not that he thinks that a real king of that name then began to reign. The succession with him is one of calculation. As such, it of course represents no historical reality. And no impartial mind, familiar with the subject, will deny that a thick and suspicious mist hangs over the springs of Egyptian chronology. A different view is taken by Chevalier Bunsen. Considering the dynasties as partly cotemporaneous, and partly successive, he sets the commencement of the Egyptian kingdom in the year 3643 B. C. Lepsius, Professor of Egyptian Antiquities in the University of Berlin, holding with Bunsen that some of the monarchs reigned in different capitals at the same time, is led to fix on the year 3892 as that in which Menes began his reign, and consequently as the first year of the Egyptian monarchy. That monarchy Lepsius divides into the Old Empire and the New Empire; while by Bunsen three divisions are made, namely, the Old Empire, the Middle Empire, and the New Empire.

The difference between the date assigned by Bunsen and that assigned by Lepsius is only 249 years. Yet such a difference is sufficient to show that absolute certainty has not been obtained. There can, however, be no risk in stating that our existing chronological system must be extended at its commencement. The exact addition which should be made cannot at present be stated. If, however, the figures given by Bunsen and Lepsius show a reason for interpolating at least 1,500 years in the line of the world's annals, the definite facts on which their calculation rests,

authorize as the date of the flood a much more remote epoch than any yet mentioned: for long anterior to Menes must that destructive event have taken place; since in his time, it appears, the earth had become peopled again, the arts had revived, and social disquiet had so subsided as to allow the foundations of civil government to be laid. While, however, these considerations go to authorize the extension of the line of time, in my judgment the line has already been unduly stretched. King Menes may, after all, be little more substantial than a creature begotten by sacerdotal credulity or national vanity.

At the same time, enough has been learned to show the necessity of the reconstruction of our received chronology. The prevalent system is often ignorantly identified with the word of God. It is true that a series of dates is placed in the margin of our Bibles. But by what hand? The hand of man. We of course do not mean to deny the existence, in the text of Scripture itself, of certain chronological data. These data, Sir Isaac Newton, Archbishop Usher, and numbers of others, have worked into a system. That system, be it true or false, is their work, not its record. And while it is true that the Bible was given to men in order to lead them to God, not to teach them science, it is equally certain that in the Bible are found dates, which from the days of Solomon, if not from the exodus out of Egypt, present a series of perfectly reliable chronological points. The chronology of the Bible then carries us back, with entire certainty, several centuries anterior to the era of the foundation of Rome, or the commencement of the Grecian Olympiads—the two great resting-places of classic history. With the absolutely certain points of Egyptian history, the corresponding points of Biblical chronology are in entire agreement, and a close and impartial study of the earliest records of the Hebrew people will give sufficient reason for extending the ordinary chronology to a considerable degree.



PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

Behold that tall fine figure, with a long spear and a flying cloak, urging his weary camel across the burning desert, accompanied by a small band. It is the patriarch Abraham, passing from Canaan into Egypt. Nearly two thousand years afterward, a small family of the poorer sort may be seen heavily treading the same hard and desolate way; they are a father, mother, and child—the child an infant

borne in a pannier, carried by an overloaded and famished ass. It is the Holy Family, flying from the bloodthirsty Herod; and that child is Abraham's spiritual descendant and Lord. The southern part of this same journey, so often accomplished by fugitives from Canaan, now forms part of the high road from England to India. Fourteen stations connect Cairo with Suez, a distance of eighty-five miles, which twice every month are posted over in eighteen hours, in spite of all the hinderances of hill, ravine, and sand; while the silence of the desert is broken, and old forms of life which occasionally appeared there, as if they had come forth out of the night of antiquity, are replaced by the refinement, the opulence, the bustle, and the vulgarity of modern cities, shops, and quays.

What was the condition of the country when Abraham's eyes fell thereon? Give wings to your imagination, and accompany me. Taking a south-easterly direction, pass through the Straits of Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean, and then, landing at Alexandria, go up the Nile to Cairo, the ancient Memphis. Arrived there, walk out to that plain a few miles to the west of the city and the river, and ascend the great pyramid of Gizeh. The labour is immense, but great is the reward. Others have preceded us in the achievement. On the 15th of October, 1842, the national flag of Prussia, with its golden sceptre and crown, and its blue sword on a white ground, floated from the top of that oldest and highest of all the architectural works of man. The feat was performed by Professor Lepsius, who thus celebrated his sovereign's birthday. Stand, then, where that flag waved, and mark the objects of interest. Cast your eyes directly down in front as you look to the east and south. There you behold the valley of the Nile, a wide ocean in this season of overflow, (October,) everywhere inundated; waters which, intersected by those serpentine embankments, broken by villages standing like islands out of the flood, fill the entire plane of the vale, and reach across to that mountain chain which bears the name of Mokattam; on the most northerly point of which you behold the citadel of Cairo, rising above the town which lies there beneath.

That river, the Nile, is the parent and the benefactor of the land. On its periodical overflow depends the welfare and almost the existence of the inhabitants. Observe how its bosom is covered with river craft. Some, rapidly drifting down the stream, are piled with corn, destined for shipment at Alexandria. There a gayer bark glides by; the pasha's flag waving at the stern, proclaims the presence of a bey or some other magnate on board, probably dispatched by the government to superintend the extortion of the imposts, to hasten the contribution of corn from a hard-working, starving peasantry, or on some similar errand of despotism. There you see a somber, dirty, dismal-looking boat, crowded with young blacks, some on deck, others thrusting their sable faces through the cabin windows. They are slaves from the interior.

The mountains which run along on both sides of the stream were of old peopled here and there with ascetics. Five thousand anchorites are said to have found a home in those dreary cliffs. And the historian Rollin reports that the city of Oxyrinchus, in Lower Egypt, contained no less than 20,000 virgins and 10,000 monks, so that the monasteries could not receive them, and the monks lived over the gates and in the towers. And were you down there on the stream, you would be delighted to find yourself continually near palm groves, which, growing along the banks, nestle village after village within their luxuriant shade; but for which the fierce rays of the vertical summer sun would be almost intolerable, even to the natives. Observe how the slender trunks stand up like fairy columns. Above is a roof of waving green, inlaid with golden clusters of dates. During the inundation, while rowing through the intricacies of those groves, canopied by their beautiful foliage, you seem making your way through a vast portico of water-columns. Could you ascend that river, your eye would meet with a succession of ruins—gifts from the ever-lengthening past to the ever-vanishing present. Midway, Thebes would attract your gaze, and bid your feet tarry amid wonders of art and triumphs of civilization which Herodotus chronicled and Homer sang. Most, however, would you be delighted and awed by the sacred relics of Philæ, at the southern extremity of the land. Temples and porticos, based upon grand substructions, and combining with the green palms the pyramidal pylon or gateway, towering high above all—the

whole mirrored in the river and backed by the mountains or shore. What a picture did the isle of Philæ present of old! what grandeur in its ruin and desolation now!

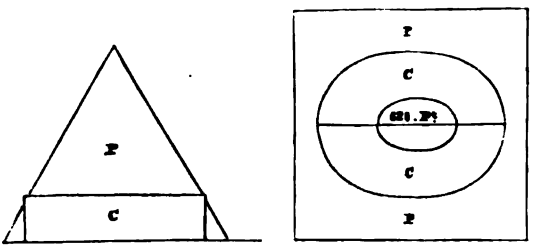
Turn round, and look on that desert—the desert of Libya: observe, it is an ocean of sand, and desolate rock-hills, boundless, colorless, soundless, animated by no beast, no plant, no trace of human presence, not even by graves. Between the river and the desert is a desecrated necropolis, the burial-place of ancient Memphis, where all the resources of art were lavished to preserve inviolate the dead, whose ashes have long since mingled with the sands, or been tossed to the winds, as if in derision of the care bestowed on perishing dust, or in reproof of the idolatrous worship there paid of old to the corpses of dead men and women. Yes, those are the mummy-pits; those are the tombs whence have been taken the mummies of our collections.

From this our lofty position what a landscape spreads out around us! and, with the view, what a flood of reminiscences! Over those hills and from the desert beyond, came that wanderer in search of food whom I pictured to you just now; and these pyramids he beheld, for in his time they had stood many centuries. In the plain below, on which those huge structures cast their shadow, is the representative of that Memphis where lived the monarchs on one of whose graves we stand. In that same city dwelt Joseph, ruling the country under one of the wisest and mightiest Pharaohs of the new empire. Further on to the left of the Mokattam mountains, where you see the fertile plain border the eastern arm of the Nile, on the other side of Heliopolis, the city of On, whence Joseph took his wife—a city still distinguishable by its solitary obelisk—begins the fruitful country of Goshen, a district specially suited to a pastoral people like Jacob and his sons. From that part, Moses led the Israelites forth to the Syrian wilderness, raising a horde of fugitive slaves into a great nation, and making that nation God's "peculiar people." Almost can we from this height recognize that ancient fig-tree on the way to Heliopolis, near Matarieh, beneath the shade of which, according to the legends of the land, Mary rested with the Holy Child.

How many thousands of pilgrims from all nations have sought these wonders of the world before our days, and stood where we stand, on the apex of the pyramid of Cheops, where we see beneath us the remarkable grave-field whence the Moses-rod of science summons forth the shadows of the mighty dead! The inner walls of those mausoleums still bear, fresh and distinct, after the lapse of centuries, the whole of Egyptian life in paintings, executed when that life was passing before the painter's eye. The old life of Egypt may indeed be said to live everlastingly in its sepulchres. Not merely in the sepulchral caverns below, however, but also on temples and tombs in all parts of the land, are these instructive paintings found. At Thebes they are very numerous. Out of Thebes the most interesting are those of the funeral grottos of Sivah, Kab, and Beni-Hassan.

The Beni-Hassan pictures are perhaps the most remarkable for full and circumstantial details of private every-day life. As you leave the glare of daylight, and pass the threshold of the tomb, the vail of three thousand years seems suddenly lifted up. You enter the houses and fields of the ancient inhabitants, and witness their labors and their diversions. Among the subjects are agricultural scenes—plowing, sowing, reaping, and housing the produce in granaries—all going on under your own eyes; boat-making, pottery-manufacture, basket-manufacture, military and gymnastic exercises, hunting, wrestling, dancing, tumbling; musical entertainments, with performers of both sexes; the trial of a delinquent, and the bastinado; collections of birds of splendid plumage; vases and furniture. In these scenes, one is continually struck with the close resemblance of ancient customs, instruments, and utensils to those that are now in use. A yoke of oxen plowing, with the rustic behind, might be taken for a modern scene in the neighboring fields of Beni Hassan. And just as the monkish architects of the middle ages gave expression to the ridiculous and grotesque conceits of their brains in carved bosses, with which they adorned the exterior of their churches, or in the carved seats with which they furnished the stalls of the choir, so the Egyptian painters indulged their creative art in freaks of imagination and strokes of satire which recall some of the most effective drawings of the Parisian or London Charivari.

But we have occupied our elevated spot



RELATIVE DIMENSIONS OF THE COLOSSEUM AND GREAT PYRAMID.

long enough. The shadows of evening are gathering around. Egypt is always singular and interesting, but under an autumnal sunset it is beautiful. The sun sinks behind a grove of palms, in a golden sky, upon which their most delicate featherings are distinctly described. A rich amber light glows over the landscape, and makes the meanest and most uncouth objects look beautiful. But come, let us descend; for the twilight is very brief; soon the feeblest star will have lighted its lamp, and the black vault of heaven seem thickly studded with brilliants.

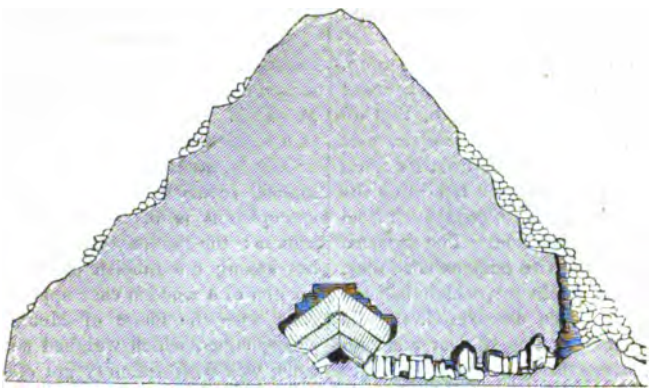
On those skies, and those celestial phenomena, Abraham looked, and, while he looked, adored their Maker. By the deep-colored waters of that swelling and fructifying stream were his eyes saluted, and there he learned that God's goodness was not confined to either the country of his birth or the country of his adoption. The Egypt of to-day is pretty much the Egypt of two thousand or four thousand years ago. In regard to great national objects, therefore, we need incur no risk when asked whether or not they fell under the patriarch's eye. That necropolis, for instance, was tenanted in his days, and was doubtless surveyed by him. The same may be said of the Pyramids. Temples, too, of the hugest proportions then burdened the soil, though the style of the architecture in general was more simple and massive than it afterward became.

The tomb of that monarch himself must now receive some attention. That tomb is the Great Pyramid. What an idea of the grandeur of these old Pharaohs does such a sepulchre suggest! What a labor to raise so ponderous a structure! What a despotism which could command the requisite amount of toil! And what a religious power which could prompt obedience and sustain the consequent efforts!

The three great pyramids of Gizeh are the chief of an assemblage of sepulchral works, once the cemetery of the rich and noble Memphis. The far-famed group are based on a ledge of rock, seventy or eighty feet high, rising out of a swell in an arid waste, just where it sinks into the cultivated lands, and between five and six miles from the Nile. On leaving Gizeh, on the river bank, opposite old Cairo, the pyramids rise before you, glittering white against the blue sky; but the flatness of the plain, and the purity of the atmosphere, deceive the eye as to their distance, and consequently their size. You appear almost at their base while several miles really intervene. As you advance, they unfold their gigantic dimensions; but you must have been some time on the spot, your eye must have repeatedly traveled along the Great Pyramid, 740 feet of base, and up its steep towering angles, before you can fully understand its immensity, and the untold amount of labor involved in its erection. Thousands of enormous stones, cut in the quarry of the Mokattam hills, all accurately squared and adjusted, are here elevated hundreds of feet from the ground; and each was hoisted step by step up the sides, till it reached its bed. To raise a single block to the higher part of the building would be an arduous task, probably defying all the mechanics of modern Egypt. The dimensions of the Great Pyramid, built by Cheops, (the Chufu of the monuments,) are these:—

Original base.....	764 feet.
Actual base.....	746 "
Original inclined height.....	611 "
Actual perpendicular height.....	450 "

The original perpendicular height, therefore, supposing the pyramid to have been carried up nearly to a point, was about 480 feet, or 43 feet more than St. Peter's, and 110 more than St. Paul's. The area covered was above thirteen acres. But these figures give only a vague idea of this gigantic mass, for the description of which our language has no adequate epithets. Let us, then, compare it with the Roman Colosseum, built by Vespasian and Titus. That splendid amphitheatre held 100,000 spectators. On its dedication,



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE GREAT PYRAMID OF ABOUSEIR.

5,000 wild beasts were killed in gladiatorial combats within its walls. Now, this well-named *colossal* building would stand within the Great Pyramid, (the most northerly of the three, and nearest to the river,) leaving spaces the most ample, as appears in the cut on the preceding page.

So far did the mausoleum of an Egyptian prince, whose era is all but lost in the thick shades of primeval night, surpass the proudest monument of imperial Rome, erected by the very emperors that destroyed Jerusalem, the city of the descendants of "faithful Abraham." According to Pliny, 336,000 men were employed in the erection of that stupendous tomb, during twenty years. Herodotus states, that an inscription in the interior gave 12,600 talents as the expense of providing the workmen with onions and other vegetable food. The sum, probably some $1,500,000, gives no exact idea of the labor, because the value of money, as measured in food, was then very unlike what it is now. Colonel Vyse estimates the existing masonry of the Great Pyramid at 6,316,000 tons. An ancient caliph is said to have determined to demolish the Pyramids. Learning, however, that the whole of one year's tribute from Egypt would not defray the cost, he wisely gave it up.

The Great Pyramid, like all others, had its entrance on the north. On that front is the present entrance found. That entrance is an opening about three feet and a half wide, rather more than four feet high, fifty feet above the base, and somewhat to the east of the center. This is the mouth of a long low tunnel, of the same contracted dimensions, descending at a steep slope into the heart of the pyramid. The passage of entrance continues downward in a straight line from the mouth for about 320 feet, and leads to a large subterraneous chamber under the apex of the pyramid, and far beneath its base. At a point about sixty feet from the entrance, this channel meets an ascending passage, which runs inwardly toward the center of the building. The passage breaks off at an angle; and of the two passages thus formed, one runs horizontally to an apartment about 17 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 20 feet high, called the *Queen's Chamber;* it stands nearly under the apex. The other passage leads upward to the *King's Chamber*, 34 feet long, 17 wide, and 19 high, being a little southward and eastward of the vertical line. In this chamber modern research found a sarcophagus, which, being empty and without a lid, gave proofs of having been rifled; the exterior length of this stone coffin is seven feet six inches, and its breadth three feet three inches. Immediately over the King's Chamber are five open spaces, thought to have been left vacant in order to lessen the pressure upon the King's Chamber, and prevent its flat roof from being crushed. When these chambers were forced, several quarry marks and a few rough hieroglyphics still remained on the walls. The latter were the first traces of writing discovered within the Pyramids. Though probably nothing more than the chance scribbling of Cheops' masons, they are the most interesting fruits of Colonel Vyse's labors in exploring these sacred structures. Among them appeared

the name of Shufu, who is admitted to be the Suphis or Cheops, to whom Manetho and Herodotus ascribe the erection.

The second pyramid, built by Chepren, (Chaphra of the monuments,) stands about two hundred yards south-west of that of Cheops. Having retained the upper part of its casing, and lost little from its apex, it rises nearly to the same height as the greater one, which has suffered much from abrasion and depredation. The internal arrangement of the two edifices is similar. It contains a sarcophagus, which is sunk in the floor. When discovered, the lid was half removed; amidst dust and rubbish within were found relics of the bones of a bull; and it was concluded that they were the remains of some bovine deity honored with sepulture in this vast mausoleum. It is well known that immense sums were lavished by the ancient Egyptians on the funerals of the sacred animals.

The third pyramid was built by the monarch called by Herodotus Mycerincos, whose name appears on the monuments as Menkera. The name was found by Vyse in a large apartment within the structure. In this pyramid the coffin of the builder himself seems to have been found. The sarcophagus is of basalt. The lid was broken; the mummy had been removed. but among the rubbish of the chamber a portion of a wooden case appeared;—that case bore the name of Menkera. The sarcophagus, which weighed nearly three tons, was with difficulty got out and sent to England, but the vessel in which it was embarked was lost off Carthagena in 1838.

So much for the Pyramids. We shall return to the subject in our next.

AN APRIL DAY.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has return'd again,
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosen'd mold
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and color'd wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollow'd out, and the moon dips her horn
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed,
Nor shall they fail till to its autumn brought
Life's golden fruit is shed.

[For the National Magazine.]

MORNING—A SONNET.

Far oe'r the eastern mountain's snow-crown'd crest
Appears a misty vail of somber gray,
And soon the giant shades begin to sway
Backward and forward slowly, ill at rest.
The fiery glances of Sol's waking eye,
Anon, like arrows, pierce the breast of night,
While ghostly shadows stride across the sky,
And hide, in western forests, from the light.
Before the morning star the sunbeams dance,
While she shrinks backward from their ardent gaze,
And, as Apollo's fiery steeds advance,
Is lost amid the golden dust they raise!
And Nature, throwing off the robe of night,
Bathes her fair face in floods of crystal light!

W. S. Peterson.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE POLITICAL ARISTOCRACY OF EUROPE.

THE aristocratic element in the European governments may be traced to the feudal system of the eighth and tenth centuries for its origin.

On the fall of the Roman empire every country in Europe was revolutionized by the northern barbarians. William, the Norman, broke in upon England; the Huns, the Franks, the Vandals, and the Lombards poured themselves from their mountain fastnesses upon the plains of Italy, Gaul, and Spain. They burned the Pandects of Justinian, and abolished the Roman customs from all her provinces.

When their work of devastation was over, the captains of these robber bands wrested the land from the rightful owners and parceled it out among their under officers. These parcels were called *Feoda*—Feuds—meaning conditional stipends or rewards. Military service to the captains was the consideration upon which they held these gifts, and this constituted the tie that bound them to the government.

These under officers, in their turn, parceled out the land among their soldiers, securing their fealty and service by a solemn oath to "become theirs in war and in peace from that day forth for life and limb and earthly honor."

In this military system may be found the three estates of European government. The commander-in-chief became monarch; his under officers, the aristocracy; and their soldiers, the serfs. Here, in the dark ages, springing from the very bosom of barbarism, may be found the feudal system, the parent of the political aristocracy of Europe. It had its origin in evil, in the robbery of individual rights, and in the ruin of the Roman constitution, a constitution that had stood the test of wars, offensive and defensive, and borne the eagle-banner a thousand years in triumph.

Here, upon the very ashes of the Forum and the Senate Chamber, where justice had been so long administered from the Twelve Tables, was founded this system of feudal oppression, and a thousand years of tyranny and wrong befit its barbaric origin.

No sooner did these military commanders become feudal lords than their soldiers became slaves. By commanding in war they had acquired the habit of domineering over those who were beneath them in time of peace. All the vices that are engendered on the battle-field, where the laws of humanity are disregarded, in the sacking of cities, in midnight robbery and murder, were common to commanders and men; but a less obvious, and at the same time more pernicious evil—the spirit and power of oppression—was here monopolized by the commanders alone. The plunder, the brutal enjoyment, the very soil, they appropriated to themselves. And when the war was over this evil resolved itself into a system and was dignified by the name of *law*. It became permanent and has been handed down from age to age under different names and forms, but still the same—the political aristocracy of Europe.

In peace the feudal lords rioted in *that* luxury for which they had acquired a taste in time of war. They were still encased in the panoply of battle—the coat of mail, the helmet, and the pike.

The property, liberty, and lives of their serfs were at their disposal. For any failure in performing the most menial service their lands were taken from them and bestowed upon strangers. They were sent upon the frontiers to shield from invasion that very tyranny which oppressed them, and *forty shillings* was the only penalty for depriving them of this miserable existence!

While they were engaged in war they had the power, in some measure, to resist oppression. Familiarity with blood and slaughter had instilled into their minds a daring spirit. Indomitable will and courage were then but common attributes of all.

With arms in their hands they would sometimes turn upon their oppressors, defend themselves, and even demand a share in the plunder. But they had now laid down their weapons of war and taken up the implements of husbandry. Their minds soon changed with the change of occupation.

That martial impulse which urged them on in obedience to command to invade the rights of others, and sometimes to stand in defence of their own, soon left them. The quiet scenes of home had erased from their minds the remembrance of the camp. They became attached to the soil which they cultivated; from its bosom they drew

their subsistence. Their humble dwellings were thatched with its turf. As children cling to a parent, they clung to it as their mother earth. Every high aspiration of the soul was dragged down to a level with its surface. They were thus, by degrees, prepared for complete subjugation. Ignorant as well as degraded, they comprehended only the nature of their oath of fealty, and that, too, by bitter experience. They emphatically became the property of their feudal lords.

What a contrast between these two classes of men! As great as that between the magnificent edifices of the one and the turf-thatched cottages of the other. The castle of the lord was built upon an eminence commanding an extensive prospect, embellished with art and strongly fortified. A gilded portico bent over the natural escutcheon and armorial lion. From this place, surrounded by these emblems of power, the haughty proprietor of a hundred serfs looked down upon their wretched and defenseless abodes. He looked upon them; as immeasurably beneath him, and almost as belonging to an inferior order of beings, while the serfs in their turn, contrasting the magnificent wealth which overshadowed them with their own poverty, too readily acquiesced in this degrading view. The feudal castle in all its antique grandeur was constantly before them; their uneducated intellect, influenced only through the senses, could fully comprehend no higher order of excellence than this; and with this their lord was intimately associated. As he descended from his castle, attended by a few favored menials as officers, or judges of the law, in order to decide questions of right and wrong among his serfs, he was regarded by them with a respect approaching to reverence.

This baronial court the serfs were obliged to attend. Here they learned to live in harmony with their companions in slavery. The feudal law was here enforced in all its rigor; here they learned their duty to their lord under their oath of fealty to give him the productions of the earth, reserving but a scanty subsistence for themselves, to lay out his hunting grounds and furnish them with game, and to equip him for the tournament and follow at a respectful distance in his train. The walls of his castle must be reared by their hands; they must fortify and adorn it; and should a rival lord, denying the precedence of their master, or questioning his title to the gilded escutcheon and brazen lion, under his portico, approach with his retainers to demolish it, they must pour out their blood in its defense. In short, the fortifications of these castles were altars, erected by the serfs, upon which they had bound themselves, by solemn oath, to become self-immolated victims at the caprice of their lords. They had sworn to become "his for life, limb, and earthly honor." By the language of this oath their lives were at his disposal. Could there be a worse despotism or more abject slavery than this? I answer, Yes, and the feudal masses experienced it. The soul was still free. As yet this oppression had not the authority of religion or government for its support. Bishops in convocation and cardinals in conclave had not yet given it the sanction of the Church. The vassals, although not protected by the state, had not yet been ground down under its iron heel. They had no voice in the government, and their knowledge of law was limited to the rules and regulations of the court, park, and baronial hall which bounded their vision. These rules and regulations were prescribed by their lord. They saw in their oppressor but the individual man—a man surrounded indeed by all the pomp and splendor of power and wealth; but still his power was personal, and the ostentatious display of his wealth only added to his personal influence. Such an influence may weigh down the ignorant and dependent for a time, but the mind will soon penetrate outward appearances, however imposing, and throw off the burden.

There is something in human nature that revolts at the very idea of being oppressed by such a being as ourselves, and man, however degraded, will not long submit to the actual imposition.

Such a despotism carries in itself the inherent elements of its own destruction. It imposes physical labor and mental suffering upon its victims. This labor develops their physical powers, and they discover that they have them in common with their oppressor, and instinct, quickened by mental suffering, suggests to them the common attributes of mind.

But above all, there is an inherent sense, even in the breast of the barbarian and slave, of a supreme creative power—a

conception of a common father—a belief that all are created in the image of one God. This sentiment can never be wholly extinguished in the human mind, its highest faculty, permeating all our being. It rises superior to the edicts of Caligula and the sword of Nero, the "hall of horrors or the assessor's pen."

This high sentiment must either be crushed or perverted, or man can never be completely enslaved. No human power can crush it; but history too plainly proves that it may be perverted, and that too by the very hands professedly consecrated to protect it. Popes, bishops, and cardinals, have done more to build up and perpetuate despotism and slavery than all political rulers combined. A monopoly of learning in the dark ages, and a sacrilegious pretence of being the vicegerents of God upon earth, gave them an unlimited control over the uncultivated mind.

They obtained dictatorial power in religion, law, and government, and religion, law, and government were degraded in their hands. Indulgences for every abomination were freely purchased of them. The sacred ermine of justice was polluted by the ordeal which they instituted, and in the impious doctrine of the divine right of kings they associated temporal power with the Omnipotent, that man might henceforth tyrannize in the name of God.

From their convocations and conclaves, priests, by authority of the pope, were sent out over the continent of Europe, who became members of the feudal families. They stepped in to reconcile the serfs to their lordly proprietors. They taught them that the power which oppressed them was more than human—that in obeying the commands of their masters they were obeying the mandate of God.

The feudal condition is now before us complete in all its parts, and so is slavery—there can be none worse—the soul as well as the body is enslaved.

That degrading vassalage which is inseparably connected with political aristocracy has been thus fully presented. But aristocracy itself, as connected with the European governments, will require further explanation.

As yet, the lord of the manor has been exhibited only as a despot; and such was his character in reference to those beneath him. But when we take a wider view of the subject, and consider the feudal system as a whole, he exhibits another character. That system, as I have before intimated, was composed of many lordships, and each lord was but a vassal, in some respects, to his king—of him he held his land as a reward for military service and attendance at court. Viewing the feudal lord in his connection with his serfs, in the baronial hall and court, he was a despot; but in the councils of the nation, in connection with the king in parliament, he was an aristocrat.

Here a thousand despots in private life met together in perfect equality. The unlimited control secured to them by law over their fiefs rendered them despots among their serfs; but the consideration with which they were regarded by the king, their voice in the government, which was also secured by law, constituted them a privileged class—a political aristocracy.

In this aristocratic state of European governments are thus exhibited the elements of the other two in their worst form—the elements of despotism on the one hand and of slavery on the other.

The interest which the aristocracy had in the land was the foundation of their power. They were not, however, absolute proprietors of the soil—they could not dispose of it at their pleasure. The king held it as security for the service they owed to him and to their country. But these services were confined to giving counsel to the king in his court, and to rendering military service to their country in time of war. These duties were calculated to raise them still higher in their own estimation, and add fuel to that domineering spirit they had acquired at home, where their power was unlimited by law or the influence of the crown.

A vassalage, it is true, bound this aristocracy to the throne; but it differed widely from that execrable vassalage that bound the serfs to the manor house.

Exercise in arms served to keep alive their martial vigor. Menial employments, as in the case of the serfs, had not humbled their faculties. They still retained all the spirit and energy of their Norman forefathers. Neither the splendor of the court nor the ensigns of royalty could intimidate them. I speak now of the aristocracy of England. Even the doctrine of divine right, which at last humbled the nobility of Russia before the czar and gave the houses of Brandenburg and Braganza

supreme power to oppress, failed to impose upon them. They were learned in the language of the popish edicts—in that language their laws were written. They could distinguish between spiritual and temporal power, and scorned the despotism of either, while in the name of both they were grinding the souls and bodies of their serfs to dust beneath their feet. King John was the first to make an attempt upon their liberties, and the first to learn, at Runnymede, that lesson which was remembered by the Henrys and republished in the blood of Charles. In the dead level of a thousand muskets he signed the Great Charter of their liberties with a trembling hand.

Elated with their success, they marched on beyond the bounds of their chartered rights, and menaced the very prerogatives of monarchy.

King Henry the Third came to the rescue with a law—a law that has done more for the liberty of England than all the charters and bills of rights extorted from her reluctant kings. By those *charters*, the privileges of the *aristocracy* only were protected from the encroachments of power. The Court of King's Bench was purified, and all who were able to appeal to it, in the language of Sir Edward Coke, "could have justice and right for the injury done to them, freely without sale, fully without any denial, and speedily without delay."

But the Baronial Court was not reached by these provisions. The toiling millions might still resort to it *in vain* for justice. In the *Bill of Rights*, the king bound himself to respect the *wealth* of his subjects and to commit no extortion, while his wealthy subjects were still at liberty to disregard the most sacred rights of the poor, and extort the blood and tears of humanity in the name of privilege.

But, by this law of Henry, a way was opened for the aristocracy to undermine the foundation of their own strength, and thus the king and the people were, in some measure, protected from their encroachments. They were permitted to dispose of their landed estates, which before they could not alienate. The proprietors hailed this privilege as another accession from the crown to their authority, but, in fact, it was a privilege only to impoverish themselves. They regarded it as wrenched from the hands of the king by threats and violence; but, in truth, it was a deliberate act, the result of a profound knowledge of human nature and of a far-seeing policy.

It was the protection of wealth in the hands of this favored class that gave them the power, first to oppress their serfs and at length to dictate to their king.

Henry the Third was aware of this. He knew also that wealth, inherited from ancestors, or acquired without industry, is dissipated by that idleness and profligacy which it nourishes. By removing the restraints, therefore, upon alienation, he exposed this privileged class to an inherent principle of self-destruction. He sapped the foundation of that Bohun Upas which had spread its baneful branches over an impoverished empire. Rooted in feudalism, it had for centuries shut out the very light of heaven from the serfs by whose toil and blood it was nourished. It now threatened with its death-shade the throne itself.

From this conflict between monarchy and aristocracy arose the hope of humanity in England. That hope consists as much in the humiliation of the one as the other, and both were brought more upon a level with the people by the contest.

BANGOR, ME., 1855.

[For the National Magazine.]

CORALIE.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

We leave thee here to rest,
The green turf o'er thy brow;
For angels bright, in their robes of light,
Are hovering round thee now.
Then sweetly, gently sleep
Until the last great day,
When all 'neath the wave and who lie in the grave
The summons must obey.

Our hearts still cling to thee!
We never can erase
The image fair which is treasured there
Of thy young and beauteous face;
Thy voice's silver tone
We ne'er again shall hear,
Yet it comes to us now, as in sorrow we bow,
And drop the silent tear.

Hope spreads her radiant wings,
And from thy lonely tomb
She points above to a land of love
Where grief no more can come.
There we shall meet again!
There we shall love once more!
With our fadeless palms, and our harps of gold,
On that bright eternal shore.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE CRUELTY OF AVARICE—THE OPIUM SMOKERS OF CHINA.

BELIEVING that it is in the power of England and America to remedy the enormous evils attending the sale and consumption of opium in China, and that the time is now at hand when this remedy may and should be applied, we have solicited the use of a few additional pages of the NATIONAL to call the attention of its readers, first, to the moral and physical ruin which is being wrought among millions of Chinese by the consumption of this drug; and secondly, to the method by which, as we conceive, this ruinous traffic and demoralizing and suicidal habit might be overcome.

We purpose in the present article to direct attention to the extent and influence of the consumption of opium in China. From what we have already seen, we are prepared to form a good idea of the extent to which the pernicious habit of opium smoking must prevail in that empire; and without adducing any further testimony, we might be justified in concluding it to be an enormous evil, from the long-continued and strong efforts made by the government to suppress it. But the opinion is entertained by many, that in the majority of instances the drug is only a "harmless luxury," and the thought is complacently applied by the conscious-stricken smuggler to allay the uneasiness of his mind, and we must combat it.

And, first, let us contemplate the extent to which the drug is consumed in China. We have already seen the enormity of the traffic, and we have endeavored to imagine the evils which might be produced in the country, by the consumption of at least 881,236 chests, or of 116,266,860 pounds of opium in a half century. While we look at these figures we cannot but smile at the credulity of those who believe, and the absurdity of those who would attempt to represent the evil to be one of no very great magnitude, and the smoking of opium as an elegant luxury confined to the rich. When we remember that the importation of the drug now reaches the annual amount of more than 60,000 chests, or about 8,400,000 pounds, we cannot be seduced into the senseless belief that the consumption of opium is confined to a few luxurious sons of fortune. It was so in the early ages of the traffic. The habit originated among the affluent, and probably, owing to the very high price of the drug, was for many years confined to them. But we prefer to take the testimony of the Chinese themselves. In a memorial presented to the emperor by the vice-president of the Sacrificial Board, as early as 1836, we find this paragraph:—

"At first the use of opium was confined to the pampered sons of fortune, with whom it was an idle luxury, but still used with moderation and under the power of restraint. Since then its use has extended upward to the officers and belted gentry, and downward to the laborer and the tradesman, to the traveler, and even to women, monks, nuns, and priests. In every place its inhalers are to be found, and the implements required for smoking it are now sold publicly in the face of day."

And this corresponds with the testimony of all impartial observers, for we cannot take the evidence of the opium smuggler, nor even of the British knighted representative, who, in spite of the strong representations made to him by the Chinese authorities, could see but little evil attending the traffic, and in the midst of the poverty, disease, and death that surrounded him, could even dare to advocate its legalization. It is well known that even as early as 1832 the pernicious habit had spread throughout the country, had penetrated the palace of the emperor himself, had seduced the officers of the government, had victimized thousands of the people, and had so far produced its work of destruction in the army, that nearly two-tenths of the soldiers of the maritime provinces were rendered unfit for service. And how is it at the present day? A walk through the principal streets of any Chinese city discloses the secret. In the most public places, in the great thoroughfares, on the large bridges, in the neighborhood of the tea-drinking establishments, the pipe, the bowl, and the lamp, with all the implements used in indulging the pernicious habit, are manufactured and exposed for sale. The opium-smoking houses are no longer kept out of sight in some obscure retreat; but the indulgence of the seductive practice may now be had in the face of day,—and the guilty smuggler of the drug, if he desires the gratification of witnessing the delightfully exhilarating effects of the precious luxury which he imports into China, need but cast his eye about him and his de-

lighted customer is before him. It is true the smuggler does not like the frequent sight of his customer, although he appears to be so happy and exhilarated under the influence of the precious drug, for the poor fellow has disagreeably inflamed and watery eyes, and wears a haggard countenance, and is often clothed in rags, which will not hide the out-standing bones of his skeleton-like frame.

At all the ports open to foreigners, the habit is known to prevail to an alarming extent. At Canton the most competent witnesses estimate the proportion of smokers to the population at fifty to one hundred, or about one half. At Amoy we are told by Mr. Doty, that there are as many as one thousand opium shops, where the drug in its prepared state can be purchased, and where facilities are afforded for reclining to smoke it. At Namoh, it is almost a universal habit. At Fuh-chau the destructive and demoralizing influence of the habit is everywhere visible, among men, women, and children, and intelligent natives suppose that not less than three-fourths of the adult male population are involved in the vice. To speak of Shang-hai and all other places known to foreigners, would be only a repetition of what has been already said.

But we have now before us the data from which we may represent the consumption of opium in this country in figures. This has been attempted before, and we think with some success. In the *Chinese Repository*, vol. v, p. 565, we find the following calculations for the year 1837, by a correspondent:—

"A reader (*i. e.* another writer for the *Repository*) says, that there were last year 33,200,000 taels weight of the smokable extract prepared from the opium imported, and that a tael (an ounce!) each per day for 300, 000,000 people will give 912,000 smokers. Instead of a *tael* I take a *mace*, (one tenth, or 57,984 grains Troy,) which is, as the Chinese say, and as one would think, a good allowance. This will make 9,120,000 smokers of the Indian and Turkey drug. In addition to this, let us add the opium grown in this country, and what is brought into China overland. Opium is, we are told, grown largely in the central and south-western provinces of China. Choo Tsun says expressly, that many thousand chests are produced in a single province. I shall not, I think, go too far if I estimate the total at one fourth the sea borne drug, which would give 2,280,000 more, making a total of 11,400,000 smokers. Besides, this consumption is but of the first smoking; for the drug is not thus destroyed, it being used *twice* or *thrice* over, each time losing more and more in flavor, though not so much its strength. Each *rifacimento* is cheaper than the former one, till the worst, mixed with tobacco, or jaggery, tea, or some other substance, is placed within the reach of the very poorest people. This will permit a much larger allowance for the original smoker, or a great extension of the number of consumers,—either way increasing amazingly the effect of the drug. I will strengthen the dose, and add but one million for all this—say a total of twelve and a half millions of opium smokers in China; and this I think is a moderate computation."

The present importation of opium into China exceeds sixty thousand chests annually, and if the above writer is correct in his calculations, even at this liberal allowance of nearly fifty-eight grains daily to each smoker, the number of smokers at present in the empire, consuming the East India drug alone, must exceed sixteen millions; and if the native production has proportionably increased, (and from the alarms excited in the minds of the Indian traders, we cannot but infer that it has,) and still continues to equal one-fourth "the sea borne drug," then the present number of consumers cannot be far from twenty millions! We cannot but think that fifty-eight grains is quite too large an average allowance for each smoker. Not only is it a good dose for even the confirmed smoker, but it is a quantity beyond the impoverished means of the vast majority of the people. Bishop Smith, while visiting the opium-smoking shops at Amoy, questioned ten persons indiscriminately as he met them, and of these, five consumed one mace, or about fifty-eight grains daily, and these were victimized smokers, and exhibited in their persons the fearful effects of their guilty habit. At first the smoker cannot inhale more than from three to six grains at a time, but will go on gradually increasing the dose, until he reaches a mace per day; and intelligent natives inform us, though we are compelled to doubt it, that some consume even three hundred grains daily. But even allowing this large average of a mace per day, what fearful havoc is being produced by the sixty thousand chests of the drug annually brought into China, and how can we conceive of the millions that have been seduced into the vile habit, and ruined soul and body by the opium that has been delivered to them during the past half century by the merchants of England and America!

We come next to speak of the effects of opium smoking on the individual. When we remember the potency of this drug when used by judicious hands in the practice of medicine, how many indications in the progress of disease it is capable of fulfilling, how great are its powers over the mind and the entire nervous system, how many and how pointed are the directions given by the ablest medical writers to prevent the injurious consequences of its use even as a medicine, we can easily conceive what ravages it must produce in the human system when taken into it in enormous quantities. When we remember that even a single grain of the drug introduced into the stomach exerts so powerful an influence over the whole system as to produce almost immediate exhilaration of spirits, soon followed by a general calm and profound sleep, what must be the consequence of introducing daily from six to fifty-eight grains of the drug, brought into the form of smoke, deep into the lungs, thus bringing it into contact with many square feet of the most delicate living tissues, and thousands of nerves keenly sensitive to its influence, and repeating and augmenting this dose day after day? A remedy so powerful in its influence on the animal economy as to occupy the first rank among the articles of the *Materia Medica*, as a drug capable of accomplishing more important results than any other single article, is equally capable of surpassing in the evils which grow out of its abuse those of any other medicinal agent; and if the grateful physician, after witnessing the blessings which flow from its judicious use, may baptize it the "*magnum Dei donum*," we may with just as much propriety, after witnessing the fearful consequences of its abuse in China, baptize it the *magnum diaboli donum* to destroy and curse a nation.

Opium, when given in large doses, is well known to operate on the whole animal kingdom as a powerful poison, causing paralysis, convulsions, stupor, and death, and in no country is this fact better known than in China, where, since its introduction, it has been universally adopted as an elegant method of committing suicide, and thousands of Chinese annually use it for this purpose, and succeed most sadly. A striking peculiarity in the operation of this potent drug is the difference observable in its influence on the different races, as well as on different individuals of the same race. In races and in individuals having a predominance of the sanguine, lymphatic, or muscular temperament, its effects are more visible on the animal nature; but where there is great development and activity of the brain, and a predominance of the nervous temperament, it produces its sad effects more directly on the mind, while at the same time its deleterious effects on the body are but little diminished. It is thus capable of producing its most fearful consequences to both mind and body in China, where the habit of smoking it prevails extensively among the *literati*.

The immediate effect of opium upon the human system is that of a powerful stimulant and narcotic. Its stimulant properties are first manifested; the nerves and arteries are excited, the intellect is thrown into a state of great activity, and the pulse becomes strong and increased in frequency, so that the subject feels himself quite renovated mentally and physically. The imagination becomes excited, the most enchanting and gorgeous visions occupy the mind; the happy intoxication produces a delightful self-complacency, in which all sorrow, pain, uneasiness, dread, and anxiety, sink into oblivion; the spirits are exalted into a state of great buoyancy, producing unusual vivacity and fluency in conversation. Soon, however, this stage of excitement begins to pass away; the gorgeous imagery fades from the view, the fancy begins to come home from its wild wanderings, the happy dreams and illusions disappear, the exalted feelings begin to sink, and the narcotic power of the drug develops itself; the pulse becomes less active, the surface is moistened with perspiration, and the patient sinks into a sleep, the profoundness and length of which are in proportion to the quantity of the drug used. The waking time comes at length, and then the patient finds himself as much depressed intellectually and physically as he had previously been exalted. The immediate experience of the opium smoker differs but little from this, except in the intensity of all the results produced; the excitement is more intense, and the subsequent depression is more profound. He enjoys for a brief period the most delightful state of intoxication, far surpassing in its soothing, exalting, and exhilarating character that pro-

duced by alcohol; then succeeds his calm and profound sleep, during which all his visions die away, and from which he comes forth to the cold reality of a miserable life. "A cold shudder agitates his frame; weak and worthless, he seeks the air, but finds no relief. He cannot turn his thoughts to his calling; he is unfit for exertion; his days pass in sloth and bitter remorse, and when night comes in gloom he seeks again the sorceress into whose power he has sunk, and whose finger mocks while it beckons him on."

From the mode in which the drug is prepared for smoking it is evident that the product is a highly concentrated watery extract of opium, and capable in a high degree of producing all the noxious effects of that potent narcotic; and it is equally evident from the barbarous method in which it is used by the Chinese, which consists in drawing the fumes of the burning drug deep into the lungs, by a forced inspiration, thus sending the smoke through all the ramifications of the air-tubes, and even into the remote and delicate air-cells of the lungs, bringing it in contact with a measureless extent of living tissues, and countless nerves highly susceptible to its influence — that the terrible habit must work speedy and great devastation in the system. The exciting and extremely fascinating effects of opium smoking are of short continuance. The repetition of the fearful practice soon produces such havoc and consequent suffering in the victim that he finds it necessary to resort to his pipe, not for the realization of the buoyancy and exhilaration which he derives from it, but to allay the intolerable pains and sufferings which the destructive habit has entailed upon him. A few brief years of indulgence develop in him those evil effects which render him a bond slave to the habit. The mind, the moral feelings, the body, are all involved in the general ruin, and the wretched victim has not the moral energy to resolve, the mental ability to carry out, or the physical power to sustain an attempt to abandon a habit which he feels working his ruin, and which makes death stare him in the face. The physical consequences of the indulgence of this habit soon make themselves apparent, and the opium smoker is more readily known than the confirmed inebriate, tottering to the grave that rum has made for him. A few years finish up the dreadful work in a majority of instances. A few years, and the victim is but a wreck. If taken from the middle or lower walks of life, where of course the vast majority are found, the work of ruin is more dreadful and rapid. His scanty means are soon exhausted, he is rendered unfit for labor, his ill-fed body soon sinks beneath the habit he has acquired, he is a victim to intolerable pains and sufferings, he is abandoned by his friends, discarded by society, despised by those who have impoverished and ruined him, and thus he stalks the street a living skeleton; his eyes inflamed and watery, an idiotic expression upon his countenance, his breathing thick and asthmatic, his limbs atrophied and almost paralyzed, and his more than half-naked frame standing out before you, the most pitiable, and, at the same time, the most disgusting object that can be presented in our poor humanity.

But perhaps the advocate for opium will say, "Your picture is overdrawn; it only represents extreme cases; you give only the consequences of the abuse of the habit, not of the *moderate* and *occasional* use of the drug." In answer, we would say, we give what we have seen again and again; we give what the wretched, spell-bound victims have told us, when begging for assistance to enable them to break loose from the dreadful habit which had enslaved them. We have already intimated that it is among the lower and middle classes—among the comparatively poor—that opium thus rapidly and fearfully produces its destructive work. But the lower and middle classes constitute the great majority in China, as they do everywhere, and as a consequence the great majority of opium smokers are found among them. I am aware that good food, comfortable homes, cheerful society, easy circumstances, and other appliances of wealth, will enable the system longer to hold out against this or any other deleterious influence; but I am equally aware that the whole wealth of China cannot purchase exemption from the consequences of this violation of the laws of life, and that sooner or later the opium smoker must succumb, and pay the penalty of his intellect, his heart, and his life for the unnatural habit in which he has indulged. We know, too, that all the wealth of China could not seduce an opium dealer to become a victim to the habit, and try the experiment in his own person. We are

ready to admit that the *occasional* use of opium may afford no evidence of intense mischief; but who among the Chinese are satisfied for any length of time with taking opium occasionally? The intense seductiveness of opium-smoking is such that the occasional indulgence almost invariably ends in habitual smoking, and this again requires the quantity to be constantly increased to produce the desired effect. Mr. Young says:—

"The history of all opium smokers confirms the truth of this statement; step by step, imperceptibly, and little by little, it insinuates itself into the economy, and agreeably exciting the brain and nervous system, its influence is cherished, until, in by far the majority of instances, it undermines the whole fabric."

But we have not yet presented the whole of the picture. Opium does not only sicken and impoverish—it kills. The victim once fairly within its grasp, cannot retreat; a few years of indulgence produces such ravages of the system that continuance is death, and abandonment almost equally fatal. A captain of one of the receiving ships lying at Namoh "had the frankness," says Mr. Abeel, "to relate several instances in which he had known death to result both from the use of the drug and from its discontinuance. This was an unexpected reply to my question, from one who evidently wished us to hear the testimony of such a competent witness in favor of its being a harmless luxury." It is the opinion of many well acquainted with the evil, and competent to form a correct judgment in the matter, that the victims of this vice do not live on an average more than *ten years* after they have fairly entered into the habit. If this be true, what appalling destruction of human life is the traffic producing! At this fearful rate of destruction each decade of the pernicious trade sweeps away to premature graves nearly *twenty millions* of human beings! Each year of the infernal traffic slaughters two millions of wretched victims! What other vice in the whole history of the world, including the desolations of war itself, has produced such ravages as this on human life! Into what insignificance do slavery and every form of intemperance sink before this gigantic ruin!

Will the dealer in this fearful poison lighten his conscience with the thought that this rate of mortality is too high? His own knowledge of the ravages of opium smoking, derived from the daily vision of hundreds of miserable and besotted victims, will not allow him to reduce it more than one half. Even alcohol, whose powers of destruction on the human economy are not half those of opium as it is consumed by the Chinese, wears out the constitution of its victim in twenty years, and in half the period reduces him to a miserable sot, a burden to himself and to society. Take your own estimate, then; reduce the powers of your harmless luxury to an equality with rum, and still each twenty years of your abominable trade destroys the lives of twenty millions of your fellow-men, with whom the last fifteen years have been years of uselessness, wretchedness, and suffering. Each year from which you reap such handsome profits is the year of death to a million of your guilty victims. It would be a mercy to yourself and to the nation, if you could have a vision of your terrible work; if the twenty millions of your victims could appear before you—could pass by you in their melancholy march to death and the grave, clothed in filthy rags, bending upon you their wretched and haggard looks, and imploringly lifting to you their skeleton-like hands, which have been so often lifted in vain to the missionary, pleading for relief.

To convince the reader that the picture we have drawn of the consequences of this fearful habit is not exaggerated, we will conclude this notice of the mental and physical effects of opium smoking by adducing some testimonies in support of what we have advanced. And first, we will quote from a letter of the amiable and gifted Coleridge, who is well known to have been a slave to the use of opium. The letter was written to an intimate friend while he was still enslaved to the "accursed habit:"—

"For ten years," says this gifted poet, "the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable. Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who, for many years, has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state, as it is possible for a good man to have. In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of. o o o o After my death, I earnestly entreat, that a full and unqualified narration of

my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public; that at least some good may be effected by the direful example."

These words need no comment. Readers, think of twenty millions of such wretched victims on their march to death!

We quote the following paragraph from a book published in London, in 1826, entitled "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," (probably De Quincy, who is also well known to have been a victim to this fearful habit:)—

"My studies," says the unknown victim, "have now been long interrupted. Mathematics and intellectual philosophy, for instance, have become insupportable to me. I shrank from them with a sense of powerless and infantile feebleness, that gave me an anguish the greater from remembering the time when I grappled with them to my hourly delight. In this state of imbecility, I for amusement turned my attention to political economy, for great as was the prostration of my powers at this time, I could not forget my knowledge. This exertion, however, was but a temporary flash. I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor in terms that apply more or less to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spells of opium. But for misery and suffering I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. The opium eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations; he wishes and longs as earnestly as ever to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible, infinitely outruns his power to attempt it. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare; he lies in sight of all he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury and outrage offered to some object of his affection; he curses the spells which chain him down from motion; he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise."

But how is it among the untutored and less gifted nations of the East? The following forcible and just delineation of the evil effects of opium smoking, we quote from Dr. Smith, late of Penang, who had abundant opportunities for observing minutely the influence of the habit:—

"The first effect of this drug on the Chinese smokers is to render them more loquacious and animated. Gradually the conversation drops, laughter is occasionally produced by the most trifling causes, and to these effects succeed vacancy of countenance, pallor, shrinking of the features, so that the smokers resemble people convalescing from fever, followed by deep sleep, from half-an-hour to three or four hours: an inordinate quantity causes headache, vertigo, and nausea. The continuance of this destructive habit deteriorates the physical constitution and moral character of the individual, especially among the lower classes. Its powerful effects upon the system are manifested by stupor, forgetfulness, deterioration of the mental faculties, emaciation, debility, sallow complexion, lividity of lips and eyelids, languor and lack-luster of the eye, appetite either destroyed or depraved, sweetmeats or sugar-cane being the articles that are most relished. In the morning these creatures have the most wretched appearance, evincing no symptoms of being refreshed or invigorated by sleep, however profound. There is a remarkable dryness or burning in the throat, which urges them to repeat the opium-smoking. If the dose be not taken at the usual time, there is great prostration, vertigo, torpor, discharge of water from the eyes, &c. If the privation be complete, a still more formidable train of phenomena takes place. Coldness is felt over the whole body, with aching pains in all parts; diarrhœa occurs; the most horrid feelings come on; and if the poison be withheld, death terminates the victim's existence. The offspring of opium smokers are weak, stunted, and decrepit."

How forcible and how true is the language of a native Chinese writer: "*It is not the man who eats opium, but it is opium that eats the man.*" Dr. Williams says:

"The moral sense becomes remarkably blunted, and in very many instances the pecuniary embarrassment occasioned by the indulgence leads to crime, and the ruin both of the individual and his relatives. Theft, arson, murder, and suicide, are perpetrated in order to obtain it, or to escape its effects." "Few, very few, ever emancipate themselves from the tyrannous habit which enslaves them. It is a fact, clearly ascertained, that there is in opium, once indulged in, a fatal fascination, which it is almost impossible to overcome."

These dreadful effects show themselves in India and throughout the islands of the East Indian Archipelago. Mr. Bruce, writing to the East Indian government, says:—

"Assam will soon be infected with the opium mania, that dreadful plague which has depopulated this beautiful country, turned it into a land of wild beasts, with which it is overrun, and has degenerated the Assamese from a fine race of people to the most abject, servile, crafty, and demoralized race in India. This vile drug has kept, and does now keep down the population, the women have fewer children compared with those of other countries, and the children seldom live to become old men, but in general die at early manhood; very few old men being seen in this unfortunate country. Those who have resided long in this unhappy land, know the dreadful and immoral effects which the use of opium produces on the native. He will steal, sell his property, his children, the mother of his children, and finally, even murder for it."

Sir Stamford Raffles thus speaks of its influence in Java:—

"It has struck deep into the habits, and extended its malignant influence to the morals of the people, and is likely to perpetuate its power in degrading their character and enervating their energies, as long as the European governments, overlooking every consideration of policy and humanity, shall allow a paltry addition to their finances to outweigh all regard to the ultimate happiness and prosperity of the country."

We will adduce but one more witness to bear testimony to the horrors of the practice as it exists in China. We quote from the excellent work of Mr. R. M. Martin:—

"No language," says Mr. Martin, "would convey a description of the sufferings of those to whom opium has become a necessary part of existence; no picture could impress the fearful misery which the inmates of an opium-smoking shop exhibit. Those dens of human suffering are attended by unfortunate women—as opium in the early use is aphrodisiac, and, as such, prized by the Chinese. In few, but very few instances, if indeed in any, moderation in opium is exercised; once fairly begun, there is no cessation, until poverty and death ensue; and when digestion has nearly ceased, and deglutition even becomes painful, the utmost effect of the drug is merely to mitigate the horrors of existence. Those who begin its use at *twenty*, may expect to die at *thirty* years of age; the countenance becomes pallid, the eyes assume a wild brightness, the memory fails, the gait totters, mental exertion and moral courage sink, and a frightful marasmus or atrophy reduces the victim to a ghastly spectacle, who has ceased to live before he has ceased to exist. There is no slavery so complete as that of the opium taker; once habituated to his dose as a factitious stimulant, everything will be endured rather than the privation; and the unhappy being endures all the mortification of a consciousness of his own degradation, while ready to sell wife and children, body and soul, for the continuance of his wretched and transient delight; transient indeed—for at length the utmost effect produced is a temporary suspension of agony, and finally no dose of the drug will remove or relieve a state of suffering which it is utterly impossible to describe."

But why need we multiply testimonies? None but the most pitiable, ignorant, and most reckless and culpable accomplices of the traffic, dare deny or call in question the power of the drug to do harm, or deny the incalculable mischief, suffering, moral degradation, and political desolation, which the mighty evil has already wrought in China. And now, what other known evil can compare in magnitude or virulence with the one we have described? All other forms of intemperance and debauchery really sink into utter insignificance before the gigantic proportions of this appalling vice. The miseries and destructions produced by alcohol, vast as they are, can by no means equal the desolations produced among perhaps half the inhabitants of the globe, by the use of this powerful narcotic. The effects of alcoholic drinks either in rapidity of development or in extent, are altogether incomparable with the rapid and extensive destruction produced in the mental, moral, and physical condition of the opium smoker, millions of whom have been betrayed into the dreadful vice. But why dwell upon alcohol in comparison with opium?—the one is but a pigmy, the other a giant. Mightier evils than this are incomparable with the opium traffic. The immolations of an Indian Juggernaut, and of all the Juggernauts of the world, dwindle into insignificance before it. War, vast as have been its desolations, has probably never in the world's history produced in the same period of time an equal amount of death and suffering, certainly it has never produced an equal amount of moral degradation. Remember, a nation of four hundred millions of people is impoverished by the drainage, and desolated by the vice, suffering, and death which it is producing—twenty millions of actual victims are now on their melancholy march to death, all of whom will be swept away in ten years, and their places supplied by twenty-five millions more of fresh candidates for misery and death—a hundred millions of natives in India groan beneath the burdens of the iniquitous system — the scourge sweeps over Malacca, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and nearly all the islands of the Indian Ocean—and then say what evil is more vast in its sweep, or more virulent in its results. If we would bring slavery in all its forms and with all its horrors into comparison with this monstrous system of iniquity, slavery itself assumes, in the presence of this enormous vice, an aspect of mildness and benevolence.

THERE is truth in what the tragedian said long since, "Poison is commonly drunk out of a cup of gold;" so is an error or by-notion soonest taken into the judgment and conscience from persons of the fairest carriage and smoothest conversations. Error is so foul a hag, that if it should come in its own shape, a man would loathe it and fly from it, as he would from hell. —*Brooks.*

[For the National Magazine.]

CHARACTERISTICS OF A GOOD SERMON.

BEFORE noticing particularly the essential elements of a good sermon, allow me to make a *general* remark in relation to excellence as applied to preaching. That is emphatically a good sermon which in the highest degree accomplishes the object for which this species of compositions is made. If the object of preaching be, as it undeniably is, to win souls to Christ, and build them up in faith and holiness, those sermons are the best which, in the fullest sense, produce this result. And yet we not unfrequently hear of excellent sermons, which, so far from excelling in this respect, have no apparent tendency either to awaken the impenitent or promote the spiritual edification of believers.

Let it, therefore, be observed that no man, however ingenious, can prepare a really good sermon, without a due consideration of the specific design of preaching, and without a strong and enthusiastic desire to realize this object. It requires, then, a good man to produce a good sermon. Even a heathen rhetorician, Quinctilian, declared that "none but a good man could be an orator." Jeremy Taylor says, "A minister of evil life cannot preach with that life and spirit as a good man does. He hath a clog at his feet, and a gag in his teeth."

With this preliminary remark, I proceed to observe—

1. That a good sermon is distinguished by *originality*. A man who is in the habit of pilfering, even from his own library, whole sermons, or plans of sermons, written by others, however eminent, can never produce a very good sermon.

It is true, a preacher may imitate certain English divines, who purchase *lithographed* discourses at so much per dozen, "warranted original, orthodox, and twenty minutes," with erasures and interlineations, so that, even from the side gallery, they could not be distinguished from manuscripts; or he may commit to memory a sketch from Simeon and proof texts, with the addition of a little patch-work of his own, and pass for a systematic sermonizer, but his glory will be brief. I knew a young man, twenty years since, who astonished even his friends by his precocious skill in *dividing* the word of truth; but a short time afterward, in fumbling over "Hannam's Pulpit Assistant," which happened to fall into my hands, I found two of the sketches that I heard him preach, and which had been highly applauded, although very little alteration or addition had been made to them as they passed through his hands. I marked this man; and hence have been able, in my own mind, to explain the mystery that has perplexed others,—how a preacher, whose early promise of eminence was so flattering, has been almost ever since gradually sinking into obscurity.

Unless a young man can learn to construct his own plans for the pulpit, and clothe them with appropriate diction without constant recourse to ready-made sermons or sketch-books, he should apply himself to other business for which he is better adapted. I confess I do not like to see a preacher's library encumbered with these ghastly skeletons; for like the bones in Ezekiel's vision, they are exceedingly dry; but unlike them, he will cry in vain for the divine afflatus to make them quiver with spiritual life, and become the power of God unto salvation. A preacher who depends upon these labor-saving machines, is a workman that has reason to be ashamed; for he not only dwarfs his own intellect by neglecting its cultivation, and must ever remain a superficial theologian, but he loses his self-respect, and usually fails to catch the spirit that inspired those who originated the plans which he attempts to use.

When I say that the model sermon is characterized by originality, I do not mean that it contains none but ideas which actually had their birth in the mind of the writer; for such a sermon would be truly a curiosity, and as worthless, probably, as curious. But I mean that the ideas drawn from various sources, by close thought and critical analysis, have been so thoroughly digested and assimilated to his own mode of thinking and expression, that when reproduced, they are not only instinct with life and energy, but bear the unmistakable mental image of the composer. An unnatural straining after ideas and phrases that are quaint and unique, is at least as improper as a servile adoption of other men's sentiments and language. After preparing a sermon on a certain text, in my early ministry, I happened to see a

discourse from the same passage in the work of an eminent author, and found no small resemblance between his arrangement of the subject and my own. In truth, without sad distortion of the text, it could not well be otherwise; but to be strikingly original, I immediately remodeled my plan, but spoiled my sermon.

2. Another peculiarity of a model sermon is *adaptation*. A sermon to do marked execution, must be specially suited to the circumstances and wants of those to whom it is addressed. Hence those sermons which were written without reference to the peculiar exigences of a congregation, are, for the most part, so indefinite and pointless as to be of little value. A man, to prepare an effective sermon, must have his congregation before his mental eye in his study, and instead of vague conjectures as to their condition and wants, he should *know* what they need, and provide his instruction for them accordingly.

Who can read the Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, Peter's on the day of pentecost, and Paul's at Mars-hill, without being struck with the beautiful adaptation of their discourses to the peculiar circumstances of the hearers. Indeed, had even the great apostle to the Gentiles, with no person or class of persons particularly in his eye, like some great preachers in their days, prepared a profound discourse for universal use, and "traveled the rounds," invariably repeating the same lesson *verbatim*, whether addressing kings or governors, Jews or Greeks, Romans or sailors, is it likely very striking results would have followed his ministrations?

Here, then, is a noticeable peculiarity of a good sermon. It is prepared with such intelligence and complete adaptation to the circumstances and wants of the particular congregation for which it was specially composed, that, without modification, it is *not* exactly adapted to congregations in general. Hence it is observable that the best preachers seldom preach so satisfactorily to themselves, or so effectively to others, in strange pulpits as they do in their own. They are quacks, not skillful practitioners, who prescribe precisely the same medicines, in the same manner, and with the same boldness and confidence to patients whose peculiar symptoms they have no means of knowing, as to those with whose complicated maladies they are perfectly familiar. Such, if I mistake not, were the views of President Olin, when, with emphasis, he expressed the opinion that if many preachers would make a bonfire of their old manuscript sermons and sketches, they would do themselves a great favor, besides conferring a great blessing upon the Church. For the people would thus be relieved from the necessity of listening to dull, antiquated discourses, that if not borrowed, were prepared and *stereotyped* by the preacher twenty or thirty years before; and he would be saved the thankless drudgery of serving the people with meatless bones, or moldy crusts, instead of the warm, nutritious bread of life.

3. A good sermon is *symmetrical*. It is of suitable dimensions as a whole, and its different parts are properly proportioned. With regard to the length of a sermon, no uniform rule can be established. Sermons on some subjects, when skillfully handled, are short even if they occupy a whole hour; while others, especially if on questions of doubtful disputation, are too long though commenced and ended within fifteen minutes. In preparing for a stated audience, to determine the length of each discourse, reference of course should be had to the number of sermons to be delivered within a given time. A minister who is to address a congregation but once on the Sabbath, may with propriety preach longer than if he is to preach twice or thrice. But in any case the model sermon is not so lengthy as to be wearisome to a reasonable—I do not say *fashionable*—audience; nor so crowded with even good matter as to bewilder or burden the minds of the hearers. The old saying that it is better for the people to leave the sanctuary longing than loathing, should not be forgotten by the preacher who seeks the highest pulpit efficiency.

I have said the different parts of a sermon should be symmetrical. I do not mean that the introduction, the discussion, and the conclusion should occupy a certain portion of space or time in its delivery, or that a discourse to be perfectly formed should invariably have "three heads, three subdivisions under each head, and three inferences;" but I mean that the sermon should be arranged in accordance with a plan so devised that each part will contribute its proportionate influence to the beauty and effect of the whole. For in-

stance, a sermon with no introduction is like a church without a vestibule; the hearer bolts into the subject too abruptly; but one with a "long and elaborate exordium," as Professor Newman observes, is about as unseemly as a huge portico attached to a diminutive building.

A sermon that is all discussion, without application, is a monstrosity; and, if it makes Christians at all, produces deformed Christians, with colossal heads but shriveled hearts: while an address all persuasion, may possibly cause the heart of persons of peculiar temperament to swell into unnatural dimensions, and throb with fervent zeal; but it will be a kind of zeal that is not according to knowledge.

While perhaps there are some inexperienced preachers, of limited literary advantages, who incline to the extreme of substituting boisterous exhortations for calm reasoning, it must be confessed the tendency of the American pulpit, in these days, is to the opposite extreme. We have far more logical *reasoners* than we have successful *persuaders*.

Some of the most gifted and learned preachers in our country utterly fail in making an earnest and effectual application of their subject. Some who attempt it are so unskillful or lukewarm in this work, that they accomplish nothing except to raise a doubt whether they really expect or desire their hearers to follow their advice, or whether they themselves appreciate the momentous truths they have been illustrating. And others scarcely deign to make any effort in this direction; but seem to think their duty wholly performed with the enlightenment of the intellect, while the heart remains utterly unmoved. In fine, the good sermon has an introduction which suitably prepares the way for the discussion of the main topic; the discussion opens the way for the application; and the application, made under the influence of apostolic fidelity and love, will, occasionally at least, cause the sinner, as he retires from the house of God, instead of passing encomiums upon the preacher, to exclaim, as the hearers of the sainted Stoner often did: "*God be merciful to me, a sinner.*"

4. *Simplicity* is another leading feature of a good sermon. If the grand design of preaching is to induce men to obey divine truth, that sermon, of course, cannot be a good one which is expressed in language so lofty or obscure that few of the audience can understand it.

There are, however, those who, like the old lady in England that could not believe she had been listening to the great John Wesley because she understood every word he said, seem to mistake obscurity for profundity; forgetting that objects may be distinctly seen at the bottom of a deep lake which is perfectly pure, better than they can be descried a few inches beneath the surface of a muddy stream.

The model sermon is simple both in design and execution. So clearly is the theme of the discourse disclosed, in fact if not in form, at the outset, that the hearer is not left in doubt with regard to the specific subject to which his attention is invited. There is something wrong in that sermon which keeps the listener waiting until near the conclusion before he can guess what the speaker is trying to do; and yet I believe many sermons are preached which would puzzle the author himself to affix to them a suitable title even after delivery. A young man once requested me to help him name an essay which he had written. I read his misty lucubration carefully, and returned it unmarked, as I knew no appropriate appellation for an article which I could not comprehend.

A good sermon is not only distinguished by the perspicuity of its leading features, but also by the perfect transparency of its details. No wonder the common people heard our blessed Saviour gladly; for so simple was his style, so striking and beautiful his illustrations of truth, drawn from common objects, with which all his hearers were familiar, that instead of being difficult to understand him, it was next to impossible for any to mistake his meaning.

Those preachers in ancient and modern times who have most closely imitated our Great Exemplar in simplicity, and I may add, chasteness of style, have invariably been the most successful in winning souls. "Sir," said Dr. Samuel Johnson to Boswell, "when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner of preaching, religion will soon decay in that country." He said, "The success of the Methodists is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain, familiar manner, which is the way to do good to the common people, a practice for which they will be praised by men

of sense." Whether this compliment, deservedly bestowed upon the early Methodist clergy, belongs to the present race of preachers bearing the same name, is perhaps questionable. It is certain *all* are not free from the fault of using expressions which are unintelligible to the masses. I know one now living, and rather distinguished he is too for general plainness of speech, who was once kindly criticized for employing in a certain sermon terms which were unintelligible to few besides professional men. The critic, I think, instanced the words, *prescience* and *ubiquity*. But the preacher, to prove that these terms were not obscure, soon after questioned a lady by no means deficient in general intelligence, but who knew nothing of the previous conversation; when, on her frank acknowledgment of her ignorance of their meaning, he yielded the point.

Mr. Wesley says: "The less knowledge you take for granted among uneducated people the better. Suppose you preach on the text, 'Unless your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.' I beg you will not take it for granted that your hearers know what *Pharisees* are; for I met with a person once, and one who was quite a Bible reader, who described the Pharisees as 'a little people, not positively wicked, but inclined to mischief.' I could not imagine what the good woman meant, till at last the truth flashed upon me. She took them for *fairies!*"

If equivocal and uncommon English words are, as much as possible, to be discarded in a popular address, how much more should Latin, Greek, and French terms be avoided! If Adam Clarke had ridiculed the practice of disfiguring discourses with quotations from foreign and dead languages, with the severity which he exhibited against interlarding sermons with scraps of poetry, he would have done better service to the Church. In no part of a sermon, however, is grandiloquence or an affectation of learning so intolerable as in the application, especially while portraying the future doom of the wicked. The venerable Charles Giles, in his autobiography, speaks of a young preacher with whom he was once acquainted, who, on a certain occasion, "brought forth the truth with awful earnestness to alarm the ungodly, who were on the road to ruin; still he discovered no uncommon move in the congregation; when, to accomplish his end, he started suddenly back, showing a fearful countenance, looked down, and pointing with his hand toward the floor, as if he saw a trap-door opened, leading to the pit of wo, and at the same time with a swelling voice cried out, 'Sinner, if you don't repent, you will be precipitated down the lubricated steep of the opaque profundity of damnation.'"

Now, such an inflated, unfeeling manner of denouncing the threatenings of God is not only disgusting to persons of taste, but, as Robert Hall observes, is calculated to rob them of all their efficacy. He says: "If the awful part of our message, which may be styled the burden of the Lord, ever fall with due weight upon our hearers, it will be when it is delivered with a trembling hand and faltering lips; and we may then expect them to realize its solemn import, when they perceive that we ourselves are ready to sink under it."

It was not under the influence of a declaratory and pedantic, but *weeping* spirit, that Paul, and Whitefield, and Summerfield melted the hearts of their hearers, like wax before the flame; and yet, strange to say, I have heard young men, and occasionally elderly men, who were never more flippant, boisterous, and high-flown in their style, than while describing the perils of the ungodly, and the miseries of the lost. It was after such a display of pulpit rhetoric from the text: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," that a serious, if not pious man, stingingly reproved the preacher by saying: "Almost thou persuadest me to be an *infidel*."

Long as we have dwelt upon simplicity as an essential peculiarity of a good sermon, the remark must not be omitted, that even this may be carried too far, or at least abused. Under the pretext of using great plainness of speech in the sacred desk, some men allow themselves not only in the use of vulgarisms and low personalities, but are positively *saucy* to their hearers. Others, again, are puerile and commonplace in their address, and seem to have consulted anecdotal olios more than the Bible in their pulpit preparation; an undue proportion of the hour being occupied in relating marvelous adventures or pathetic anecdotes.

Although a striking fact or incident related sometimes throws strong light upon the truth presented, and adds greatly to the vivacity and interest of a discourse, an excess of anecdote, (such, for instance, as was practiced a few years since by a certain revivalist, so called, who in his preaching averaged a story a minute,) especially when the speaker makes that obtrusive upstart, I, the hero of most of his narratives, is a positive perversion of the pulpit; and when indulged, it is not strange that sensible minds are disgusted, and conclude with Napoleon, that "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

There are a few other elements of a good sermon, of no less, if not of greater importance than originality, adaptation, symmetry, and simplicity, which may be noticed at some future time; as the consideration of them now would extend this paper to an unreasonable length.

MUSTAPHA THE LUCKY.

MUSTAPHA began the world with little of its goods; but having health, strength, a clear intellect, and indomitable will, he gradually attained wealth and respectability. At the same time, he was fortunate in his domestic circumstances; for his wife, besides being handsome and accomplished, was gentle and affectionate; and his children, being endowed with sound constitutions, and reared in healthy circumstances, throve continually, and gave no trouble. Everybody said that Mustapha was a prodigy of prosperity in all respects, for nothing ever went wrong with him. He himself acknowledged the goodness of Providence with a grateful heart; and being of a benevolent disposition, he dealt largely of the fruits of his industry to the many less fortunate people who came under his notice, particularly to those whom he had known in his early days. At the same time he maintained, under all his prosperity, a humble mind; and his manners, which originally had been unassuming, never underwent the least change.

The world concluded that Mustapha was a happy man; but where is happiness below? He had to confess to himself, though he never spoke of such subjects to others, that the many external blessings which he enjoyed had failed to give him true ease and peace of mind. Always as these blessings had increased, he had found himself more and more removed, as it were, from the sympathies of his fellow-creatures. It was not that he was not courted and flattered, as rich men usually are, or that the world generally failed to acknowledge his merits and his virtues. It was that no one now seemed to enter into his feelings on a footing of brotherly equality. It appeared to be felt, that a man such as he is all-sufficient to himself. No one was much concerned about him. Those who were nearest to an equality with him, and with whom he came most in contact, were the most jealous of him, and the coldest in their demeanor. Even the affections of his nearest relatives withered under the shadow of his growing importance. They thought him proud, merely because he had been raised above them; and when any great man gave him his friendship, they would say, he was ambitious of the notice of his superiors, though that was a thing which he never made the least effort to obtain. He would try, by putting on a manner more familiar than would otherwise have been necessary, and which accordingly was of a forced character, to assure them that he was unchanged in heart, and this went some little way in convincing them; but he found no great satisfaction in so partial a success, and one which was to be gained only by a sacrifice of sincerity.

At length the tide of fortune turned with Mustapha. Some barks of his were lost at sea, and his bazaar was about the same time broken into, and robbed of goods to a large amount. The plague coming at that time to Constantinople, his wife and three of his children were swept off by it in the course of a few days. Mustapha regarded his calamities with a firm and collected mind; but he could not conceal from himself that he was now too old to repair the loss of his wealth, and that nothing which this world can give would ever make up for the removal of his dear children. He had been taught a sort of stoicism by the isolation in which he had lived so long during his prosperous days, and he now prepared himself to bear these distresses in solitude and secrecy. "The world," he said, "has been little troubled with me or my concerns hitherto, and I shall not begin now to call its attention, when I can present myself only as a dis-

tressing spectacle of misfortune." But he speedily found that the world would not allow him to bear the burden of calamity alone. All kinds of people, even those who had been most envious of him in his better days, came about him with expressions of condolence. Many offered him assistance to begin business anew. Kinsfolk who had deserted his house for years, now flocked to it, to grieve with him for the loss of his children. It might almost be said, there was a general movement in society to console and cheer the unfortunate Mustapha. He was at first surprised and somewhat embarrassed, but then pleased. The voice of kindness found its way into and softened his heart. For the first time he wept; but his tears were expressive as much of happiness as of sorrow.

Calling his remaining children around him, he said: "My beloved ones, God is great. He maketh joy out of sorrow, and giveth the victory to weakness. Once I was wealthy and great, and the only consequence was, that I became an object of the malignant feelings of my fellow-creatures. I never was happy then; and perhaps it was but right that I should thus pay for the many advantages I enjoyed over others in a scene where all are equal in the eye of God. Now my wealth is gone, and I have lost greater treasures still; but behold, calamity has restored to me the hearts of my neighbors and kinsfolk. I am once more simply a man among men. They give me their sympathies, as one exposed like themselves to the hardships and difficulties of life. And in their kindness I feel a delight beyond all that this world can give under any circumstances whatever. Rejoice, then, with me, that WE HAVE SUFFERED!"

The remainder of Mustapha's life was spent in comparatively humble circumstances; but he never had occasion to regret the loss of fortune. There was even a happiness in store for him beyond all he had yet felt, for his children, who in the days of prosperity had thought only of their own indulgences, and were often wayward and disobedient, now concentrated their best feelings on their amiable parent; and in their exertions for his benefit, their generous self-denial, and their kind attention to his comfort, formed a guard around him, within which he felt a security such as mere wealth cannot give.

[For the National Magazine.]

CHANGES—A STORY.

BY ALICE CARY.

THE June roses hung bright over the low fence that ran along either side of the narrow lane leading from the main road down the slope upon which stood the house of Squire Merriford, one of the oldest and most considerable men in the thrifty neighborhood in which he lived. Bright hung the roses along the lane fence; the middle June had made them blush to their deepest red; the orchard boughs were beginning to droop a little with their growth of apples, showing no crimson nor russet yet in their greenness; the strawberries shone along the grass, and the mowers stopped now and then to lift up the low briery vines of the dew-berry, sure of a luscious repast; the steer went daintily along the deep clover, snuffing the air that had come over distant pastures, and sometimes lowing dissatisfiedly; the cows lay contentedly together in the shadows, and to the ear of the farmer came pleasantly the rustle of the green corn. All the earth seemed renewed in the brightest of her good seasons, and the noise of the mill in the hollow beyond the house, and the hum of the brown and yellow bees flying thick in the air, and the sound of the busy spinning-wheels seemed like the outflow of the general cheerfulness and thankfulness.

Quiet and still stood the homestead in the sunshine—its black thick shadow stretching up the western hill—the swallows dipping into its low stone chimneys, except the one from which the smoke came puffing blue and fast; the roof was black with moss, and the eaves, in the clumsy fashion of long ago, were black, too; and up the wooden spouts, that led the rain-water to the great plank cistern, wound such vines as had been transplanted from the gloom of the woods to flourish more in the sunshine. A good substantial house, built of hewn logs, was that of Squire Merriford, having a wide hall entrance wherein were hung some of the nicest tools of husbandry, and where, just now, the boughs of the redwood made blinds for the windows, and softened a little the light that slanted into the main rooms, which were furnished, as the reader may suppose, with a simplicity and economy, such

as now-a-days is rarely to be met. Yet were there some luxuries: deep and soft feather beds hung round with curtains of fine linen, some cushioned chairs of an ancient fashion, an elegant brass clock, some pictures wrought in worsted, and some pots of common, but sweetly blooming flowers.

Who made the pictures, and who keeps the flowers so bright, we look about the house in vain to learn. The rooms are empty of human interest, a cat dozes in a streak of sunshine on the floor, and a glossy cock stands in the open door, looking up proudly as though the sole sentinel, and by no means to be caught asleep. We hear a sound as of footsteps hard by; the housewife is busy plying her evening care, quietly, and as if work were her best rest. She is dressed neatly and simply in garments of her own fashioning; her cheek has lost its blushing long ago, but her eyes keep all their kindliness and intelligence, and her hands retain all their cunning. Good Mrs. Merriford has never bothered her brain as to what will suit her style, or what the new fashion will be. She feels deeply that the fashion of this world passeth away, and that a good life makes the face pretty, and so she works on cheerfully and piously, and her excellent husband truly says that age adds to her beauty, and that her heart shines more and more in her face.

A little way down the slope stands the old-fashioned mill, and the two stout horses, one black and the other white, are treading there all the day, and sometimes far into the night. From all the neighborhood round for miles come the farmers to Squire Merriford's mill, bringing their grists of wheat and corn, and helping to shape the affairs of the nation in their little disputations with one another while they wait for the horses to tread out the flour or the meal. Opposite the mill stands the barn, ample, and containing more of the modern improvements than the house can boast of: the new hay is already in the mow, and the sweet smell of it is in all the air; thrifty hens have weaned their young broods, and are sleeking up for a second season, in the privacy of out-of-the-way nooks, or walking leisurely in the sunshine, not to elicit the attention of the group of idlers about the yard of course; their seeming indifference presupposes maiden meditation, fancy free.

The great doors of the barn are open wide; the floor is swept clean, and Betty and Polly Merriford are there spinning together. Knots of spun yarn hang from the low beams, and the reel is wound round with a wide belt of the wool threads, and bunches of soft beautiful rolls hang under the spindles that are growing plump very fast as the two girls run back and forward, piecing roll against roll, and oftentimes drowning the noise of their spinning-wheels with their laughter. Flaxen-haired and dewy-eyed, pale of cheek and with a sweet patient expression coming out now and then despite the mirth which for the present has possession of her countenance, is Betty. She is slight, reminding you of a wild flower that has grown up somewhere in the shade; the sister, Polly, is stouter, with darker eyes and more abundant hair; a cheek fresh as a rose just bursting with bloom, and a step that is stronger and prouder than Betty's. They are in gay mood just now, and though they have done more than their tasks, they spin on, for 't is easy work to spin when the heart is light. The swallows are so used to them that they fly close over their heads as they go in and out to their nests against the rafters, and the doves look quietly down on them from the high dusty beams, as though they were friends. It is near night, and the bell in the distant meadow tells the spinners it is time to bring home the cows, for that is a part of the evening task; so the last skeins are reeled up, the wheels set by, and with cottage-bonnets in their hands, for the sun is low now, the young girls take their way up the lane together. Often Polly looks back at the mill, mischievously as it seems, and talking the while of some one who is there, while Betty keeps softly along the path of white clovers, pulling the ripe roses that hang over the fence, and thinking apparently more than she speaks.

"He is coming, he is coming!" exclaims Polly; "let me walk on the other side of you—I would not stand in your way for the world."

"O Polly, just as if I cared whether Richard saw me or not," replied Betty.

"Just as if you did n't care; now, Betty, tell me true all about it."

"All about what?" asked the girl, innocently; "there is nothing to tell about."

"So, so! that is always the way when

there is something to tell. Well, never mind; when I have a lover, I wont tell a word he says to me—see if I do."

At this point of the conversation the girls were overtaken by the person mentioned as Richard, and who, we may as well explain, was a young farmer named Richard Armstrong, who lived with, and supported his father and mother, half a dozen miles away, and who is just now returning home with three nice bags filled with flour and meal. He is sitting in the front of a snug cart, and driving a strong smart horse, and altogether has a well-to-do and thrifty aspect.

Polly lingers behind and gives him a lively and good-natured salutation, asking why he did not remain to eat supper with them—and she hopes he will come to the house often, as she and her sister are always happy to see him; and as she talks she tosses apples and roses into his cart, raising herself on tip-toe the while to see how much flour there is, and what the probabilities of the young man's coming to the mill again, sighing, "Ah me! the prospect looks dismal enough," and laughing while she sighed. Richard laughed too as he talked with her, saying it was a misfortune that he had brought so much wheat—that another time he would only bring half the quantity—and that he was sure he would be glad of any excuse that brought him to the neighborhood of the beautiful Polly; but when he spoke to Betty it was in a lower and deeper tone; and though he said not it made him happy to see her, any one who saw them together would have known it did; and as for Betty, her blushes and her trembling voice betrayed the emotion that was in her heart. How were the old people, she asked, and how came on the harvest, and did the orchard promise well; but never one word said she if he would come again soon, or if ever. At the end of the lane the young man turned in one direction and the girls in another, but his thoughts stayed with one of them, you may be sure.

The cows, as they heard the "bars" falling, turned their heads homeward, and one by one walked slowly down the road, and turned their steps into the lane; behind the rest came the largest and handsomest of all, proudly wearing the bell. "Who can that be?" said Betty, pointing toward a young gentleman who, in a fine carriage, was dividing the flock as he leisurely drove forward, more intent, it appeared, on the young women than the course his horse was taking. Not a jot from her accustomed path turned the cow whose bell had given warning of her approach, for she was unused to interruptions, and had probably never seen so fine an equipage as that immediately fronting her. Suddenly she lowered her head, and with a quick thrust of her horns caused the horse to rear and fall backward on carriage and driver.

"O mercy, mercy! what shall we do?" cried Betty, hiding her eyes in her apron, and weeping in fear and fright; but Polly rushed forward at once to ascertain the extent of the injury and proffer her service.

The young stranger proved not to be hurt seriously, and was in a moment on his feet, seemingly more annoyed by the alarm he had given the young women than for the accident to himself. The carriage was quite crushed to pieces, so much so as to make the immediate prosecution of the journey an impossibility. There was no tavern within half-a-dozen miles, and feeling responsible for the misconduct of the cow, and directed by kindliness of heart, the hospitalities of their father's house were at once proffered by the young woman and accepted with a grateful politeness on the part of the stranger.

Not to linger—he proved to be a man of fortune of the name of Fairfield, who, aside from his route of travel, had accidentally strayed into the neighborhood of the Merrifords. The sequel may easily be guessed. The young man found many objects of interest to detain him; and when at last he took his departure, Polly was his promised wife.

What seeming accidents determine the courses of our lives! but what appears broken and confused, is, we know, oneness and order.

PART SECOND.

THE fall was come—the most beautiful of the seasons of the year: in the woods the nuts were dropping with every wind; the time of the berries and the roses was past; the time of the birds was past; only one was seen now and then twittering on the leafless but sunward branch of some tree; the orchard ground was bright with apples, and the sleek cattle went up and

down the meadows where the harvest had been. Some yellow leaves clung yet to the rose-vines along the lane, and the blackberry-bushes stood thorny and bare, looking as though their roots were dry as well as their branches; the clover-buds were all gone, and the grass was brown and thin along the lane; the sun was going down and seemed burning the woods into fire as he went. The homestead of the Merrifords looks lonelier than when we saw it last—the currant-bushes and the lilacs are leafless about the yard; the vines that run up to the eaves have lost foliage and flowers; windows and doors are closed, and the very smoke from the chimney drifts away in a slow and melancholy fashion. They are sitting by the wood fire, the old people talking of the time long gone—the time when they were young and lovers; it seems only as yesterday, and yet it is thirty years ago—thirty years since the orchard was planted, and the logs hewn for the house where they are sitting now; a very little while it seems; not long enough for their hairs to have grown gray as they have, and for the little children that were so soon playing at their knees, to have become men and women. They cannot tell how it is, and when and how the years went away; they do not feel that they have come far or are tired, nor can they see any place where they will be willing to stop as they look forward; life seems just beginning, and yet they must have come a good way on its journey they know, else how came the orchard trees grown even past their prime, and how came the thick moss on the roof, or the deep lines in their foreheads, or the locks above them so faded and thin. We are growing old, they are compelled to admit at last, and must be content to see our children treading close in our footsteps, and making ready to take our places when our work shall be done.

And while they sit there talking soberly and yet happily of days that are gone, and the blessings that are about to go, the two girls, Polly and Betty, take their way along the lane for the last time—not laughing and jesting as before, but with arms about each other, and mostly in silence. No more will they spin together when the summer comes round; and the sheets and the coverlids that were woven and bleached so gaily, have been parceled separately and soberly now; the guessing and the dreaming are done, and each looks calmly on the future spread clear before her—each is contented, and more than contented, and yet the assurance each gives to each of happiness is choked with tears. Already the spiders are at work in the idle wheels, and new influences are at work in their hearts that will divide them more than the distance that is to be shortly between them. They do not think it possible, as they bring home the cows together, saying, "We never shall do so any more."

Betty hides her face in her hands, as they pause on the meadow's edge, while one by one the cows pass them going home; but you might hear Polly's crying half across the field: she half wishes the sunset would stay awhile just as it is, and that the long looked-for to-morrow could be kept back: nothing, she feels just then, can compensate her for separation from her good sweet sister; but she will never love her less—no, never. Their homes will not be very far apart, and once every three months, and that seems a great while now, they will visit each other; and every week they will write and say to each other everything they have thought and done: often they will meet at the homestead, and a thousand promises they make, and a thousand assurances of this and of that, as with the tears running down their faces they follow home the cows through the deepening shadows. They do not understand how it is that they have so often walked together and had nothing to say—there is so much to say now, and yet from that very cause they talk little.

Not many dreams came to the pillows of the sisters that night; the morning would give a new mate to each, and how could they dream! The full moon looked in at the windows; the wind sung its lullaby in vain; many a time they would come home and sleep in the old chamber just as they did then, they said; but for all that they could not sleep, and the midnight stars came and went, and the wind sung its quieting hymn again and again, but the tumult of heart would not be still, and the gray morning came up from the east; but there was no need for its golden fingers to touch their eyelids. It is day, they said, and, kneeling at the bedside, they prayed together.

And when the night fell, the mother's

kiss had been on their cheeks and the father's hand had been laid on their heads in blessing; they had sobbed their farewells to each other, and a long distance of miles, and the infinite of a new love, were between them.

Not far from the old home, Betty sat in the homely house of her husband, who looked proud and happy in his nice new suit of homespun, as he heard her call the old folks who sat in the corner father and mother, and saw that they smiled and were pleased with the young wife he had brought home. They were old and feeble, and could not work any more, and perhaps it was less for the love which the young woman brought them, than for the bundle of white coverlets and sheets, and the little tow-bag full of bright silver dollars, that they were pleased and smiled as they sat beside her in the corner.

"It is a poor home," says Richard, "and you will miss much that you have been used to, I am afraid; I am to blame, perhaps, and yet I could not help loving you; and loving, I could not help wishing you to be my wife; and now that you are so, dear Betty, you shall be spared everything that my toil and my love can spare you." And in these words and in the kiss that goes with them, the wife would have found compensation for all the trial and all the suffering that awaited her, could they have been foreseen.

The old people talk apart of a new roof for the house—new plastering for the garret; of another window that must be made; for that as they grow blind the light is too little for them; of a loom that must be bought, and then of sheep that must be had, so that there may be something to spin and weave; and then the farm must be paid for, and if a few acres of woodland were added it would be well; and in short, there is no end of the things they plan to be done with the little bag of money Betty has brought, and with the more which she and Richard shall earn—for what are youth and strength for but to be spent in work?—there is no holiday in their plan at all. Richard hopes that Betty does not hear all this, but she does; and though he puts his arm about her, and lays his cheek close against her face to drown their selfish calculation, she hears all the same, and the stifled sob that shakes her bosom is not more for the tender light of her own good mother's eyes, than because of the sharp glances that measure her ability to milk and to spin..

The tallow candle burns almost down, and the old people find their way to bed by the flickering wick, having told the young folks they must be up early in the morning and begin life in earnest; and Richard breathes freely again.

He asks Betty why she is so silent, and she answers it is because she is so happy; but he feels that for the first time in her life she is concealing the truth from him, and for the first time in their intercourse he finds it necessary to dissemble, and makes pictures in the future, bright as only fancy can make.

The brown mare shall be hers, and he will spare corn enough to buy her a saddle, and he asks her whether its cushion shall be blue or red, and assures her, though she says nay, that the bridle-bit and the stirrup shall be silver, and that he will order them made the first time he goes to town, and that she herself shall go with him in the little cart, and buy a silk gown as fine as that which the rich Mr. Fairfield bought her sister Polly that day. She shall have a new bureau too, in which to keep the pretty linen she has brought from home; and one drawer she shall keep locked away from him, and in that she shall keep the purse that was her father's marriage gift, and add to it from time to time all the money she can save from the management of the dairy. But Betty puts the purse in his hands, and says she will have no lock and key to divide them; that all she has, and herself too, are his; that she only wishes she had brought more, and that she herself were better and worthier of her new position—she does not say worthier of him. And so the fire burns down, and the rain comes against the window; a little of it drives through a pane that is broken, but Richard places himself between her and that, and she does not feel it; and as he soothes and caresses her, she ceases to listen to the wind as it blows rougher and rougher; she forgets the thick warm walls of the homestead—forgets even Polly—and but for one troubling shadow from the future would be blest.

Poor Betty, enjoy all you may; drink in all love's whisper, full as it is; let your faith root itself deeper if possible in the goodness and purity of the heart, for which you have, in part at least, sold away the love that was tried and true—

you will need to grasp and to treasure all the bright moments Heaven shall give, and they all will not be enough to cast even a little light from shadow to shadow along the way that is before you.

And thus with the rain against the windows, and the wind in the leafless trees, the clouds above, and the winter coming on, we leave them, and for a moment turn to a brighter scene.

Polly has no time to weep—no time to listen to the winds; but their noise is so broken by the high walls of the houses of the city that it would have lost all its old melancholy sound if she heard it; she is so bewildered by the lights about her that her thoughts reach not to the lost light of home; so many gay voices speak to her, and so sweet and so often falls one whisper on her ear, that she forgets the broken farewell of the gentle Betty; or if sometimes she thinks of her, it is to say, "She has all she loves, even as I, and she must be happy as I; she is not fretting about me, I am sure—how were that possible?" So are we prone to measure the feelings of others against our own.

It was a higher and a wider roof than the one Polly had left that was over her now, and within her memory so many lights had not been consumed in her father's house as were burning about her now—the very draperies at the windows were worth more money than the broad meadow where the cows fed at home. Bridal presents were shining all about her, and as far as she could see the future gave excellent promises.

And the old people had set the house in order after the wedding, and had prayed for blessings on their children, till their supplication had been answered in peace to themselves, and were calmly asleep. The mill was still, the cows lay together in the meadow, and in the spinning-wheels the spiders stopped the making of their silken meshes for a while; but with the morning some changes would come, and others and still others with the weeks and the years, for change is the order of being, and one generation passeth away and another cometh.

Children are born, and old men and old women die and are heard of no more; youths and maidens love and weep, and young men and young women marry and are given in marriage; households are formed into perfect circles, and broken and narrowed together, and broken again, till only one or two are left who wander apart and grow weary, searching for that which in this world is never found—perfect rest; and then cometh the end, and the old house is repaired, or a new one made, and another family begins, and work and hope for a time go on as though the sower were surely the reaper, and the planter of the tree had promise of the shadow. And so it is, beginning and ending, ending and beginning always.

(To be continued.)

[For the National Magazine.]

THE VILLAGE GRAVEYARD.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Slowly, sad and slowly,
Down the silent way,
'Mong the graves so lowly,
With affection holy,
Do the mourners stray.

Mute is all the music
Of the cloudless morn;
Bells, erst chiming gladly,
Now are tolling sadly,
"Gone, forever gone!"

Down the silent alleys,
'Mong the humble dead,
'Mid the fondly cherish'd,
Ah! so early perish'd!
Do the mourners tread.

Little graves just swelling
From the earth's green breast,
Silently are telling
Of the quiet dwelling
Where we all must rest.

And the sunshine lightly
Gilds each little bed;
Song birds carol sprightly,
Sweet flowers open brightly,
By the early dead.

Costly, sculptured marble,
Carved and chisel'd stone,
Raised by love or duty,
In their cold, sad beauty,
Tell what death hath done.

Tell of early manhood
Stricken in its prime;
Of the hoary headed,
Of the newly wedded,
Known no more in time.

Shadows dark and mournful
Wrap us as we go;
Hollow seem the treasures,
Phantom-like the pleasures
Of this world of wo.

So we hasten heavenward,
Fleetly as we may;
Speeding upward ever,
In our progress never
Lingering by the way.

A MODEL CHARACTER.

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

IN reviewing, somewhat informally, Dr. Binney's late book,* we have contemplated Buxton as a *man* and a *philanthropist;* it remains for us to notice more distinctly his character as a *Christian.* His religion, indeed, was no mere matter of the pew or the closet—it characterized him as a man and a philanthropist, and we have, therefore, seen already its demonstration; but we may justly recur to the subject with a more exclusive attention. Binney dwells upon it at length, and with rather homiletic particularity. We propose only to glance at a few of the marked traits of his Christian character.

And our first remark is, that his religious life began and was continued to the end with the distinctive qualities of an "*evangelical experience.*" It was not a mere process of moral self-culture, the ripening of good natural dispositions; but commenced as a moral renovation, and continued as a gracious discipline and growth. He was a striking example of the difference between "morality" (so called) and holiness. He was always "moral" from childhood, notwithstanding his natural buoyancy and love of sport. None of the corruptions so incident to youth is known to have infected him. He was even minutely scrupulous about his word during the thoughtlessness of boyhood. While at school, an usher made a trivial charge against him; he denied it. "I have never known the boy to tell a falsehood," said the principal, Dr. Burney, "and I will not disbelieve him now." About his twentieth year he betook himself, with unusual interest, to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and gave other indications of religious feeling, such as would be taken by many people of moderate opinion as a conclusive proof of a well-defined Christian character. He had not yet attained that character, however—at least in his own estimation. And not till the excitements of a public career began to attract him forward—the usual temptations to the neglect of religion among public men—did it take profound hold upon him. The influence of the refined and endeared circle of Earlham Hall was favorable to his religious development. He received urgent Christian letters from them occasionally, and in one of his answers he discloses the state of mind—so irresolute, so wretched and yet so much better than reckless—which all men of refined moral nature, but of unrenewed hearts, sadly and habitually know. He writes:—

"I see the excellence of the walk you have chosen, and the madness of dedicating myself to anything, but to the preparation of that journey which I must so shortly take. I know, that if success shall crown all my projects, I shall gain that which will never satisfy me, 'that which is not bread.' I know the poverty of our most darling schemes—the meanness of our most delicious prospects—the transitoriness of our most durable possessions—when weighed against that fullness of joy and eternity of bliss which are the reward of those who seek them aright. All this I see with the utmost certainty—that two and two make four is not clearer; and how is it, then, that with these speculative opinions, my practical ones are so entirely different? . . . My reason tells me that these things are utterly indifferent; but my practice says, that they only are worthy of thought and attention. My practice says, 'Thou art increased with goods, and hast need of nothing;' but my reason teaches me, 'Thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' . . . .

"I have in this letter divulged the train of thinking which is constantly recurring to my mind."

"Constantly recurring to my mind;" yes, and as constantly to the mind of many a reader of these lines. It is the invariable suggestion of a nature not wholly self-abandoned to frivolity or vice. There is, to a thoughtful mind, no significance in life except so far as it is subservient to the future well-being of the soul. Reflecting men of undecided religious character, therefore, carry with them habitually this sense of being "wretched and miserable." Alas for them that they hesitate so much to take the one step more which introduces the struggling spirit into the benign and refreshing light, the open sunshine of "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." They have but to be decided, and, by an act of entire and open consecration, give themselves to God through the mediation of Christ, in order to dissipate the spell of their misery and find "rest to their souls;" and yet how often do they linger through years, at the very threshold of that rest—made only the more wretched by its near contrast with their equivocal and hazardous state! It was during a severe attack of sickness

* Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. A Study for Young Men, &c. By Rev. T. Binney.

that Buxton was brought to this more determinate religious experience. At first he even wished that the attack might be perilous in order to awaken his sluggish feelings on the subject—a false idea, indeed, but not without its good significance. He says :—

"I gradually grew worse; and when the disorder had assumed an appearance very alarming to those about me, I spent nearly an hour in most fervent prayer. I have been, for some years, perplexed with doubts; I do not know if they did not arise more from the fear of doubting than from any other cause. The object of my prayer was, that this perplexity might be removed; and the next day, when I set about examining my mind, I found that it was entirely removed, and that it was replaced by a degree of certain conviction totally different from anything I had before experienced. It would be difficult to express the satisfaction and joy which I derived from this alteration. 'Now know I that my Redeemer liveth' was the sentiment uppermost in my mind, and in the merits of that Redeemer I felt a confidence that made me look on the prospect of death with perfect indifference. No one action of my life presented itself with any sort of consolation. I knew that by myself I stood justly condemned; but I felt released from the penalties of sin by the blood of our Sacrifice. In *Him* was all my trust. My dear wife gave me great pleasure by repeating this text—'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Once or twice only I felt some doubt whether I did not deceive myself, arguing in this manner:—'How is it that I, who have passed so unguarded a life, and who have to lament so many sins, and especially so much carelessness in religion—how is it that I feel at once satisfied and secure in the acceptance of my Saviour?' But I soon was led to better thoughts. Canst thou pretend to limit the mercies of the Most High? 'His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways.' He giveth to the laborer of an hour as much as to him who has borne the heat of the day. These were my reflections, and they made me easy."

This, we repeat, was an "*evangelical experience*"—marked on the one hand by the simplicity, and on the other by the permanency (as his whole subsequent life showed) which are usual to such an experience. It was the moral renovation of the man—the "new birth;" and true to its character as "*evangelical*," it was by *faith*. When the medical gentleman who attended him observed that he must be in low spirits, "Very far from it," he replied: "I feel a joyfulness at heart which would enable me to go through any pain." "From faith in Christ?" he was asked. "Yes, from faith in Christ," was his reply, and, mentioning the clear view he now had of Christ being his Redeemer, he said, "It is an inexpressible favor, beyond my deserts. What have I done all my life long? Nothing, nothing, that did God service; and for *me* to have such mercy shown! My hope," he added, "is to be received as one of Christ's flock—to enter heaven as a little child." And a day or two afterward he said, "I shall never again pass negligently over that passage in the Prayer Book, 'We bless thee . . . for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ;'" and he broke forth into thanksgiving for the mercy, "the unbounded, the unmerited love," displayed toward him, in having the Christian doctrine brought home to his heart. Again and again he declared how glad and thankful he was for his illness, and, at the same time, how anxious he felt lest the impression it had made upon him should become effaced.

In a letter written soon after his recovery, to his Earlham friends, he says of this illness :—

"I looked upon it when I was at the worst (and have not yet ceased to do so) as a gift, and a blessing, and the choicest of my possessions. When I was too weak to move or speak, my mind and heart were at full work on these meditations, and my only lamentation was, that I could not feel sufficiently glad or grateful for the mercy, as unbounded as unmerited, which I experienced. This mercy was to know the sins of my past life—that the best actions of it were but dust and ashes, and good for nothing; that, by the righteous doom of the law, I stood convicted and condemned; but that full and sufficient satisfaction had already been made by Him who came to save sinners; and such was the ease and confidence with which this conviction inspired me that death was not attended with a terror."

This, we again say, is the genuine process of religious experience as taught by Christianity and by what are called evangelical Churches. We have dwelt upon it the more because it is so seldom recorded in Buxton's sphere of life. It is the process, be it alsosaid, which, however it may be cavilled at by philosophical skeptics, can alone recover thoroughly vitiated men; which alone produces real saintliness, inspires religious heroism, or sanctifies martyrdom in our fallen world. Casting away self-dependence, it nevertheless secures the profoundest conviction of self-responsibility. Renouncing the merit of good works, it nevertheless prompts the whole

life to them. Often immediate and fervid in its effects, it nevertheless, more than any other religious influence, permanently impresses the life of the man. Fifteen years afterward Buxton wrote that "from that day to this I have never been harassed by a doubt of our revealed religion," and on his recovery he commenced a career of moral and religious labors which terminated only with his glorious death. The three years following, his "commonplace books," says his biographer, "are chiefly filled" with memoranda of his labors for the Bible Society. He "annually made himself complete master of its affairs and proceedings," says his son. He entered soon upon his efforts in behalf of the amelioration of prison discipline, in connection with his noble sister, Mrs. Frye. He wrote an effective work on the subject. He gave his coöperation as an active manager to the cause of missions, foreign, and especially domestic. He opened his country house for Sunday-evening gatherings of the villagers and his neighbors, to whom he expounded the Scriptures. He entered Parliament as a Christian, and, prompted by his new sympathies, gave his attention to such reforms as most naturally appealed to the moral sentiments, and which, from that very fact, were at the same time the most important and the most liable to be disregarded by the usual motives of political ambition. The suttees of India, the Mauritius slave trade, the sufferings of the Hottentots, prison discipline, the reform of the criminal code, the entire abolition of British slavery—such were the noble subjects of his attention and labors throughout the rest of his life.

Now, we hesitate not to affirm, that the peculiar greatness of Buxton as a statesman, and his success in public measures, grew chiefly out of this determinate religious character. Had he and Wilberforce been of the usual style of British statesmen—the Walpoles, the Townshends, the Cannings, or even the Burkes, the Foxes, and the Pitts—we doubt that those great ameliorations, those high *moral* developments of British policy, which attended their political labors, would have ensued. We doubt, indeed, that they would have been seriously thought of. There were really good men—men of virtue, but not of piety—who coöperated with them; men who were fitted by superior talents to be their leaders, such as Mackintosh, Brougham, &c.; but these were not *morally* qualified to head the conflict: they stepped into the fray ever and anon, and struck stifling blows; but they never showed the strength of moral purpose, the calm defiance of sarcasm and calumny, the consecration to duty and self-sacrifice which Wilberforce and Buxton brought from their closets of prayer into the parliamentary sessions, and which sustained the one through a twenty years' fight against the slave-trade, and the other through nineteen years of struggle against colonial slavery and other moral evils of the realm. Buxton says himself, in a letter to the devoted clergyman whose ministrations he attended, that "whatever he had done in his life for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in his heart at Wheeler Chapel."

Precisely here is one of the most important lessons of his life for the study of young men. "It shows the possibility," says Binney, "of a man's combining a very laborious outward life—a life of business, trade, politics—with one of deep and eminent spirituality. Men busily occupied in the affairs of the world, behind the counter or the desk, 'in chambers' or at 'the house,' often imagine, or perhaps complain, that they have no time to attend to spiritual subjects, or for the discharge of religious acts. If reminded of David as a soldier writing his psalms, or Daniel at court directing a kingdom and yet keeping daily his hours of prayer, they can discover reasons, in their peculiar aids as inspired men, to render their example inapplicable to *them*. Here, however, is a man of our day,—and one ever active and all alive in his worldly duties,—not *said* to have been attentive to devout communings with his own spirit, and to earnest and holy walking with God, but *proved* to have been so, by papers bearing the stamp of sincerity, and indicating at once the reality of his religion and the constancy of his efforts to preserve it by culture and to evince it by consistency."

Beautiful and incessant are the exhibitions of his fervent and manly piety given us in his memoir by his son. He was not only the father but the priest of his household, conducting divine worship on its altar daily, and preparing himself for the service by meditations which rendered it instructive to his family. It need not be

remarked that *private prayer* was habitual to such a man—and the habit instead of declining grew with his years. He sometimes "rose in the night," and called upon God with persistent importunity. Not long after his "great change," he wrote to his wife (who was an angel unto him, guiding him in his religious life) the following words:—

"I must pray that I may at length stir myself up, and be enabled to feel somewhat of the real spirit of a missionary, and that I may devote myself, my influence, my time, and above all, my affections, to the honor of God, and the happiness of man. My mission is evidently not abroad, but it is not less a mission on that account. I feel that I may journey through life by two very different paths, and that the time is now come for choosing which I will pursue. I may go on, as I have been going on, not absolutely forgetful of futurity, nor absolutely devoted to it. I may get riches and repute, and gratify my ambition, and do some good and more evil; and, at length, I shall find all my time on earth expended, and in retracing my life I shall see little but occasions lost, and capabilities misapplied. The other is a path of more labor and less indulgence. I may become a real soldier of Christ; I may feel that I have no business on earth but to do his will and to walk in his ways, and I may direct every energy I have to the service of others."

These are words of the highest wisdom as well as of the highest piety. He chose the better path, and though it cost him a struggle, and called forth the self-accusing complaint that "what I would that I do not; but what I hate that do I," yet it was the path of his whole after life, and shone brighter and brighter even until the perfect day.

His habit of prayer extended to all the affairs of his life. When elected to Parliament he wrote:—"Now that I am a member of Parliament, my prayer is for the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, that free from views of gain or popularity, that careless of all things but fidelity to my trust, I may be enabled to do some good to my country, and something for mankind, especially in their most important concerns. I feel the responsibility of the situation, and its many temptations. On the other hand, I see the vast good which one individual may do. May God preserve me from the snares which may surround me; keep me from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, or prejudice, or ambition; and so enlarge my heart to feel the sorrows of the wretched, the miserable condition of the guilty and the ignorant, that I may 'never turn my face from any poor man;' and so enlighten my understanding, that I may be a capable and resolute champion for those who want and deserve a friend."

At a later day he hesitated to stand for reëlection, and mentioned his "eight children" as among the reasons for his hesitancy. He adds:—

"Lord, guide my heart and will aright, and lead me to determine for the best. O that I could from this day offer myself a living sacrifice to the Lord, doing or abstaining, speaking or being silent, spending or forbearing to spend, simply because it was the will of God! O that I could thus put off the old man and put on the new man! I think the time that is past should suffice me to have wrought my own will; and for the future, let me try all things by this standard, 'Is it the will of God?' O, gracious God, this is what I would be; but what am I? Is one hundredth part of my time, talents, money, strength, spent for God? No!"

He was reëlected, and in this spirit entered upon the study of a series of subjects for Parliament, such as this spirit alone could grapple with: The "Criminal Law," "The Prisons," "The Police," "Botany Bay," "The Slave Trade," "The Practice of Burning Widows in India, by Authority of the English President," "Lotteries," "Colonization, viz., Land for supporting Schools, and Emancipation of Slaves," &c.

When about to enter upon the session of Parliament in which, according to his compact with Wilberforce, he was to commence his anti-slavery career, he writes: "O for that spirit of devotion, of gratitude, of love to Christ, of indifference to the world, which the Lord gave me in my illness! Let me then never pass a day without serious and repeated prayer—that is indispensable. Let me renounce the world as much as possible—as much as possible acknowledge God in all my ways and words—and let me manfully resist every temptation which may assault and endanger my soul. O God, grant these things through thy blessed Son! Send thy blessed Spirit, O great God, to my aid, and for my guidance, that, renouncing sin, I may walk worthy of my 'high vocation, in and through Jesus Christ my Lord.'"

This devout spirit never failed him throughout the conflict. Again and again does his "Common-place Book" record his supplications for the divine guidance, as the struggle wavers from side to side, through successive sessions of Parliament;

and at last, when the session was at hand in which the government was to succumb before the power which his unshakable purpose had brought to bear against its delays, he writes :—

"For the slavery cause, my prayer is, that thou wouldst not leave it to the weakness and folly of man, but that thou wouldst rise up as its advocate, and wouldst dispose all hearts, and mold all events, by thine almighty power, to the accomplishment of that which is good and right. O give these thy unhappy creatures their liberty—and that liberty in peace, and protect their masters from ruin and desolation. In my labors give me always the spirit of prayer, and the spirit of confidence in thee—'The battle is not thine, but God's;' and the spirit of discretion and resolution—'Thine ear shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand or to the left.'"

And when at last the great day was at hand—the memorable 1st of August, 1834—on which his victory was to be completed, and slavery fall throughout the British realm, how did he prepare for it? The Sunday preceding it, he writes :—

"On Friday next, slavery is to cease throughout the British colonies! I wished, therefore, to have a season of deep retirement of soul, of earnest prayer, and of close communion with my God, and for this purpose I went to a Friends' meeting. I began with earnest prayer for the influence of the Holy Spirit. Then, in deep humiliation, in a sense of my own great guilt and ingratitude, I made confession of such sins as occurred to me, and pleaded hard with God, for Christ's sake, 'in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.' This prayer was offered in some trouble of soul; and in a full sense that every other cord was broken, and that the only cable by which I could hold on was forgiveness through Christ. Then I prayed for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on those seven hundred thousand oppressed and persecuted children of our common Father who will be liberated on that day. O thou who hast been indeed their merciful deliverer—who, for the oppression of the poor and the sighing of the needy, hast arisen and set them in safety—add, we beseech thee, to all thy benefits, by such an effusion and outpouring of thy Spirit, as shall make them a people peculiarly obedient to thy commandments, and peculiarly visited by thy presence, and that, as by thy goodness they are changed from slaves to freemen, they may also be transformed from heathens into Christians; in deed, in spirit, and in truth."

We could fill our pages with quotations showing thus the *uniform* piety of his spirit in all the events and habits of his life. His memoir can, indeed, be classed among the religious biographies of the times, almost as readily as that of any cotemporary missionary, or other exclusively ecclesiastical character. It is pervaded by the very spirit and fragrance of sanctity—its religious influence is infectious, and no susceptible mind can read it without imbibing its devout temper, and dismissing it at last with the eager desire to be like minded, for to be so "minded is life and peace"—the true wisdom, the unconquerable strength, and the only repose of the soul.

We have thus far spoken, first of the *evangelical genuineness* of his "conversion," and secondly of the *practical uniformity* of his piety. We may remark further, as a third trait of it, that it was *healthful*—it partook of the manly vigor of his robust *physique*. We can hardly turn, indeed, to Christian biography for a more satisfactory example of the sort of practical, energetic piety which, we think, this age demands, in contrast with the mystic, introspective, ruminating, and mostly morbid devotion of other times. Introspection, in the form of self-examination and religious meditation, is doubtless a great aid to religious culture—one of the surest evidences of a profound spirituality; but it is valuable chiefly as the relief and refreshment of a thoroughly practical Christian life. When it becomes the habitual Christian life itself, it hardly ever fails to produce morbid mysticism and moral enervation. It is no slight danger of earnest minds; and many a noble spirit, smitten with the subtile contagion, has frittered away its energies in self-anatomization, and become weak and pitiable, if not contemptible, under the debilities of mind and body which the habit seems so naturally to induce. Such devoutness was excusable in the dark ages—it was the most redeeming fact of medieval Popery—but it is not what our times need. Buxton was so engrossed in practical life, that he could not become thus self-victimized; and yet so consecrated in his inward life, that he "overcame the world" by being abroad in its midst.

He knew the happy art of enjoying all legitimate pleasures of this life, without enjoying the less his religion. His memoirs brighten page after page with exhibitions of his spiritual character and felicity, until the light from the gates of heaven streams upon his tranquil death-bed; and yet page after page reveals the happy susceptibility of his heart for healthful recreations, scenes of humor, domestic

amusements, and literary pleasures. His home constantly reflected the charm of his fine temperament. His biographer says:

"Once at rest in the retirement of Cromer Hall, Mr. Buxton began to lose the grave and care-worn expression which usually marked his countenance while under the heavy pressure of business in town; not that the autumn was spent wholly in recreation—on the contrary, his studies, chiefly bearing on public objects, were steadily pursued. Cromer Hall was often filled with an easy social party; but he had no wish to extend his circle much beyond his own relatives, a select few of his parliamentary friends, and the families in the immediate neighborhood. He had no taste for society of a more formal, and, as he thought, insipid character; nor did he find much pleasure in conversation, though at table he would usually enliven the party by his playfulness of manner, and by his store of anecdotes, which he could tell with much force and spirit. He took great pains in providing amusements for the younger members of the circle. There is much picturesque scenery around Cromer, and large parties were often collected for excursions to Sheringham, one of the most beautiful spots in all the eastern counties, to the wooded dells of Felbrigg and Runton, or to the rough heath-ground by the Black Beacon. At home, also, he was energetic in setting on foot amusements for his young friends, such as acting charades, Christmas games, or amusing reading. At one time a family newspaper was started, which appeared once a week; and great was the interest excited in reading the various contributions, grave and gay, which every one sent in. Sometimes he would give a list of poets, from whose works the juvenile part of the circle were to learn by heart; and examinations were held, with valuable books as prizes. Other schemes of the same kind were frequently set on foot, all intended to draw out the mind, and spur it to exertion."

We have another pleasant glance at his domestic interior, when he had removed to Northrepps:—

"Except that his hospitalities were more bounded by want of room, his life at Northrepps was much the same as it had been at Cromer Hall—domestic, yet social. The mornings were spent, as has been said, in his study or with his gun; and after dinner he usually lay upon the sofa, while some one read aloud to him from the passing literature of the day. Reading, in fact, filled up every leisure hour; he never tired of listening to it. 'Well, what shall we read?' was the first question upon his entering the drawing-room; and he paid the closest attention, being always able to repeat the words that terminated the passage read on the previous evening. He had a great taste for biography, perhaps still more for works of humor; but especially he had, as he said himself, an 'insatiable thirst for military adventure.' His love of poetry has been alluded to before, and he endeavored to cultivate the same taste in those about him. Every Sunday evening his children were expected to repeat a passage of poetry, and he always required the utmost fluency and accuracy in the repetition: he insisted also on the reciter looking him full in the face while going through the task. He distributed his rewards with his usual open-handed generosity, and sometimes his guests were playfully invited to join in the exercise, and receive their half-crown with the rest. His frequent quotations (especially from Shakspeare, Pope, and Dryden) showed how thoroughly his mind was imbued with the writings of the principal English poets."

He was passionately fond of children—a fact which always indicates a good heart in a great man. Binney exults at the genial fact that Sir Fowell Buxton delighted in children, and they, with their instinctive perception of those that like them, delighted in *him*. He used to walk with them, and talk to them, and try to turn their attention to God in his works. He was fond of pointing out the skill that was displayed in the packing of a bud, and of drawing other interesting lessons from flowers. On this account, his little nephews and nieces, when they saw the snowdrops and violets in the early spring, used to welcome them as "*Uncle Buxton's Sermons.*"

His son says that at the time of his hardest work in London, he would often, on his way to the house, buy pictures, and conceal them in his waste-paper basket, to enjoy the glee of his younger children, and their daily renewed astonishment at discovering them there in the morning.

He was a great lover of horses — no man ever loved them more, says his biographer—a dangerous trait, as smacking somewhat of jockeyism; but in him it was a healthful, generous sympathy with one of the most generous creatures of God. He loved sport and was a capital huntsman—rather a questionable attribute for great statesmanship and real saintship, some good, long-faced men thought. But with Buxton sporting was a grateful substitute for medicine. In one of his sporting excursions, he writes:—"I have been calculating that since Parliament closed, I have ridden five hundred miles, and walked one thousand five hundred.

'Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught—
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend.'

"So sings Dryden, and what he preached I practice.

"I shall send you a basket to-night, as proof that my log of a gun-stock can do

execution. * * * We are very happy here."

When he needed such relaxation, to brace him for his public conflicts, he would not even allow moral calls to interfere with them. The venerable Simeon of Cambridge was once with him at Earlham, when Buxton persisted in going out to shoot, instead of accompanying his friend to a meeting of the Jews' Society in Norwich. Simeon was a little hurt by this: but receiving not long afterward a parcel of game, he wrote Buxton a characteristic letter:—

"What! is my beloved friend conscious that in withstanding all my extemporaneous oratory he has humbled me—and does he send me this as a peace-offering? Now, my dear friend, you see you have shot me flying, and penetrated my heart, and let out, *not ill blood*, (there is none of that I assure you,) but the stream of love, which was pent up there. And to show that you are pleased with your success, you shall, if convenient to you, send me a little more game to be dressed on October 30, (this day fortnight,) when I shall have a large party of Jews (friends of that despised people) to dine with me; and this will show you in what spirit I write, and with what cordiality and affection I am yours," &c.

Simeon knew how to prize him and his beautiful and happy household. "My union with that whole family," he said, "is near akin to the union of the saints in heaven." With all these tastes and habits did the robust and noble soul of this great man combine the sweetest and most grateful piety. Hear how he expresses himself amidst his enjoyments:—

"° ° ° I dwelt much yesterday, and still more to-day, on the mercy which has been showered upon me by a gracious and indulgent Lord. I feel that I cannot be grateful enough for the heaps and loads of mercies which have been my lot, since my marriage thirty years ago. ° ° ° *That* may fairly stand among earthly blessings as number one.

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"Then, my success in business, so good and so untroublesome; my seat in Parliament for nineteen years, and the objects which have been entrusted to me. ° ° ° ° My children, my brothers and sisters, my friends; the success which has crowned my public labors. These are a few, and but a few, of my sources of grateful satisfaction.

"My cup runneth over; surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and (may it be!) I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, (and every clause in that catalogue of mercies, each of which has been offered for my acceptance.) He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.

"Farewell! Farewell! I must go and hear the birds sing, and turn my eyes to the wonderful Giver of such stores of mercies."

There, Christian young man, copy that temper! Enjoy the presence of God, but enjoy God's world also, and fear not that such enjoyment will fit thee, the less, to enjoy God's heaven hereafter.

One trait more of his religious character and we close this review, though not without reluctance. There was no *taint of bigotry* in his piety. There are delightful intimations of the catholicity of his spirit throughout his correspondence. His domestic circumstances had a good influence upon him in this respect. His father was a Churchman, his mother a Quakeress — the latter the more devout we should infer, and therefore the more influential in forming his religious opinions. His friendships and intermarriage, in the Gurney family, strengthened greatly his liberal tendencies. A decided Churchman himself, he nevertheless sympathized with all the philanthropic labors of the Dissenters, and prepared himself, as we have seen, for the greatest day in his political history by religious meditation in a Quaker meeting.

He was reproached as a "bad Churchman" by a class of rigid partisans because of his interest for Catholic emancipation. He advocated the appropriation of a part of the salaries of the Irish bishops for purposes of education, and commended the example of the poorer clergy to the imitation of the ecclesiastical dignitaries. It cannot be denied that he "had," as remarks Mr. Binney, "a good deal of the Quaker in him;" but it was just enough to liberalize his great soul with generous sympathies toward all sects. He hears a clergyman preach a good sermon: "it would not have disgraced," he says, "*Goat Lane*,"—that was the Quakers' Meeting at Norwich. "I have heard," he continues, "those there that would not have disgraced a cathedral;" some of them, we dare say, from his "sweet sister" Priscilla Gurney. After giving an account of what he calls "a remarkably comfortable Sunday," spent well in private, happy in public with one of his pastor Pratt's best sermons, and a delightful communion service, he thus concludes:—"You will hardly believe that I had a kind of longing for Norwich Meeting. In the shape of religious service, a Friends' Meeting-house, with Joseph and

Priscilla for teachers, is the most congenial to my mind; more so, I think, than anything else." "For ornament, for display of wealth, for music," he writes from Rome, "for, in short, A SCENE, *fifty to one on* St. Peter's Cathedral against the Friends' Meeting-house at Plaistow;—for worship in spirit and in truth, *fifty to one on Plaistow Meeting* against St. Peter's and all its glories." "The liberality for which some would apologize, is to me," says Binney, "the proof of a genial nature and of good *Christianityship;* —of a sound understanding, a sound heart, and a sound creed."

But at last the great and the good man comes to the final test. How did his religious character reveal itself then? With the deepest humility, yet confiding trust, at one time he exclaimed:—"O God, O God, *can* it be that there is good reason to believe that such a one as I shall be numbered among the just? Is thy mercy able to contain even me? From my very heart I give thee most earnest thanksgivings for this and for all thy mercies." "I feel my faculties and powers obscured," he remarked at another, "but my faith is strong." After a time of great exhaustion he said, "Christ is *most merciful—most merciful* to me. I do put my trust in him."

Sympathy being expressed with him for being debarred from his usual occupations, his answer was, "I can say I do *not* feel it painful. There is not a feeling in my whole soul or body either, I believe, that rebels against any visitation of God:" and again, "No quarreling or grumbling upon this." His own trials made him feel most acutely for those of others: being asked one night why he was sighing so heavily, he replied, "For the suffering that is in the world." Thanksgivings, however, were perpetually on his lips. On one occasion he exclaimed with great fervor, "O Lord, with my whole soul I thank thee, that instead of ease, and prosperity, and the best things of this world, thou hast sent this illness." And afterward he earnestly prayed that the insight granted him into heavenly things might never be obscured or fade from his view, but that he might ever pant after them, and give his whole soul, and heart, and strength to the Lord who had had mercy upon him. His benevolent exertions having been alluded to, he said, "It is all the goodness of the Lord. O that I may be but admitted into the lowest place in heaven!"

Joseph John Gurney visited him. "Never," he writes, "was a Christian believer more evidently rooted and grounded in his Saviour—never was the Christian's hope more evidently an *anchor* to the soul, sure and steadfast. On my remarking to him that I perceived he had a firm hold on Christ, he replied, in a clear emphatic manner, 'Yes, indeed, I have!—*unto eternal life.*' After a long-continued state of torpor, he revived surprisingly. Just before we left him, on the 14th of February, his mind was lively and bright, 'as a morning without clouds.' While memory lasts, I can never forget his eager look of tenderness and affection, of love, joy, and peace, all combined, as he grasped my hand and kept firm hold of it for a long time, on my bidding him farewell, and saying to him, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for thee, yes for *thee*, my dearest brother.'"

On the 17th of February, 1845, "he sank into quiet sleep," and while his family watched tranquilly around his bed, he awoke in heaven. "*A prince and a great man had fallen in Israel.*"

NIGHT-SCENE.—The night was closing in apace; even the hum of busy insect-life was dying away. Long streaks of orange and purple showed where the sun was sinking into his glorious repose; while the topmost branches of the forest-trees were still surrounded by a halo of light, against which the dark bed of foliage stood forth in relief as a golden frame—the ripple of the burn, as it murmured among the pebbles, appeared to grow louder with the stillness of the evening; the good-night of each peasant rung on the air like heartfelt blessings; it seemed that the flowers exhaled a richer perfume—that the night-breezes was more soothing than in the day-time. It is said of the blind, that deeper and keener perceptions are bestowed upon them to compensate them for deprivation of sight; so on the night doth it seem that nature sheds sweeter and gentler blessings of repose and stillness, to compensate it for the absence of the glorious light.—*Cochrane's Florence the Beautiful.*

LIFE SCENES IN MEXICO.

THE VELORIO.

THE assembly to which Perico introduced me was a singular one. About twenty men and women of the lowest class were seated in a circle, talking, clamoring, and gesticulating; while, in a corner, stood a table covered with all sorts of provisions, cups, bottles, and glasses; and the room was pervaded by a fetid corpse-like smell, predominating over the scent of cigars, sherry, and *chinquirito*, (brandy, made from the sugar-cane.) From a table apart came a noise of copper-money, mingled with the technical term of *moute*, and the players were wrangling with all the vehemence which strong liquors and heaps of small money could excite; but what struck me the most was exactly that object which the company seemed to have forgotten. Upon a table was extended a child, apparently about seven years old, whose pale face, strewed with faded flowers, glassy eyes, and hollow leaden cheeks, showed that he had fallen asleep in death some days before. This object was dreadful in the midst of men and women, gambling, vociferating, laughing, singing like savages; and the flowers which decked it only added to its repulsiveness, while divesting it of sympathy. Such was the retreat to which the tender care of Perico conducted me; such the populace of Mexico—such their religion has made them.

Our entrance caused a general silence. A man, whom I soon found to be the master of the house and the father of the dead child, rose to welcome us; but his countenance, far from being sorrowful, seemed elated with joy and pride, as he pointed to the numerous guests who met to celebrate his son's death, which, having taken place in childhood, they regarded as an especial favor of Heaven. He welcomed us, saying that, at such a time, strangers became friends; and, thanks to the loquacity of Perico, who assured the people that it was impossible to kill a man more neatly than I had done, I was the observed of all eyes. So, finding that I had a part fixed upon me, I thought it prudent to put my gloves into my pocket, and to affect an assurance I was far from feeling.

"What think you of the lodging I have found for you?" asked Perico, rubbing his hands; "is it not better than any I could offer you? Besides, now you know what they call a *velorio*. It is a resource under grief or idleness; and, thanks to me, you deserve the everlasting gratitude of this worthy man, whose child, having died under seven years of age, is now an angel above." And, on the strength of this gratitude, he took up a large glass of *chinquirito*, which he emptied at a draught. Thus was I made a spectator of that barbarous custom which requires a father to suppress his tears, hide his grief under a smiling face, and play the host to the first vagabond who, by the invitation of a lamp, comes to cram himself with meat and wine over the corpse of his son, and consume that which would condemn a whole family to starve the next day. Among the women I saw one pale face—one mouth which refused to smile—and in this victim of superstition I recognized the mother, whose grief the gossips were endeavoring to assuage—one by commenting on the illness and sufferings of the deceased; another by enumerating the infallible remedies she would have applied, if she had been consulted in time, such as St. Nicholas's plasters, decoction of purslane, gathered on Good Friday, and filtered through a piece of the gown of a Dominican; while the poor credulous mother turned away to wipe off her tears, believing that these remedies would have saved her child. During these consolatory efforts, cigarettes and draughts of sherry succeeded each other; the simple games common in Spanish America were then resorted to; while the children, tired out, lay down to sleep in the corners of the room.

Retired into the deep embrasure of a window which looked into the street, I anxiously watched all Perico's movements, suspecting that the protection so pertinaciously pressed upon me might conceal some snare. Perhaps my countenance betrayed my apprehensions; for the *lépero* approaching, said, by way of consolation—

"You see, sir, that in killing a man, as in everything else, the first step is the difficulty! Besides, perhaps your lamplighter will be like my Englishman, who is now as well as ever. Those heretics have such tough lives! Ah! sir," he added, sighing, "I have always regretted not being a heretic."

"That you might have a tough life?"

"No, sir; to make something of my ab-

juration. Unhappily, my character as a good Christian is too well established."

"But the gentleman you should have killed?" I said, my thoughts naturally reverting to the melancholy young man I had seen kneeling before the Morgue. "Do you think he is still alive?"

Perico shook his head and said, "To-morrow, perhaps, his foolish passion will have cost him his life, and his sweetheart will not survive him. As to me I did not wish to make two victims at once; so I gave up the business."

"Your feelings do you credit, Perico," I replied; and to profit by the favorable impression his answer had made, he said:

"Certainly, one does not risk one's soul so much for a few piastres. But, *à propos* of piastres, sir," he added, holding out his hand, "I feel in luck, and your purse is well filled; if I should break the bank, I promise to give you half my winnings."

I did not think it prudent to refuse this demand, and *monte* would relieve me for a time of his troublesome company; so I slipped a few piastres into the zaragate's hand. At that moment the hour of midnight struck, when one of the guests rose, and cried out in a solemn tone, "It is the hour for souls in purgatory; let us pray!"

The gamblers rose, games were suspended, and all present kneeled down. The prayer was begun in a loud voice, broken by responses at regular intervals, and for the first time they seemed to recollect the occasion of meeting. Imagine these people, with their eyes dimmed by drunkenness, these half-naked women, met around a corpse decorated with flowers, on their knees in a heavy atmosphere of putrid and spirituous exhalations, and some idea may be gained of the horrible and strange scene which I was obliged to witness. After prayers, the games were resumed. In order to repel sleep, as well as to gain a less noxious air, I had half opened the window, and looking forth into the darkness, I endeavored to find out in what direction I was; but I could see but a corner of sky, and it was cloudy. I tried to recollect this canal, with its leaden water, its dark, narrow streets, opening at right angles to it, but in vain; I had entirely lost my bearings. Ought I to stay there any longer, or should I face the dangers of an attempt to escape through the alleys of this unknown suburb? While thus deliberating, the sound of footsteps and a confused murmur attracted my attention, and I hid myself behind one of the inner shutters, so as to see and hear, without being seen. Half-a-dozen men came from a street in front of me: the foremost wore a short cloak, which half hid the scabbard of his sword; the others carried naked blades. By their timid step, a stranger might have taken them for culprits; but my experience knew that justice only moves thus stealthily, and I recognized the night patrol, consisting of a regidor, and alcade, and four assistants.

"I wonder what the prefect is thinking of," said the man in the cloak, doubtless one of those publican magistrates who harbor criminals in the day and hunt them at night, "in sending us to these places where justice has never penetrated? I should like to see him at this work."

"He would have taken care to bring the fire-arms he refused us," replied one who seemed the boldest; "for criminals and malefactors are not generally content with naked weapons like ours, as he may experience, perhaps, whom we are desired to protect to-night."

"When a man knows he has a chance of being murdered at night, he might stay at home," said the alcade.

"There are some who are never afraid," replied one of the men.

"What o'clock is it?" asked the alcade, and he was told it was four o'clock, the speaker at the same time looking up at the window, and adding, "I envy the folks who are passing their night so gaily there."

Thus speaking, the men walked along the quay which edged the canal. Suddenly the foremast man stumbled in the darkness, and a person rose up.

"Who are you?" demanded the alcade, in as authoritative a voice as he could assume.

"What does it matter to you?" replied the man, in a tone not less arrogant. "Cannot one sleep in the streets without being questioned?"

"Folks sleep at home, as much as possible," stammered the alcade, evidently frightened; and the person thus surprised giving a shrill whistle, and pushing past the magistrate, ran down the nearest street; while, to my great astonishment, the patrol, instead of pursuing him, went away in an opposite direction, like people suspecting a snare. At this moment, I felt a hand on my shoulder; I turned round

shuddering, and saw Perico and the landlord standing before me.

"That was very like Navaja's whistle; he is on some business," cried the *lépero*, leaning out of the window; while the landlord, with the trembling legs and drunken eyes of a man who has too completely fulfilled the duties of host, offered me a glass of liquor in his unsteady hand, saying—

"One might suppose, sir, that you despise the society of such poor folks as we are; you neither play nor drink, and yet in certain cases play and brandy are a great comfort. You see, I have eaten and drunk to feast my friends, and I am easy, though I have spent all I had in the world. Well! if you like, I will wager my child's body. This stake," he continued, with a confidential air, "is as good as any other, for I can lend it at a high price to some amateur of *velorio*."

"Play for the corpse of your child!" I cried.

"Why not? It is done frequently. Everybody is not so happy as to have an angel in heaven; and the corpse of this little darling carries luck with it here below."

Ridding myself of the man's importunity as soon as I could, I looked toward the street again, but all was silent there, while vague noises came occasionally from one of the lanes opening on the canal, and I presently heard the sound of stealthy footsteps. Leaning on the window, and listening intently, I was expecting every moment to hear the silence broken by a cry of anguish, when noisy shouts in the room attracted my attention. The orgies were at their height; and the zaragate, whose continued good luck had excited the suspicions of his adversaries, was vainly trying to draw around him the tatters of his olive mantle, which was torn into strips by his furious opponents, while the most abusive names were showered upon him from all sides.

"I am a man of fortune!" cried the fellow, impudently; "it is as true as that your rude hands have torn to tatters one of the handsomest cloaks I possess."

"Insolent thief!" cried one of the players; "your cloak had as many rents as your conscience!"

"You shall answer to me somewhere else for this double insult. Sir," he added, calling to me, "pray be my surety, as I have been yours; half my winnings are yours—they are fairly gained, and all this is false."

I once again cursed my acquaintance with Perico, when a more serious affair turned the attention of the company from me. This was a violent scuffle between two men at the further end of the room. Knives were used, the women screamed, all was confusion, and blood would have followed; when, in the general struggle, the table on which lay the dead child was overturned, and the corpse fell with a heavy sound, the flowers strewing the floor. A circle was immediately formed round the profaned corpse, and above all the tumult was heard the piercing cry of the wretched mother, who threw herself wildly upon the remains of her child.

I had seen too much of this, and rushed to the balcony to ascertain whether flight was possible; but egress by this means was closed to me. A man had just emerged from one of the alleys, followed by others brandishing their swords. The Navaja, whom Perico had recognized as an associate, had doubtless gathered his band together; and, without being able to help the victim, I might be present at one of those nightly murders which are the dreadful glory of certain *léperos*. The person pursued attained the wall of the quay, and planted his back against it, while I distinctly heard him cry out—

"Back, cowardly villains! who fight five against one!"

"Courage, boys!" cried the chief of the band. "A hundred piastres are at stake!"

What ensued need not be described. The unequal struggle lasted but a few seconds, and a shout of savage joy told how it had terminated. But the wretched man thus basely beset still breathed, and even dragged himself to the bridge, waving the stump of his sword; but it was a last effort, and, again surrounded by the wretches, he fell under their blows. By the wan light which was burning before the souls in purgatory, I saw the five men lift a bleeding body, and throw it into the canal, the leaden surface of which was but for a moment agitated. In an instant the assassins had disappeared, and all had passed so rapidly, that I could have fancied it a wretched dream; but I was presently convinced that I was wide awake, for, in a man on horseback, who came out of the court of the house, I recognized

Perico, and in the horse I saw the noble animal I had brought with so much difficulty from the Hacienda de la Noria.

"Holloa! fellow!" I cried; "this is too bad; you are stealing my horse!"

"Sir," replied Perico, with unshaken coolness, "I only remove a witness that might be decisive against your lordship."

Such were the last words of the *lépero*, as he spurred the horse, and galloped furiously off. Taking no leave of any one, I rushed forth in pursuit of the zaragate, but too late; I heard only a plaintive neighing, and the noise of a gallop fade in the distance. At full speed I ran down one of the dark alleys, and I must have wandered for some time in this wretched labyrinth, for it was daylight before I found out where I was. Night had taught wisdom, and I resolved to make a legal declaration of the accident I had caused the evening before. I went to the criminal judge accordingly, but he was not yet come, and I was desired to wait in the hall; there, overcome by fatigue and drowsiness, I fell asleep on a bench. Confused dreams repainted the scenes I had witnessed; I thought I heard heavy noises round me, and then all was suddenly still. I opened my eyes, and thought that I was still under the influence of nightmare. A handbarrow covered with a bloody cloth stood just at my feet, and an idea flashed across me that I had been recognized, and that, by a refinement of savage justice, they intended to confront me with the man whose death I had caused. I drew back to the end of the hall, unable to bear the sight of the bloody cloth. By degrees I became more composed, and, summoning courage, I raised the corner of the covering, and instantly recognized the victim. His pale, handsome face, the forehead marked by a long, narrow scar, was too deeply impressed on my mind to be mistaken. The water-weeds which covered his cheeks reminded me where the crime had been committed; and this was the man whom I had seen die so valiantly, and whom I knew to be so tenderly lamented. I let fall the cloth and departed.

Such are glimpses of these degraded people. The lesson may well be studied. It solves the problem of the impracticability of popular self-government among a people whose religion itself is an education only to vice. When Christianity is thus perverted among the masses, all hope goes out.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE WATERS OF MARAH.

BY E. E. EDWARDS.

"Water! water!" went forth the sorrowing cry;
"We die—we die:
Parch'd is the desert, barren is the plain;
We look in vain
For morning dew, or the sweet summer rain:
No blessed cloud floats o'er the torrid sky,
And 'neath its brazen arch in misery we die!"
Thus murmur'd Israel's host, but soon
A shout arose; beneath the fiery noon
Gleam'd, cool and beautiful, a crystal spring—
Gleam'd like an angel's wing
That limpid wave.
The murmuring host fell down, and homage gave
Unto the Power omnipotent to save,
Then rush'd with eager haste
And burning lips to taste
That brimming cup of joy, amid the desert waste.

Another sorrowing wail went up on high;
The host fell to the earth, "O Master, why
Have we gone forth from Egypt's land to die?
The bitter waters mock our thirst,
The fountain of the desert is accursed,
And still we die!"

The Lord was strong to save.
His prophet cast a palm into the wave,
And lo! the bitter waters at his feet
Were rippling pure and sweet.
Then Israel rose to bless
The Power that saved them in the wilderness.
Ah! angel-guarded band
Well may your songs ascend
Unto that Father friend
Who wander'd with you o'er that desert land—
Who kept you in the hollow of his hand.

Are *we* not wanderers through a wilderness?
Is not that Power over us to bless?
Doth he not lead us with a gentle hand
Toward the confines of a better land?
Have we not felt a burning drouth,
Borne by hot breezes from a joyless south?
Have we not ofttimes paused upon the brink
Of Marah's bitter fount, and stopp'd to drink,
And in our bitter anguish turn'd to die
E'en while the healing palm was bending nigh?

We faint with thirst, and lo! before our sight
Gleam as through trees and bowers of delight
Waves clear and bright.
Ah! bitterly we turn away,
And woe betide the day
When to the barren wilderness we came
To shrink and wither 'neath yon orb of flame—
To look with longing eyes unto the brazen sky.
To murmur and to die.
But lo! a tree of life is growing nigh;
Its fadeless verdure droops above the wave.
That healing palm
Can make each bitter drop a saving balm,
There Mercy waits to save.
The bitter waters rippling at her feet
Grow pure and sweet—
Fall down, immortal; praise and bless
The God that guides thee through the wilderness;
To him thy heartfelt song of triumph give,
And drink and live.

HOW CLAY CAN BE TURNED INTO COIN.

WE once (pleasant delusion!) thought ourselves pretty well up in the cunning ways of science; and fancied, in common with many others, that after the electric-telegraph, there was not much more to be invented or discovered. But we have been made aware of our mistake, and in a manner at once surprising and wonderful. Though we were not born to silver slippers, we might have walked about in a pair every year of our life, if we had but known as much as we know now. There the precious metal lay before our eyes, but we would not open them wide enough to see it.

What was there in clay that we did not know? The use which certain writers made of it in pointing their morals was not unfamiliar to us; and one among them had given us reason to believe, that even an imperial Cæsar, when dead, might turn to clay; while others, of a jovial turn of mind, had made themselves merry on the subject of topers moistening their clay. We were not ignorant, therefore, of the morality of clay. Then we knew that alum was got out of clay; that alumina, which is only another name for clay, was the most abundant of earthy bases, constituting no small mass in the structure of the globe;—moreover, that Sir Humphry Davy had knocked down the notion of alumina being an elementary substance, and had demonstrated it to be a metallic oxyd. All this we knew; but we did not know that clay contained so large an amount of argentiferous metal, as to be one of the most valuable substances in nature instead of one of the cheapest, and apparently the most worthless.

That it is so has been satisfactorily proved within the last year by M. Deville, an ingenious Frenchman, who has carried his experiments into the metallic constitution of clay further than ever before. Wöhler, a well-known German chemist, had taken a step beyond Davy, and actually made a lump of clay give up its silver, or aluminum, as the metal was called; but it was only in tiny globules, somewhat resembling seed-pearls in appearance. The result was in no way equal to the cost and labor of the experiment; still, a fact was demonstrated. M. Deville, however, produces the metal in such quantities as to make even grave philosophers hold up their hands in amazement. At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, he laid before the learned assemblage long strips of sheet aluminum, ingots of the same metal, and medals of some inches diameter, which had been struck at the Imperial Mint—all of which had been got out of clay by his newly-discovered process.

Such a result must be reckoned among the great facts of science. Let us see how it is accomplished. In Wöhler's process, chloride of potassium was used. The process of M. Deville is somewhat similar, but involves the use of chloride of sodium. The substances having been heated in a porcelain crucible at a high temperature, the aluminum is set free, and to quote the operator's own words, "there remains a saline mass, with an acid reaction, in the midst of which larger or smaller globules of aluminum are found perfectly pure."

Proceeding in his description, which we permit ourselves to relieve of some of its technicalities, M. Deville says: This metal is as white as silver, and malleable and ductile to the highest degree. We find, however, on working it, that it offers a greater resistance, from which we may suppose its tenacity to approach that of iron. Cold hammering hardens it, but its former condition may be restored by remelting. Its melting point differs but slightly from that of silver; it conducts heat well; and may be exposed to the air without any sensible oxydation.

We learn further, that aluminum is perfectly unalterable by dry or damp air; it may be handled and carried in the pocket without becoming tarnished, and it remains brilliant where fresh-cut tin or zinc loses its luster. Neither cold nor boiling water impairs its brightness; even sulphuretted hydrogen, that terrible blackener of plate, finds it altogether insensible; nor does nitric acid, weak or concentrated, act upon it. The only solvent yet known for this apparently indestructible metal is chlorhydric acid, which, by disengaging hydrogen, forms a sesquichloride of aluminum.

Here we let M. Deville speak for himself. "Any one," he says, "will comprehend how a metal, white and unalterable as silver, which does not tarnish, which is fusible, malleable, ductile, and tenacious, and which has the singular property of

being lighter than glass—how highly serviceable such a metal would become were it possible to obtain it easily. If we consider, moreover, that this metal exists naturally in considerable proportions, that its ore is clay, we can but wish for its being brought into use. I have reason to hope that this will be accomplished, for chloride of aluminum is decomposed with remarkable facility at an elevated temperature by common metals; and a reaction of this nature, which I am now trying to realize on a greater scale than a simple laboratory experiment, will resolve the question in a practical point of view."

At M. Deville's last appearance before the Academy, in August, in addition to his specimens of aluminum, he showed one of silicium, which, in its texture and luster, had all the appearance of a metal. Here, then, we have another metal added to the list; and who shall now say where discovery will stop? The silicium, be it understood, is extracted from the aluminum, and exists in it as carbon does in cast-iron. It is supposed to be to ordinary silicium what graphite is to coal.

Now, what are we to think of all this? There being no reason to doubt the facts as we have related them, our first impression is, that we are about to witness a revolution which will affect our commerce, our industry, our science, and our domestic economy. It is already known that some clays contain twenty-five per cent. of aluminum. Who, then, shall set a limit to its production? What a change! The chemist will henceforth have a metal out of which to make his pans, crucibles, and capsules; all indestructible, and all cheap. The platinum pans used in certain manufactures cost five thousand dollars or more. Platinum is exceedingly heavy, aluminum exceedingly light. The latter is, therefore, eminently useful as weights for chemists, who for minute quantities require a weight which shall neither be too small nor liable to rust. How accurate analyses will be when made in unalterable vessels, and tests may be pushed to the very refinement of delicacy! Then in the art culinary. No more tin or copper saucepans; no more brass skillets: all our cooking-utensils will be made of aluminum, from which will ensue a manifest improvement in public health, to say nothing of gratification to our palate. Decidedly, a new era seems to be opening for cooks and confectioners. And where will the "silver-fork" be, when the whole nation is using silver-forks? Will any one ever wish he had been born with silver slippers?

We might fill whole pages with notions as to the changes to be brought about in the industrial and decorative arts. To have architectural ornaments, household articles, tools, and fifty other things, that "won't rust," will be an incalculable benefit; and who knows whether we may not see glittering roofs on our public buildings and temples without having to journey to the East? Then is silver to be superseded as a medium of exchange?—and shall we have a coinage of aluminum? The occupation of counterfeiters will be gone. Then, again, is there no danger of feverish excitement? Shall we not have a whole army of experimentalists setting to work on all sorts of earths? Will clay farms rise in the market? What are we to do for bricks? Will very fat churchyards fetch the highest prices?—and shall we come to bequeath the mortal part of us to our poor relations for the sake of the aluminum it may contain?

Seriously—we believe that most important results will follow M. Deville's discovery; perhaps far beyond what can be predicted at present. It was just as much a problem, perhaps more so, when many of us were boys, to extract soda from seawater; and now it is produced in thousands of tons. So, who shall say what is impossible in turning clay into metal? We all knew that silver "was not anything accounted of in the days of Solomon;" and whether such an argentiferous abundance is again to be realized, remains to be seen.

A Spider's Web.—On stepping out of the house my attention was attracted by a spider's web covering the whole of a large lemon-tree. The web was thrown over it in the most artistic manner, and with the finest effect. Broad cords were stretched out, like the cords of a tent, from its circumference to the neighboring bushes; and it looked as if some genius of the lamp, at the command of its master, had exhausted taste and skill to cover with this delicate drapery the rich-looking fruit beneath. I think the web would have measured full ten yards in diameter.—*Herndon's Valley of the Amazon.*

[For the National Magazine.]

THEODICY.*

VARIOUS SYSTEMS—A CRITIQUE ON BLEDSOE'S.

FROM its rich versatility, the Greek language has supplied the literary world with a vast variety of technical terms, in every branch of science and literature. Nor are the etymological resources of that most liquid and elegant tongue by any means exhausted. It can furnish coming ages, as it has those which are past, with any amount of etymological compounds. The term *theodicy* is a good example of its aptness in this respect. It is derived from Θεός and δίκη, the justice of God, or divine justice. Thus the term *theodicy* was coined to express the justice of God with respect to the existence of natural and moral evil.

The prevalence of both of these forms of evil in the world has ever been too palpable to admit of question. But how to account for their origin has also ever been an enigma to the human understanding; and it ever must be till the dense cloud of mystery which invests the subject—a cloud too dense and palpable to be pervious to the feeble and flickering rays of unassisted human reason—shall be dispelled by the beams of divine revelation: till vain man, who would be wise, shall become willing, with childlike docility, to sit down to the teachings of the inspired oracles. Light from every other source is delusive; leading only to bewilder, and dazzling only to blind.

To Plato belongs the honor of having been the first who made the attempt to construct a formal system of theodicy. And when it is remembered that philosophy or cultivated reason was his only guide, the result which he was able to reach may be readily conceived. Imperfect and unsatisfactory as it may have been, still the motive which prompted him to make the effort commands not only our approbation, but our highest admiration.

The next formal attempt to construct a theodicy was made by the German philosopher Leibnitz, in the early part of the *eighteenth* century. The conception of a system of *optimism*, as he chose to call it, was the result. It was based upon the following trilemma. If this world is not the best possible, God must either—1. Not have known how to make a better; 2. Was not able; or, 3. Did not choose to. The first position contradicts his omniscience, the second his omnipotence, and the third his benevolence. Hence the conclusion that the world as it is, is the best that it possibly could be.

The next and last effort within our knowledge to furnish a theodicy to the world, resulted in the production of the treatise by Mr. Bledsoe; at some of the prominent features of which we propose to glance. The author, by the use of that convenient disjunctive "or" in his title-page, connecting as it often does an equivocal title, adopted by some writers to please their own fancy, or to strike that of their readers, has shown us in what sense he employs the term theodicy in his work. He does not use it in its strictly proper acceptation. This is specific and definite; a vindication of the divine justice. He uses it in a *generic* sense, it would seem; "a vindication of the divine glory." This result follows, however, in all such cases—the more generic the term, the less definite the idea conveyed. Hence what the writer really means by the "divine glory," must be sought throughout the volume. As accurately as we can determine his meaning, it is the divine *character* which he undertakes to vindicate from those disparaging imputations which he conceives certain systems of mental philosophy and theology, viewed apart or in combination, have cast upon it.

The subject, it cannot be denied, is one of the most profound, grand, difficult, and important, that can be selected. It embraces not only the character of God as exhibited in the creation of the universe, but as disclosed in redemption, grace, and providence. The sources from which our author's deductions are drawn, are mental philosophy or psychology, and revelation. Hence it is easy to see what a wide field must be explored, in order to embrace the entire question in all its bearings, connections, and results, with anything like ample detail.

And here let it be observed, that the choice for one proposing to present the subject in a formal treatise, lies in fact between taking an original view of the

* A Theodicy; or, Vindication of the Divine Glory, as manifested in the Constitution and Government of the Moral World. By Albert Taylor Bledsoe, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the University of Mississippi. New-York: Carlton & Phillips.

subject in a simple, uncontroversial treatise, regardless of the opinions of others, be they right or wrong, on the one hand; and, on the other, attempting to give an *exposé* of their doctrines, exploding their theories, and demolishing their several erroneous superstructures, before attempting to lay his own foundation. Our author seems to have chosen the latter course. Hence his negative showing occupies vastly more space than his positive. We confess we should greatly prefer a treatise on *theodicy* drawn up in an original form; whereas one on the other plan is like a pilot or guide, who, not content with conducting you directly to your destination, deems it important to point out to you all the lanes and by-paths along the way.

The first thing aimed at by the writer is to explode those false and groundless systems—which indeed have had their day—systems based upon a bad philosophy and a worse divinity—as if the truth and success of his own system could stand only by the complete subversion of all others. But as a preliminary to their demolition, you are presented with a brief classification of the chief theories against which his own stands opposed. They are summed up thus: "The first we shall call," says he, "'materialistic fatalism;' the second 'stoical fatalism;' and the third we shall designate by the term 'necessity.'" "Differ as widely as these several hypotheses may chance to do in other respects, they all have one feature in common—they all concur in depriving the will of that essential freedom with which it must be invested, in order to hold men accountable for their actions." From this starting point our author sets out, giving us a long and able analysis of the once current showings in support of the obsolete doctrine of necessity. In this work, which one cannot help regarding, at this age of the world, as supererogatory, broad is his range and conclusive his proof, which goes to convict certain philosophers and divines—not of the Arminian school, of course—of holding the repugnant doctrine of necessity—a doctrine which, in whatever form or modification presented, comes in the end to the same thing. Such writers uniformly issue in these three absurdities: they make God the author of sin; they make man a mere machine; and thus upturn the foundations of responsibility. Strenuously as they struggle to escape these results, yet to them are they logically held, as the necessary conclusion from their premises. This Bledsoe clearly shows.

The above conclusion, with respect to these writers, is reached on the assumption that a false psychology was adopted. And it is clearly shown that a false psychology cannot consist with a true and sound theology. The doctrine of the senior Edwards, that the will is determined by the strongest motive, to which a succession of theologians of a certain school, reaching from the days of Augustine to the present time, accord their general concurrence, receives its merited reprobation. And the doctrine that God could have prevented the sin of Adam had he seen fit to do so—and by consequence the sin of each of his countless descendants—is shown to be predicated upon a mistaken view of facts; consequently upon grounds which are untenable. It is demonstrated that the production of holiness in a moral agent is not the work of divine *power;* that the idea of holiness, necessitated, is alike absurd and preposterous: it has, and can have, no existence; because it is no disparagement of Omnipotence to affirm that two and two cannot by possibility be made to constitute *five;* because contradictions are impossible. Hence, if holiness consist in the harmony of the human will with the divine, and if the human will is *free*, it must follow that God can no more make the sinner holy *against* his will, than he can give the properties of a circle to a square: the properties of each being essentially different, Omnipotence cannot make them identical—the same as to be and not to be at the same time.

Nor is it the least impeachment of the divine character that man was created with a foresight, on the part of the Creator, of his transgression and its consequences. The *possibility* of sin was inseparable from the character which man originally bore, and the endowments which he possessed as a moral agent; because impeccability cannot be predicated of moral agents, as such. Hence the true and proper question really is—not why did not God *prevent* the sin of man originally—but why did he make a creature at all capable of its commission? This is the true and only question. It is the same as to inquire into the propriety of the Creator's

giving existence to any order of beings superior to brutes, stocks, and stones. If he made man, as such, at all, he must be made *liable* to sin; and we may with equal truth affirm, he must be made able to *refrain* from its commission. The liability to fall into sin on the one part, and the possibility of avoiding it on the other, were thus clearly counterbalanced: consequently, while God saw what would be in one event, he also saw what might be in the other; so that his knowledge—for with him all is present knowledge—left the scale in perfect equilibrium, subject to man's will. And he must create man a moral agent, or *moral* law could have no application, no enforcement, no fulfillment on earth! In this view creation must have been forever without its noblest example. There would have been no moral being among the creatures of God on earth, no moral law, no intelligent, conscious, willing, cheerful obedience! Take man out of the terrestrial creation, and who would fill the blank! An angel could not; hence it must have been eternal! On this supposition "sin," it is true, "would never have lifted up its head." So indeed, neither would holiness ever have sent up its fragrant incense from its sacred altars. In a word, earth would ever have remained —morally contemplated—what it probably was during those uncounted ages which intervened between the "beginning" and the time when God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." But if all this cannot be pleaded for, then the divine character may be triumphantly vindicated as it respects the introduction of moral evil into the world; and by consequence, natural evil.

The intellectual philosophy assumed by our author seems to harmonize with that held by the Kantian school. Instead of resolving all our intellectual powers into three faculties—the affections, the understanding, and volition—they are made to consist of *thought*, *feeling*, and *will*. Hence when he speaks of the *intelligence*, a term which often occurs, you are to understand him as alluding to the reason, the understanding, in short, everything in man but what he calls feeling and acting. Large drafts are thus made upon the previous knowledge of his reader, without which some of the author's assumptions will seem to be invested with no inconsiderable mystification. And had he drawn less in some cases upon his own imagination, and more upon his understanding; been more simple and less descriptive; given more distinctiveness to his own system, and less prominence to the errors which he combats; we cannot but think a lighter task would have been imposed upon his reader, who would have risen from the perusal of the treatise better enlightened on the deep, dark, and difficult topics discussed.

On one or two important points of man's moral agency, we have sought in vain for light in this work. If man were created a *moral agent*, it is a matter of some moment to know what change, if any, was effected in his character, as such, by the *fall*. Is he now, in his lapsed state, a moral agent in the same sense he was before that event transpired? Should not a theodicy inform us? And if "a moral agent is one who has power to perform acts right and wrong," is fallen man, without foreign aid, capable of both classes of such actions? In a theologico-philosophical treatise, professedly such, had we not reason to look for a full elucidation of these subjects? and the more because the grand object of the treatise confessedly was, "to assert eternal providence, and justify the ways of God with men." It appears to us that a vindication of the divine holiness required its professed exponent to scatter some light in this dark corner. But if the author of Theodicy has done it, it has escaped our attention. Hence to our mind the grand desideratum—at least *one* to some minds—has not been supplied in this work. This, if we are not mistaken, will be quite obvious from close attention to the following considerations:—

In order to bring the subject of man's moral agency clearly to view, it should be shown what is the true sphere of the will in connection with the other mental faculties in moral acts. The limitations of its province should be clearly defined. It should be shown by what that province is circumscribed. Because, for example, if man's present moral condition is that of *weakness* no less than that of *wickedness*, how important must be the will, unassisted and alone, to resist the current of vicious propensity in the latter view, as well as the paralytic moral insensibility in the former! And let the will be viewed as an independent monarch, invested with full power

within his own kingdom, then this intellectual sovereign presents an aspect very different, contemplated as swaying an unresisted scepter over a kingdom of loyal subjects, compared with his fruitless attempt to wield it over his empire in a state of rebellion, anarchy, and revolution. In the former case his rightful dominion and his regal power were coextensive. In the latter his rights remain the same; but his authority, meeting with obstinate and determined resistance, is greatly circumscribed. So it is with the will of man in his lapsed state. The seeds of sedition have been scattered, broadcast, among the affections. They are in a state of declared rebellion against the will. They have abjured their allegiance to it, as their rightful sovereign. The whole moral empire of mind and heart is in a state of misrule and revolt. And this state of things continues with every unregenerated man till that "theandric" process, as our author calls it, viz., regeneration, takes place; a process which results under grace from the combined action of two agencies, implied by the term "theandric;" that is, the will of God and man. But the distinct province of each in this work, we confess we have not the discrimination to discover in the showing of our author. We say not, it is not there; for what is obscure and hidden to us may be luminous to others.

It may perhaps not come properly within the legitimate range of a work on theodicy, and still it is difficult to repress the inquiry—whether moral agency must be predicated, in the same sense, of man in a state of retribution as in that of probation? In other words, are the saved and the lost moral agents in the same sense, compared with each other, and when compared with what they respectively were while on earth? The matter may be reduced to the following trilemma. They are not moral agents at all; they are moral agents in the same sense as when on earth; or in passing into their respective retributive states their moral agency has undergone some degree of modification. If the last conclusion be adopted, and we have no question of its truth, the query still returns, what modification has it undergone? If only a speculative query, still the true answer is important. And why should not a treatise professedly vindicating the holiness of God in all his ways with man, cast at least some few glances in this direction? and the more as an enlightened view of the grounds of man's primeval moral agency, compared with its grounds in his lapsed state, would of necessity have involved the grounds of his moral agency in the two and only moral states where all will have their eternal abode in the after-life. This would not be all. As the grand principle is the same as to what constitutes *all* moral agents, the moral agency of *angels*, fallen and unfallen, must also be involved. For one we confess we should be delighted to see the great principles of moral agency traced out to these remote results by some competent hand. Such a work we must believe is still a desideratum.

What has not been done, and what has been done in theodicy, are quite different questions. To the latter let us again turn our attention. We can only glance, however, at some additional points. They are the atonement, election, and eternal punishment.

The atonement is not a *quid pro quo* affair. Christ, as the Redeemer of the world, did not suffer in order to satisfy the *retributive* justice of God, but his *administrative*. The sins of men were not imputed to him as if they were his own. Had he suffered in this light his sufferings must have been precisely such, in nature and duration, as those which impend over the sinner. But in either sense this was not true. Conscious of ill desert, the keen reproaches of his own conscience—his conviction that he receives only according to his demerit—are the bitterest ingredients in the sinner's cup of trembling. None of these can be affirmed of Christ. The sufferings of the sinner will be endless in their duration; those of Christ were limited. Besides, as a proof demonstrable that Christ did not make satisfaction to retributive justice, the fact stands out in bold relief in the Scriptures that through neglect of his salvation as procured by the atonement, the sinner is still liable to fall into eternal punishment for his sins, from whose guilt he dies unpurged; which is not conceivable on the supposition that they were in any proper sense imputed to Christ. But on the ground that, in the atonement, Christ met the claims of *administrative* justice, his sufferings, viewed in the light of a special governmental consideration, constitute a

grand regal expedient, an ample warrant, a full and eternal justification, to the great Sovereign of the universe in granting a full and eternal pardon to all those of the human race who return to their allegiance, and persevere in acts of loyalty to the end of their probation. This view of the atonement seems both correct and Scriptural, and free from all those objections which cleave to it under some questionable modes of presentation. And certainly no doctrine is more vital to Christianity—none which it more behooves all well to understand; none, indeed, against which skepticism has rallied with greater vehemence or more determined opposition; none in which divine wisdom, goodness, and holiness are so conspicuously and triumphantly exhibited.

The doctrine of unconditional election, on either the *supra* or *sublapsarian* hypothesis, stands or falls with limited atonement and absolute predestination. Later expositors give those passages which were formerly held by its advocates as teaching this doctrine an entirely different application. Take Romans ix, for example. Instead of its teaching the doctrine of personal election at all, it is conceded by some of the best late Calvinistic commentators that the reception of converted Gentiles into the Church along with believing Jews is what the apostle meant to set forth. But there is no impeachment of the divine glory in the supposition that personal election to salvation on the ground of *character* is also included. The most strenuous advocate of free agency cannot object to the position that God, in foresight of some men's Christian character, chose them to salvation from eternity; because it secures to every man a fair chance, and to every man an equal chance for heaven, which cannot be truly predicated of unconditional election.

The last point to be noticed, as above proposed, is eternal punishment. As usual the author of Theodicy first explodes those erroneous grounds on which this doctrine has been grounded, by some of its advocates, and then sustains it by arguments deemed to be irrefutable. To our apprehension he justly discards the proof built upon the infinite demerit of sin, based upon the plea that God, whose law is violated in its commission, is an infinite being; and also that since man is a finite creature, and consequently not able to endure the infliction of an infinite degree of punishment, he has been doomed to suffer it in infinite duration. To our apprehension the demerit of sin should always be graduated rather by the *capacity* of the offender than by the *attributes* of the legislator. It is to our mind quite inconceivable how any creature can perform an act whose demerit outmeasures his own capacity. Such a position is unsustained alike by psychology, theology, and sound logic. What parent would think of graduating his child's offense, not by its infantile or youthful capacity, but by the developed powers of his own cultivated mind?

And the argument drawn from *scientia media Dei*, or that the sinner may be imagined to have committed an infinite number of sins, and is hence punished for all those which Omniscience saw he would commit had he the opportunity, appears too preposterous to deserve more than to be named. This alone is an ample refutation. Every sentiment of justice in man's nature, and in his moral conceptions, revolts at such a procedure attributed to Infinite Holiness.

The continuance forever to sin, with respect to the lost, is the great argument on which Mr. Bledsoe grounds their eternal punishment. This, therefore, deserves the closest attention. Let us see on what this endless continuance to sin is predicated. Our author's own words are:—

"We do not suppose that the soul of the guilty will continue to sin forever, because it will be consigned to the regions of the lost; but we suppose it will be consigned to the regions of the lost, because, by its own repeated acts of transgression, it has made sure of its eternal continuance in sinning. God dooms no man to sin—neither by his power nor by his providence. But it is a fact, against which there will be no dispute, that if a man sin once, he will be still more apt to commit the same sin again, under the same or similar circumstances. The same thing will be true of each and every succeeding repetition of the offense, until the habit of sinning may be so completely wrought in the soul, and so firmly fixed there, that nothing can check it in its career of guilt."—P. 305.

This quotation is given at length, so that the author's position, and his reason for it, may be seen together. That the force of vicious moral habit, when sufficiently persistive, may become invincible, there is no reason to question. But to grant this is not to concede the main position in the argument. Before it can be

admitted that habits of sin, formed here, will not only bind the lost soul, as by a chain of adamant, hereafter, by its own mere force separately considered, several things must be cleared up. As our author speaks of the "eternal continuance in sinning," and "repeated acts of transgression," and not of an incorrigibly depraved disposition, it should be shown that *opportunity* will be supplied in the future state for the violation of some one or all of the commands in both tables of the Decalogue, in the breach of which it is undeniable that all sin may be affirmed to consist. Let us make the inquiry, How, for example, can the doomed soul have other gods in preference to the one Supreme? How can the most confirmed idolater, by the force of habit, make to himself images or the likenesses of creatures, and fall down before them? how profane the Sabbath when the light of day never dawns! It only remains then that the first count in the first table, which prohibits taking the name of the Infinite in vain, can be violated by the lost in eternity. As to the second table, how can any of its commands be *practically* violated in the future state, how depraved and malignant soever the disposition, except the *ninth*, which forbids bearing false witness against our neighbor? Hence we are compelled to hold the continuance to sin of the doomed a questionable position. And we are astonished, moreover, that in a treatise professedly embracing facts and principles necessarily involved in the actual provision for man's salvation as a depraved creature, the agency of the Holy Spirit should be so entirely overlooked in connection with the future unsavable condition of the lost, compared with their present salvable state secured thereby. To our apprehension the simple fact that the lost are forever abandoned by the Holy Spirit the moment they pass the line which separates probation from retribution, without which all other agencies, influences, and efforts whatsoever, while in this world, are utterly nugatory, is of itself enough to settle the question forever as to the eternal perdition of the lost.

A grand argument is also drawn from the boundless duration of God's moral government in the universe to prove eternal punishment—an argument which is wielded with almost matchless force. Thus—"If temporal punishments are justified on the ground that they are necessary to meet the exigencies and uphold the interests of temporal governments, surely eternal punishments may be justified on the same ground in relation to an eternal government." "The spectacle of punishment for a single day, it will be admitted, would be justified on the ground that it was necessary to support for a single day a government; especially if that government were vast in extent and involved stupendous interests. But if sufferings for a single day may be justified on such a ground, then the exigencies of such a government for two days would justify a punishment for two days, and so on *ad infinitum*."

This consideration certainly has great force. It has more; it is unanswerable. It connects itself with another of kindred character. This pertains to the analogical nature of future punishment.

As a substitute for capital punishment its most sanguine opposers make no objection, when the known malignity of the criminal clearly demands it, to his imprisonment for life. This, they urge, saves community from his future depredations, and him from that waste of life resulting from capital punishment, assuming him to be incorrigible. The consideration may be granted as at least plausible; admit the position for the sake of the argument, and by strict analogy it follows that there is no capital punishment, according to the orthodox view, under God's moral government, in the universe. It is not involved in the doom of the lost. Theirs is only an imprisonment for life—that life being measureless. For all that we can perceive to the contrary, the moral procedure may be justified by the same considerations—or at least by those which are quite as potent as are any which are pleaded in justification of life imprisonment as a consistent measure of civil policy. If we justify the latter in human government, how can we condemn the former in the eternal moral government of the universe?

There is a thought quoted from Mr. John Foster, and echoed by the author of Theodicy, which we take pleasure in indorsing, and, if possible, of prolonging the echo still on to others. Mr. Foster opposed the doctrine of eternal punishment toward the close of his life. He is quoted as saying:—

"As to religious teachers, if this tremendous doctrine be true, surely it ought to be almost continually proclaimed as with the blast of a

trumpet, in every possible form of terrible illustration; no remission of the alarm to thoughtless spirits."—P. 311.

There is much suggested in this extract. The suggestion is of practical importance, if important at all. And is there not reason to fear that some Christian ministers have gradually slid into the practice of being too sparing as to this part of their great mission? Does not the public conscience need to be roused on this subject? If the pulpit becomes silent, or its utterances want due emphasis and due reiteration, will not such silence and such mildness be construed by the oppugners of eternal punishment into a sort of concession that it is not demonstrable? Let the clergy of the times answer the question.

POLL PARROT—ANECDOTES OF HIM.

THE parrot in his own country—and that country may be situated almost anywhere upon land lying within the torrid zone—is a member of a very declamatory republic. Naturalists class him in the order of the scansores, from his adaptability for and cleverness in climbing; but the parrot, in all his tribes, differs in many respects from the other families of this order. Pol, in the first place, is a practical Brahmin in diet, never destroying either reptile or insect life, but feeding cleanly and innocently from vegetables alone. Then, in the second place, though constantly engaged in getting up a "row," he is no fighter; all his excitement, and his anger, too, if he have any, exhales itself in bawling and talking. If he have any combative propensities, he subdues them like a philosopher; or, when that is impossible, gives vent to them in a species of natural stump oratory which is as harmless as it is violent. Parrots hold their conclaves all day long during the fine weather; and, if the testimony of travelers is correct, a most prodigious concert do they make when all are debating together. In the rainy season they retire into their clefts, crannies, and hiding-places in hollow trees—not being skilled in the art of building nests, in which, therefore, they have no property. What the parrot wants in a warlike spirit—if that be a want—he makes up in amiability, sociableness, and natural affection: for these tender qualities some tribes are more remarkable than others, but all are more or less characterized by them. We have known a cockatoo to be spiteful on occasions, and macaws have their whims and prejudices; but the green parrot, if not cruelly treated, is invariably gentle and docile; and all the world knows how affectionate are the little love parrots, who can exist only in pairs, who pass their lives nestling in each other's bosom, and die simultaneously by the same bolt of fate.

The reader who desires a glance at the very various family of psittacidæ, or parrots, cannot do better than visit the apartment allotted for their accommodation in the Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park, London, where we can promise him a voluble and unanimous welcome.

Though so unlike in other respects, there is much of the disposition of the dove in the parrot; and it is worthy of note that it feeds its young in the same way, being provided, like the dove, with a double crop, from which it disgorges the food for its progeny after it is mixed with a secretion adapted for their nourishment. We have noticed its habit of taking food in its claw, and conveying it, as it were, from hand to mouth: this odd-looking process in a bird is performed by no other member of the feathered tribe, except alone the goat-sucker; and when taken in connection with the grave and sententious mood of Pol when engaged in the serious discussion of a lump of sugar, imparts an air of absurd similarity to the human in its behavior, which has a pretty generally admitted claim upon our sympathies.

But, after all, it is Pol's philological capabilities which are his chief passport to favor. His round fleshy tongue and complicated laryngeal apparatus endow him with imitative faculties, which, if all stories that are current concerning him be true, are wonderful indeed. It should be remembered by those who would direct his education, that Pol's instinct is imitation, and, therefore, if you would have him talk you must talk to him; otherwise, he will imitate sounds which are not articulate, and, though really a genius in his way, will pass for a dunce for lack of the power of speech. We have known one who passed his life in a carpenter's shop, imitate the planing of a deal board with such precision that the imitated was undistinguishable from the real sound. The

mewing of a cat, or the bark or whine of a dog, the sharpening of a saw, and fifty other disagreeable sounds, may be acquired, if care is not taken, by isolating him from bad examples while yet young, to habituate him to articulate sounds and to the expression of unobjectionable phrases. We have heard of parrots educated to serve a commercial purpose by puffing the wares of their proprietors; and we really see no reason why they should not answer that end, at least as well as some of the loquacious "touters" who, standing at their open show-boards from morn till night, utter the same phrases from one week's end to the other. A gray parrot, with whom we had the pleasure of an acquaintance some years ago, learned to repeat several couplets of a sentimental poem, and having been taught to pronounce them in a sentimental drawl, and a kind of maudlin tone, could of course repeat them in no other way. When, after a long course of private instruction, he was brought out for exhibition, roars of laughter followed his recitations: the effect, in fact, was irresistible. But flattery spoiled him. Hearing nothing but laughter in response to his oracular utterances, he shortly began to laugh himself, and indulged so much in the exercise that his poetical memories soon vanished altogether. Another gray specimen, whom we recollect very well, could sing the first line of "O, Nannie, wilt thou gang with me?" not only pronouncing the words, but screaming the tune with a discordantly comical kind of correctness. He was in the habit of exhibiting at a drawing-room window in a fashionable watering-place, and generally concluded his short solo with the words, rather angrily pronounced, "Go on, good people—go on, good people," addressed to the crowd who stopped to hear.

Said a gentleman to a dealer, who was asking a high price for a parrot, "This is a handsome bird, but he talks very little."

"I think the more," answered Pol, immediately, and was bought without further chaffering.

We once witnessed the performance of a parrot in Paris, who had been taught to go through a modified manual exercise with a firelock, and who concluded his performance by firing a pistol fairly charged, and shouting amid the smoke, "Vive l'empereur!" His proprietor boldly challenged all Europe to produce his fellow, and vaunted him as the only one of his race who relished the smell of powder.

Some years ago an unfortunate green parrot arrived at the house of a rather penurious landlady where we were quartered. It was a present from a relation in Calcutta, who had sent it over without a cage. Pol's new proprietor being too stingy to buy one, the poor fellow was left to wander about the house and shift as he might. He soon became a spectacle as curious as melancholy. For lack of a perch his handsome tail was ground off by the action of the floor and the gravel as he foraged about house and garden in search of food. He next became as black as a cinder, from routing in dusty holes and corners, and grew to resemble rather a huge toad than a bird of the air. At length a child employed in the house took compassion on it; she made it a shelter from an old box, in which she stuck a perch for its accommodation, and began a course of instruction. Pol manifested extraordinary docility, and soon learned to bawl out lustily, "There's a knock at the door"—a phrase which it picked up from the constant appeals made to the child, its patron, whose business it was to open the street door to all comers. Pol's talking talent won for him a consideration that humanity alone would not have dictated; a cage was bought, and the bird was put in possession. The delight of the child found expression in childlike terms, which Polly soon caught up; and for years afterward he was heard to repeat at intervals, "Polly got a cage! Polly got a cage!—lost his tail—poor tail!"—a complaint which he continued to reiterate long after the tail was renewed.

As a talker, the parrot has numerous rivals among birds. The magpie, the jay, even the jackdaw, may be taught to utter intelligible sentences; but all these, and even the parrot himself, must succumb to the starling, whose imitative powers are equal to those of any other bird, (save, perhaps, the mocking-bird,) and who, to the faculty of speech, adds the charm of a wild but melodious song. Anecdotes of the starling are not uncommon; everybody knows the story of Sterne's imprisoned bird, who complained unceasingly, "I can't get out—I can't get out;" and perhaps most of our readers could match that story with another as good. But we once

fell in with a starling whose genius soared far above that of the bird of Sterne; and we may as well close this paper with a report of that memorable interview.

On a day (now many years ago) when we happened to require the services of a tonsor, we stepped into a barber's shop, in a rather retired street of the town where we then dwelt. It was verging toward sunset, and the shop-window being darkened with wigs, busts, bottled hair-brushes, fronts, perfumes, &c., the contents of the apartment were not clearly visible in the comparative gloom. On our opening the door a voice called out:—

"Gentleman wants to be shaved—gentleman wants to be shaved!"

"No," said I, "I want my hair cut."

"Gentleman wants to be shaved!" rang the voice again.

The barber came forward from an inner room, saying, "You're wrong this time, Jacob;" and, drawing up a small blind to let in more light, revealed a starling in a cage, who, I then saw, had been the sole shopkeeper when I entered.

While I sat under the scissors the operator commenced a conversation with the bird.

"Come, Jacob, give us a song now—come, Jacob!"

"Come and kiss me, then," said the bird, in accents almost as plain as those of a child of six or seven years—"Come and kiss me—come and kiss me—come and kiss me!"

The barber put his lips to the wires of the cage, and the bird thrust his bill between them, and a succession of loud kisses ensued, in which it was not possible to distinguish those of the human from the feathered biped, until the barber had resumed his task, when the bird continued kissing the air for some minutes.

"Come, that's kissing enough, Jacob; now give us a song. Come, 'Home, sweet home!'"

With that the barber began whistling the air; the starling took it up, and continued it alone to the concluding bar of the second strain, whistling it with perfect accuracy up to that point, and then breaking into its own wild natural song.

"Ah! Jacob, Jacob! why don't you finish your music? That's the way it is, sir—you can't get 'em to sing a whole tune; they always go off into their own wild notes before they get to the end."

Jacob now began again to insist that I wanted shaving, and would only be convinced to the contrary by more kissing. When he was quieted, I asked his owner how he had succeeded in teaching him so effectually.

"I had him young, sir," he said, "and he had nothing to unlearn when I got him. Ever since he has been my only companion, except when customers come in, from morning to night. I sit by him nearly all day, perhaps weaving a wig, or doing some other quiet job, and I talk to him, and he talks to me. Of course I don't teach him one thing before he has learned another; and if I was to try to teach him too much, perhaps he would n't learn anything. He can talk a great deal more than you have yet heard, and he'll speak again presently."

Of this I had some doubts, as the bird was then busy feeding; but no sooner was the cloth removed from my neck, and I rose from my seat, than up started Jacob to his perch, and began shouting with the whole force of his little lungs:—

"Gentleman, pay your money—gentleman, pay your money—gentleman, pay your money!" and he continued to vociferate this delicate reminder long after the money was paid—as long indeed as I continued within hearing.

SCENERY OF THE COAST OF THE BLACK SEA.—I forbear giving way to descriptions that could say nothing of the glorious natural spectacles which the coast, beheld from out at sea, afforded in luxurious abundance. The foaming breakers, the rocky banks, the impenetrable woods, losing themselves in endless distance; the ranges of hills, with their many tints and leafy crowns; and behind them all, the great mountain-chain, with its incessantly shifting play of colors. Here, unless a perfectly serene day—such as April seldom offers—secures a clear and steady view, all is continual change. A dense mist concealing all things, is often drawn before the peering eye; and vainly does the baffled sense then seek for a relieving point of vision, until a sun-glance rends the ashen vail, and a shining beam, like a golden magic-wand, charms into sight a world of beauty; and wood, hill, and glacier are gleaming in new splendor around. —*Bodenstedt's Thousand and One Days in the Morning Land.*

COMETS.

IN the ages of ignorance and superstition, very wild and extraordinary opinions have been entertained regarding the nature of comets, and the purposes for which they appear in the heavens. The ancient Chaldeans, and Pythagoras, with some of his followers, believed them to be of the nature of the planets. Aristotle supposed them to be meteors in the upper heavens, generated when they appeared, and vanishing out of sight by being destroyed. In latter times, Kepler, noted for the wildness of his imagination, as well as for the strength of his genius, fancied comets to be monstrous and uncommon animals generated in the celestial spaces. Bodin, a French writer of the sixteenth century, maintained that comets "are spirits, or genii different from men, yet mortal, which, having lived on the earth innumerable ages, and being at length arrived on the confines of death, celebrate their last triumph, or are recalled to the firmament, like shining stars." An opinion something like this, extravagant though it be, prevailed in remote ages; for we find that the people generally believed that a great comet which appeared immediately after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, was the soul of that celebrated man. The conjecture—for all was yet only conjecture—of Bernoulli, an Italian philosopher, was nearer the truth, and yet far from it: he thought that comets were the satellites of some far-off planet, invisible on account of its distance, which wander betimes within the sphere of our vision.

Sir Isaac Newton believed that the orbit of the comet of 1680 would become gradually less, and that at last the comet would fall into the sun; thus, in his opinion, fulfilling one of the uses of comets, namely, to furnish fuel for the sun, which was supposed to be necessary, to prevent the sun from being wasted away by giving out so much light. Mr. Brydone seemed to hold the same opinion with regard to almost all the comets without tails, which he alleges are seen approaching the sun, but of whose return from the sun no evidence satisfactory to him was ever given. Such were the opinions of philosophers regarding comets, before the accurate observations, superior instruments, and profound calculations of modern science made us better acquainted with them.

While the learned formed conjectures regarding comets that were wide of the truth, ignorance and superstition invested them with a mysterious and awful significance. They were regarded as omens or forerunners of war, or pestilence, or famine; of the birth of mortals who were to be great for good or evil among their fellows; or of those calamities which too often followed the death of the great conquerors of antiquity. Princes, popes, peoples, were perplexed and alarmed by the appearance of these strange wanderers in the heavens, as they glared down in their fiery splendor, or gave forth their pale, livid, watery light, the very emblem, as men thought, of plague and famine; or as their immense trains swept across the heavens, attracting every eye, and filling men's hearts with astonishment and anxiety.

Speaking of Mithridates the Great, King of Pontus, the historian Justin says, "The celestial signs had foretold the future greatness of this man. For, in that year in which he was born, and in that in which he first began to reign, the star of a comet, through each time, so shone for seventy days, that all the heaven seemed to be in a blaze. For it had taken up the fourth part of the heaven by the greatness of it, and had overcome the brightness of the sun by the splendor of it; and it occupied the space of four hours in rising and setting." A comet which appeared in 837 so alarmed the reigning king of France, Louis I., that he ordered a number of churches and monasteries to be built throughout his dominions, in the hope that thereby he would appease the wrath of Heaven, of which he supposed the comet to be an indication. And in 1446, the pope of that day, Calixtus III., hard pressed by the successes of the Turks under Mohammed II., was greatly alarmed by the appearance of a remarkable comet, and he appointed a form of prayer to be used against its supposed baleful influence; and, for the same end, he ordered the bells in all the churches to be rung every day at noon. But, "thus saith the Lord, Be not dismayed at the signs of heaven, for the heathen are dismayed at them."

Though much has yet to be learned regarding comets, the observations and labors of modern science have led to a good deal of trustworthy knowledge of them, and have shown them to be very

harmless, but very interesting celestial phenomena. In this paper we shall attempt to give a rapid sketch of what is known regarding comets, and especially of the results of recent investigations, drawing our materials chiefly from the work of Mr. Hind.

Some comets are distinctly and even conspicuously visible to the naked eye; others (and these by far the greater number) are only to be seen by the aid of the telescope. In almost every instance in which they are conspicuously visible to the naked eye, comets consist of a head composed of a nucleus of light surrounded by a mass of nebulous matter, and of a tail or train of nebulous light stretching out from the head or nucleus.

When we direct the eye or the instrument to the head of a comet, we see sometimes a star-like body in the center, sometimes a disc-like appearance, and sometimes evidently only the nebulous matter, in a state of greater or less condensation. The celebrated French philosopher Arago was of opinion that some comets are solid bodies like the planets; and he rested that opinion very much on an alleged fact, that a comet has been observed as a round black spot on the body of the sun, in its transit across the disc of that luminary, like the planets Mercury and Venus in similar circumstances. There is the strongest reason to believe, however, that what have sometimes been taken for opaque or planetary nuclei, were nothing but the nebulous or gaseous matter of which comets are composed, in a very high state of condensation. It having been computed that the comet of 1827 would cross the sun's disc, the occurrence was looked forward to with much interest, as fitted to furnish the best information regarding the nuclei of comets. Unfortunately, the sun at the computed time was hidden by clouds in this country; he was seen, however, by the French observers at Verviers and Marseilles; but no spot or cloud could be discovered on the sun's disc; and hence it was concluded that the comet had no solid or opaque part whatever. Besides, when comets have presented to the observer what seemed to be a solid planetary disc, it has been found that the appearance of that disc underwent changes of shape and character altogether inconsistent with the fact of it being a solid substance. And it is held to be doubtful whether a single instance can be produced of a comet with a planetary disc presenting the same appearance throughout the whole period that it was observed. Indeed, the changes exhibited by the central portion of the heads of comets—in other words, the different appearances presented by the disc, in those of them which are so furnished—are among the most puzzling of the phenomena connected with these bodies.

The nuclei of different comets present very different appearances, and even the nucleus of the same comet evidently undergoes, as we have just stated, great and surprising changes. A remarkable comet appeared A. D. 389, whose head seemed composed of several small stars. The nucleus of the comet of 1835–36, usually called Halley's comet, presented at one time the appearance of a fan-shaped flame, proceeding from a bright point; at another time, it was like a redhot coal of an oblong form; at another time, it was seen as a well-defined disc, with an apparent diameter of not less than 97,000 miles; and at another time, as a brilliant kernel of light, with a diameter varying from 250 to 1,000 miles. The comet of 1807 was seen by Sir W. Herschel to have a well-defined planetary disc of a circular form. Sir William also saw a similar planetary disc in the head of the great comet of 1811; but when that comet was examined by glasses of high power, the appearance of the stellar nucleus vanished. In 1819 a comet was observed, which exhibited phases similar to those of a crescent moon, during a part of the time that it was visible. The nucleus of a comet which appeared in 1825, as seen by Professor Santini, appeared to be composed of three bright spots. The great comet of 1843 had at one time a nucleus, small, but extremely bright; at another time it exhibited a well-defined planetary disc.

The different appearances thus presented by the nuclei of different comets, and still more the differences observed in the nucleus of the same comet at different times, seem plainly to indicate that the nuclei of comets are not solid bodies, and that they consist of nebulous or gaseous matter considerably or highly condensed.

Some comets are exceedingly brilliant; so much so, that they have been distinctly visible during the day, and while the sun was shining, and have also cast a shadow

at night. This was the case with the comet mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, and also with the one which appeared at the birth of Mithridates, B. C. 134, to which we have already referred. One of the comets of 1618 was distinctly seen in full daylight; and an instance occurred, in July, 418, of a comet, that had not been observed before, being detected as a bright body in the neighborhood of the sun during an eclipse. The comet of 1744 was observed with the telescope at noonday, and many persons could distinctly see it with the naked eye for a considerable period after sunrise. Two comets of extraordinary brightness appeared in 1402; they were seen day and night, and caused great alarm.

Usually the head in comets exhibits a pale, livid, white light; sometimes it is fiery red; sometimes a dull red, inclining to yellow; and occasionally it presents a greenish, and sometimes a bluish tinge. The comet of 1811 had a disc of a pale ruddy color; the surrounding nebulosity was greenish, or bluish green. The nucleus of the comet of 1843 was of a golden hue, of the color of Venus, or reddish, according to different observers. The comet of 1652 was of a pale livid color. The Chinese describe the comet of 1577 as of a bluish color, with a white vapor.

But it has been chiefly the tails of comets that have attracted the attention of mankind, and filled them with astonishment, and often, in the days of ignorance and superstition, with terror. The generality of comets visible to the naked eye are tailed comets. The tail is usually developed as the comet approaches the sun; and, just after it has passed that body, it for the most part appears to attain its greatest dimensions. In some comets, the tail is an elongated train of light, becoming fainter toward the extremity; in others it is rounded off, bushy, or fan-shaped. Sometimes the elongated tail seems to be split at the end, so as to present the appearance of two or more tails.

The tail generally projects from the head of the comet in a direction away from the sun, so as to be a continuation of the line drawn from the sun to the head of the comet. This, however, is not always the case; for in the comets of 1577 and 1680 the tail deviated from the line joining the sun and the comet—that of the former 21°, and that of the latter 5°. Sometimes, when comets have two tails, the one is in the usual direction, and the other is toward the sun. The comets of 1824 and 1845 were of this kind: that of 1824 had two tails, making with each other an angle which varied from 138° to 170°; and the two tails of that of 1845 made with one another an angle of about 140°. The tail of the same comet has been observed to vary greatly in appearance, and that sometimes in the course of a single night.

Occasionally a vibratory or coruscating motion, something resembling certain of the motions of the aurora borealis, has been noticed in the tails of some comets. The Chinese, to whom we are indebted for a large number of careful observations of early comets, were the first to notice these vibrations in the tail of a comet which appeared A.D. 615, and they have often been observed since. Longomontanus described the tail of the comet of 1618 as having "an enormous vibration;" another observer says that it appeared as if agitated by the wind. In the great comet of 1843, the pulsations of the tail were distinctly visible.

Some comets have tails not straight, but curved, presenting to the eye of wondering and alarmed nations the appearance of an immense flaming sword hung out in the heavens. Such a phenomenon was held to portend bloody wars.

The apparent and real length of the tail are generally different. If the eye of the observer be in a line drawn through the tail lengthwise, the tail will seem to make a part of the head, or, in other words, no tail will be distinguishable; if the eye be a little out of the line, the tail will appear short; and it is only when the eye is in a line at right angles, or nearly so, to the tail, that the whole length of it will be seen.

In some comets, the apparent length of the tail has been enormous, stretching over 40°, 50°, 60°, and 100° of an arc of the heavens. A comet, observed in the southern hemisphere in 1689, had a tail that extended over 60°, and was two hours and a half in rising. And we are told of the great comet which appeared in 1264, that when its head was just above the eastern horizon, the tail stretched away westward to beyond the mid-heavens. The nearer that the comet is to the eye of the observer favorably situated, the greater will be the apparent length of the tail.

But the real length of the train of light that accompanies these wonderful bodies is even more confounding than its apparent length. The tail of the celebrated comet of 1680 was considerably more than 100,000,000 of miles long; that of the comet of 1744 was 19,000,000 of miles; that of the comet of 1769 about 40,000,000 of miles. The great comet of 1811 had a tail of upward of 100,000,000 of miles in length; and the second comet of that year was accompanied by a tail 130,000,000 of miles in length; while the comet of March, 1843, had a train of light stretching away from the nucleus, or head, to the astonishing distance of 200,000,000 of miles.

There is something in such enormous measures of distance which the mind can hardly grasp, that swells out our conceptions of the wisdom and power of Him who created and rules these glorious wanderers. And in connection with that wisdom and power, what thoughts should we have of the first sleep of the infant in the manger of the stable at Bethlehem, of the agony in the garden, of the ignominy on the cross, of the humiliation and helplessness in the tomb which a stranger's kindness supplied!

In some comets there is a rim or border of light on the head next the sun, and passing round on each side to form the commencement of the tail. That border is called the envelop. Of the manner in which the envelop and tail are formed, astronomers can as yet do little more than conjecture. But it is supposed that the nucleus, or more condensed part of the head, being acted upon by the sun, throws off, or outward toward the sun, a portion of the cometic atmosphere, which is straightway driven back by some repelling power, and, passing along the sides of the comet, forms the tail. If this conjecture be correct, then the repelling power, whencesoever it comes, must be prodigiously great, for the tail generally retains a rectilineal direction away from the sun, whether the comet be sweeping down in space toward that luminary, or be whirling with lightning speed around him in its perihelion, or nearest distance to him, or be receding away into space after it has passed him.

There is considerable difficulty in finding the real magnitude of comets, from its being impossible to determine precisely where the nebulous matter of which the head is composed terminates, inasmuch as it appears to thin off from the center, and gradually to shade away into darkness. Besides, the nebulous matter evidently contracts and expands, so that the same comet has different dimensions at different periods. Still, however, the measurement of a number of comets has been accomplished, we believe, with considerable accuracy.

But, besides the contractions and expansions which take place in the heads of comets from causes altogether unknown to us, there are other contractions and expansions which some at least of these bodies undergo with considerable regularity, and which apparently depend on their approach to and departure from the sun. In approaching the sun they are observed to contract—in receding from the sun they are observed to expand. This is certainly contrary to what we would expect, and it is one of the many intimations which we have that the physical constitution of comets—the matter of which they are composed—is something of which we on earth have no experience, and can form no conception.

All comets, most probably, move in an ellipse, often of very high eccentricity, although it may be that some of them, from the very great velocity with which they pass their perihelion, move in a parabola, or in a hyperbola. Some comets have a direct motion in the order of the signs of the zodiac—*i. e.*, in the same direction as the earth and the planets; others move in a contrary or retrograde direction. Of the 206 comets whose orbits have been calculated down to the end of 1852, 105 have a direct, and 101 have a retrograde motion.

Of the number of comets we can have no certain knowledge. More than 7,000,000 of these bodies, according to Arago, come within the orbit of Uranus. Mr. Hind supposes that probably somewhat above 5,000 comets have approached the sun within the orbit of Mars; of these there are trustworthy records of rather more than 600.

The discovery that comets move in an ellipse, having the sun in one of the foci, and that they will, therefore, periodically visit the neighborhood of the sun, was one of surpassing interest, and the determination of the periods of their return is one of the greatest triumphs of human intellect. We shall resume the subject in our next.

HEARING FOR THE DEAF.

WHY remain deaf? We ask the question advisedly; for the progress of surgical science has of late years been such that all ordinary cases of deafness are now proved to be curable. The subject is one to which we the more willingly call attention as the remedy is simple, and the number of those who need it great. It is a sad spectacle to see a person in good health otherwise, cut off from one of the most blessed means of social intercourse—that of conversation. Want of hearing is, indeed, a more deplorable affliction than most people believe: no sounds of rustling trees, singing birds, or falling waters—neither the voice of nature, nor the voices of the household, make any impression on the ear; and through the deprivation many deaf persons are a weariness to themselves and their friends. An invention which makes the world around become audible to the greater number of them is something not to be passed over without notice.

The cause of their infirmity is really a broken drum, and great reason have they to sorrow over it. We all know that a musical drum will not speak when the parchment is cracked; there is no reverberation—no return of sound. So it is with the drum of the ear. When it is a complete membrane, stretching across the whole interior passage of the ear, then we hear well; but let there be ever so slight an opening, and we are at once enrolled in the ranks of the deaf. Apparently there is not much mystery in the cause of deafness.

If it be asked, In what does the cause originate? the answer is, Disease. A very small percentage of the population are born deaf; but in some of the numerous maladies which we have to go through at sundry periods of our terrestrial existence, the organization of the ears is so severely deranged, that deafness follows as the inevitable consequence. Many a mother will remember that when her child was recovering from an attack of scarlet fever, scarlatina, measles, or sometimes a common cold, the little patient showed signs of deafness, which no after-treatment would remove. The mucus membrane of the drum of the ear had become thickened, and more or less inflamed during the disease; and when this is the case, the result is, that mucus is secreted in greater quantity than usual, and of so viscid a quality, that it cannot be got rid of by the usual channel of escape—namely, the Eustachian tube. The accumulation of mucus goes on, therefore, until pressing on the tympanum, or drum, the latter begins to ulcerate, its substance is injured, it cracks, and the mischief is done. The opening is, in some instances, not larger than could be made with a pin—at times, a mere narrow slit; at others, the drum membrane is entirely eaten away, except a scanty margin left adhering to the passage of the ear. Then it is that the mucus finds its way outward as a disagreeable-looking discharge, and this being suspected as the cause of deafness, attempts are made to suppress it; but even should it cease, the power of hearing remains imperfect by reason of the broken drum. Such is the history of most ordinary cases of deafness. At times, however, there is no perforation of the tympanum, but the mucus membrane becomes either too dry or too moist, secreting too much mucus or none at all; and in either case the hearing is impaired, and the person affected assumes that anxious, inquiring stare peculiar to the deaf. Other causes might be adduced; but what we have to do with on the present occasion is, the broken drum. We may mention, however, that there is no hope of cure for a person so deaf as to need to be shouted to close to his ear.

We come now to the remedy; and here we quote from a pamphlet recently published,* which contains the sum of all that is at present known on the subject. The author, Mr. Toynbee, after some years' study of the important branch of anatomy which comprehends the ear, has cleared away some of the errors in which it was involved, and thrown such additional light upon it, that henceforth the incurable cases of deafness will be greatly reduced in number.

In the course of his investigations, Mr. Toynbee was struck by the fact that, after syringing the ear with tepid water, the hearing of the patient was sensibly restored for some minutes, and then was suddenly lost again. Examining into the

* On the Use of an Artificial Membrana Tympani, in Cases of Deafness dependent on Perforation or Destruction of the Natural Organ. By Joseph Toynbee, F. R. S.

phenomenon, he found it to be due to the closing up of the perforation in the tympanum by a bubble of the water. While the bubble remained, the drum was, so to speak, unbroken, and the patient was able to hear; but as soon as it evaporated or broke, the membrane was again imperfect, and deafness returned. Taking the hint, he found it possible to effect temporary closure of the orifice by applying a solution of gum-acacia, and so to keep up for a time the improvement in hearing; and after this, as he relates, "I tried vulcanized India-rubber and gutta-percha, making use of the thinnest layers of them that were procurable. With both these substances I succeeded in making a rude kind of artificial membrana tympani, by cutting a portion about the size of the natural membrane, and passing through it a piece of thread, by means of which, and a fine tube, it could be passed down to its proper situation." There—that is the whole secret. Cover the broken drum with a sound artificial one, and the deaf will hear as well as their neighbors!

Improved by experience, the artificial drums are now made by Messrs Weiss, London, with a fine silver wire substituted for the thread, attached to one of the two small, thin silver plates, between which the disk of India-rubber or gutta-percha is held. The latter is about three-quarters of an inch diameter, "which leaves sufficient margin for the surgeon to cut out a membrane of any shape that may seem to him desirable, and to leave the silver plate, either in the center or toward the circumference, at his discretion. The silver wire is of sufficient length to admit of the membrane being introduced or withdrawn by the patient, but is not perceived externally, except upon especial observation." It is possible, by a slight change in attaching the wire, to give it an oblique direction, which in some instances is found more suitable to the ear than the other.

As to the mode of inserting the new drum, we give Mr. Toynbee's own explanation. After stating that it is to be kept external to whatever remains of the natural drum, and recommending careful examination of the form of the passage, he proceeds: "The operator should then cut the artificial membrane as nearly of the size and shape of the natural one as possible, taking care at the same time to keep the margin quite smooth and regular. The patient must then be placed with the head inclined to the opposite shoulder, while a strong light is thrown into the meatus, which, if liable to discharge, should have been previously syringed. The operator will now take the artificial membrane, and having moistened it with water, pass it, by means of the silver wire, gently inward, until it has reached what he considers the natural position. This he will ascertain by the occurrence of a faint bubbling sound, caused by the escape of the slightly compressed air beyond it; he will also feel a slight obstruction offered to its further passage by the remnant of the natural membrane. Should he attempt to pass the artificial membrane beyond this point the patient will complain of pain, which until then had not been felt. The most certain test, however, of the artificial membrane having been properly placed, is the sensation of the patient, who discovers by the sound of his own voice, or that of the surgeon, or by the movement of his tongue, that his hearing has been suddenly much improved."

The effect produced on some persons is almost magical: they not only hear sounds close to them, but those far off. Some find no inconvenience whatever from the new drum; others can only wear it for an hour or two every day, until by use they lose the uncomfortable feeling caused at first, and then it may be retained through the whole of the day. It should, however, in all cases, be removed at night.

Were this the place to give details of cases that have been cured, we might fill a page or two with interesting facts; but for these we must refer the reader, whether lay or professional, to the pamphlet which has suggested our remarks.

There is something strange in the idea of being able to hear or not to hear at pleasure; and we doubt not that occasions will arise when the wearers of artificial drums will find it desirable to take them out. Nelson once found it convenient to put his telescope to his blind eye. At all events suffering will be alleviated; and who shall say whether we are to stop with the cure of deafness? But a few weeks ago a deaf and dumb boy was exhibited to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, who, by highly-skillful training, had been made not only to hear partially, but to speak so as to be understood.

GATE OF SALUTATION.

THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

GLANCES INTO THE SERAGLIO—ORIENTAL MAGNIFICENCE—STATE CEREMONIES—THE LIBRARY—ART AGAINST THE KORAN—MUSEUM—THE HAREM—RELIGION AMONG THE TURKS—ST. SOPHIA—DANCING DERVISHES—THEIR DEVOUT ANTICS.

LIKE most travelers, I found many of my golden illusions dispelled upon a close examination of Constantinople. The city which had appeared so magnificent in the radiant mist at my first view of it, was shockingly filthy in many parts. The dogs are the only scavengers, and they do their work as well as dogs can be expected to do it; but their tastes have not been educated by the example of well-cleaned cities, and they are only careful to remove that which supplies the demands of their stomachs.

I could write you a chapter, perhaps a volume, upon the disgusting scenes of this strange city; but *cui bono?* Your readers will most certainly prefer to share the pleasure I experienced from the many objects of interest which attract the stranger's attention.

The first few days of my arrival I wished to see nothing in particular. The soft air penetrated my frame with the true oriental *far niente*. I only wished to sit lazily in my caique, while the swift strokes of the kadjis sent me over the mirroring waters, amid scenes of undreamed loveliness. The Frank restlessness was soon upon me again, however, and I was driving at mosques, bazaars, cafés, kiosks, in the race for sight-seeing.

The imperial seraglio is one of the first points of attraction to all travelers as they steam into the beautiful Golden Horn. It is situated upon *Serai Bornou*, or Seraglio Point, a promontory extending out into the sea of Marmora, and dividing it from that part of the Bosphorus which forms the port of Constantinople. It is surrounded with battlemented walls, some two or three miles in extent, inclosing gardens, terraces, kiosks, palaces, barracks, and various other dependencies; its population comprises the wives, pages, household servants, and body-guard of the sultan. It has eight gates; five of these open on the side toward the sea, and the three others toward the city—and all have been the scenes of those tragedies so frequent in Turkish history. Babi Houmayoun, or the imperial gate, is the principal entrance from Constantinople. It is an imposing structure, from which you cannot withhold your admiration; but as you gaze you discover two niches on each side, and a thrill of horror runs over you, as you remember that here were placed the

bleeding heads of those who were condemned to death by the order of the monarch; and here were heaped the grim visages of the janissaries after their destruction, in 1825, by Sultan Mahmoud.

This magnificent entrance is guarded by fifty *capidges*. It opens into a vast, but irregular shaped court, which is surrounded with buildings and ornamented with trees and fountains. At the left is the ancient church of Saint Irene, built by Constantine the Great, which has been used as a kind of arsenal, instead of being converted into a mosque, as was the fate of most of the Christian temples. It contains a very curious and valuable collection of ancient armor, and the gold and silver keys of the cities conquered by the Turks, when they were a warlike and victorious people. These trophies of conquest will never be increased—not another key will ever be added to those which now adorn the museum of St. Irene—for the hand-writing is upon the wall, and the days of the Ottoman Empire are numbered. By the side of this remnant of other times and another faith is the royal treasury, and opposite are the royal stables, where the sultan's thousand steeds are kept by a troop of grooms appropriated for the service. This square contains the residences of the commissioners, the grand treasurer, and other financial officers, and the barracks of the sultan's body-guard. The architect to his majesty, the white eunuchs, and the secretary of the chief of the black eunuchs are also lodged here.

At the other extremity of the court of St. Irene stands a gate elegantly decorated with carvings and inscriptions. It looks like the entrance to a feudal castle with its battlemented walls, flanked with two towers, loop-holed and otherwise defended. This is the *Bab-us-Selam*, or Gate of Salutation. The lodging of the chief porter is at the right of the entrance, and on the opposite side resides the *dilciz* or *mute;* a horrible imbodiment of the sure and fatal despotism from which there was no appeal. This silent executioner met the condemned dignitaries as they came forth from the royal presence, and threw around their necks the silken cord with which they were immediately strangled. The *dilciz* wore a cap somewhat resembling that of a Polish lancer, and a white robe, confined with a sash ornamented with gold.

The Gate of Salutation conducts you to a very elegant gallery, covered with an immense roof, which is elaborately ornamented with carvings, sculpturings, painting, and gilding. The walls are decorated with marble and Persian porcelain. Ostrich eggs and horses' tails, the latter being the ancient oriental symbols of military power, are suspended from the beams of the ceiling. This gallery opens upon a second court, much smaller than the first, which conducts through arches of cypress and plane-trees to the council-hall of the grand vizier. The walls of this saloon are of marble, and the ceiling is richly gilded; but there is nothing peculiarly oriental in its aspect.

On state occasions the grand vizier is seated opposite the entrance; on each side are arranged the grand admiral, the judges of the army, and the grand master of ceremonies. The *reiss-effendi*, or minister of foreign affairs, remains in a small cabinet or office, where he receives the orders transmitted from the vizier. The sultan, though he sometimes takes an active part in the deliberations of the council or divan, is concealed behind a small grated window, above the position of the grand vizier.

Opposite the council-hall is the kiosk, which incloses the hall of the throne. It is square and surrounded with a marble portico, and it is under this that the sultan is placed for the ceremony of bairam, or foot-kissing, which terminates the fast of Ramazan. I may perhaps attempt a description of this odd ceremony in some future letter. At present let us enter the hall of the throne by the Bab-us-Seadet, or Gate of Felicity. Steps of marble conduct you to the piazza formed by the projecting roof, which is supported by marble columns. The door-sill bears an Arabic inscription, which no one can pass over without a profound obeisance to Ottoman majesty, for the entrance is so low that it is impossible to preserve a dignified perpendicularity, unless, like the Persian embassador in the olden time, the homage is evaded by entering backward. The throne, a kind of couch or divan, occupies nearly the entire apartment. A magnificent canopy hangs over it, supported by gilded columns of the most elaborate carving, and ornamented with a profusion of amethysts, topazes, garnets, sapphires, torquoises, and emeralds

—all in the rough state, however; to the four angles of the canopy, golden globes, surmounted by the crescent, are attached, and from these are suspended the emblematical horse-tails, which are borne as standards in the Turkish army. They are here called *tough:* six *tough* are carried before the sultan when he reviews his troops; the grand pashas are preceded by three; those of the second rank are indicated by only two; and it is from this emblematical appendage that official dignity is estimated in Turkey—when you say he is a pasha of one, two, or three *tough*, or tails, his relative position is precisely defined.

The light is admitted to the throne-room through colored glass, and as the sun streams in upon these dazzling carvings, and the numerous gems flash back the rays, the effect is truly oriental and magnificent. Opposite the throne is a window with a fine gilded lattice, which, under the old regime, marked the boundary of infidel access to the presence of the sultan. Foreign embassadors were obliged to content themselves with what glimpses they could catch of the turbaned head of royalty through the gilded bars, behind which they remained standing while their communications were received by some subordinate follower of the prophet. A band of eunuchs still keep guard here, though the place is never used.

This room also contains a fire-place of carved silver, which is one of the purest specimens of art I have ever seen. The mantle-piece is formed by a conical-shaped dome, embellished with the most graceful and exquisite arabesques in relief. It is attributed to Benevenuto Cellini.

The kiosk, containing the library, was the next point of interest to me. I wish it had been possible to have daguerreotyped the door of this building for your readers. It is of bronze, and is a perfect miracle of art. I doubt if the interior collection has anything comparable in value with it. We were shown the Arabic manuscripts, arranged in cedar book-cases, and were told that some of them were of the highest importance; but nothing excited any feelings of cupidity or envy on our part. I even looked unmoved upon the large roll of parchment which contains the genealogical tree of the sultans, with their portraits and *thougra*, richly ornamented, like the ancient manuscripts, with gold and colors. The pictures are said to be authentic likenesses, but they all looked precisely alike to me—with very pale faces, very black beards, and I am quite certain that the costumes of the entire group were strikingly similar.

I do not know how the Turks have been able to answer to themselves for this evasion of the laws of Mohammed. It is well known that all representations of living things were strictly forbidden, but most especially those of the human figure. Yet here, in the very palace of the sultan, were displayed the pretended pictures of these successors of the prophet! To me it seemed a striking evidence of the influence which "the Reforms" have produced, not only upon the civilization of the Turks, but also upon their religious prejudices.

Another and still more striking instance of the violation of this article of faith is found in the *Elbicei-Atika*, or museum, in front of the mosque of Achmet, upon the Atmeidan. This curious collection, containing about four hundred figures in full oriental costume, transports you immediately to the past; it represents every variety of art, and armor, and position which belonged to the various grades of office; most particularly to the janissaries, whose bloody massacre has obliterated almost all vestiges of them, as if centuries had marked their destruction. Yet less than thirty years have passed since that terrible *coup-d'état*. The people seem perfectly unmoved by these innovations, which are silently influencing all clases of society. I have already alluded to the numerous pictures of distinguished personages which adorn the walls of the cafés of Constantinople.

In one of the palace-rooms we were shown a most interesting collection, consisting of the bequest of each respective monarch to his successor. They were all articles of personal use, and I found these testamentary memorials much more characteristic of the present line of the caliphs than their pale-faced and black-bearded portraits. There were blades of unrivaled metal, covered with Arabic inscriptions, sheathed in silver scabbards, their handles glittering with gems; there were pistols which must have exhausted invention in their ornamentation. We noticed but few exceptions to the warlike character of these personal relics. One was a curious Turkish mantle-piece, ingeniously

carved in honey-comb; and another of exceeding significance, was the writing-desk of Sultan Mahmoud, elegantly inlaid with gold and diamonds. On the walls of some of the apartments through which we passed were inscriptions in Arabic, beautifully executed by the hand of this Moslem reformer. Will his significant bequest to the cabinet of the sultans convince his unchangeable subjects that the power of the pen is superior to that of the sword, and that the time has come when the latter must give precedence to the former?

The court, which contains the library, incloses the palace buildings appropriated to the sultan's use. Here are also the twelve kiosks, in which the zchah-zades or princes of the imperial blood were formerly kept in perfect seclusion until the death of the reigning monarch called them to the responsibilities of the throne. These pavilions are called *cafers* or cages, and within their gilded bars life must have passed wearily with the unfortunate youths, who were restricted entirely to the high wall which surrounded their cage-like buildings. Their only society consisted of the pages and officers who attended them, until, in solemn procession, the chief of the black eunuchs, the chief of the emirs, the grand mufti, and the grand admiral announced that the monarch was dead, or dethroned, and that these prisons were to furnish an heir to the empire and a successor to the caliphs.

The Ottoman dynasty descends in a direct male line; the present sultan has an only son and also an only brother. Upon the failure of either of these claimants to the throne, the governor of Mecca, who traces his descent in an unbroken line to the prophet, is the next in succession.

The harem, or apartments of the women, are of course forbidden ground even in the absence of their fair occupants. No infidel foot ever profanes the threshold sacred to the domestic life of the Turk. As I glanced upon the latticed windows and trellised balconies of this mysterious abode I recalled all the fabulous magnificence my fancy had pictured of its interior splendors, with its marble baths, its smiling gardens, the unrivaled beauties who lounged upon their soft divans in graceful indolence, inhaling sweet perfumes, and breathing the balmy airs of this beautiful atmosphere. I must have lapsed far into this vision of the thousand and one nights when something, I know not what, recalled to my memory an inclined plane, projecting from an opening in the wall of the seraglio, directly over the waters of the Bosphorus, which was pointed out to me as we passed it on our entrance into the harbor of Constantinople. A wicked fellow-passenger whispered that from this "drop" the unfortunate, or unfaithful inmate of the harem who displeased her royal master was precipitated into the foaming tide, securely fastened in a sack, with a cat and a serpent to bear her company in the fatal plunge! I smiled involuntarily, but bitterly, to myself as I remembered the shudder which went over my frame much to the amusement of my malicious informer. It is to be hoped that this cruelty of orientalism has disappeared with the modern reforms which have incontestably swept away many relics of Turkish barbarity.

The gardens of the seraglio have little regularity of design about them; but they present most picturesque views, with their luxurious trees, their sea-bounded terraces, and their sparkling fountains, while the mountains of Olympus and the cypresses of Scutari are seen in the distance. Their unrivaled position and luxurious vegetation constitute their chief beauty at present. It must be remembered also that this is only the winter residence of the sultan. The summer palace is quite a modern affair.

Wonderful tales are told by the old gardeners of the seraglio respecting its marvels in the days of their fathers, when Achmet III. sat on the throne of the caliphs. Under the reign of this poet, painter, architect, and musician, the fine arts received a new impulse. He was passionately fond of flowers, and cultivated them with his own hands. His collection comprised the rarest specimens in fabulous abundance. The sea-girt walls of the seraglio were surmounted with trellises of golden wire, extending from brilliantly colored roofs, which inclosed birds, flowers, and trees from all parts of the world. Artificial heat was diffused over this immense space in winter, and it was kept fresh and luxurious by the spray from tall columns of water which fell into basins of jasper and oriental alabaster. Perfumed woods were

slowly consumed in vases of marble and gold, filling the air with their fragrance mingled with that of the flowers.

At night all these scenes were illumined by countless lamps suspended from imperceptible threads; and this illumination is still perpetuated by the Turks in the Feast of Tulips, the favorite flower of the nation. In the midst of this terrestrial paradise rose a kiosk, composed entirely, within and without, of Venetian glass, which reflected from every side the birds, the flowers, the trees, the fountains, and the suspended lights. Between its crystal arches hung silken cords, to which were attached large globes of delicately carved silver, and the typical horse-tails. A silver divan surrounded the principal hall, in the midst of which a fountain shot up its jets of perfumed water. This was the favorite resort of Sultan Achmet. Here he wrote and painted the vellum manuscripts, which are still shown in the *turbe* or tomb which contains his coffin. In a subsequent revolution this Eden was ravaged by the enraged populace, who spared nothing which they could destroy. The luxurious shade, the soothing splash of the fountains, and the unrivaled landscape which remain are enough for the happiness of a Turk who is remarkable for his taste for the picturesque.

One of the select spots of these royal domains is the fountain of roses. Here the ladies of the harem cluster upon the velvet turf beneath the shelter of the overhanging trees, in the indolent repose of the Orient, which is so well understood by the animal kingdom that groups of deer are frequently seen fearlessly grazing amid flocks of doves which flutter around the very feet of the fair loungers.

But we linger too long in these enchanted gardens. I have omitted many of the details of the seraglio; but are they not written in the books of travelers, whose name is legion? I forgot also to tell you how many times we were slippered, unslippered, and reslippered during our progress from the sacred spots to others less sacred; nor how many times we waited for the officers who conducted us to perform their devotions as the cry of the muezzin resounded from the heights of the minarets.

Some one has defined the Turk as a being who smokes and prays. His religion is by no means a weekly affair, to be finished up in one day of the seven, while the remainder of his life is unmarked by its influences. No matter how he is engaged, on foot or on horseback, at sea or ashore, standing or sitting, eating or drinking, buying or selling, writing or reading, singing or studying, sleeping or waking, no sooner does the call to prayer strike upon his ear than he spreads his strip of carpet, falls upon his knees, and fervently pronounces his devotions. At the five divisions of the day the faithful followers of the prophet may be seen thus at prayer. We infidels may have our own ideas of the character of Mohammed and the influence of the religion which he propagated; but no sincere worshiper of the true God can fail to be touched with the apparently earnest devotion of these followers of false guides. The pious Mussulman who becomes familiar with our home-life cannot but form an unfavorable impression of our religious habits, of which he sees no outward indication, save in our heavenward pointing spires and our Sabbath gatherings. It is undoubtedly true that false religions have much more adaptation to the low tastes of the masses than the more spiritual and abstract truths of Christianity. The false prophet displayed wonderful sagacity in the conformation of his simple theories to the barbarous dispositions of the times and people.

It is not a little singular, however, that the most magnificent temple of Mussulman worship is one which owes its existence to the first royal patron of the Christian Church, Constantine the Great, and that it still bears the name under which it was consecrated to the Christian faith. St. Sophia was not, as most people suppose, dedicated to a particular saint of that name, but to a Greek personification of divine wisdom. The original chapel of Constantine was erected to St. Sophia, "the wisdom of the uncreated Word." But time would fail to tell of all the changes it has undergone, the earthquakes which have shaken it, the fires which have consumed it, the emperors who have reconstructed and made additions to it. The present magnificent edifice was built by Justinian, in the sixth century; but it has since been subjected to many repairs and alterations. It is said that the emperor would have overlaid the floor with solid gold had not his wise men predicted its dilapidation by his successors. But he was

FOUNTAIN OF ROSES.

so delighted at its completion that he exclaimed, "I have outdone thee, O Solomon."

St. Sophia was used as a Christian temple until the 29th of May, 1453, when, after a siege of fifty-three days, the triumphant Mohammed II. rode up the marble pavement attended by his officers, who are described by a Byzantine historian as robust as Hercules, dexterous as Apollo, and equal to ten of the ordinary race of mortals. The imprint of the conqueror's bloody hand long remained, it is said, upon the marble wall. The high altar upon which he seated himself and smoked, and prayed, has been replaced by a slab of red marble; but above it is still suspended the carpet, now a mere rag, which he had brought from Mecca to hang up in St. Sophia in token of its subjection to the Mohammedan faith. On the same day the *ezin*, or public invitation to prayer, was sounded from the loftiest turret, and thus the magnificent Christian temple became a Mussulman mosque.

St. Sophia has a most commanding situation, on the very summit of ancient Byzantium, sloping to the sea toward Seraglio Point. Many of the details, both of the interior and exterior, have been severely criticized by architects, and there are many defects which strike the eye of the commonest observer. Some parts not only appear but really are distorted, for the Mohammedans have changed many of the relative lines of the building in order to have the center pointed toward Mecca. This has been arranged by the formation of a niche for the new center, a little southward of the east direction of the former one—it contains the Koran. Several towers have also been added, to render some parts more secure. The minarets are also Mohammedan constructions

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

The chief glory and wonder of St. Sophia is its heaven-suspended dome, which seems, unsupported as it is by arch or column, to be pending from the skies. It is one hundred and eighty feet in height, and around its center, inscribed in the graceful Arabic character, is a passage from the Koran: "God is the light of the heavens and the earth. His wisdom is a light on the wall, in which burns a lamp covered with glass. The glass shines like a star: the lamp is lit with the oil of a blessed tree. No eastern, no western oil—it shines for whosoever wills." Much of the grand effect of this magnificent temple is spoiled by innumerable colored lamps, ostrich eggs, crystal vases and globes, and artificial horse-tails, suspended from the ceiling, within a few feet of the floor.

The inauguration of the mosque, after its last renovation by the brothers Foscati, was a great event in Constantinople, not

DANCING DERVISHES.

only for the oriental pomp with which it was celebrated, but for the unheard-of innovations which marked the ceremonial. The procession consisted of the usual display of dignitaries, in magnificent costumes, all of whom, however, were on foot, in token of respect to the double character of the spiritual and temporal chieftainship of the sultan. His majesty alone was mounted, and he rode a snow-white steed, glittering like himself with the richest gems and gold workmanship of the East. Near the mosque were drawn up the gilded arabas, containing the brother of the sultan, the queen-mother, and the wives and children of the imperial household. On his arrival at the door of St. Sophia, the sultan was received by the high-priests of the faith, and the two brothers whose talents had achieved this great architectural triumph. It was an unprecedented honor to confer upon an infidel; but the sultan had insisted that those who had rendered his capital such a vast service should not be excluded from a public participation in the religious ceremonials of the day. The honors heaped upon the two brothers did not stop here. The Sheik-ul-Islam, the grand mufti, and the other high clergy, proceeded in the inauguration ceremonials immediately after the entrance of the sovereign. Then came the prayers for the prosperity of the state; for the happiness of the very great, very merciful Abd-ul-Medjid, who had ordered, as the most agreeable homage to the God of Mohammed, this important work, so happily and so promptly terminated. At these words the sultan commanded the brothers to approach, and thanked them for himself and in the name of the people. "You have restored our beautiful mosque," he said to them, "not to its late, but to its original glory."

A skillful decorator had painted two perspective views of Mecca and Medina upon the wall of one of the gardens surrounding the kiosk, to which the sultan retired after the ceremonials were finished.* His majesty expressed his delight and gratitude to the artist in eager terms. "I thank you," he said to him, "that you have enabled me to make the holy pilgrimage for myself, when, as chief of the empire, I have been obliged to be satisfied with employing others to do it for me." When we remember that not long since a Christian risked his life by crossing the threshold of a mosque, we shall better appreciate the liberality of the sultan on this occasion. The privilege, however, though now granted to infidels, is quite an expensive one, as the cost of the firman which must be procured, and the gratuities to the various attendants, are not less than thirty-three dollars.

It is not a little singular that the Christian or infidel (for both words have the same signification to a Turk) experiences no difficulty in gaining access to one of the most fanatical sects among the Mohammedans. Any foreigner can witness the ceremonies of the dervishes by leaving his shoes at the door of the *tekke* or convent. This is the general usage in Turkey. Instead of lifting the hat, as with us, they remove the shoes, which have been soiled with the dust of the street; and, upon the whole, we see no reason why their custom is not as well founded a one as ours.

The peculiar services of the dancing dervishes are performed in a circular hall, which is at the extremity of the court inclosing the other buildings of their establishment. In the center is an elevated platform of the smoothest polish, about three feet high, surrounded by a balustrade which separates the spectators from the performers. There is also a gallery supported on light pillars, where places are reserved for persons of distinction. The hall is well lighted, its windows command most beautiful views, and the interior is painted entirely in blue and white, which gives an exceedingly gay and cheerful air to the whole scene. It must be confessed that your first impressions are not solemn as the dervishes appear before you with their long white skirts, their flower-pot caps, and their bright colored mantles. They entered the hall in couples, and immediately offered the most profound salutations to their chief, who had seated himself before the *mizah* or pulpit. Chantings from the Koran followed during what seemed a long time, accompanied with all kinds of grimaces, prostrations, and genuflexions. After another procession had passed in couples before the high-priest and received a silent gesture of benediction from him, a change seemed to come over the whole company. Their eyes sparkled, their forms straitened, their step was more vigorous, and as the music struck up from the orchestra, they began to turn noiselessly on their naked feet in time to the measure. The instruments were only flutes and *tarboukas*, very indifferently played, and yet I was not insensible myself of an involuntary excitement produced by the music, while the dervishes became positively intoxicated under its influence. One of them extended his arms like a crucifix, the left a little higher than the right, and slowly commenced his evolutions. One after another followed, till the whole company were whirling round with such speed that my head grew dizzy with the sight. Their heavy white robes were inflated with the rapidity of their motion, their faces were flushed and excited, their heads were inclined on one side, their eyes were half closed, yet not the slightest irregularity was perceptible in their motions. Each preserved the center of his own circle without interfering with his companions, apparently without any effort or fatigue. Two or three times the music ceased, when the dancers threw themselves upon the floor, where they remained perfectly immovable, while the attendants spread over them the long colored mantles which they had thrown aside at the commencement of the ceremonies. At the piercing sound of the flute, and the measured, but rapid beat of the tarbouka they were again on their feet whirling in their ecstatic delirium till the figures almost disappeared in the augmented velocity.

During these strange performances a dervish occasionally falls upon his knees, as if exhausted, with his face to the ground. The mantle is immediately spread over the prostrate form; the iman repeats a few words over him, and soon the whole company have assumed the same position. They rise to form a new procession with

new chantings, and the ceremonial closes with renewed and profound salutations to the high-priest.

The rotatory motion of the dervishes is almost precisely that of the waltz, and some have supposed that this modern amusement has been derived from them. Many theories have endeavored to explain the origin of these singular ceremonies, some of which have ascribed them to the ancient Asiatic incantations.

Besides the dancing dervishes there is a monastery of howling dervishes, whose exercises are quite a tax upon the nerves. Their cries are perfectly deafening, and their gestures frightful from their violence. Amid their frenzied motions they torture themselves with sharp instruments, which are hung about the hall for the purpose, the fanatical devotees being apparently perfectly insensible to the suffering which must necessarily be produced by them.

Thus have I given you a few more glimpses at Turkish life. *Au revoir.*

THE HUMOR OF SOUTHEY.

SOME of the critics of "Robert the Rhymer, who lived at the lakes," seem to be of opinion, that his "humor" is to be classed with such nonentities as the philosopher's stone, pigeon's milk, and other apocryphal myths and unknown quantities. In analyzing the character of his intellect, they would assign to the "humorous" attribute some such place as Van Troil did to the snaky tribe in his work on Iceland, wherein the title of chapter xv. runs thus: "Concerning Snakes in Iceland;" and the chapter itself thus: "There are no snakes in Iceland." Accordingly, were they to have the composition of this article, they would abbreviate it to the one terse sentence: "Robert Southey had no humor." Now, we have no inclination to claim for the Keswick bard any prodigious or pre-eminent powers of fun, or to give him place beside the rollicking jesters and genial merry-makers, whose humor gives English literature a distinctive character among the nations. But that he is so void of the comic faculty as certain potent authorities allege, we persistently doubt. Mr. Macaulay affirms that Southey may be always read with pleasure, except when he tries to be droll; that a more insufferable jester never existed; and that, often as he attempts to be humorous, he in no single occasion has succeeded further than to be quaintly and flippantly dull. Another reviewer warned the author of *The Doctor*, that there is no greater mistake than that which a grave person falls into, when he fancies himself humorous; adding, as a consolatory corollary to this proposition, that unquestionably the doctor himself was in this predicament. But Southey was not so rigorously grave a person as his graver writings might seem to imply. "I am quite as noisy as ever I was," he writes to an old Oxford chum, when in sober manhood. "O, dear Lightfoot, what a blessing it is to have a boy's heart! it is as great a blessing in carrying one through this world, as to have a child's spirit will in fitting us for the next." On account of this boyish-heartedness, he is compared by Justice Talfourd to Charles Lamb himself: "In a certain primness of style, bounding in the rich humor which overflowed it, they were nearly akin; both alike reverenced childhood, and both had preserved its best attributes unspotted from the world." In the fifty-fifth year of his age, he characterized himself as a man

——by nature merry,
Somewhat Tom-foolish, and comical very;
Who has gone through the world, not unmindful of pelf,
Upon easy terms, thank Heaven, with himself;
Along by-paths, and in pleasant ways,
Caring as little for censure as praise;
Having some friends, whom he loves dearly,
And no lack of foes, whom he laughs at sincerely;
And never for great, nor for little things,
Has he fretted his guts* to fiddle-strings.
He must have made them by such folly
Most musical, most melancholy.

No one can dip into *The Doctor* without being convinced of this buoyance of spirit, quickness of fancy, and blitheness of heart. It even vents its exuberance in bubbles of levity and elaborate trifling, so that all but the *very* light-hearted are fain to say: Something too much of this. Compared with our standard humorists—the peerage, or upper house, who sit sublimely aloft, like "Jove in his chair, of the sky my lord mayor"—Southey may be but a dull commoner, one of the third or fourth estate. But for all that, he has a comfort-

* Southey was no purist in his phraseology at times. The not very refined monosyllable in the text may, however, be tolerated as having a technical relation to the fiddle-strings by hypothesis.

able fund of the *vis comica*, upon which he rubs along pleasantly enough, hospitably entertaining not a few congenial spirits who can put up with him as they find him, relish his simple and often racy fare, and enjoy a decent quantum of jokes of his own growing, without pining after the brilliant banquets of comedy spread by opulent barons of the realm.

To support this apology for the worthy doctor by plenary proof, would involve a larger expenditure of space and letter-press than befits the economy of a discreet journal. We can but allude, and hint, and suggest, and illustrate our position in an "off-at-a-tangent" sort of way. Look, for instance, at his ingenious quaintness in the matter of *onomatology*. What a name, he would say, is Lamb for a soldier, Joy for an undertaker, Rich for a pauper, or Noble for a tailor; Big for a lean or little person, and Small for one who is broad in the rear and abdominous in the van; Short for a fellow six feet without his shoes, or Long for him whose high heels barely elevate him to the height of five; Sweet for one who has either a vinegar face, or a foxy complexion; Younghusband for an old bachelor; Merryweather for any one in November or February, a black spring, a cold summer, or a wet autumn; Good for a person no better than he should be; Toogood for *any* human creature; and Best for a subject who is perhaps too bad to be endured. Amusing, too, are the doctor's reasons for using the customary *alias* of female Christian names—never calling any woman Mary, for example, though *Mare* being the sea, he said, too emblematic of the sex; but using a synonyme of better omen, and Molly therefore was to be preferred as being soft. "If he accosted a vixen of that name in her worst mood, he *mollified* her. Martha he called Patty, because it came pat to the tongue. Dorothy remained Dorothy, because it was neither fitting that women should be made Dolls nor Idols. Susan with him was always Sue, because women were to be sued; and Winifred Winny, because they were to be won." Or refer to that pleasant bit of erudite trifling upon the habits of rats, beginning with the remark, that wheresoever man goes rat follows or accompanies him, town or country being equally agreeable to him; entering upon your house as a tenant-at-will—his own, not yours—working out for himself a covered-way in your walls, ascending by it from one story to another, and leaving you the larger apartments, while he takes possession of the space between floor and ceiling, as an *entresol* for himself. "There he has his parties, and his revels, and his gallopades—merry ones they are—when you would be asleep, if it were not for the spirit with which the youth and belles of rat-land keep up the ball over your head. And you are more fortunate than most of your neighbors, if he does not prepare for himself a mausoleum, behind your chimney-piece or under your hearthstone, retire into it when he is about to die, and very soon afford you full proof that though he may have lived like a hermit, his relics are not in the odor of sanctity. You have then the additional comfort of knowing, that the spot so appropriated will thenceforth be used as a common cemetery or a family vault." In the same vein, homage is paid to Rat's imitation of human enterprise: showing how, when the adventurous merchant ships a cargo for some foreign port, Rat goes with it; how, when Great Britain plants a colony at the antipodes, Rat takes the opportunity of colonizing also; how, when ships are sent out on a voyage of discovery, Rat embarks as a volunteer; doubling the stormy Cape with Diaz, arriving at Malabar with Gama, discovering the New World with Columbus, and taking possession of it at the same time, and circumnavigating the globe with Magellan, and Drake, and Cook.

Few that have once read will forget the doctor's philological contributions toward an amended system of English orthography. Assuming the propriety of discarding all reference to the etymology of words, when engaged in spelling them, and desirous, as a philological reformer, to establish a truly British language, he proposes introducing a distinction of genders, in which the language has hitherto been defective. Thus, in anglicizing the orthography of *chemise*, he resolves the foreign substantive into the home-grown neologisms, masculine and feminine, of Hemise and Shemise. Again, in letter-writing, every person, he remarks, is aware that male and female letters have a distinct sexual character; they should, therefore, be generally distinguished thus, —Hepistle and Shepistle. And as there

is the same marked difference in the writing of the two sexes, he proposes penmanship and penwomanship. Erroneous opinions in religion being promulgated in this country by women as well as men, the teachers of such false doctrines he would divide into Heresiarchs and Sheresiarchs. That troublesome affection of the diaphragm, which every person has experienced, is, upon the same principle, to be called, according to the sex of the patient, Hecups and Shecups; which, upon the above principle of making our language truly British, is better than the more classical form of *Hic*cups and *Hæc*cups; and then in its objective use we have Hiscups and Hercups; and in like manner Histerics should be altered into Herterics, the complaint never being masculine.

None but a "humorist" would have announced the decease of a cat in such mingled terms and tones of jest and earnest as the following:—"Alas! Grosvenor," writes Southey to his friend, Mr. Bedford, (1823,) "this day poor old Rumpel was found dead, after as long and happy a life as cat could wish for, if cats form wishes on that subject. His full titles were: 'The Most Noble the Archduke Rumpelstiltzchen, Earl Tomlemagne,* Baron Raticide, Waowhler, and Skaratch.' There should be a court mourning in Catland; and if the Dragon [a cat of Mr. Bedford's] wear a black ribbon round his neck, or a band of crape *à la militaire* round one of the fore-paws, it will be but a becoming mark of respect. . . . . I believe we are, each and all, servants included, more sorry for this loss than any of us would like to confess. I should not have written to you at present had it not been to notify this event." The notification of such events, in print too, appears to some thinkers *too* absurd. Others find a special interest in these "trifles light as air," because presenting "confirmation strong" of the kindly nature of the man, taking no unamiable or affected part in the presentment of *every man in his humor*. His correspondence is, indeed, rich in traits of quiet humor, if by that word we understand a "humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence"—the very "juice of the mind oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls"—and seldom far removed from its kindred spirit, pathos, with which, however, it is *not* too closely akin to marry; for pathos is bound up in mysterious ties with humor—bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh.

Nor can we assent to the assertion, that in his ballads, metrical tales, and rhyming *jeux-d'esprit*, Southey's essay to be comic results in merely "quaint and flippant dullness." And with all their extravagances of expression and questionable taste, the numerous stories which Southey delighted to versify on themes demoniac and diabolical are fraught with farcical import, and have an individual ludicrousness all their own. That he could succeed tolerably in the mock-heroic vein, may be seen in his parody on Pindar's *ariston men hydor* entitled *Gooseberry Pie*, and in some of the occasional piaces called *Nondescripts*. Nor do we know any one of superior ingenuity in that overwhelming profusion of epithets and crowded creation of rhymes, which so tickle the ear and the fancy in some of his verses, and of which we have specimens almost unrivaled in the celebrated description of the cataract of Lodore, and the vivaciously ridiculous chronicle of Napoleon's march to Moscow.

* This patrician Bawdrons is not forgotten in Southey's verse; thus—

Our good old cat, Earl Tomlemagne,
Is sometimes seen to play,
Even like a kitten at its sport,
Upon a warm spring-day.

THE OLD EVENINGS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I WANDER'D by the old house,
But others now live there;
I thought about the old times,
And all we used to share.
How happy 't was our want to meet,
When friends came frank and free,
Ah! when shall we such faces greet
As once we used to see
In those old merry evenings,
Those pleasant friendly evenings,
Beneath the old roof-tree?

But what though we 'd the old house,
We still would lack old cheer;
The old friends in the old house
Were all that made it dear!
And these are fled, or changed, or dead,
And never more may we
Revive the music of their tread—
The joys that used to be
In those old friendly evenings,
Those long-departed evenings,
Beneath the old roof-tree!

The National Magazine.

APRIL, 1855.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Our late sketch of Dr. Durbin has been extensively copied. It was the fullest one yet given to the public respecting this distinguished preacher. One of our exchanges dissents from the high rank which we give him in the pulpit. Remember, brother critics, what we said of him. We did not say that he was above all other Methodist preachers in *ability*—that would be very invidious, for sometimes the most unappreciated preachers are the most able, the most profound in thought, or the most elaborate and complete in the handling of great subjects. We said of Dr. Durbin that he was the most "interesting" preacher of American Methodism. That is his true characterization. Tell us of a more entertaining preacher, and we will go a good ways to hear him. We don't say that Durbin is not as able as any of his associates, but we did n't say that he was. We have sketches pending of some of the latter, in which we shall give them their due.

The Czar.—The world has been inclined very charitably to give Nicholas of Russia a character of rare excellence among the royal rascals who, with scarcely a single exception, have made the dynasty of Russia a line of monsters. It always seemed to us a doubtful thing that this one man (so notoriously ambitious and usurping) should be so much of an archangel in such a line of unmitigated demons. Recent disclosures unvail him. The *British Quarterly Review*, collecting together the evidence of the most authentic documents and books, determines his moral position in accordance with his family education and antecedents. The world is beginning to comprehend him. He has, says Golovine, but the hypocrisy of belief. His private life is, according to the same authority, a tissue of licentiousness. Profligate, arrogant, revengeful, malignant and ignorant, he would have been an object of hatred and disgust in any other country. This is the man who ordered the head of the prince of Sangusko to be shaved and sent him an exile to Siberia; who ordered Madame Demuth to be privately whipped for speaking ill of him; who hanged Ryleoff, the distinguished lyric poet; who sent Polejariff, another poet, for a common soldier; who threw another poet, Sakoloffsky, into a dungeon; who exiled Madame Rostopchin; and who wreaks his vengeance on Bakunni by keeping him in prison. This is the man who strewed the fields of Turkey with the bones of 400,000 Russians in 1828 and 1829, who left the dead bodies of 100,000 Russians in Poland in 1831, and who in thirty years of reign has consumed 600,000 soldiers in the Caucasus; it is the man of whom these things are told, whose insatiable ambition and unjust aggressions have again brought on Europe the calamities and devastations of a most cruel and sanguinary war. The worst and the deepest feature in the character of Nicholas (says Gerowski) is an inexorable, unextinguishable rancor. The basest incense and adulation are alone palatable to him. He likes to be praised for his Apollo form. The nation is embodied in the person of this man. No utterances of the national spirit are allowed to have publicity. The military hobby, day by day, more and more masters his intellect. Everything must be submitted to drill. Even the high schools of law and surgery are military institutions. The whole country is one immense barrack, and seventy millions of men are taught to worship such a brazen image as this, who has heaped crime on crime against man and against God.

Beauty of the Dead.—Yes, beauty of the dead, for such a thing there is. We have noticed it not only on the faces of those who have died comfortably and holily, but sometimes on the brows of such as have passed away terror-stricken. The victim of *delirium tremens* assumes it even, as if nature would reconquer her fairest work from the great desolator for a few hours at least before its utter decay. Art works even recognize this mysterious beauty. "How far," says *Leslie's Handbook for Young Painters*, "its strange fascination may arise from the idea suggested of a repose, compared with which that of the most tranquil sleep is agitation, I will not pretend to determine. I knew a man of the highest order of mind, a man of fine feelings, but of great simplicity, and far above all affectation, who, standing by the corpse of his wife, said: 'It gives me very pleasurable sensations.' And yet he had truly loved her. The exquisite lines in the *Giaour*, in which the present aspect of Greece is compared to a beautiful corpse, are familiar to every reader. Lord Byron, in a note to the passage, remarks that 'this peculiar beauty remains but a few hours after death.' But I have been told, by those in the habit of making casts, that on the second day the expression is generally improved, and even on the third day it is often still finer. I have in several instances been asked to make drawings from the dead; and though in every case I have entered the room where the body lay somewhat reluctantly, yet I have invariably felt reluctant to quit it."

Drinking Habits of Literary Men.—Professor Porson, one of the greatest Greek scholars in the world, was a confirmed drunkard; Rev. Mr. Maurice, assistant librarian of the British Museum, and a man of extensive and varied learning, was frequently insensible from inebriation; Sheridan, one of the most eloquent of orators, was frequently drunk; Shiel, who came nearest to him, perhaps in the modern House of Commons, drank deeply; and Campbell, the poet, for whom a statue has been erected, to be placed in Westminster Abbey among the worthies of England, was in his later years rarely sober.

In the volume of "The Lives of the Illustrious," there are these remarkable proofs of other highly educated and literary men being hard drinkers. At page 3 is the following passage from the Life of Sir Walter Scott: "His erudite researches into ancient Scottish lore gained him, at the Literary Society, the appellation of

Dune Scotus; while at the club, the more convivial, as it were the less scientific, of the two gatherings, he obtained the *soubriquet* of Colonel Grogg. Apropos of the convivial character of these assemblies, Sir Walter lived to repent of the excesses which were occasionally indulged in, and in a letter of warning to his son, then a young officer in Dublin, he traces back those severe stomach seizures, which at one time endangered his life, and extorted from him shrieks of agony, to the hard drinking which had been the sin of his youth. And many times would he say to those exposed to similar temptations, 'Depend upon it, of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness.'"

Again, in the biography of Charles Lamb, included in the same volume, at page 30, is the following paragraph: "It must not be concealed that in his convivial moments he would often be betrayed into excesses in the use of stimulating drinks, which immediately after caused him the acutest remorse. He also struggled manfully against the besetment, even to the denial of the company of such men as Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth, that he might not, by the accompaniments of the table, be enticed to excess; and it was partly to escape the temptations of society that he left London, and buried himself in the country, when he became his own master. We regret that truth compels us to record the failing, even in this imperfect delineation of so great and good a man." The conduct of Lamb in this last particular is a proof of his wisdom. While we pray not to be led into temptation, we ought to flee from it whenever it presents itself. But how much wiser it would be to remove the temptation of strong drink from the great mass of the community, by shutting up all the dens in which it holds out its allurements and its snares.

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WHO IS WHITE.—A correspondent of the New-York *Times* starts the question of the effect and meaning of the term *white* in the naturalization laws. Is it intended to exclude from citizenship all but men of Caucasian race? Does it extend to Chinese, Hindoos, American Indians; or is the restriction limited to persons of negro blood? The large immigration of Chinese into California is likely to give practical importance to this question. Two cases are mentioned in which naturalization papers have been granted to Chinese.

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FRANKLIN spoke French but indifferently, and his pronunciation was defective. He told John Adams that he was wholly inattentive to the grammar. Madame Geoffrin, to whom, in his visit to France in 1767 or 1769, he brought a letter from David Hume, reported that she could not initiate him into the language. Notwithstanding his advanced age when he established himself at Passy, he lived to make a great improvement in speaking French, and to enjoy it perfectly in the hearing. In the year 1779 he read a paper on the Aurora Borealis to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in which he traced the phenomenon to electrical agencies. At times he would be led into amusing misapprehensions, through his difficulty in understanding the language when uttered with rapidity. On one occasion, being present at a sitting of the Lyceum or the Academy during the delivery of a lecture, and not distinctly understanding the French that was spoken, he thought, in order not to be wanting in politeness, that every time he saw Madame de Boufflers give signs of approbation, he would applaud; but he afterward found that, without knowing it, he had applauded most vigorously those passages which had been complimentary to himself.

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REV. DR. BEAUMONT, the leading pulpit orator of English Methodism, since the death of Newton, fell dead in his pulpit at Hull, under an attack of apoplexy lately. He was considered a liberalist in ecclesiastical politics, but was not allied with the seceders. He possessed a brilliant, original sort of eloquence, which sometimes bordered on excess, but had in it the genuine brim of genius. He was courageous in his opposition, in the conference, to absolute or extreme measures. He was hardly the man to be a leader in reforms, but too much of a man to succumb to an unwise conservatism, however authoritative. He was sixty-one years old, and had been forty-two years in the ministry. English Methodism loses its great men now-a-days faster than it gains them.

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FANNY FERN.—The London *Athenæum* says: "In short, as we have heretofore said, we have met few female writers less innocent of wiles and worldly wickedness than Fanny Fern. But she talks about affection, and belief, and nature, and impulse, and free speech, very nearly as bravely as Mr. Barnum talked about his Bible in his wonderful Charlatan's *vade-mecum!*"

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Our country possesses the two greatest natural wonders of the planet—Niagara Falls (which is utterly alone in its grandeur) and the *Mammoth Cave* of Kentucky. The latter is an amazing freak of nature's fantasy and nature's poetry too, for it is a magnificent scene of natural beauty. The time will come in which it will attract the world as Niagara now does. Colonel Crogan, to whose family it belongs, was a resident of Louisville, Kentucky. He went to Europe about twenty years ago, and found himself frequently questioned of the wonders of the Mammoth Cave—a place he had never visited, and of which he had heard but little at home, though living within ninety miles of it. He went there on his return, and the idea struck him to purchase it, and make it a family inheritance. In fifteen minutes' bargaining he bought it for $10,000, and shortly after he was offered $100,000 for his purchase. In his will he secured it in such a way that it must remain in his family for two generations, thus appending its celebrity to his name. There are nineteen hundred acres in the estate, though the cave probably runs under the property of a great number of other land owners. For fear of those who might dig down and establish an entrance to the cave on their own property, (a man's farm extending up to the zenith and down to the nadir,) great vigilance is exercised to prevent such subterranean surveys and measurements as would enable one to sink a shaft

with any certainty. The cave extends ten or twelve miles in several directions, and there is probably many a backwoodsman sitting in his hut within ten miles of the cave, quite unconscious that the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of Europe and America are walking without leave under his potatoes and corn.

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LONG-WINDED.—There are few things against which a preacher should be more guarded than length. "Nothing," says Lamont, "can justify a long sermon. If it be a good one, it need not be long; and if it be a bad one, it ought not to be long." Luther, in the enumeration of nine qualities of a good preacher, gives as the sixth, "That he should know when to stop." Boyle has an essay on patience under long preaching. "This was never more wanted," said Jay of Bath, "since the Commonwealth than now in our day, especially among our young divines and academics, who think their performances can never be too much attended to. I never err this way myself, but my conviction always laments it; and for many years after I began preaching I never offended in this way. I never surpassed three quarters of an hour *at most*. I saw one excellency was within my reach—it was brevity—and I determined to obtain it."

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ILLUSTRATIONS — HOW GOD TEACHES.—Jay gives another good suggestion on this subject of preaching. He says, "Dr. Carey is reported to have said to a young minister who had preached before him: 'My young friend, I have much approved of your sermon, but it had one deficiency—it had no *likes* in it.' And when asked for an explanation, he added, 'Why, when you read our Lord's discourses you constantly meet with the expression—"The kingdom of heaven is like unto mustard seed, like unto a net, like unto a marriage, and so on." Now never preach again, my young friend, without some *likes* in your addresses.' God, the only wise God, who having made us, knows what is in man, and what is necessary to him, has given us the largest proportion of the Old and New Testaments in the form of history and biography. Is it not, therefore, strange that public instruction should lose sight of God's method, and be always getting into the commonness of declamation, or the dryness of speculative discussion? A story, says Cecil, will hold a child by the ear for an hour together, and men are but children of larger growth."

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IS IT A FACT?—Is it a fact or a conceit that travelers perceive national odors? Huc, the French traveler in China, descending from the Thibetan plateau, between mountains bright with flowers, passed over an enchanting country, fruitful, full of inhabitants, and wearing the beautiful dress of an Eastern June; an odor of musk seemed to impregnate the soil and people; and, says M. Huc, "Travelers in remote countries have often remarked, that most nations have an odor which is peculiar to them. It is easy to distinguish the Negro, the Malay, the Tartar, the Thibetan, the Hindoo, the Arab, and the Chinese. The country itself even, the soil on which they dwell, diffuses an analogous exhalation, which is especially observable in the morning, in passing either through town or country; but a new comer is much more sensible of it than an old resident, as the sense of smelling becomes gradually so accustomed to it as no longer to perceive it. The Chinese say they perceive also a peculiar odor in a European, but one less powerful than that of the other nations with whom they come in contact. It is remarkable, however, that in traversing the various provinces of China, we were never recognized by any one except by the dogs, which barked continually at us, and appeared to know that we were foreigners. We had indeed completely the appearance of true Chinese, and only an extremely delicate scent could discover that we did not really belong to the 'central nation.'"

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There are in the United States 40,000 physicians; 24,000 lawyers; 30,000 teachers; 27,000 clergymen; and 10,000 State and Federal officers. What a bill of expenses our diseases, litigations, ignorance and sins make out annually! Here is a standing army 131,000 strong, kept up to protect us against ourselves.

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THE ENGLISH CRYSTAL PALACE.—Some of our papers, guided by a "Letter" of Mr. Sotheby, have pronounced the Great Sydenham Palace a financial failure. The *London Gazette* proves it to be otherwise. The facts turn out differently from Mr. Sotheby's statements, and the shares are increasing in value accordingly. It appears that the earnings of the company during the twenty-nine weeks from the opening to the end of the year, in shilling admissions, season tickets, rental of space and other sources, has been £113,586, while the working expenditure has been only £27,990. The directors have therefore decided to recommend a dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum on the shares, after payment of which there will be a balance nearly equal in amount to the sum received for season tickets. It is fully anticipated that the colossal waterworks will be completed and in full play in the summer; and when it is considered that the money taken at the doors alone up to the end of the year has averaged double the sum required for maintaining the establishment, there is little doubt of this most wonderful enterprise being brought to a prosperous issue.

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PULPIT NOTES.—The old custom still continues in New-England of "sending up notes" to the pulpit, relating to domestic affairs—deaths, restoration from sickness, or deliverance from sudden perils—the writer requesting the good pastor and the congregation to join him in thanksgiving or supplication, as the case may require. Every new little screamer used to be thus made an object of public interest the first Sunday after coming into the world, and if he should happen to leave it before the Sunday arrived he was still remembered in his little grave; but this part of the custom has been generally abolished. It is "too old fashioned," and "the forefathers," you know, were not so "refined" as we are now-a-days. Another phase of the old custom has been revolutionized also; the family used to rise up in their pew and stand while the note was being read, each mem-

ber of it bowing reverently to the parson as his or her name happened to occur. They take it more easy now and keep their seats like other decent people. How pompously Mr. Jonathan Plumer, jr., must have stood and bowed when the following was read (as we learn from the *Newburyport Herald*) by old parson Milton, of that town, many years ago. Jonathan seems, says the *Christian Register*, to have anticipated in a degree a kind of rhetoric not unknown in these modern times.

"Jonathan Plumer, jr., desires to return thanks to the transcendently potent Controller of the Universe for his marvelous kindness to him from a desperately low and perilous indisposition, of health and strength, that he is again able, with transporting raptures of mind, to wait at the celestial portals of wisdom.

"The said Plumer also desires to return thanks to Alpha and Omega the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End, for his astonishing goodness, his captivating mercy, his paternal regard to him, in snatching him from endless grief and everlasting woe in a miraculous manner by light in dreams, by causing the day to dawn on his heart, and the dayspring from on high to illumine his dark and benighted understanding, and by chasing far from him the gloomy fogs of infidelity, and enabling him triumphantly to rejoice in that blessed Redeemer, wherewith he hath crowned his happy life."

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De Quincey.—A correspondent of the New-York *Courier and Enquirer* gives an account of a recent visit to De Quincey and his three daughters. But the most interesting paragraph in the whole letter is the one we copy below, for two reasons; first, because it gives a glimpse of the heart of one of the greatest living writers of English prose; and, secondly, because it offers an example to be imitated:—"There was a moment's pause in the 'table talk,' when one of the daughters asked our opinion of Scotland and the Scots. De Quincey had been in a kind of reverie, from which the question aroused him. Turning to us, he said, in a kindly, half-parental manner, 'The servant that waits at my table is a Scotch girl. It may be that you have something severe to say about Scotland. I know that I like the English Church, and dislike many things about the Puritanical Scotch; but I never utter anything that might wound my servant. Heaven knows the lot of a poor servant girl is hard enough, and if there is any person in the world of whose feelings I am especially tender, it is of those of a female compelled to do for us our drudgery. Speak as freely as you choose, but please reserve your censure, if you have any, for the moments when she is absent from the room.'"

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Story of a Will.—One of the most opulent of the Amsterdam capitalists died a few months ago—one Mynheer Van der B. He was during his lifetime very careful not to disclose to any one the amount of his possessions. He would not even confide in his notary. Thus, when a few years ago this worthy Dutchman—a Roman Catholic—made his will, he resolved not to permit even his professional adviser to have anything to do in its composition. In the privacy of his own cabinet he made such a division of his almost fabulous wealth as he deemed right. The document—his last will and testament—he then placed in an envelop, sealed it with his own signet, and transferred it to the archives of his notary, by whom (and four witnesses, as the law requires) it was signed, registered, and only legalized as the will of the person whose signature it bore. On his death-bed he communicated to certain of his friends the fact that one of the items in his will was 250 florins as a legacy for every Roman Catholic priest residing in Amsterdam. This was no great tax upon the good man's heirs, and Mother Church required some proof of affection from her dying son. He died shortly after, and the will was opened. But the shrewdness of a Dutch capitalist had been deceived. The Roman Catholic "priests" were not mentioned in the document; that word had, by some accident, escaped the writer's pen, and "I give and bequeath to every Roman Catholic (priests, of course, included,) residing in Amsterdam at the time of my decease, the sum of 250 florins," or words to that effect, thrilled on the astonished ears of the late capitalist's children, as the notary read to them their father's will. Legal proceedings have been instituted by the family to obtain a rule against the enforcement of the will; but, as the error cannot be proved, the writer of it was never afflicted with an hour's insanity, and his profits will far more than meet all the claims resulting from this singular accident, it is not probable the plaintiffs will obtain a verdict. Several claims have already been made, and it will require about 12,000,000 florins to carry out the liberal conditions of the will. However, 40,000,000 or 50,000,000, it is said, will still be left as a consolation for this injured family. The London *Times* reports the facts of the case. What confusion a single verbal mistake can occasion?

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If nerves, says one of our exchanges, could be quieted by the doctrine of chances and the figures of arithmetic, some timid people might be more at ease, when flying along the iron highways, after learning the fact, that on the railroads in the State of New-York not one passenger has been killed, during the last year, from causes beyond his control, although nine millions of persons have been carried in the cars an aggregate distance of five hundred millions of miles.

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Literary Oddities.—Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. One day, when thus working at his play of Mithridates, in the Tuileries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had thus written it out he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair. Magliabecchia, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amid books and upon books. They were his bed, board, and washing. He passed eight-and-forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread, and water, in

great moderation. Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet; a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain, he would take his flute or his guitar with him into the porch, and there execute some musical fantasy, (for he was a skillful musician,) when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. The great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's. Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had books, manuscripts, and papers carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected anything. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his outdoor duties for days, weeks, and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith. Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; La Sage at midday; Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night. Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea-side, in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied, and declaimed. Rabelais composed his life of Gargantua at Bellay, in the company of Roman cardinals, and under the eyes of the Bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fables chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau. Pascal wrote most of his thoughts on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments. Fenelon wrote his Telemachus in the Palace of Versailles, at the court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging the duties of tutor to the dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and be written by a priest, may seem surprising. De Quincey first promulgated his notion of universal freedom of person and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ, perhaps, of the French Revolution—in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour! Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from Heaven. Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity. The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing, and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of gout he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented his walking about, even had he wished to do so.

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The *Crayon* (a new art periodical of much spirit) says:—"There is no more ungraceful form in existence, as applied to dress, than the stiff, cylindrical thing we wear on our heads, (not *we* editorially, because we do n't wear them;) and what use is there in attempting to educate the sense of beauty in a people when we have before our eyes and over our eyes the least beautiful things the perverted ingenuity of men could contrive?" That is well said; and there is no sensible man but feels its truth, and yet we continue to stick our befooled pates into these black funnels; and, what is pretty certain, will continue to do so till death tips them off for us; and our children, for indefinite generations, will march over our graves crowned with the same black pomp of ludicrous ugliness. Such is our glorious "independence" of soul. The fashions (male and female—but especially the former) of Christendom—that is, of the civilized world—are acknowledged to be the worst now in the world. They are a caricature of all good taste, as if some cunning demon were leading us (by the coat tail, if you please,) through a farce for the amusement of his fellow infernals. We all acknowledge the fact, and scarcely any one has spunk enough to say "hands off" to the scoffing imp. This is an age of "conventions," if it is one also of "conventionalities." Therein lies some hope for us. What a "glorious" thing it would be to hold, some of these days, a convention in favor of "costume reform!" We could write a tremendous essay on the subject, making out a stunning argument for it, treating it morally esthetically, physiologically, economically, and through a thousand other "allys." But this is not our "speciality"—we only throw out the hint for some hungry souled "reformer," who has tired of everything else and is looking about for a new route.

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An Excellent Charity.—We have repeatedly referred to the claims of the *New-York Ophthalmic Hospital* on the liberality of our citizens. The poor suffer greatly by infirmities of health; dispensaries and other medical provisions are therefore among the best forms of charity, but usually receive least sympathy, for the reflecting alone can appreciate them. They prevent much pauperism and suffering by healing, in season, ailments which by neglect may entail life-long incapacity and dependence. The reader need not be informed that this remark is particularly true of diseases of the eye—diseases which are very common among the poor. Inquire, then, generous citizen, about this hospital, and see if you cannot help it. The second annual report has been sent us. We learn from it that no less than eleven hundred and fifty-six

patients have applied for relief, seventy-eight remained under treatment at the beginning of the year, making one thousand two hundred and thirty-four in all, and two thousand three hundred and forty since the hospital was opened in May, 1852. Sixty-five graduates and students of medicine are attending a course of lectures on ophthalmic diseases this winter; also receiving clinical instruction in the institution. Appended to the report is an "Appeal in behalf of the Institution," which we copy:—

"While we rejoice with you in what has been accomplished by this association during its brief existence it must not be forgotten that much still remains to be done. A new hospital, such a one as will reflect credit upon yourselves and the empire city of the Union, is demanded. The legislature at its last session made an appropriation of $5,000, on condition that double that amount should first be raised by private subscriptions. A portion of the specified sum, we are happy to say, has been obtained and deposited in the savings bank of this city at interest. And but for the great derangement in the finances of the city and country, it is believed the whole amount would have been raised before this time. We trust before the next annual report is issued the whole amount will have been obtained, and then the entire list of contributors to the building fund will be published, and will continue to be published in each succeeding report, as the benefactors of the institution.

"When the claims of the Eye and Ear Infirmary, in the city of Boston, were made known to the public, seventy thousand dollars were raised in subscriptions varying from $10 to $10,000 each. Mr. Shaw, president of the institution, gave $5,000 himself; two individuals bequeathed $10,000 each; two $5,000 each; twenty gave $1,000 each; eight $500; fifty-three from $100 to $400; fifty-six from $20 to $50.

"Here is a noble example, of which our sister city may justly be proud—let us imitate it. Why should not New-York, the London of America, in commerce, in wealth, and in population, excel it?

"The surgeons of this institution have never received one dollar as a remuneration for their services, nor do they ever expect to. All they ask is, that the public will furnish them with a suitable building to carry out the original design of its founders.

"We plead not for ourselves—it is for that lonely widow whose afflicted child seeks your charity; it is for that poor amaurotic seamstress, to whom the world has become almost a universal blank, whose aching eyes and weary fingers have known no rest until the midnight hour.

"It is for that sightless laborer, whose ceaseless efforts in behalf of his dependent offspring have been continued mid summer's fervid sun and winter's piercing cold—it is for these we extend the hand of charity.

"It was this very class of sufferers that moved with compassion Him who is emphatically styled the Great Physician, to open the eyes of one who was born blind.

"We most cordially invite our fellow-citizens to send any who are in need of this charity, and to visit the institution themselves, that they may judge of its merits. We are confident it cannot fail to awaken feelings of deep sympathy and enlarged benevolence.

"MARK STEPHENSON, M. D.
"JOHN P. GARRISH, M. D.

"*No. 6 Stuyvesant-street*, Jan. 1st, 1855."

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PRIZE ESSAYS.—One of the most important—perhaps the most important of this class of literary schemes has lately made its periodical announcement in England. We refer to the famous Burnett or "Aberdeen Theological Prizes," founded nearly one hundred years ago. These prizes are two in number; they are competed for every forty years; and they are for the two best essays on the Being of a God. This year, the first prize, in value $9,000, was adjudged to the Rev. Robert Anchor Thompson, M. A., Louth; and the second, value $3,000, to Rev. Professor Tulloch, Principal of St. Mary's College, University of St. Andrews, Scotland. There were two hundred and eight treatises lodged. The adjudicators were Professor Baden Powell, Oxford, Isaac Taylor, Esq., and Professor Henry Rogers, of the Birmingham Independent Colleges. The adjudicators were unanimous in their judgment. The sealed envelops were opened in the town hall of Aberdeen, in the presence of the trustees and a large assemblage of the principal citizens. The prize fund has grown so large that parliament is to be petitioned for important changes in its use. These new books will be looked for with no little interest. The names of the adjudicators, rather more than the names of the authors, justify the hope of something valuable. The present Archbishop of Canterbury was a successful competitor on the last occasion of these prizes being contended for.

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THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.—How foreigners regard our quarrel about this munificent foreign benefaction, may be seen in an elaborate article which the *London Athenæum* gives on the subject. It says:—

"The controversy waxes warm and threatens the destruction of the institution. Should the local policy prevail, we shall have a national library and museum of the United States owing their establishment to the munificence of a foreigner—whose funds were perverted from their legitimate objects for this purpose, and whose countrymen, in common with their fellow "men," are thus cut off from the benefits he trusted American honor to secure to them. Proverbially sensitive to the opinion of other nations, the Americans can hardly, we suppose, be aware of the favorable influence the Smithsonian Institution has exerted upon the European reputation of their country, or they would pause before resigning it to the hands of its enemies. Its 'Contributions to Knowledge,' creditable as well for the character of their matter as for the beauty of their typographic dress, are distributed by a well-ordered system of exchanges to every important scientific and literary institution in Christendom, and have not been confined thus far to any special department of knowledge. They bear testimony to the zeal and ability with which all branches are being cultivated in America. No copyright in the publications is secured, and they are thus thrown freely open to all who may wish to use them as materials for more popular works.

"The latest list in our possession shows that thus far additions have been made to knowledge by the publication of researches in the departments of Astronomy, Bibliography, Botany, Chemistry, Comparative Physiology, Electricity, Entomology, Ethnology, Geology, Ichthyology, Language, Meteorology, Physique, Physical Geography and Terrestrial Magnetism. The 'contributions' on these subjects occupy, besides several octavo volumes, four imperial quartos of three hundred and fifty to five hundred and fifty-nine pages, the mechanical execution of which is unexceptionable and even luxurious. Each paper or work has been examined and approved by a commission of competent judges, and decided to be an actual addition to knowledge. We cannot but think that researches such as these, presented in such a form and with such a sanction, distributed to the men of every land best able to appreciate their worth, and to draw from them those beneficial results which are sure eventually to flow from new truth, however abstract, greatly outweigh, as agencies for increasing and diffusing knowledge among men, anything to be anticipated from the establishment at Washington of a great library and museum, useful as these might no doubt be within the narrow circle of that capital. The history of the British Museum ought to warn the friends of the latter scheme, that no limited private bequest, however magnificent, can provide adequately for such an establishment."

Now these strike us as sensible remarks, worthy of being heeded by the pugnacious regents at Washington. Our quarrels over this great project are a reproach to letters and to the nation, and should cease speedily.

Book Notices.

Bishop M'Ilvaine. — *Messrs. Carters, New-York,* have published, in a substantial octavo, a new work from the pen of the excellent Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Ohio, entitled *The Truth and Life.* It comprises twenty-two sermons. These discourses savor somewhat of the denominational sentiments of the bishop, but they will be read by Protestants, of all names, with delight. What is combative in them relates chiefly to Popery—otherwise they are devoted to the most vital topics of revealed truth—*Christ, and the relations of his ministers and people to him.* They are good specimens of Bishop M'Ilvaine's lucid style, close and clear thinking, and evangelical spirit.

Irving.—*Wolfert's Roost, and Other Papers now first collected,* is the title of a new volume from Washington Irving. The name of the venerable author upon the title-page of a volume precludes all possibility of criticism. It sets the public agog for the book even in the hardest times. The first article is a charming sketch of Irving's own "Roost," in the genuine Knickerbocker style. The other papers of the volume are somewhat familiar, but hardly the less welcome for that. We shall notice this charming book in our next with extracts. Meanwhile, we can assure the readers of Irving that they take it up after closing the Sketch-Book without disappointment. *Putnam* has issued it in his best style.

Doddridge.—One of the best works ever yet given to the world, on *vital religion,* is Doddridge's *Practical Discourses on Regeneration.* Doddridge had the clearest apprehension of the sense of Holy Scripture. He was remarkably apt in the illustration of its sense—especially of the "deep things" of God in experimental divinity. We never tire of his sensible "Expositor," and his "Rise and Progress" is one of the best of our religious classics. His *Practical Discourses* are not so widely known, but deserve to be. The *American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia,* has recently issued them in a neat 18mo. edition, preceded with a good memoir of the author.

Foote.—The *School of Christ; or, Christianity in its Leading Aspects,* is the title of a small, but neatly "got up" volume from the pen of Rev. A. S. R. Foote, and published by *Gould & Lincoln, Boston.* It treats of Christianity as a *life,* a *work,* a *reward,* a *culture,* a *discipline,* and a *fellowship,* and brings out thus what is specially vital in true religion. The temper of the book is refreshingly Christ-like, its development of its topics is clear and strong, its style might be amended; it gives some hard thrusts at prevalent religious evils, including Popery; it is a strengthening book.

Weaver.—*The Ways of Life,* is the title of a work from the pen of Rev. G. S. Weaver, issued by *Fowlers & Wells, New-York.* It is designed to show the *Right Way* and the *Wrong Way,* under the titles of the *High Way* and *Low Way;* the *True Way* and *False Way;* the *Upward Way* and *Downward Way;* the *Way of Honor* and the *Way of Dishonor.* These chapters were lectures delivered in public, and are now issued at the instance of those who heard them; they are replete with sterling thoughts, and their style is lucid and nervous.

The Footsteps of St. Paul. — A substantial volume bearing this title appeared in England some time since, from the pen of the popular author of "Morning and Night Watches," "The Wood Cutter of Lebanon," &c. *Messrs. Carters, New-York,* have issued it in excellent style, with map and numerous engravings. Critical researches have, within a few years, thrown an unexpected amount of new light on the history of the "Great Apostle." The present author concentrates this new information with much skill. Paul is considered as a youth, scholar, persecutor, convert, fugitive, missionary, traveler, martyr, &c. The book is rich in instruction and evangelical sentiment.

Spicer.—An instructive little volume bearing the title of *The Way to Heaven,* from the pen of Rev. T. Spicer, A. M., has been sent us by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York.* It treats of the depravity and moral wretchedness of man, and the Scriptural mode of his recovery. The book is full of good counsels, and presents no small amount of close theological discussion. Mr. Spicer thinks clearly and soundly, and has a direct, explicit style which cannot fail to make his subjects distinct and pungent to all readers.

Harper's Gazetteer of the World has reached its ninth number. The next number concludes it. There is a minuteness and condensation about its articles which give it precedence of any other work of the kind which we have yet had in this country. So we judge, at least, from the few irregular numbers which have reached us.

The Mind of Jesus is the title of another little volume, from the pen of the author of "The Footsteps of St. Paul." It is a delineation of the moral character of our Lord—his meekness, patience, humility, benevolence, &c. The abstract consideration of these Christian traits would seem to be a trite task; but the author has drawn them as features in the portrait of the God-man, and given them the vitality and interest of real life. There is an evangelical richness—a fragrant unction about the books of this writer, that cannot fail to make them precious to Christian minds. *Carter & Brothers, New-York.*

Alice Cary.—A substantial duodecimo, containing the poems of Alice Cary, ("our own correspondent,") has been issued by *Ticknor & Fields, Boston,*—a house that comes very near to the best London publishers in the mechanical neatness of its publications. This volume includes the old favorites of Miss Cary's poems, with some very fine additions, one of which is the gem of the collection—a poem of more than seventy

pages most thoroughly elaborated in style, and replete with beautiful and subtle thought. We regret its publication at the fag-end of this book: however superior the book itself may be as a whole, the *Maiden of Tlascala—a Romance of the Golden Age of Tezenco*—should have been given to the public by itself, in the choicest mechanical style, and with some of Darley's gems of illustration. It would have done more for both the fame and funds of Miss Cary than this whole volume can ever do. The *London Athenæum* and the *Paris Debate* have placed Alice Cary in the first rank of modern female writers. As she appears in every number of this Magazine, our readers are becoming familiar with her rare genius; no American woman sings more sweetly, (albeit too sadly,) no one narrates a better story. We intend to return to this volume again, and to transfer to our pages some of its riches; meanwhile we hope the book will precede us in many a refined and happy home, where native genius and genuine poetry can find a hearty welcome, in even these "hard times."

Literary Record.

Dr. Robert Newton.—An English correspondent of the Philadelphia (Presbyterian) *Christian Observer* says:—

"We have announced to be published early in 1855 a biography which will run a race with the recent life of William Jay for popularity—it is that of Dr. Robert Newton, the celebrated evangelist and orator, who for the space of fifty-three years fulfilled his course as an itinerant minister among the Wesleyan Methodists. For eloquence in Great Britain since the present century commenced, the following has been the order among divines:—Robert Hall, the Baptist, occupied the first place; Dr. Chalmers, the Presbyterian, the second; and Dr. Newton the third. The lives of Hall and Chalmers have secured a permanent place in British literature; and it will be the fault not of the *subject*, but of the *biographer*, if Dr. Newton's do not secure a place equally commanding and enduring. The biographer selected is the Rev. Thomas Jackson, to whom we already owe the lives of John Goodwin and Richard Watson; but Dr. Newton has happily left behind him a copious diary, which has been purchased for the use of Mr. Jackson. From the immense circuit of his travels, Dr. Newton became personally known to myriads; to know him was to admire him; and we may hence infer that the purchasers and readers of his memorials will be numbered by tens of thousands."

We notice that the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has already announced a cheap edition of this work, from the press of *Carlton & Phillips*, of this city. Methodism has vastly more readers in this country than in England, and the name of Newton is a household word among its families. The book will sell vastly.

The *Fort Edward Institute, N. Y.*, has issued its Catalogue for the first term with a summary of five hundred and fourteen students, nearly two hundred of them ladies. It has twenty-one teachers, headed by Rev. Joseph E. King, one of the best of principals. This institution has displayed extraordinary spirit in its outset.

"*Eastford*" is confidently affirmed to be written by George Lunt, Esq. The New-York *Evangelist* says that it is probably a transcript of real life; but who are designed to be hit by its forcible strokes, it is not known.

Professor Stowe, writing to the Portland *Inquirer* to correct the mistake of that paper in attributing the authorship of *Ida May* to Mrs. Torrey, says: "I am not at liberty to reveal the author; yet I can say thus much, that though this book was not written by the author of *Uncle Tom*, yet both these works owe their *maternity* to the State of Maine." The Boston *Chronicle* conjectures that the author of the work in question is Mrs. Mary Green Pike, of Calais, Maine, a lady, who has, for some time, been a contributor to the literary journals of Philadelphia.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have in press a Life of the late *Bishop Hedding* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Rev. Dr. Clark. It cannot fail to possess great interest, and to be of much historical value to the Church.

The same publishers are about to issue also a work from the pen of Rev. Bishop Baker, on the *Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, combining all the necessary rules of proceedings in public bodies, &c.,—a sort of administrative manual for Church officers and Conferences. No man in the denomination is better fitted for such a task than Dr. Baker.

From the same house we expect soon another important volume—a dissertation on the illustrations and confirmations of revealed truth, which are afforded by history and science. It is from the hand of Professor Haven, of Michigan University—one of the most polished intellects now in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The *University of Berlin*, (standing very nearly at the head of the German Universities,) reports the following number of students for the present year, viz.: In the theological faculty 216, (of whom 42 are foreigners;) in the medical faculty, 280, (of whom 44 are foreigners;) in the law faculty 659, (of whom 113 are foreigners;) in the philosophical faculty 329, (of whom 108 are foreigners;) total (matriculated students) 1,484, (of whom 370 are foreigners.) There are, besides, 618 unmatriculated students, making the whole number attending lectures 2,102. Of these about twenty-five are Americans, most of whom are matriculated as members of the philosophical department.

Dr. Sprague's "Visit to European Celebrities" has been issued by *Gould & Lincoln*. The same author's "History of American Divines," it is expected, will be completed in about a year, and will consist of five volumes.

Victor Hugo, the celebrated French poet and republican, will, it is said, shortly pay a visit to the United States.

We like much the programme of studies and training presented in the last Catalogue of the *Farmers' Hall Academy, Goshen, N. Y.* It attaches much, but not too much, importance to physical education. The faculty is under the principalship of D. S. Towle, A. M. The number of students reported is one hundred and thirty.

G. H. Hollister, Esq., of Litchfield, Conn., has nearly ready for publication a history of that state, upon which he has been for some years engaged. Mr. Hollister was a graduate of the class of 1840 at Yale, was the class poet, and stood in the very front rank as a literary man.

The (supposed) betrothal ring of *Shakspeare* and Ann Hathaway was sold at the auction of Mr. Crofton Croker's curiosities in London, for $36 25. At the same sale copies of the first five editions of *Walton's* "Angler" sold together for $147 50.

A Welsh correspondent of the *Independent* says:—

"The people of Wales are well furnished with religious literature in their own language. We have two original commentaries on the whole Bible, and an unabridged translation of the commentaries of Matthew Henry and Dr. Coke; two original commentaries on the New Testament and translations of the respective works of Gill, Guise, Adam Clarke, and Davidson; and your correspondent is now engaged translating Barnes's Notes. Four volumes are already published. We have also a large number of Biblical and Theological Dictionaries, bodies of divinity, ecclesiastical histories, &c. An Encyclopædia is now in course of publication, to be completed in twelve large volumes. It is also proper to mention that Uncle Tom's Cabin has found four different, but very able translators in Wales."

The Catalogue of the *Fort Plain Seminary, N. Y.*, for the winter term, reports no less than four hundred students, nearly two hundred of whom were ladies. Its course of instruction is thorough, and its faculty, under the principalship of Rev. J. E. Latimer, embraces some seventeen instructors.

Mr. Lockhart's books will be added to the library at Abbotsford. Mr. Lockhart, it is understood, has destroyed much of his extensive, and, it is easy to believe, valuable correspondence. His predecessor in the editorship of the *Quarterly* did the same.

Mr. Prescott, it is said, has completed the great historical work on which he has been engaged for some years, "The History of the Reign of Philip the Second." It will make three volumes, the first of which is already stereotyped, and the whole are expected to be published in the spring. The materials have been drawn from the principal archives and private libraries of Europe, especially in Spain.

The following *historical works* are about to make their appearance in England:—"A History of England during the Reign of George III.," by William Massey, M. P.; "A History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth," by J. A. Froude, M. A., late Fellow Ex. College, Oxford; "A History of Normandy and of England," by Sir Francis Fulgrave, Deputy Keeper of the Records; also, "An Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History," by George Cromwell Lewis, M. A., (editor of the *Edinburgh Reviews.*) "Hours with the Mystics," is the title of a new work intended as "A Contribution to the History of Religious Opinion," by Rev. Robert Alfred Vaughan, B. A., 2 volumes, 8vo.

A rather novel literary project is just started in connexion with the two old English universities. It is that of publishing a yearly volume of *Essays*, differing somewhat from, and yet somewhat resembling the literature of the quarterlies. The Oxford volume is announced under the title of "Oxford Essays," written by members of the University of Oxford. The Cambridge one is to follow, under a similar title. The prospectus states that these volumes "will be devoted principally to the discussion of literary or scientific subjects." It is expected, notwithstanding, in some quarters, that the peculiarities rife at Oxford may give a tone to at least one of these works not in harmony with orthodox sentiment.

The oldest book in the United States, it is said, is a manuscript Bible in the possession of Dr. Witherspoon, of Alabama, written over a thousand years ago! He describes it as follows:—

"The book is strongly bound in boards of the old English oak, and with thongs, by which the leaves are also well bound together. The leaves are entirely made of parchment of a most superior quality, of fineness and smoothness little inferior to the best satin. The pages are all ruled with great accuracy, and written with great uniformity and beauty in the old German text hand, and divided off into chapters and verses.

"The first chapter of every book in the Bible is written with a large capital of inimitable beauty, and splendidly illuminated with red, blue, and black ink, still in vivid colors; and no two of the capital letters in the book are precisely alike."

A work is about to issue from the Portland press which cannot fail to interest many readers. It will be entitled "Our Pastor, or Reminiscences of the Rev. Dr. Payson," by a former member of his Church, whose long acquaintance with the subject of his work preëminently qualifies him to supply what may yet be wanting to complete the personal and official portraiture of a great and good man.

A German publisher—M. Perthes, of Gotha—who is bringing out a new edition of *Pliny*, announces that one of the volumes will contain a fac-simile of a recently discovered palimpsest of the fourth century, entitled "C. Plini Secundi Naturæ Historiarum, lib. xi, xii, xiii, xiv, xv, fragmenta." This palimpsest, it is said, "fixes the title of the work of Pliny, and gives numerous variations, principally for names and figures; and it is of great literary interest, from the new words, the ancient forms of language, and the specimens of provincial Latinity which it contains."

Mr. Murray, of London, announces the following important new works:—Vol. xii of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece," completing the work; "A History of the Republic of Rome, from the Close of the Second Punic War to the Death of Sylla," by the Rev. H. G. Liddell; a new English version of "The History of Herodotus," by the Rev. G. Rawlinson, assisted by Col. Rawlinson and Sir Gardner Wilkinson; vols. iv to vi of Dean Milman's "History of Latin Christianity and of the Popes;" "Kæmpe Viser: Songs about Giants and Heroes," translated from the Danish; and "Songs of Europe,"

by George Borrow, Esq.; and, by the same author, a sequel to "Lavengro," entitled "The Romany Rye;" "The Life of Dr. Thomas Young," the inventor of hieroglyphics, by the Dean of Ely; and the miscellaneous works of Dr. Young, by the Dean of Ely and John Leitch, Esq. Of contributions to Eastern Literature, Mr. Murray has in the press, "A Journey through Albama," by Lord Broughton; "A Journey and Residence in the Crimea," by H. Danby Seymour, M. P.; "A Bird's-eye View of India," by Sir Erskine Perry, M. P.; "The Crimea and Odessa," by Professor Koch; "Turkey and its Inhabitants," by M. A. Ubicini; and "Sinai and Palestine," by the Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

The honor was reserved to an American to present the first complete work on the principles of the law of nations in the English language. This was the book entitled "Elements of International Law, with a History of the Science," first published in 1836, by Henry Wheaton, then resident minister from the United States to the court of Berlin. Three editions of this work have been published in this country, at Philadelphia, in 1836, 1844, and in 1846; one edition was printed in London in 1836; and two editions in the French language were published in Leipsic in 1848 and 1852—the latter under Mr. Wheaton's eye. We believe, also, that German and Swedish translations have been published. The French is the language of European diplomacy, and this work is an authority in the cabinets of Europe. The American work is nearly if not quite out of print, and many will be glad to learn that a new edition, edited by Hon. William B. Lawrence, of Rhode Island, and to be issued by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, is nearly ready. It will be accompanied by a memoir of the author.

English Religious Papers.—An English correspondent of the Boston *Congregationalist* says:—

"There is only one paper that possesses the confidence and patronage of the large body of Methodists in this country—the *Watchman*. Its subscribers number about four thousand; its chief editor is J. C. Rigg, Esq., and its business and office editor is Mr. W. Gawtress. This paper has rapidly advanced in public estimation since it was intrusted to the editorial management of Mr. Rigg. Although a thorough Englishman, and an earnest Methodist, Mr. Rigg regards with enthusiasm all that is good in other communions and in other lands; and, especially, he is far ahead of the denomination to which he belongs, in having shaken off all foolish prejudices against the religion and the people of your vast republic. Mr. Rigg has also done much for the *Watchman* by enlisting some most able pens to write in its columns. The Rev. W. Arthur, author of the "Successful Merchant," George Osborn, John Scott, and the editor's brother, J. H. Rigg, are some of the individuals engaged.

"The *Wesleyan Times*, projected by the Wesleyan Reformers, still lives; but since the strange disorganization of the Reformers themselves their paper has fallen off in its circulation. The first editor, Mr. Harrison, in some mysterious way was compelled to leave the country; his successor, the Rev. W. L. Horton, abandoned his post after occupying it only a few months, when the Reform Committee took the paper into their own hands, engaging the sub-editor of the *Patriot*, Mr. Hare, to write the leaders; and in this way the paper has been conducted to the present time. It cannot, therefore, long survive the absence of a competent editor, and the anarchy spreading among its own supporters.

"There are three papers connected with the Church of England, but so miserably strait-laced and bigoted, that they scarcely merit a record. Of these the *Church and State Gazette*, and the *English Churchman*, have a losing circulation; while the *Record*, supported by the Evangelicals in the Church, has a list of 3,500 subscribers."

Errors of Campbell.—Thomas Campbell, the poet, is said to have rejected Miss Mitford's papers when he was editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." They found a place in the "Lady's Monthly Magazine," and were subsequently brought together in a volume under the title of "Our Village."

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal says of "Barnum's Life," that there is something almost ludicrous in the pretence of morality Mr. Barnum puts forth in the midst of his confessions. Self-convicted as a most extensive dealer in humbug, he claims to be regarded as a pattern of virtue and a saint, and seems to think his readers will believe him. Those readers may well afford a smile at the credulity of a man who has played so unmercifully with the credulity of others. But the book, in its general aspect, is anything but calculated to leave a pleasurable impression upon the mind. It is as much an evidence in its way of popular weakness and ignorance, as the records of the witch-superstitions of two centuries ago,—of weakness and ignorance too, not only among the humbler classes, but among those which, if not representing the intelligence, may at least be supposed to represent the refinement of the age. Who can read, without something akin to a feeling of shame, of the manner in which a miserable dwarf was received in the halls of royalty, or of the eagerness with which the eccentric taste displayed by the highest personage in the land was imitated by the whole of the world of fashion? Mr. Barnum has unconsciously read us a lesson which we ought to ponder on; but it is humiliating, although instructive."

A Good Suggestion.—Norton's Literary Gazette says that a distinguished professor in one of our colleges, suggests the great want of a general catalogue of *all* the graduates of *all* our colleges, either chronological or alphabetical, or both. The attempts already made have been deficient in one respect, and superfluous in another. They have not contained all the colleges; but the honorary degrees, which are of little consequence, have been given. We need some means of determining where our public men have been educated. Who will undertake this work?

The last Annual Report of the *New-York Mercantile Library Association* shows that the present number of members is 4,603; the total accessions for the year 1854 being 1,216, only 411 having withdrawn during the same period. The expenditures for 1854 amounted to $10,214 09; of which $2,074 17 was spent for books, $944 90 for periodicals, and $381 22 for binding, besides $212 from the Demilt legacy. The number of volumes added by donation 142, and by purchase 2,267; of which 90 are folios and quartos, 767 octavos, and 1,552 duodecimos. No institution of the country has more spirit or more success.

Lord Brougham is at his country seat at Cannes, in the south of France, preparing his works for publication in some ten or twelve volumes, post 8vo., by a Glasgow firm.

Arts and Sciences.

MECHANIC improvements, in the fine arts, seem to be an aptitude of our own artists. *Powers* has made several very important ones, which facilitate much the manual drudgery of the artist's work. *Hart*, another of our artists, now at Florence, has also hit upon something of value in the same line. A correspondent of an English Journal says "he has been engaged upon it for nine or ten years, and has only recently succeeded in bringing it into its present working state. It aims at reducing labor, and at giving unerringly the outline of the figure. As it works on mathematical calculations, its measurements of course must be infallible. Another great advantage of it is, that it enables the artist to fix his ideas on the instant,—an advantage which particularly affects drapery. Let it be ever so well arranged, on your cast it droops, a fold loses its fullness, and it is excessively difficult to work out the original arrangement; whereas this instrument obtains such immediate and accurate measurements as not to be deviated from. 'Once that I have made them,' said Mr. Hart, 'my man can work them out as well as myself; and I am free to pursue other objects.' As the patents are not yet all completed, I am not at liberty to give a description of the instrument, which I saw, as well as some busts which had been worked by it. I may say generally, however, that it transfers from the life to clay, plaster, or any other substance, all human forms in their mathematical proportions and relations to one another with a dispatch and accuracy unattainable by the eye in harmony and expression. It will also transfer with mathematical precision all forms in sculpture already produced to marble or any other material, without in the slightest degree injuring them. In this respect it is to statuary what photography is to painting. Among other objects, in its wide application, it will transfer draperies to the clay models from the figures before they become rigid."

A Paris paper informs us that the library attached to the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris comprises upward of forty thousand volumes and ten thousand smaller publications on natural history, together with a vast number of manuscripts on the same subject, some of them illuminated. Among the manuscripts containing designs are those of the monk Plumier, on the plants of the West India Islands; those of Tournefort, on the plants of the Levant; those of the Spanish naturalist, Norona, on the plants and animals of Java and the Philippines; those of the Abbé Manesse and De Sonnerat, on European ornithology; and those of Commerson, on the zoology and botany of the numerous countries he visited. The last-mentioned, which contain upward of one thousand two hundred designs, were frequently consulted by Lacépède for his "History of Fish and Reptiles," and by Cuvier for his "Tableau du Règne Animal." As to the illuminated manuscripts, a great many are of extraordinary value, and not a few really remarkable for the excellence of their execution and the freshness with which their colors are preserved. There are likewise in the library some very singular Chinese manuscripts, representing fish, and a Chinese treatise on anatomy, with figures.

Pompeii.—A new work has appeared in France on Pompeii. It says the edifices are generally small, but nothing is forgotten to render them convenient. The decoration is in so uniform a taste, that Mazois was at first inclined to think that it was the work of the same artists, directed by one and the same man. Marbles are found rarely, except in the temples and theaters; the chief decorations being mural paintings, either mosaic or stucco arabesques. The most striking feature of the city is the profusion of ornamental detail even in the meanest house. The walls are painted in fresco, black, red, yellow, blue, or green. The arabesques were painted on dry ground, and are not encaustic. Mosaic pavements were universal in this little city of artists and art-lovers. The simplest are white, with black borders; others are labyrinths of white and black cubes, and a few are richly colored.

There is every reason to believe, says *Norton's Gazette*, that, at least, *Benjamin Franklin* will receive the needless, yet just compliment, of a monumental statue. In January, 1854, a committee of Bostonians was appointed to select a model and to report upon the subject, with a view to the immediate execution of the work. On the last anniversary of Franklin's birth-day, the committee made a full and satisfactory report, stating that $15,600 had been collected, and a contract entered into with Richard J. Greenough, Esq., for the completion of the work, according to the following design: A granite base, with the full length figure of Franklin standing, with a cane in his right hand, and his hat under his left arm. On the base there will be four bass-reliefs representing different scenes in the life of Franklin.

A telescopic comet has been announced as discovered at the Paris Observatory. At 17½ hours on Sunday, the 14th of January, one was seen at 2½° to the south-west of γ in the constellation of the Scorpion. As well as could be made out, from the state of the sky, its right ascension was 225½°, and its austral declination 27°. The comet was again seen on Thursday, the 18th. It has, it is stated, no tail. It is to M. Dien that the honor of its discovery belongs.

Value of the Willow.—The importance of the willow to man has been recognized from the earliest ages, and ropes and twigs were probably among the very first of human manufactures in countries where these trees abound. The Romans used the twigs for binding their vines, and tying their reeds in bundles, and made all sorts of baskets of them. A crop of willows was considered so valuable in the time of Cato, that he ranks the *salictum* or willow-field next in value to the vineyard and the garden. In France, the leaves, whether in a green or dried state, are considered the very best food for cows

and goats; and horses in some places are fed entirely upon them from the end of August till November. Horses so fed, it is stated, will travel twenty leagues a day without being fatigued. In the north of Sweden and Norway, as also in Lapland, the inner bark is kiln-dried and ground, for the purpose of mixing with oatmeal in time of scarcity. The bark of the willow and the leaves are astringent. The former is much used in tanning.

Capacity of the great European edifices.—St. Peter's at Rome will hold 54,000 persons; the Cathedral at Milan, 37,000; St. Paul's, at Rome, 32,000; St. Paul's, at London, 25,000; St. Petronia, Bologna, 24,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; Cathedral at Florence, 24,000; Cathedral at Antwerp, 24,000; St. John Lateran, 22,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Cathedral at Pisa, 13,000; St. Stephen's, Vienna, 12,000; Cathedral at Vienna, 11,100; St. Peter's, Bologna, 11,400; St. Dominic's, Bologna, 11,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000.

In 1851 Professors Peftenkofer and Ruland, of Bavaria, invented and patented a process for the manufacture of illuminative *gas from wood*. Since that time the new gas has been introduced and brought into general use in the cities of Basle, Ulm, Darmstadt, Cobourg, Baireuth, Altenburg, and Heilbronn. Mr. Emil Breisach, chemist, of Bavaria, has recently introduced the process into the United States, and has demonstrated its utility and practicability by extensive and successful experiments at the gas works in Philadelphia, and also at the Manhattan gas works in this city. The process is exceedingly simple, differing from the method employed in the manufacture of coal gas, only in the means used for the disintegration of the gas from the other properties of the vapor evolved from the wood. By this process a single retort produces from eight to nine thousand cubic feet of gas per twenty-four hours, at an expenditure of no more fuel than is required for the same time in the production of coal gas, while the product of the latter is only three thousand two hundred cubic feet. This new gas burns freely, with a clear, sharp, steady flame, brighter than coal gas, and produces but little if any soot. Its smell resembles ether, or old and mellow cider, is by no means unpleasant, and possesses not a particle of affinity to that of coal gas. With gas from coal it readily assimilates, and is said to improve the light of the latter.

A statue of *Goethe* has just been completed by Steinhauser, the sculptor, who is now living in Rome, for the Grand Duchess Sophia of Saxe Weimar. The figure is represented seated, the upper part of the body uncovered, the drapery having fallen down on the knees of the statue: it is full of power and dignity. Goethe holds in one hand a lyre, which rests on the knees; the other, with a laurel wreath, hangs down. The harmony of the figure is, however, considerably marred by the introduction of a diminutive full-length statue of Psyche, which is out of all proportion with the size of the principal figure. The Psyche stands in front of the poet, grasping the lyre, but with her back turned to him. The group is partly taken from a drawing of Bettina von Arnheim, who executed it for the title-page of her "Letters;" but, like many other ideas of this brilliant but erratic genius, it is thoroughly unpractical.

Book Illuminations.—Mr. Ruskin says:—"Great good might be done in our age if we had one book well illuminated—he did not say the Bible, but some great book of poetry which might be susceptible from its comparative brevity of being beautifully illuminated. He should like men to have large libraries, but he should also like to see them value and love their books more, and to feel in the manufacture of a book what the people of the middle ages felt—that they were employed on a holy thing. He did not know at what cost illuminators might now be able to produce a finely illuminated page, but if they could give him some data on that subject he would try to bring it before the public. For his part he would infinitely rather have a finely illuminated book than he would have a picture. He would like to have a book of which every page was a picture. If the thing once became fashionable, it would go on as a matter of course. The result would be that the eye would be disciplined. People did not know what a true Titian was. It was his perfect harmony of color for which his works were so famous; and by disciplining the eye with fine harmonies, all that would be felt which was now a dead letter. He could not imagine a happier life than that of a person devoting himself to the art of which he had been talking, with something of the disposition of a monk of old. If people would cultivate it, a totally new impulse would be given to art in every direction, and probably to literature, for people would think it better to have a monument in the shape of an illuminated book than in that of windows. He thought a man engaged in writing a book would take more care in its composition, if he knew that it was afterward to be beautifully illuminated, than if it was printed in the ordinary way, and scattered all over the world, with all the errors committed in it by printer's devils."

It is stated that an enterprising German is about to secure a patent for his discovery of flax, or its equivalent, in fifteen different kinds of common weeds. The discovery is to be turned to account in the manufacture of numerous articles of which flax is the principal, but especially in the manufacture of paper, which is a matter of deep interest just now to the publishing world, the scarcity of rags being a great embarrassment to business.

Last year the applications for patents numbered 2,673, the caveats filed were 901, and the patents issued 958. The extent of the field and the variety of productions to which this species of skill is applied, are shown in the number, nature and character of the productions. In the last ten years 18,440 applications for patents have been made, 5,674 caveats have been filed, and 7,673 patents have been granted. These may be said to include improvements in every branch and division of labor that human skill is applied to, or that human necessities require.

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IRVING'S LAST VOLUME.

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER has made another bow to the public. The old man looks as fresh and as quaintly good-humored as ever. In our notice of "Wolfert's Roost," last month, we promised to return to the volume, and to give our readers some samples of its dainty pages. It is a fragmentary book, mostly composed of articles which have been floating about for years, but which have never

appeared in a collected form before. They make a good-sized duodecimo, which takes its place with unstinted self-respect in the fine series of Irving's complete works issued by Putnam, of which more directly. In its literary rank it will compare with any of the other fragmentary volumes of the edition. We promise the reader that the attractions, the fascinations of the "Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "The Tales of a Traveler," &c., will be found richly abundant in these fugitive pictures, and the pleasant recollections of entertainment and tranquil, ever-flowing humor, in the fire-side or "Sunnyside" readings of other years—those dear recollections which every reader of Irving finds it impossible for time or change to dissociate from his name—will be reproduced with all their old zest by the perusal of this welcome volume.

We referred, some time ago, in one of our literary notes, to the homestead of Irving, on the banks of the Hudson, not far from Tarrytown. The summer steamers, crowded with happy travelers, on "the northern tour," never pass it without inclining to the landward as if in homage to his genius, under the feet of the throng who gather at the bulwarks to gaze on the "Sunnyside" landscape, and its old, comfortable, but odd-looking mansion, the tranquil asylum of the old man of genius. It is this curious and venerable house, ever hereafter to be memorable as so many other localities have been made by Irving's pen, that gives title to the new book, "Wolfert's Roost;" and the first paper of the collection is a sort of chronicle of the times which have passed over and have left their weather-beaten traces upon the building. The *locale* and pretensions of the edifice are thus described in the opening paragraph of the volume:

"About five-and-twenty miles from the ancient and renowned city of Manhattan, formerly called New-Amsterdam, and vulgarly called New-York, on the eastern bank of that expansion of the Hudson, known among Dutch mariners of yore as the Tappan Zee, being in fact the great Mediterranean Sea of the New-Netherlands, stands a little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable-ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat. It is said, in fact, to have been modeled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Escurial was modeled after the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence. Though but of small dimensions, yet, like many small people, it is of mighty spirit, and values itself greatly on its antiquity, being one of the oldest edifices, for its size, in the whole country. It claims to be an ancient seat of empire, I may rather say an empire in itself, and like all empires, great and small, has had its grand historical epochs. In speaking of this doughty and valorous little pile, I shall call it by its usual appellation of 'The Roost;' though that is a name given to it in modern days, since it became the abode of the white man."

The grand history of this monumental mansion is given in similar style through the old Dutch period, the Revolutionary times, and thence to the present day, including in the latter section a full and accurate account of the residence within its venerable walls of the immortal Diedrich Knickerbocker himself. We must insert the Third Chronicle:—

"The Revolutionary War was over. The debatable ground had once more become a quiet agricultural region; the border chivalry had turned their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and hung up their guns, only to be taken down occasionally in a campaign against wild pigeons on the hills, or wild ducks upon the Hudson. Jacob Van Tassel, whilom carried captive to New-York, a flagitious rebel, had come forth from captivity a 'hero of seventy-six.' In a little while he sought the scenes of his former triumphs and mishaps, rebuilt the Roost, restored his goose-gun to the hooks over the fireplace, and reared once more on high the glittering weathercocks.

"Years and years passed over the time-honored little mansion. The honeysuckle and the sweetbrier crept up its walls; the wren and the phœbe bird built under the eaves; it gradually became almost hidden among trees, through which it looked forth, as with half-shut eyes, upon the Tappan Sea. The Indian spring, famous in the days of the wizard sachem, still welled up at the bottom of the green bank; and the wild brook, wild as ever, came babbling down the ravine, and threw itself into the little cove where of yore the water-guard harbored their whaleboats.

"Such was the state of the Roost many years since, at the time when Diedrich Knickerbocker came into this neighborhood, in the course of his researches among the Dutch families for materials for his immortal history. The exterior of the eventful little pile seemed to him full of promise. The crow-step gables were of the primitive architecture of the province. The weathercocks which surmounted them had crowed in the glorious days of the New-Netherlands. The one above the porch had actually glittered of yore on the great Vander Heyden palace at Albany!

"The interior of the mansion fulfilled its external promise. Here were records of old times; documents of the Dutch dynasty, rescued from the profane hands of the English, by Wolfert Acker, when he retreated from New-Amsterdam. Here he had treasured them up like buried gold, and here they had been miraculously preserved by St. Nicholas, at the time of the conflagration of the Roost.

"Here then did old Diedrich Knickerbocker take up his abode for a time, and set to work with antiquarian zeal to decipher these precious documents, which, like the lost books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians; and it is the facts drawn from these sources which give his work the preference, in point of accuracy, over every other history.

"It was during his sojourn in this eventful neighborhood, that the historian is supposed to have picked up many of those legends, which have since been given by him to the world, or found among his papers. Such was the legend connected with the old Dutch church of Sleepy Hollow. The church itself was a monument of bygone days. It had been built in the early times of the province. A tablet over the portal bore the names of its founders: Frederick Filipson, a mighty man of yore, patroon of Yonkers; and his wife, Katrina Van Courtland, of the Van Courtlands of Croton—a powerful family connection, with one foot resting on Spiting Devil Creek, and the other on the Croton River.

"Two weathercocks, with the initials of these illustrious personages, graced each end of the church, one perched over the belfry, the other over the chancel. As usual with ecclesiastical weathercocks, each pointed a different way; and there was a perpetual contradiction between them on all points of windy doctrine; emblematic, alas! of the Christian propensity to schism and controversy.

"In the burying-ground adjacent to the church reposed the earliest fathers of a wide rural neighborhood. Here families were garnered together, side by side, in long platoons, in this last gathering-place of kindred. With pious hand would Diedrich Knickerbocker turn down the weeds and brambles which had overgrown the tombstones, to decipher inscriptions in Dutch and English, of the names and virtues of succeeding generations of Van Tassels, Van Warts, and other historical worthies, with their portraitures faithfully carved, all bearing the family likeness to cherubs.

"The congregation in those days was of a truly rural character. City fashions had not as yet stole up to Sleepy Hollow. Dutch sunbonnets and honest homespun still prevailed. Everything was in primitive style, even to the bucket of water and tin cup near the door in summer, to assuage the thirst caused by the heat of the weather or the drought of the sermon.

"The pulpit, with its wide-spreading sounding board, and the communion table, curiously carved, had each come from Holland in the olden time, before the arts had sufficiently advanced in the colony for such achievements. Around these on Sundays would be gathered the elders of the church, gray-headed men who led the psalmody, and in whom it would be difficult to recognize the hard-riding lads of yore, who scoured the debatable land in the time of the Revolution.

"The drowsy influence of Sleepy Hollow was apt to breathe into this sacred edifice; and now and then an elder might be seen with his handkerchief over his face to keep off the flies, and apparently listening to the dominie, but really sunk into a summer slumber, lulled by the sultry notes of the locust from the neighboring trees.

"And now a word or two about Sleepy Hollow, which many have rashly deemed a fanciful creation, like the Lubberland of mariners. It was probably the mystic and dreamy sound of the name which first tempted the historian of the Manhattoes into its spellbound mazes. As he entered, all nature seemed for the moment to awake from its slumbers and break forth in gratulations. The quail whistled a welcome from the corn-field; the loquacious cat-bird flew from bush to bush with restless wing proclaiming his approach, or perked inquisitively into his face, as if to get a knowledge of his physiognomy. The woodpecker tapped a tattoo on the hollow apple-tree, and then peered round the trunk, as if asking how he relished the salutation; while the squirrel scampered along the fence, whisking his tail over his head by way of a huzza.

"Here reigned the golden mean extolled by poets, in which no gold was to be found and very little silver. The inhabitants of the Hollow were of the primitive stock, and had intermarried and bred in and in, from the earliest time of the province, never swarming far from the parent hive, but dividing and subdividing their paternal acres as they swarmed.

"Here were small farms, each having its little portion of meadow and corn-field; its orchard of gnarled and sprawling apple-trees; its garden in which the rose, the marigold and hollyhock, grew sociably with the cabbage, the pea, and the pumpkin: each had its low-eaved mansion redundant with white-headed children; with an old hat nailed against the wall for the housekeeping wren; the coop on the grass-plot, where the motherly hen clucked round with her vagrant brood; each had its stone well, with a moss-covered bucket suspended to the long balancing pole, according to antediluvian hydraulics; while within doors resounded the eternal hum of the spinning-wheel.

"Many were the great historical facts which the worthy Diedrich collected in these lowly mansions, and patiently would he sit by the old Dutch housewives with a child on his knee, or a purring grimalkin on his lap, listening to endless ghost stories spun forth to the humming accompaniment of the wheel.

"The delighted historian pursued his explorations far into the foldings of the hills where the Pocantico winds its wizard stream among the mazes of its old Indian haunts; sometimes running darkly in pieces of woodland beneath balancing sprays of beech and chestnut; sometimes sparkling between grassy borders in fresh green intervals; here and there receiving the tributes of silver rills which came whimpering down the hill-sides from their parent springs.

"In a remote part of the Hollow, where the Pocantico forced its way down rugged rocks, stood Carl's mill, the haunted house of the neighborhood. It was indeed a goblin-looking pile; shattered and time-worn; dismal with clanking wheels and rushing streams, and all kinds of uncouth noises. A horse-shoe nailed to the door to keep off witches, seemed to have lost its power; for as Diedrich approached, an old negro thrust his head, all dabbled with flour, out of a hole above the water-wheel, and grinned and rolled his eyes, and appeared to be the very hobgoblin of the place. Yet this

proved to be the great historic genius of the Hollow, abounding in that valuable information never to be acquired from books. Diedrich Knickerbocker soon discovered his merit. They had long talks together, seated on a broken millstone, heedless of the water and the clatter of the mill; and to his conference with that African sage, many attribute the surprising, though true story of Ichabod Crane, and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. We refrain, however, from giving further researches of the historian of the Manhattoes, during his sojourn at the Roost; but may return to them in future pages.

"Reader, the Roost still exists. Time, which changes all things, is slow in its operations on a Dutchman's dwelling. The stout Jacob Van Tassel, it is true, sleeps with his fathers; and his great goose-gun with him; yet his stronghold still bears the impress of its Dutch origin. Odd rumors have gathered about it, as they are apt to do about old mansions, like moss and weather stains. The shade of Wolfert Acker still walks his unquiet rounds at night in the orchards; and a white figure has now and then been seen seated at a window and gazing at the moon, from a room in which a young lady is said to have died of love and green apples.

"Mementoes of the sojourn of Diedrich Knickerbocker are still cherished at the Roost. His elbow-chair and antique writing-desk maintain their place in the room he occupied, and his old cocked hat still hangs on a peg against the wall."

One of the pleasantest pieces in the book is on *The Birds of Spring;* it is seasonable to our present number, and we feel tempted to quote from it largely. It opens with some pleasant autobiographical allusions:—

"My quiet residence in the country, aloof from fashion, politics, and the money-market, leaves me rather at a loss for occupation, and drives me occasionally to the study of nature, and other low pursuits. Having few neighbors, also, on whom to keep a watch, and exercise my habits of observation, I am fain to amuse myself with prying into the domestic concerns and peculiarities of the animals around me; and, during the present season, have derived considerable entertainment from certain sociable little birds, almost the only visitors we have, during this early part of the year.

"Those who have passed the winter in the country are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring; and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds. There is one modest little sad-colored bird, much resembling a wren, which came about the house just on the skirts of winter, when not a blade of grass was to be seen, and when a few prematurely warm days had given flattering foretaste of soft weather. He sang early in the dawning, long before sunrise, and late in the evening, just before the closing in of night, his matin and his vesper hymns. It is true, he sang occasionally throughout the day; but at these still hours, his song was more remarked. He sat on a leafless tree, just before the window, and warbled forth his notes, few and simple, but singularly sweet, with something of a plaintive tone, that heightened their effect.

"The first morning that he was heard, was a joyous one among the young folks of my household. The long, death-like sleep of winter was at an end; nature was once more awakening; they now promised themselves the immediate appearance of buds and blossoms. I was reminded of the tempest-tossed crew of Columbus, when, after their long dubious voyage, the field birds came singing round the ship, though still far at sea, rejoicing them with the belief of the immediate proximity of land. A sharp return of winter almost silenced my little songster, and dashed the hilarity of the household; yet still he poured forth, now and then, a few plaintive notes, between the frosty pipings of the breeze, like gleams of sunshine between wintry clouds.

"I have consulted my book of ornithology in vain, to find out the name of this kindly little bird, who certainly deserves honor and favor far beyond his modest pretensions. He comes like the lowly violet, the most unpretending, but welcomest of flowers, breathing the sweet promise of the early year.

"Another of our feathered visitors, who follow close upon the steps of the winter, is the pe-wit, or pe-wee, or phœbe-bird; for he is called by each of these names, from a fancied resemblance to the sound of his monotonous note. He is a sociable little being, and seeks the habitation of man. A pair of them have built beneath my porch, and have reared several broods there, for two years past, their nest being never disturbed. They arrive early in the spring, just when the crocus and the snowdrop begin to peep forth. Their first chirp spreads gladness through the house. 'The Phœbe-birds have come!' is heard on all sides; they are welcomed back like members of the family; and speculations are made upon where they have been, and what countries they have seen, during their long absence. Their arrival is the more cheering, as it is pronounced, by the old weather-wise people of the country, the sure sign that the severe frosts are at an end, and that the gardener may resume his labors with confidence."

Then follows a description of the bluebird, with Wilson, the ornithologist's poem upon him, and finally the following sketch of our favorite boblink:—

"The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the boblincon, or boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us, it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this begin the parching and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: 'the rains are over and gone, the

flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.' The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweetbrier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

"This is the chosen season of revelry of the boblink. He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

"Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a school-room. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. O, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

"'Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
No winter in thy year.

"'O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companion of the spring!'

"Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a 'bon vivant,' a 'gourmand;' with him now there is nothing like the 'joys of the table.' In a little while he grows tired of plain homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware; and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling. Boblincon no more—he is the *reed-bird* now, the much-sought for titbit of Pennsylvania epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

"Does he take warning and reform?—Alas, not he! Incorrigible epicure! again he wings his flight. The rice-swamps of the south invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous *rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

"Last stage of his career; behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some southern gastronome.

"Such is the story of the boblink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral, worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career, but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end."

The venerable Diedrich made, it seems, a visit to the "Faderland," actuated thereto by that curious spirit of antiquarian inquiry and admiration for Dutch traditions and manners, which have given his illustrious history such unparalleled accuracy and interest. He found himself quite "imparadised" in Broek, Holland. Here is his faithful description of it, true to all the traits of good sense and good style which shine on the pages of his "History:"—

"What renders Broek so perfect an elysium in the eyes of all true Hollanders, is, the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting, and varnishing: each housewife vies with her neighbor in her devotion to the scrub-

bing brush, as zealous Catholics do in their devotion to the cross; and it is said, a notable housewife of the place in days of yore is held in pious remembrance, and almost canonized as a saint, for having died of pure exhaustion and chagrin, in an ineffectual attempt to scour a black man white.

"These particulars awakened my ardent curiosity to see a place which I pictured to myself the very fountain-head of certain hereditary habits and customs prevalent among the descendants of the original Dutch settlers of my native state. I accordingly lost no time in performing a pilgrimage to Broek.

"Before I reached the place, I beheld symptoms of the tranquil character of its inhabitants. A little clump-built boat was in full sail along the lazy bosom of a canal; but its sail consisted of the blades of two paddles set on end, while the navigator sat steering with a third paddle in the stern, crouched down like a toad, with a slouched hat drawn over his eyes. I presumed him to be some nautical lover, on the way to his mistress. After proceeding a little further, I came in sight of the harbor or port of destination of this drowsy navigator. This was the Broeken-Meer—an artificial basin, or sheet of olive-green water, tranquil as a mill-pond. On this the village of Broek is situated, and the borders are laboriously decorated with flower-beds, box-trees clipped into all kinds of ingenious shapes and fancies, and little 'lust' houses or pavilions.

"I alighted outside of the village, for no horse or vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts, lest it should cause defilement of the well-scoured pavements. Shaking the dust off my feet, therefore, I prepared to enter, with due reverence and circumspection, this *sanctum sanctorum* of Dutch cleanliness. I entered by a narrow street, paved with yellow bricks, laid edgewise, and so clean that one might eat from them. Indeed, they were actually worn deep, not by the tread of feet, but by the friction of the scrubbing-brush.

"The houses were built of wood, and all appeared to have been freshly painted, of green, yellow, and other bright colors. They were separated from each other by gardens and orchards, and stood at some little distance from the street, with wide areas or court-yards, paved in mosaic, with variegated stones, polished by frequent rubbing. The areas were divided from the street by curiously-wrought railings or balustrades of iron, surmounted with brass and copper balls, sconred into dazzling effulgence. The very trunks of the trees in front of the houses were by the same process made to look as if they had been varnished. The porches, doors, and window-frames of the houses were of exotic woods, curiously carved, and polished like costly furniture. The front doors are never opened, excepting on christenings, marriages, or funerals: on all ordinary occasions, visitors enter by the back door. In former times, persons when admitted had to put on slippers, but this Oriental ceremony is no longer insisted on. . . .

"To attempt to gain admission to any of these stately abodes was out of the question, having no company of soldiers to enforce a solicitation. I was fortunate enough, however, through the aid of my guide, to make my way into the kitchen of the illustrious Ditmus, and I question whether the parlor would have proved more worthy of observation. The cook, a little wiry, hook-nosed woman, worn thin by incessant action and friction, was bustling about among her kettles and saucepans, with the scullion at her heels, both clattering in wooden shoes, which were as clean and white as the milk-pails; rows of vessels, of brass and copper, regiments of pewter dishes, and portly porringers, gave resplendent evidence of the intensity of their cleanliness; the very trammels and hangers in the fire-places were highly sconred, and the burnished face of the good St. Nicholas shone forth from the iron plate of the chimney-back.

"Among the decorations of the kitchen was a printed sheet of wood-cuts, representing the various holyday customs of Holland, with explanatory rhymes. Here I was delighted to recognize the jollities of New-Year's day; the festivities of Paäs and Pinkster, and all the other merrymakings handed down in my native place from the earliest times of New-Amsterdam, and which had been such bright spots in the year, in my childhood. I eagerly made myself master of this precious document for a trifling consideration, and bore it off as a memento of the place; though I question if, in so doing, I did not carry off with me the whole current literature of Broek.

"I must not omit to mention, that this village is the paradise of cows as well as men; indeed, you would almost suppose the cow to be as much an object of worship here, as the bull was among the ancient Egyptians; and well does she merit it, for she is, in fact, the patroness of the place. The same scrupulous cleanliness, however, which pervades everything else, is manifested in the treatment of this venerated animal. She is not permitted to perambulate the place; but in winter, when she forsakes the rich pasture, a well-built house is provided for her, well painted, and maintained in the most perfect order. Her stall is of ample dimensions; the floor is scrubbed and polished; her hide is daily curried and brushed, and sponged to her heart's content, and her tail is daintily tucked up to the ceiling, and decorated with a ribbon!

"On my way back through the village, I passed the house of the *prediger*, or preacher—a very comfortable mansion, which led me to augur well of the state of religion in the village. On inquiry, I was told that for a long time the inhabitants lived in a state of great indifference as to religious matters: it was in vain that their preachers endeavored to arouse their thoughts to a future state; the joys of heaven, as commonly depicted, were but little to their taste. At length a dominie appeared among them, who struck out in a different vein. He depicted the New Jerusalem as a place all smooth and level; with beautiful dykes, and ditches, and canals; and houses all shining with paint and varnish, and glazed tiles; and where there should never come horse, or ass, or cat, or dog, or anything that could make noise or dirt; but there should be nothing but rubbing and scrubbing, and washing and painting, and gilding and varnishing, forever and ever! Since that time, the good housewives of Broek have all turned their faces thither."

Be not scandalized, devout reader, at this allusion to the earthly-minded dominie; there is a sly and well-deserved satire in it. There are too many such dominies extant. We could wish the satire a little more trenchant.

But we must cease our quotations. The volume contains sketches of Parisian life (a series of them) in 1825, traditions, or rather legends, of the Indians, Spanish stories, and ends with "Recollections of the Alhambra," which recall one of its author's most charming previous books.

A rare and endeared old man is this Washington Irving. *Old!* the word appears hardly admissible—he seems to us yet "old always youthful," as was said of the the German Klopstock. A good Providence is blessing him with a slow and beautiful sunset in the evening of his life. He has lived to see his name and (an equal happiness) that of his notable hero, household words throughout this continent, and in most of Europe. He cannot walk our streets without recognizing them on the very omnibuses, the public-houses, and the signs of shops and stores, and assembly halls. His genius combines the humor of Addison, the style of Goldsmith, and the gentle *morale* of good old Izaak Walton.

An American who is solicitous for the literary taste of his country, must be perplexed to anticipate what it will turn out to be, when he looks at the literary frivolities and abominations which flood the nation. A little while ago it seemed that our country was fast becoming the common sewer for the very filth of transatlantic literature. The monstrous births of the French and English presses were immediately reissued here in editions far greater than those of France or England. More recently, perverse and scandalous personal books, or literary extravaganzas, have been scattered universally by a monstrous system of advertising. And is not the demoralizing effect visible in the alarming growth of vice among us? And what ultimately must the literature of a people thus vitiated in taste become? Under such circumstances, it is refreshing to remember that Irving is our national literary prototype, and that sound morality and genuine taste have obtained, in his classic writings, a vantage-ground which can never be forfeited. It has been said that it is a circumstance of inappreciable advantage for the dignity and permanence of our nation, that its greatest historical character was the incomparable Washington; and one writer thinks that the moral influence, on the national mind, of his almost superhuman example has given to the country much of its greatness and stability, while revolutionary frenzy has been ravaging Europe. It is, in like manner, a national good fortune that Irving is the first in our popular literature—not only the first prominent in regard to time, but also in merit; for he has precisely those excellences of genius which, like good wine, are sure to become more valuable with age. A hundred years hence, when Irving is dust, his genius will be abroad among the thronging millions of his fellow-countrymen, and will probably then be more effective than it is now. His own beautiful essay on the Mutability of Literature is false in one thing—is false in respect to his own destiny.

Those changes in language, to which he ascribes the obsoleteness of old books, will not affect him. It is a true doctrine in regard to a forming language, but not to one which has reached its maturity. Old Piers Plowman is dead under it, old Chaucer suffers seriously from it, and even the Elizabethan writers somewhat; but Addison and Goldsmith never will. They have attained the pure idiomatic genius of the language, which can perish only by the lapse of our civilization. Irving has preëminently this excellence. And then, humor, especially if elegant in its style, is permanently popular. Irving has this in its most healthful and genial tone. Where in Addison do you find better specimens than in old Diedrich Knickerbocker, or the John Bull, the Rip Van Winkle, the Sleepy Hollow, or the Christmas articles of the Sketch-Book? Good descriptions of natural scenery are likely to be permanently interesting—for nature is permanent—and good delineations of human character are still more so. Irving is one of the best painters of scenery and life in English literature. Scott does not excel him, nor equal him. His only fault, in this respect, is, that he is too conscious of his power, and uses it too frequently. Every article in the Sketch-Book may be referred to for examples. No interior scene of Teniers or Ostade surpasses the fine Flemish picture of "The Inn Kitchen." Dramatic effect is a rare ex-

cellence among authors; but how it abounds in the pages of Irving! Men of strong humor are usually susceptible of tenderness; what an incessant contrast of pleasantry and pathos do we meet with in this author? And where, among all our writers, will you find more affecting examples of the latter than in "The Broken Heart," or "The Widow and her Son?" And as to moral sentiment, what writer in our lighter literature is more pure?

In these respects Irving's writings have indisputable grounds of permanence. It is a matter of real, we were going to say of religious thankfulness, that such works are to be the national inheritance of our children; and whosoever helps to supersede the literary abominations which are creeping into our families like obscene reptiles, by directing the popular taste toward these pure and most entertaining productions, does a good service.

Some few years ago it was stated in the papers, that, while the New-York press was teeming with foreign trash, Washington Irving had been trying in vain to enlist a publisher for a new and complete edition of his works, with a *final* revision. The newspapers commented on the fact with indignation; and doubtless every generous mind in the land, that heard of it, felt mortified for his country. He at last found a publisher worthy of him. Putnam, of New-York, is now issuing the edition in a style seldom if ever surpassed on this side of the Atlantic. There is no flashy ostentation about it, but a neat, simple, perfect elegance; the type, paper, and binding, are an honor to the country. The "Life of Columbus," the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New-York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty," the "Sketch-Book," and "Bracebridge Hall," the Historical and Biographical works and others, amounting, with the present one, to sixteen volumes, have appeared, and can be had for about twenty dollars. Each work, except the Columbus, is complete in one volume of very convenient size. Interesting prefatory remarks, somewhat autobiographical, accompany each, dated at "Sunnyside." Knickerbocker's "History," we learn from its new preface, was commenced as a mere "temporary *jeu d'esprit*," in connection with his brother, the late Peter Irving, Esq. It was designed to be a parody on a small hand-book, entitled, "A Picture of New-York." He remarks:—

"Like that, our work was to begin with a historical sketch; to be followed by notices of the customs, manners, and institutions of the city—written in a serio-comic vein, and treating local errors, follies, and abuses, with good-humored satire. To burlesque the pedantic lore displayed in certain American works, our historical sketch was to commence with the creation of the world; and we laid all kinds of works under contribution for trite citations, relevant or irrelevant, to give it the proper air of learned research. Before this crude mass of mock erudition could be digested into form, my brother departed for Europe, and I was left to prosecute the enterprise alone. I now altered the plan of the work. Discarding all idea of a parody on the Picture of New-York, I determined that what had been originally an introductory sketch, should comprise the whole work, and form a comic history of the city. I accordingly molded the mass of citations and disquisitions into introductory chapters, forming the first book; but it soon became evident to me, that, like Robinson Crusoe with his boat, I had begun on too large a scale, and that, to launch my History successfully, I must reduce its proportions. I accordingly resolved to confine it to the period of the Dutch domination, which, in its rise, progress, and decline, presented that unity of subject required by classic rule. It was a period, also, at that time, almost a *terra incognita*, in history. In fact, I was surprised to find how few of my fellow-citizens were aware that New-York had once been called New-Amsterdam, or had heard of the names of its early Dutch governors, or cared a straw about their ancient Dutch progenitors."

He apologizes, we think quite needlessly, for his caricatures of the old Dutch burghers and governors, some of whose descendants have been rather sensitive about them. The following references are made to the later popularity of the work:—

"When I find, after a lapse of nearly forty years, this haphazard production of my youth still cherished—when I find its very name become a 'household word,' and used to give the home stamp to everything recommended for popular acceptation, such as Knickerbocker societies, Knickerbocker insurance companies, Knickerbocker steamboats, Knickerbocker omnibuses, Knickerbocker bread, and Knickerbocker ice; and when I find New-Yorkers of Dutch descent priding themselves upon being 'genuine Knickerbockers,' I please myself with the persuasion that I have struck the right chord; that my dealings with the old Dutch times, and the customs and usages derived from them, are in harmony with the feelings and humors of my townsmen; that I have opened a vein of pleasant associations and quaint characteristics peculiar to my native place, and which its inhabitants will not willingly suffer to pass away; and that, though other histories of New-York may appear, of higher claims to learned acceptation, and may take their dignified and

appropriate rank in the family library, Knickerbocker's History will still be received with good-humored indulgence, and be thumbed and chuckled over by the family fireside."

The preface to the Sketch-Book gives some interesting details of its author's literary history. These classic papers, with two exceptions, were written in England. He intended to prepare the complete series before publishing; but pecuniary reverses compelled him to send them "piecemeal to this country for publication in numbers." They found their way to England, and were particularly commended in the *London Literary Gazette*. It was reported to him that a London bookseller was about to issue a volume of them. This induced him to attempt to procure a publisher himself, that he might not only have the pecuniary advantage, but also the opportunity of suitable revision. He applied to Murray, the celebrated publisher, and met with one of those discomfitures which form so frequent a feature in literary biography. We must give his own account of the matter:

"I took the printed numbers, which I had received from the United States, to Mr. John Murray, the eminent publisher, from whom I had already received friendly attentions, and left them with him for examination, informing him that, should he be inclined to bring them before the public, I had materials on hand for a second volume. Several days having elapsed without any communication from Mr. Murray, I addressed a note to him, in which I construed his silence into a tacit rejection of my work, and begged that the numbers I had left with him might be returned. The following was his reply:—

"'My Dear Sir,—I entreat you to believe that I feel truly obliged by your kind intentions toward me, and that I entertain the most unfeigned respect for your most tasteful talents. My house is completely filled with work-people, and I have only an office to transact business in; and yesterday I was wholly occupied, or I should have done myself the pleasure of seeing you. If it would not suit me to engage in the publication of your present work, it is only because I do not see that scope in the nature of it which would enable me to make those satisfactory accounts between us, without which I really feel no satisfaction in engaging; but I will do all I can to promote their circulation, and shall be most ready to attend to any future plan of yours.

"'With much regard, I remain, dear sir, your faithful servant, John Murray.'"

"This," he says, "was disheartening;" but he remembered Constable, Scott's famous publisher, at Edinburgh, with whom he had formed an acquaintance. He wrote to Scott to procure Constable's interest in the work, and mentioned that a pecuniary reverse made it necessary for him to rely upon the publication for aid. The Sketches were sent to Scott for examination. The hint about a reverse of fortune was just such as could not fail to interest the generous heart of Scott. He offered Irving immediately an editorship at Edinburgh, and wrote:—

"If my proposal does not suit, you need only keep the matter secret, and there is no harm done. 'And for my love, I pray you wrong me not.' If, on the contrary, you think it could be made to suit you, let me know, as soon as possible, addressing Castle-street, Edinburgh."

In a postscript, written from Edinburgh, he adds:—

"I am just come here, and have glanced over the Sketch-Book. It is positively beautiful, and increases my desire to *crimp* you, if it be possible. Some difficulties there are always in managing such a matter, especially at the outset; but we will obviate them as much as we possibly can."

The offer of an editorship at fifteen hundred dollars per annum, was rather a tempting bait for a poor and embarrassed *litterateur;* but Irving was true to his genius. He knew that editing a periodical was little more than mental mechanics, and that genius could find it but abject slavery. Had he accepted, we should, probably, have had from him, as in the case of Bryant, but an occasional intimation of the brilliant powers which would be thus comparatively lost. Literary men of real genius have usually made a poor figure at periodical editorship. Leigh Hunt ran down several publications; Wilson did well; Campbell, Lockhart, and a host of others, nearly spoiled their careers by it. Campbell, as we said in our last number, rejected Miss Mitford's papers when he was editor of the "New Monthly Magazine;" they found a place in the "Lady's Monthly Magazine," and were subsequently brought together in a volume under the title of "Our Village." Irving determined to depend upon higher efforts, and declined very courteously the offer. Scott answered him with other proffers of kindness. Irving says:—

"Before the receipt of this most obliging letter, however, I had determined to look to no leading bookseller for a launch, but to throw my work before the public at my own risk, and let it sink or swim, according to its merits. I wrote to that effect to Scott, and soon received this reply:—

"'I observe with pleasure that you are going to come forth in Britain. It is certainly not the very best way to publish on one's own account; for the booksellers set their face against the circulation of such works as do not pay an amazing toll to themselves. But they have lost the art of altogether damming up the road in such cases, between the author and the public, which they were once able to do, as effectually as Diabolus,

in John Bunyan's Holy War, closed up the windows of My Lord Understanding's mansion. I am sure of one thing—that you have only to be known to the British public, to be admired by them; and I would not say so unless I really was of that opinion.'"

The Sketch-Book was brought out in London; but, before it had got fairly under way, the publisher failed, and the writer had another illustration of the fortunes of authorship; but Scott, whose heart was ever as generous as his genius was fertile, came again to his help. Irving says:—

"At this juncture Scott arrived in London. I called to him for help, as I was sticking in the mire, and, more propitious than Hercules, he put his own shoulder to the wheel. Through his favorable representations, Murray was quickly induced to undertake the future publication of the work, which he had previously declined. A further edition of the first volume was struck off, and the second volume was put to press; and from that time, Murray became my publisher, conducting himself, in all his dealings, with that fair, open, and liberal spirit, which had obtained for him the well-merited appellation of the Prince of Booksellers."

Irving refers gratefully to the kindness of his great literary friend:—

"Thus, under the kind and cordial auspices of Sir Walter Scott, I began my literary career in Europe; and I feel that I am but discharging, in a trifling degree, my debt of gratitude to the memory of that golden-hearted man, in acknowledging my obligations to him. But who of his literary cotemporaries ever applied to him for aid or counsel, that did not experience the most prompt, generous, and effectual assistance?"

We have given these scraps of literary history to our readers, because nothing relating to our national literary favorite is uninteresting. It is to be hoped that his works, now beautifully reissued, will find their way into every section of the States, and do much to displace the pernicious publications, which are corrupting the public taste and morals. Our children demand a tasteful and entertaining literature in addition to our many and excellent purely religious works, and will have it. If we would divert them from the perverse or corrupt literary pretenders of the day, the Fanny Ferns, Barnums and Wikoffs, and the deluging "yellow-cover" literature, let us put these elegant works into their hands. We can hardly conceive of a mind, accustomed to such reading, degrading itself afterward in the filthy mire of Eugene Sue, or even Edward Lytton Bulwer.

It is a perplexing question with right-minded parents what works, mostly of elegance or taste, they can safely put into the hands of their children. It is next to impossible to withdraw from them entirely what is called light reading. The prohibition would, in many cases, be but a provocation to it. Most fortunately for our literature, there are amidst its teeming corruptions some works of the kind which are at once pure and classic—Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Irving. Who would ask for more attractive authors? All of them, not excepting Irving himself, some good men might wish to modify in some passages; but he that can confine the interest of his child to such "light reading," may expect in him not only good taste, but good and generous traits of character.*

[For the National Magazine.]

APRIL.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

They say thou wert a loiterer, lovely child,
In days of Ela! thou art no lingerer now,
For soft I feel thy flower-breath on my brow:—
They say when nature call'd her children round,
To portion them, thou wert astraying wild
Through wood and vale—by streamlet, willow crown'd:—
Nor till the dame had given to each her blessing,
With every gift and favor worth possessing,
Didst thou appear—in sooth, a fairy child,
With laughing lips, blue eyes, and sunny hair,
Of a capricious step, yet graceful air,—
And bearing in thy hand a wreathlet wild
Of glade, and meadow-land, of wood, and water flowers;
A fair and fragrant gift, cull'd in thy truant hours.

The "fable" tells how the great mother gloam'd
Upon the *child* that bounded to her knee:
"O thoughtless one! where hast thou idling roam'd?
Now there is no allotted time for thee:—
Nor can I see thee more!" The fair child listen'd.
While on her cheek the heart-full tear-drop glisten'd.
"Ah, mother dear! revoke thy stern decree,
I am no laggard,—look, I bring to thee
This flower-gemm'd crown!" Touch'd by this tenderness
Thy mother gave thee to the care of spring,
And while she yielded to thy soft caress,
Bound on thy brow the flowers thyself didst bring—
For *this*, 't is said, thou dost rejoice, sweet child,
'Mid smiles and tears, and wear'st the self-same chaplet wild.

* The engraving at the head of our article is inserted by the permission of Irving's publishers—the Messrs. Putnam.

SPRING.

Close at our ear
We can but hear
The redbreast's simple verse;
His mellow warblings, rich and full,
He need not now rehearse;
For he, through all the winter dull,
Has sung them to the lonely woods;
And oft, in shady solitudes,
His notes have come,
Like thoughts of home,
Into a weary soul.

Who does not own their mild control?
Familiar from our earliest year,
His tranquil song, resign'd and clear,
Brings thankful joy, yet wakes a tear:
For he has never ceased to pay
His visits to the churchyard lone,
To sing his funeral lay
Above each mossy stone.
And surely in his soothing strains
A dirge-like cadence yet remains.

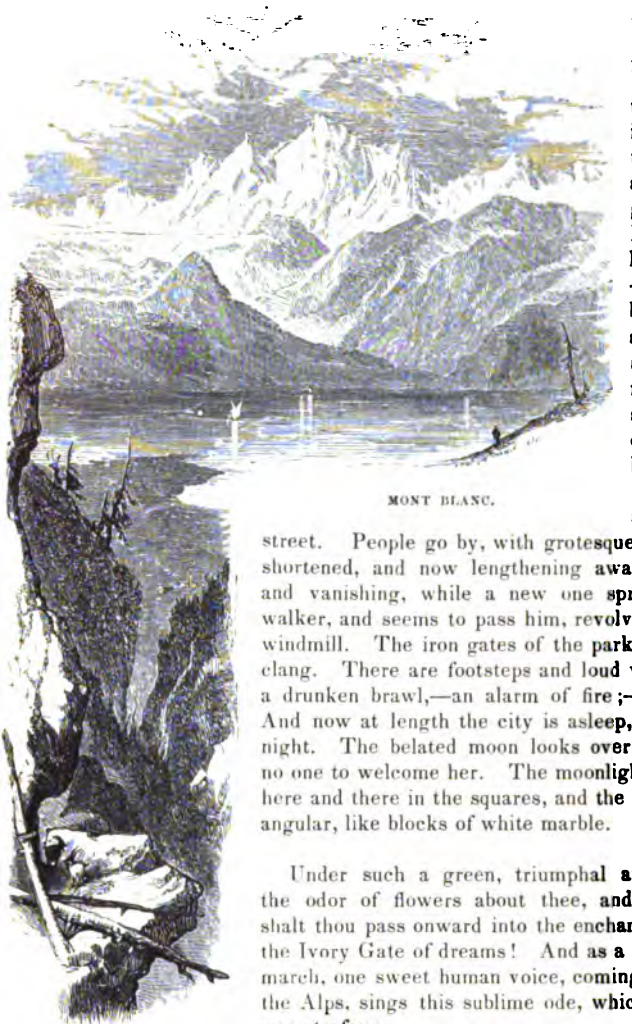
o o o o o o o

Lo! what a goodly carpet here
Of wood anemonies,
Beneath the shade of hazel trees,
How fair their stars appear.
The hyacinth begins to shake
Her scented purple bells,
And hawthorn-blossom in the brake
The tide of fragrance swells.
Come forth and walk beside the stream,
The yellow meadows laugh and gleam
With sunshine of spring flowers.
Here I could sit and gaze for hours:
How rich the grass!
And as we pass
The daisies flap against our feet,
And here and there the cowslips sweet
Beckon us, nodding slow;
We gather'd them so long ago:
I cannot pass a cowslip by,
They have a beauty to my eye
That is not all their own.

Now on a turf of grass new-mown,
Where clover sheds
Its perfumed heads,
Sit down and take your fill.
About us come,
With dreamy hum,
The honey-seeking bees, that know
Where all the sweetest blossoms grow.
Rest for a moment, and be still!
There is a burden at my heart,
Half sweet, half sad,
Which longs to start
Into a chorus wild and glad.
Come, let the joy of nature creep
Into your spirit; let it send
Its fullness there,
Outweighing care:
It is the welcome of a friend.

For very gladness I could weep,
To think the spring has come,—the spring,
That makes us rise, and soar, and sing,
In free, unfetter'd strain,—
The resurrection of the year,
The herald of a brighter sphere,
Where all that has been blessed here
Shall live again!

NIGHT IN SWITZERLAND.



MONT BLANC.

IT is late, and the crowd is gone. You step out upon the balcony, and lie in the very bosom of the cool, dewy night, as if you folded her garments about you. Beneath lies the public walk with trees,—like a fathomless, black gulf, into whose silent darkness the spirit plunges and floats away, with some beloved spirit clasped in its embrace. The lamps are still burning up and down the long street. People go by, with grotesque shadows, now foreshortened, and now lengthening away into the darkness and vanishing, while a new one springs up behind the walker, and seems to pass him, revolving like the sail of a windmill. The iron gates of the park shut with a jangling clang. There are footsteps and loud voices;—a tumult,—a drunken brawl,—an alarm of fire;—then silence again. And now at length the city is asleep, and we can see the night. The belated moon looks over the roofs, and finds no one to welcome her. The moonlight is broken. It lies here and there in the squares, and the opening of streets,—angular, like blocks of white marble.

Under such a green, triumphal arch, O reader, with the odor of flowers about thee, and the song of birds, shalt thou pass onward into the enchanted land, as through the Ivory Gate of dreams! And as a prelude and majestic march, one sweet human voice, coming from the bosom of the Alps, sings this sublime ode, which the Alpine echoes repeat afar:—

Come, golden evening! in the west
  Enthrone the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
  O'er all the mountain-tops. 'T is done;—
The tempest ceases; bold and bright,
  The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
Down sinks the sun; on presses night;—
  Mount Blanc is lovely still!

There take thy stand, my spirit; spread
  The world of shadows at thy feet;
And mark how calmly, overhead,
  The stars, like saints in glory, meet.
While hid in solitude sublime,
  Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of Time
  Step through the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
  From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
  Down to the nethermost abyss,
Invisible: the ear alone
  Pursues the uproar till it dies;
Echo to echo, groan for groan,
  From deep to deep, replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,
  Darkness that may be felt; but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
  The midnight spectre of the moon;
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
  Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme
Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
  With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Emerging as she climbs the sphere;
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in chill suspense,
They seem so exquisitely frail,
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
Thee, Leman's lake, once more I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
As beautiful as Dian's face:
Pride of the land that gave me birth!
All that thy waves reflect I love,
Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,
Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray;
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before,
Where all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind;
For, in that fairy land of thought,
Whate'er I seek, I find.—*Hyperion.*

THE VOICE.

Thou art not now so fair and gay as thou wert wont to be;
Pale is thy cheek, once blooming as the wild-rose on the tree;
No longer are thy coral lips by sportive dimples crown'd,
Thy form hath lost its airy grace, thy step its springing bound.

Thine eyes—those deep and glorious eyes, at once so dark and bright—
Shine with a sadden'd luster now, a vail'd and languid light;
I see upon thy noble brow the lines of anxious care,
And silver threads are twining with thy locks of ebon hair.

Yet hast thou kept one gift from Heaven, unharm'd, unalter'd, still;
How on my eager senses seems that tuneful voice to thrill!
Like to the gushing melody of waters pure and clear,
It comes amid the din of life to soothe my wearied ear.

Visions of bright and banish'd scenes around me seem to throng,
When dayly I held speech with thee, whose very speech was song:
And now, methinks, that well-known voice with soft and silvery chime
Pours forth a lay of triumph o'er the startling wrecks of Time!

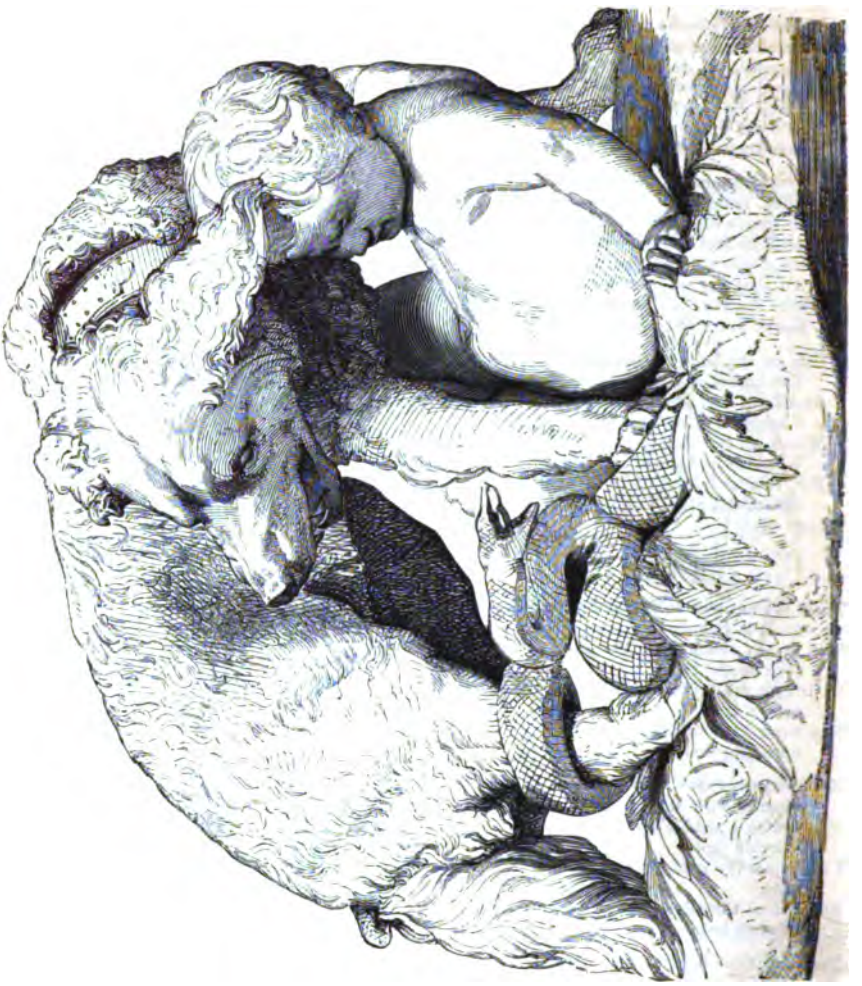
Thy fresh and youthful loveliness has ceased to charm the sight,
Yet deem not, sweet enchantress, that thy wand is broken quite;
Love's subtle spell thou yet mayst weave, since yet thou canst rejoice
In woman's most resistless charm—the magic of a voice!—*Mrs. Abdy.*

GROUPS IN MARBLE.

THE two groups which we present to our readers cannot certainly merit consideration on account of the novelty of their subject. There are scores of stories, old and new, about the fidelity of the dog, and what brave deeds dogs have done to save a master's child from harm. With mallet and chisel, the artist, M. Lechesne, has told such a story. Here the sportive child, with his huge, shaggy companion, half guardian, half playfellow, is attacked by a serpent. The scaly monster is ready for the fearful dart, and the boy's peril is imminent—the dog, with a look of mingled rage and terror, regards the reptile as if uncertain what to do. But the next group tells the end of it. There the serpent lies dead; the dog has not only "scotched" but killed him outright; and the child hangs upon the neck of his good friend, whose kind, gentle, loving look, affords a fine contrast to his former expression. The story is simply and clearly told, and both designs are worthy of high praise.

As to the novelty of subject, painters and sculptors rarely invent. The creation of people and scenes is not their principal object. Commonly they are content to draw the subjects of their compositions from history, sacred or profane, legendary lore, or the imagination of the poet. They do not seek in this way to be original, but rather to present such scenes and such figures as may occasion the spectator at the first glance to say, "I know that subject;" it is their effort to seize upon what has already engaged the public mind, and to present it with new and unimagined beauties.

Everybody has heard of the fidelity of the dog. Deeply affecting is the story of Gelert. We remember how the Welsh prince followed the chase, and as the sun went down came home to his castle; how his heart was glad as he thought of his child, a bud of promise; but how he trembled and grew pale as Gelert, the hound, his boy's companion, bounded forth, while his lips and fangs ran blood; how Llewelyn sought his child, a fear at his heart that he dared not express, but sought in vain, and at last, in frantic rage, supposing the dog had devoured his little one, drew his sword and slew the creature as it fawned upon him; how the dying yell of the dog was echoed by an infant's cry,



ATTACK AND ALARM.

and concealed beneath a mangled heap he found his boy unhurt, while underneath the couch a great wolf lay all torn and dead.

"Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir."

Something like this story, without its tragical ending, is that which these groups present. The devoted attachment of the dog to its owner is as true as it is interesting. His constant love is never chilled even by neglect; he cannot be estranged by ingratitude or harshness; he devotes his whole attention to his master, obeys his commands with docility and cheerfulness, tracks his steps, and watches his looks. Few companions are more pleasant than a canine favorite, and few indeed are the friends that are to be found more true and loyal. Who need be ashamed of speaking in the praise of the dog? Did not Alexander the Great erect a city in memory of one of these favorites? and Solon did not think it beneath him to record the fidelity of that dog who leaped upon the funeral pile of his master, and perished in the flames.

M. Lechesne has sculptured a high eulogium on the dog. The three actors in his drama he has designed with the utmost care, and finished with exquisite delicacy. In beautiful harmony are the positions of the child, the dog, and the serpent. The plaster casts of these two subjects were exhibited during 1851 in the Crystal Pal-

ace, London, and a prize medal was awarded to the artist. At that time they attracted a great deal of attention, and people began to inquire about their sculptor, a young French artist just rising into fame.

Both groups are admirably adapted for the entrance of a park, a garden, or noble mansion. They are the fitting emblems of faithful guardianship. But in the present state of public taste it does not follow that a work of art should occupy the position which is most appropriate for it. Sculptors and painters both feel this alike. We do not yet thoroughly understand the utility of beauty. Sculpture and painting are regarded rather as ornamental than

VICTORY AND GRATITUDE.

essential. Yet the cultivation of taste, the encouragement of all that can possibly contribute to that desirable end, is one of the most important works of the age. We have great lessons yet to learn in this particular; we are in danger of forgetting that philosophy which teaches us that the beautiful is the priest of the benevolent. Our money-making propensities yield reluctantly to the claims of art, and our artists go abroad, not only for instruction, but for patronage and bread. The times are changing, however, and we may hope for a new era in art among us before the half-century is out. Sculpture is the noblest of the fine arts. It is one of our noblest omens that our own country has lately produced so many superior examples of it.

ISRAEL AND THE PYRAMIDS.*

HAD we space to give a general description of Egypt, as it existed in the days of Abraham, we should have to speak of other great works beside those mentioned in our last, especially of other pyramids, and the colossal sphinx, which now, for the

THE SPHINX.

most part covered with sand, still stretches out its vast figure before the pyramids of Memphis. What has been said, however, must suffice. And enough it is to point the contrast between the simple and virtuous shepherd-life of the patriarch, and the rank and godless life of the already corrupt valley of the Nile. How must the pure and pious mind of Abraham have been shocked and grieved at what he beheld in a land where religion professedly bore sway, but where it had degenerated into a gross and degrading superstition!

Before the days of Abraham, Egypt had been visited by a race of men belonging to the same family as that of the patriarch. We allude to the Hyksos, who invaded Egypt from the north-east, conquered the country, drove from the throne its native princes, and reigned instead for some centuries. But here we must give an outline of the history. In doing so, we think it safest implicitly to follow the authority of Lepsius.

Menes, the Thinite, proceeding from Upper Egypt, founded Memphis, and so began the true history of the Egyptian people. The second dynasty continued its rule in Upper Egypt, and then came to an end. The first dynasty at Memphis was followed by the third, as well as by the fourth, both of them accordingly being Memphitic. Under the fourth, the old empire reached a high degree of prosperity. During its sway, the three pyramids which we have briefly described were erected. Of the development of its material greatness, an idea may be formed from the numerous and splendid tombs, destined to the worship of the dead, which are still found near its capital. This prosperity Lepsius dates as early as the second half of the four thousandth year before Christ. Then came the fifth dynasty in immediate succession to the fourth. The fifth was also a Memphitic dynasty. Cotemporaneously with it, there reigned at Elephantiné, in Upper Egypt, the sixth dynasty, Ethiopic in its origin. With its monarchs the Ethiopians first appear in the history of Egypt, and under them the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt were united. During the sway of the following dynasties, from the seventh to the eleventh, the prosperity of the land declined. The eleventh was Theban. Then the far-famed city of Thebes in Upper Egypt, with its local divinity, Amun, gained predominance and distinction. The twelfth, which was the second Theban dynasty, extended its power over the whole country, and raised it to a second period of bloom, which is testified by great architectural works, especially rock sepulchres, as may be seen at Beni Hassan, with its rich and enduring paintings. Soon, however, the light was extinguished. About two thousand one hundred years before the birth of our Lord, the Hyksos, a warlike nomad race of Shemites, seized Memphis, where they maintained themselves for five hundred and eleven years. At length native princes expelled the foreigners, who, retiring to Syria, are reported to have laid the foundations of Jerusalem. This victory was the first advantage gained by the

* The subject of this article may be more deeply studied in the following works:—Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Egyptians," first and second series; Wilkinson's "Thebes and Modern Egypt;" Osburn's "Ancient Egypt, her Testimony to the Bible;" Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History;" Lepsius's "Chronologie der Aegypter;" Lepsius's "Discoveries in Egypt;" Kenrick's "Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs;" Wathen's "Arts, Antiquities, and Chronology of Ancient Egypt;" which are the writings to which, besides the Bible, we have been chiefly indebted.

south against the constant incursions from the rude and powerful tribes which pressed forward from the north, and especially from the fertile plains of Mesopotamia. The repulsion of the swarming myriads must have produced movements throughout Western Asia forming a new era in the world's history. The time was from the sixteenth to the fourteenth century B. C.; and it is worthy of notice that the roots of the historical and traditional recollections of all other nations run back to this epoch, which was the beginning of recorded emigrations and colonizations, the diffusion of superstitions, and the spread of knowledge over the surface of the then known world.

With the seventeenth dynasty the new empire begins, which was also the revival of native Egyptian prosperity. That prosperity continued under the eighteenth and the nineteenth. Beyond this point we need not pursue our sketch.

The exact date of Abraham's descent into Egypt is not declared by any monumental evidence. Considered from an Egyptian point of view, the event was too inconsiderable to be commemorated; — but it took place between the expulsion of the Hyksos and the reign of Ramses.

During the reign of the next king, Sethos I., an enterprising and victorious sovereign, Joseph rose to power. Under a monarch of the same line, namely, Ramses II., the Israelites, his descendants, were most cruelly oppressed. And a third, by name Menephthes, was the monarch out of whose cruel hands Moses rescued his people. This event Lepsius places about 1322 B. C., whereas the year 1491 is assigned for it by the common chronology.

Considering the history of Egypt in relation to Israel, Lepsius states:—

"We accordingly know the Pharaoh under whom Joseph came to Egypt, namely Sethos I., also the Pharaoh at whose court Moses was educated, namely, Ramses II., (Sesostris,) and finally, the third, under whom Israel left Egypt, that is, Menephthes. Of these three kings of the nineteenth dynasty, Ramses II., surnamed Miamun, was unquestionably the greatest: nay, we must declare, that under him the Egyptian empire rose to the summit of power and glory. In his reign was Moses, the great man of God, born; and in the reign of his successor, whom Herodotus describes as a proud and godless monarch, and consequently as punished by blindness for his misdeeds, Moses led forth the Israelites, and founded the Hebrew theocracy by the system of law which was given at Sinai."

Not very long after Abraham had, in obedience to a divine admonition, quitted the idolatrous land of his birth, and, journeying to the south-west, established himself in the uplands of Canaan; and shortly before he had separated from his nephew Lot, and consequently before the overthrow

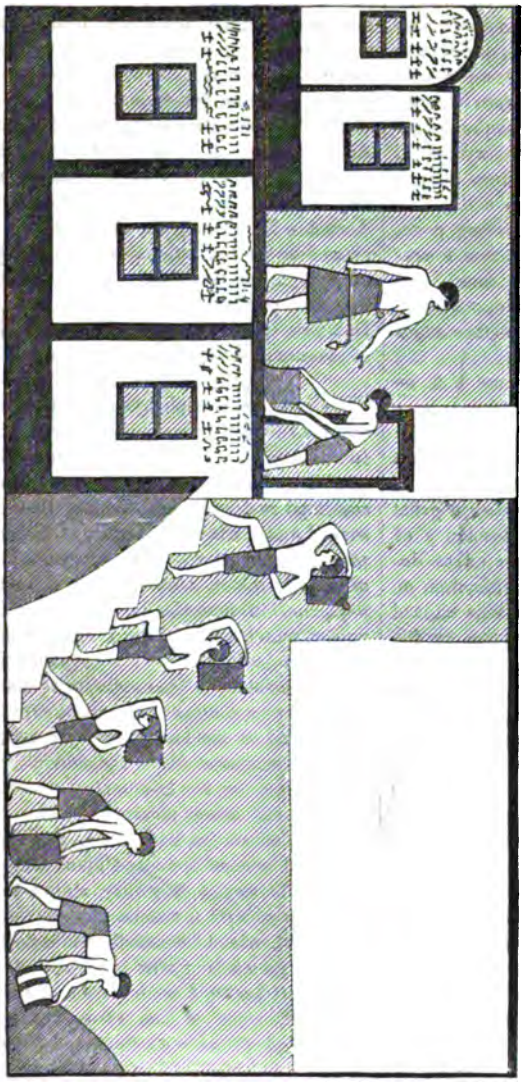
of the cities of "the vale of the meadows," Abraham, sorely pressed by famine —a calamity under which the stony soil of Palestine, if visited with a drought, was very likely to suffer—went into Egypt, intending to sojourn there until the dearth was at an end, as being a country famed for the abundance of its vegetable productions, and as lying within a distance which ordinary perseverance might compass. The journey, however, was longer and more severe than we in these days may readily conceive, involving not only toil and privation, but also personal danger of no insignificant kind.

And here comes into view one of those marked accordances between the language of Scripture and actual fact, the recognition of which we owe to the discoveries of modern science. In proceeding into Egypt, Abraham is said *to go down*, (Gen. xii, 10,) and in returning to Canaan he is said *to go up*, (Gen. xiii, 1.) The terms are accurately descriptive, for, from measurements of the localities which have been recently made, we know that, within comparatively a few miles, he would experience a change of level amounting to some four thousand feet.

Abraham was not ignorant of the general character of the government under whose power he was about to place himself. It was a despotic government. It was also a licentious court. The harem of that court was supplied from the neighboring lands. Especially were the Mesopotamian tribes laid under tribute, as opportunity served, because their females were of a lighter complexion than those of Egypt. In consquence, Abraham had reason to fear that his wife Sarah would be seized by Pharaoh, or his courtiers. Her seizure, however, involved danger to himself, for, as her husband, he could not think his life secure. But Sarah was his sister as well as his wife. If she appeared in that relation, even favor might be shown to the patriarch, in order the more readily to get possession of Sarah's person and win her favor. As Abraham's sister, it was therefore agreed that Sarah should be announced. When the pair arrived at Memphis, Sarah, as was expected, "was taken into Pharaoh's house," for "the Egyptians beheld the woman that she was very fair; the princes also of Pharaoh saw her, and commended her before Pharaoh." Gen. xii, 14, 15. Abraham, too, "was entreated well for her sake;" gifts were made to him of "sheep and oxen, and he-asses and men-servants and maid-servants, and she-asses and camels." One of these maid-servants was Hagar. Gen. xvi, 1. Meanwhile, the dearth was mitigated, and plenty gave promise of a speedy return. The promise made by God to his servant also remained steadfast. That promise assured Abraham that he was to be the father of a great nation, and expresely said, "I will bless them that bless thee, and I will curse him that curseth thee." Gen. xii, 1–3. But how could that promise be fulfilled if Abraham's wife was degraded in the court of Egypt? Accordingly, "the Lord plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarah, Abraham's wife," sending therein grievous diseases, such as the leprosy and the pest; so that Pharaoh was glad to dismiss her unharmed, and the divinely-protected couple, having been preserved in want and in sore peril, were enabled to return home to the highlands of Judah and Samaria.

Within the brief compass of a few lines, the Bible, in narrating these events, contains statements and implications out of which it would not be difficult to construct an ideal court, and an ideal social condition, as then existing in Egypt. That conception would exactly correspond with the reality, as already made known in some detail in these pages. Thus the Bible of the Hebrews and the monuments of Egypt are found to be in strict agreement; in both we behold the same despotism, the same organized government, the same division of ranks—from the slave to the prince, from the prince to the monarch; and in both we find Egypt a land of abundance—rich in all the great means of human support, and the great appliances of social ease and personal luxury. How could such an agreement exist did not the Scriptures represent realities, and had not its writers copied from nature?

In the family of Abraham's grandson, Jacob, occurred the remarkable story of Joseph, with which the reader is entirely familiar. The interpretation of a dream by Joseph gained him the favor of the sovereign, Sethos I., by whom he was raised from a prison to a seat at his own right hand, by one of those sudden and extreme elevations which in all times have been usual in the great oriental monarchies. By



SCENES OF COOKERY IN EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRES.

this act of grace on the part of the sovereign, the young Hebrew shepherd, after being incorporated in the warrior and sacerdotal caste, and after being invested with the insignia of office according to the religious and civil usages of the country, was made what we may term grand vizier or prime minister, or, in Egyptian, "the chief royal scribe," receiving the pompous name of Zaphnath-paaneah, or *life-giver*. As an additional honor, he was taken as a son into the family of the head of the Egyptian Church, Pharaoh bestowing on him the hand of Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On or Heliopolis, by whom he had two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim.

The time shortly came in which Joseph had it in his power to make a return for the favors with which he had been loaded. A famine impended. We know from history that Egypt, with all its fruitfulness, is liable to dearth, and the causes which inflict the calamity on Egypt are often general in their operations, so as to involve other lands in the same suffering. The fertility of Egypt depends on the overflowing of the Nile. Should the river, in its annual swelling in autumn, not reach a certain height, no inundation ensues, and sterility and famine are inevitable. The supply of water in the Nile, and consequently the growth of corn in the Delta, depends on the periodical rains which fall within the tropics in Ethiopia on the extreme southern limit of the land. If those rains are less copious than ordinary, Egypt and the whole surrounding district is parched. The seasons observe sometimes a certain cycle in their changes, so that a period of abundance is countervailed by a period of want. So did it happen in Egypt while under Joseph's administration. Seven times did the Nile overflow its banks, when by natural and artifical means the whole Delta became a network of irrigation, and shortly offered, first an almost unbroken sea of waters, and then a most plentiful harvest of corn. Seven adverse years ensued, and then want and suffering prevailed universally. During the season of abundance, however, Joseph had made provision, having formed magazines in the several districts. When the dearth came, therefore, he was prepared; he fed the people, and so their

lives were spared. In all ages Egypt has been renowned for its productiveness. Its exports of corn are still great, and it was the chief granary of the Roman world. When, then, the neighboring lands suffered from the widely-prevailing famine, they naturally looked to Egypt for a supply. By purchase they obtained from Joseph what they needed.

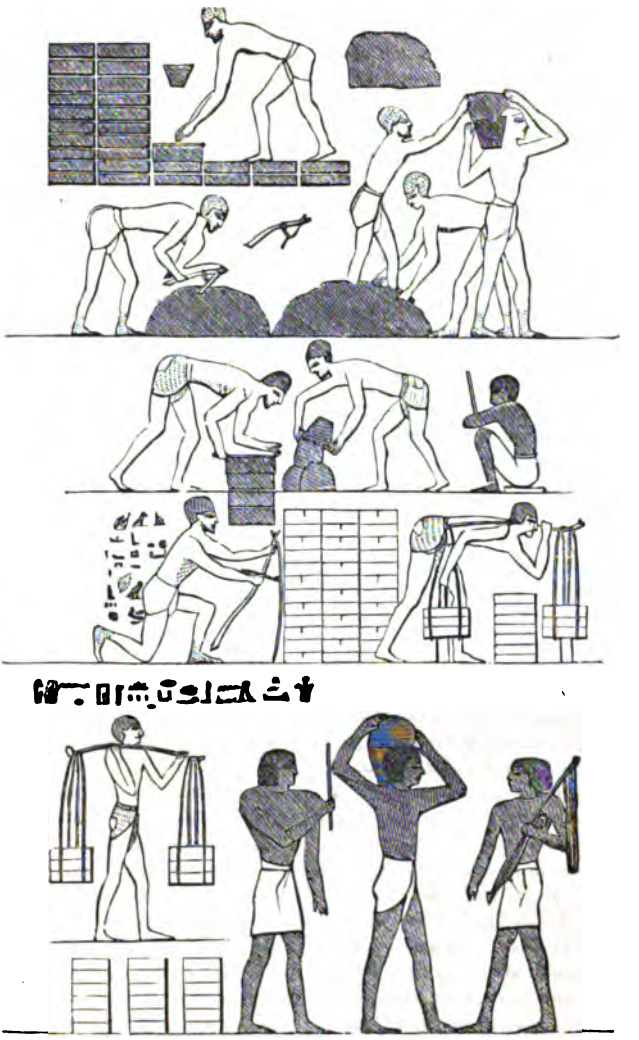
The engraving on the preceding page, taken from the paintings at Thebes, represents the storing of a granary, and shows to the life the series of acts that Joseph caused to be performed all over the kingdom. The subject is often repeated, and the actual painting may have had no specific connection with the precautions adopted by Joseph.

The abundance which the forethought of the grand vizier had put into his hands, gave him the means of achieving a great social revolution, the exact tendency of which history does not enable us to describe. Not impossibly the domination of the Hyksos, and the relaxations caused by the recovery of their throne by the Pharaohs, may have given an independence to the military aristocracy which was alien to the spirit of oriental government, and which Sethos found troublesome, if not formidable. Actuated by gratitude to his royal master, and desirous of placing his supreme authority on a safe foundation, as well as doing what then appeared best for the welfare of the kingdom, Joseph sold supplies of provision on such terms as brought the whole land into the hands of the monarch, so that all proprietors thenceforth held their properties of the sovereign. From the operation of this change, by which the feudal system of our middle ages was anticipated, the lands of the priests were exempted—a signal proof of their power, and an exemplification of the lofty position held by Jacob's youngest son.

That patriarch and his family were not exempted from the general distress. Like others, Jacob sent to Egypt for succor. The aid—the Biblical student well knows how—was afforded by Joseph's own hands. Not content with sending supplies to his hungry father, bowed with the weight of years, Joseph resolved to employ his influence in order to bring him and his family down into Egypt. The reigning Pharaoh had now an opportunity of manifesting gratitude on his part, and he gladly assented to the request of his prime minister. Jacob descended into Egypt, and after being presented to Sethos and his court, was allowed to settle in the land of Goshen, between the eastern arm of the Nile and Palestine, his native land. At length Jacob died, full of years and full of honors. Held in respect even in that strange land, his obsequies were conducted with the attentions and pomp bestowed by its inhabitants on distinguished men departed this life. For forty days was the patriarch mourned for alike by Israelite and Egyptian. A special mark of reverence was paid to his remains.

As long as Joseph lived the Israelites received protection and enjoyed prosperity. In consequence they greatly increased in wealth and numbers, the sure sources of social power. Meanwhile they had preserved their national identity. Existing as a separate people in a separate district of the kingdom, they formed a sort of *imperium in imperio*, or an independent power, which a despotism, in ever so slight a degree jealous, might reasonably fear. The time came for that jealousy to display its effects in a manner the most injurious and painful to the Israelites. By degrees the benefits conferred on the crown and on the country by the administration of Joseph, faded from memory. The high favor in which he had stood, the unprecedented honors bestowed upon him, and the extraordinary liberality shown to his kindred, brought a reaction in the Egyptian mind, which became the more decided and active when it was remembered that the favored people were a race of strangers, nay, were of the same blood and similar occupation with the hated Hyksos, who had so longed and so fearfully weighed upon the land. Was Egypt a second time to fall under the yoke of the Bedouins! What was there to prevent these Israelites from forming an alliance with some of the predatory and warlike tribes which ever infested the north-eastern frontier! Then war would ensue, and the tyranny of the shepherd kings might be reëstablished.

Actuated by considerations of this nature, and unable all at once to enslave or expel them, a Pharaoh, in whose mind the hostility to the Hebrews had reached its height, resolved to pursue by craft what he could not achieve by force, and took



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ISRAELITISH BONDAGE.

measures for gradually wearing down the strength of the people of Israel. Of first importance was it that he should possess strongholds in the land which the Hebrews occupied. For that purpose he erected the fortified cities of Pithom and Ramses. In order the more effectually to secure a communication between the two, he dug a canal, of which Pithom formed the western extremity, and Ramses the eastern. And such was the success that crowned his architectural and social efforts, that, in the latter city, there was erected in the sanctuary of the temple, and placed between two idols, an image of himself, cut in granite; and the group still exists. It was a stroke of deep policy to make the Hebrews forge their own chains. With that view, employment was given to them in the public works, probably under conditions which lulled suspicion and supplied attractions. Gradually the mask was thrown aside; tasks were imposed, task-masters were set over the workmen, who by little and little sunk into slaves.

The above engraving, copied from the paintings at Thebes, seems to have been expressly intended to gratify the national

vanity of the Egyptians, by commemorating the hard labor and bondage into which they had reduced the odious shepherds. Lepsius, in superintending the formation of an Egyptian museum at Berlin, directed that this very picture should be painted on the walls, destined to illustrate the reign of "Rameses II., the Great Miamun." Unquestionably, the picture is a good representation of the scene, as learned from the Book of Genesis. The physiognomy and complexion of the laborers are of the Hebrew cast; their toil is compulsory; while the aspect of their taskmasters is decidedly Egyptian.

But labor promotes robust and vigorous health, and the more their taskmasters afflicted the Israelites, the more they multiplied and grew. Exodus i, 12. Vexed and alarmed, the Egyptians redoubled their oppression. "And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field; all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigor." At last an expedient, as cruel as it was expected to be effectual, was conceived and enjoined. In order to secure its application, the crown employed its influence. The Hebrew midwives were required to put to death every new-born male infant. Hindered in the discharge of the barbarous office by a regard to the God of their fathers, the midwives were called before Ramses, (Rameses,) and pleaded an excuse which is justified by the laborious lives led by the Israelites, while it illustrates the effeminating luxury of the Egyptians, Exod. i, 19. "Therefore God dealt well with the midwives, and the people multiplied, and waxed very mighty." Thus foiled, the monarch issued a general command, and appealing to the loyalty of his natural subjects, charged the Egyptians to throw every male infant into the river as soon as born. To whatever extent the mandate was obeyed, it was certainly disregarded by the daughter of the reigning Pharaoh, who, moved by pity for a Hebrew child exposed on the Nile, became in God's hands the means of first rescuing, and then of educating, the hero, legislator, and prophet, Moses.

The narrative in its course has unfolded many points, illustrative at once of the meaning of sacred Scripture, and of the condition of Israel in the Land of the Pyramids. Of that condition, a complete view can arise only when the training of Moses to his high and noble office is passed under review. At present our duty is to supplement the narrative just concluded, so as to give it such completeness as the occasion admits.

We have written on the assumption that the Egyptian court, at the time of Joseph's administration, was a court of native Egyptians. Such is the view taken by Lepsius, and such is the view which the facts seem to require. On the contrary, some respectable authorities have held that the then reigning dynasty was that of the Hyksos, or shepherd kings. There is no need to resort to that supposition in order to explain the facility with which Israel was received, and established in Egypt, as, we submit, appears clear from the foregoing narrative. But had the ruling powers been of Arab origin, scarcely would the tone of the court have been so thoroughly Egyptian as the Bible represents it. There we behold a broad contrast both in language and usages between the Arab Israelites, and the Egyptian courtiers. For instance, Joseph, when wishing to appear as a native Egyptian, speaks to his brothers by means of an interpreter. Equally does he take his food apart from them, "because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews, for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians." Gen. xliii, 32. Equally does the selection of Goshen, as the dwelling-place of the Hebrews, attest the same divulsion of blood, manners, and religion. The sacred text is here very emphatic. Joseph, when instructing his brethren what part of the country they should ask to be placed in, employs these words—"When Pharaoh shall call you, and shall say, What is your occupation? ye shall answer, Thy servants' trade hath been about cattle from our youth even until now, both we, and also our fathers: *that* ye may dwell in the land of Goshen, *for* every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians." Gen. xlvi, 33, 34. Now, how could shepherds be "an abomination to the Egyptians," if the ruling line was of shepherd (Hyksos means *Shepherd Kings*) origin? Clearly the shepherd dynasty had left a still vivid feeling of abhorrence in the minds of the Egyptians. On the existence of a feeling of dislike the request is founded, for such an aversion would lead Sethos to place the new comers, as

much as might be, in a separate district, where contact with the natives might take place to the least possible extent. Such a district was Goshen, which lay beyond the Delta, in the eastern part of Egypt.

The selection of Goshen appears to have been recommended to Joseph on several grounds. The grand vizier could not but know how deeply-seated and intense was the general aversion felt by pure Egyptian blood against the once oppressive and ever-troublesome nomades on the north-east. Yet what was he about to propose to Pharaoh? Even the admission of a clan of those neighbors who were feared no less than hated. It was a bold request, even from him who was "lord in Pharaoh's house" and governor of the whole land. The opposition to be expected would be softened down if Goshen was chosen as the place of settlement; for in one sense Goshen was hardly within the boundaries of the land, and certainly lay not so as to bring the strangers into collision with the natives. Besides, could not Pharaoh see that there was no small advantage in his having there in Goshen, on the weak and tender side of his country, a shepherd tribe bound to him in the strongest bonds of gratitude and alliance?

On the part of the Hebrews, too, what district so suitable for pastoral pursuits? Goshen, for their purpose, was truly "the best of the land." It was also the most acceptable, for, being least unlike their own stony soil, it would least unpleasantly remind them of the limestone hills of Palestine.

Yet deeper reasons also seem to have actuated Joseph. He had seen too much of Egypt — its idolatry, its moral dissoluteness, its tyranny — to wish that his family should be Egyptianized; and too strongly did his heart cling to the family traditions and the ancestral monotheism, and the loved hills of his own native Canaan, not to desire earnestly that Jacob and his sons should, in their adopted country, remain what they were and what they had been. Place them in Goshen, then, and these patriotic and religious wishes would be fulfilled. There, on a suitable soil, they would continue their pastoral occupations—there they would be at a distance from the flood of Egyptian corruption — there they would not be tempted to renounce the worship of the Lord God of their fathers—and there, consequently, would their tribal unity, their patriarchal form of government, and their ancestral faith, be preserved and fostered, until, in the "fulness of time," those high promises which, like a rainbow of hope, hung over the house of Abraham, should be fulfilled, and destinies too bright for distinct outline should be the portion of Israel.

VIEW OF PORT-ROYAL AS IT WAS.

AN EXCURSION TO PORT-ROYAL.

I HAD once more visited the palace of Versailles; I had wandered through the park, mused in the *bosquets*, and endeavored to reduce into some definite shape, by the power of imagination, the thousand phantoms with which my mind associates the names of Bossuet, Racine, Condé. At last, thoroughly tired, I returned to the Hôtel de Paris, asked for a cup of coffee, and, while an awkward, dirty-looking stable-boy was harnessing two miserable *rossinantes* to the lumbering diligence, I hastily put down a few notes in my memorandum-book. "Well," said I to myself, as coachey requested me to take my place, "I believe I could now pass a very creditable examination on the history and antiquities of this town. I must seek new quarters, and find something to discourse of elsewhere."

At this juncture a venerable old gentleman entered the coach-yard, and, approaching the person who was taking the passengers' fares, "If you please, ma'am," inquired he, "when does the Chevreuse *voiture* start?"

"To-morrow afternoon at three."

"Chevreuse!" thought I, "surely I know that name. Chevreuse . . . . why, to be sure; it is the post beyond Versailles; the road winds through the valley of Port-Royal, and close under the walls of the monastery. . . . . For shame! this is my hundredth trip to the city of Louis le Grand, and I have not yet had even a glance at those noble ruins which testify still so loudly to the power of religion. I know every nook and corner in the splendid mansion of the persecutor, and I cannot say that I have even attempted to spell the funeral inscription which M. Hamon carved on the tombstone of Nicole or la mère Angélique! To-morrow I start for Port-Royal." As the clock struck

three, the next day, I was seated in the diligence, and, upon reconnoitering around me, I discovered among my fellow-travelers the little old gentleman I had already met at the coach-office. We soon entered into conversation together, and the first remark made by my companion was one which rendered me rather desirous of becoming acquainted with him.

The automedon under whose directions we rolled along had no doubt the most cogent reasons to be annoyed at the slow movements of his team; the fault was that he expressed his dissatisfaction every now and then by an oath.

"Poor man!" sighed my unknown friend, as a tremendous imprecation burst forth from coachey's lips—"poor man! he does not know what it is to respect God's holy name."

"I am afraid, sir," observed I, "that the great mass of the people in this country have very little scruple in breaking any of the ten commandments."

"Two hundred years ago matters were somewhat different in this neighborhood; at all events when the *ouvriers* of the monastery were at work their conversation was about spiritual things. They all knew the Psalter by heart, and some of them the New Testament. But, instead of blessings, now we have curses; the tongues which were formed to sing the praises of their Maker are busily employed in helping on the triumph of the great arch-enemy."

"You just now alluded to the monastery," continued I; "it is, I presume, Port-Royal you mean; may I ask whether you are connected with ——?"

"Well, sir," answered the old gentleman, with a good-humored smile, "I am not ashamed to say that if these were the days of Louvois and Madame de Maintenon, I should most likely be shut up in the Bastile as a confirmed Jansenist, instead of having the pleasure of traveling with you; but if you do not believe that a deep assent to the truths of the gospel is heresy, and if you are not proceeding further than Chevreuse, I shall be most happy to walk with you through the ruins of Port-Royal."

I readily accepted the offer, anticipating a capital opportunity of gaining the information I needed about some of the most eminent characters in the modern history of France. "I cannot feel too thankful," said I, "at having so valuable a cicerone on the present occasion; and although the dust is somewhat troublesome, we could not very well wish for a finer afternoon."

"August is generally a delightful month in France," replied the Jansenist; "and we are now more than half through it. To-day is the 19th."

"Indeed! the anniversary of the death of Blaise Pascal!"

"Yes; as you seem to be fond of antiquarian researches, you have, I suppose, looked at that great man's tomb in the church of Saint Etienne du Mont, in Paris?"

"I have; and I think that Périer's inscription is the *beau-ideal* of a Christian epitaph. It often strikes me," continued I, "that some incidents of Pascal's life are quite as amusing as the circumstances related in the first Provincial Letters."

"Certainly. Port-Royal, you will not be surprised to hear, is full of that illustrious thinker. I shall make you taste some peaches off his favorite tree, and show you the well dug under his direction .... But I see that we are at our journey's end; let us get out of this box, and breathe the fresh air once more."

Having reached this stage of my narrative, I intended to present the reader with a description, written by myself, of the locality rendered forever memorable by the solitaries of Port-Royal. But, finding in a work on the same subject a sketch which it would be vain to try and improve upon, I shall transcribe it without any scruple.

"On reaching the verge of the deep descent, we for the first time beheld Port-Royal. Imagine the hill, forming a complete steep or precipice, extending in an amphitheatrical shape, and shagged with forest-trees, chiefly beech, horse and Spanish chestnut, lime, and ash; and in the bottom a level plain, watered by a brook, and terminated by an imposing range of wooded hills; in the midst, and almost directly under our feet, covered with a profusion of creepers and wild flowers, are the silent remains of the monastery of Port-Royal des Champs.

"The view, without presenting any particular feature of magnificence, is yet one of the most completely beautiful it is possible to conceive. I could scarcely imagine, while contemplating it, that the view I

was looking at was the same place which Madame de Sévigné describes as 'a frightful desert.' Its character, on the contrary, is singularly that of cheerfulness and elegance, though combined with most perfect stillness and seclusion. Perhaps it may be, in some degree, altered from the circumstance that formerly all the circumjacent hills were shagged with lofty forests, which would both increase their apparent altitude and darkness of coloring; whereas now, though beautifully wooded, there is a sufficiently great proportion of coppice to give the forest-trees room to expand in a broad shade, instead of forcing them to tower into tall timber-trees."

The diligence had long disappeared from our sight, and we could only catch the distant sound of the wheels rattling down the hill; yet still we were there, standing at the very spot where we had alighted, absorbed, so to say, in the lovely prospect before us, and overwhelmed by the associations with which it is indissolubly connected. Just below us was the road leading to the entrance gate; on the left stood another imposing gateway, formerly belonging to the hôtel of the Duchesse de Longueville. We could distinguish in the distance the house of Tillemont, the historian; in another direction a small farm constituted the only remains of Les Granges, Arnauld's favorite residence.

I do not know how long our reverie would have lasted, had it not been for a little boy who came running up to us, and addressing my venerable cicerone, said: "If you please, Monsieur Silvy, the dinner is quite ready."

M. Silvy laughed outright. "I had positively forgotten all about it," said he; and turning toward me, "I hope, sir, you will excuse my rudeness. A little refreshment after our ride will do us both good; we dine early here, and in the evening we can have some more talk on Port-Royal. If you cannot favor us with your company for a longer space of time, the coach returns to Paris to-morrow at ten."

It was no use venturing upon an excuse, or begging pardon for the liberty I was taking. To tell the truth, I felt very anxious to know something more of M. Silvy, and, nothing loth, I walked back with him to the quarters where, according to the latest intelligence, a French *pot-au-feu* was already occupying its wonted station on the dinner-table.

My Jansenist friend was, as I subsequently discovered, a retired magistrate, who, after having filled one of the highest posts in the parliament of Paris, now spends the declining years of a useful and active life in retirement and prayer. Firmly attached to the principles for which the community of Port-Royal suffered persecution, he lived, so to say, in the past, and, like a second "Old Mortality," he endeavored to rescue from destruction the remains of the once far-famed monastery. He had purchased the estate over which these interesting ruins were scattered, and with unceasing energy he had applied himself to the task of repairing in some measure the damage done to them by the hand of time and the intolerance of men. When we entered his drawing-room, I found the floor, the tables, the chairs, indeed every article of furniture, covered with relics of the past. Some persons might perhaps have sneered at this accumulation of lumber, and spoken contemptuously of M. Silvy's antiquarian nonsense. That was what I could not find courage to do. Slabs of tombstones, fragments of church ornaments, worm-eaten old books, lay scattered about; on the walls were several fine old pictures by Philippe de Champagne, including portraits of Arnauld d'Andilly, and la mère Angélique. In the midst of all these mementoes of past ages, the appurtenances of a dinner-table seemed rather incongruous; nor was it without some difficulty that we made our way to the soup tureen, through a barricade of Port-Royal *débris;* we, however, ultimately succeeded in our attempt, and I must acknowledge that I never spent a more pleasant evening than the one I enjoyed under the roof of one of the last survivors of the French Jansenists. In the course of conversation the subject of religion was naturally introduced, and the reader will easily believe that I did not hesitate to give my own views respecting the proportion of error, which, as Protestants, we must grieve to find mixed so largely with the Jansenists' notions of divine truth; yet they were undoubtedly men *agonizing* to enter in at the strait gate: they were upright, like Job; they feared God and eschewed evil. Their hearts were no sooner illuminated by the spirit of the gospel, than, with him, they abhorred themselves, and repented in dust

and ashes; they were branches ingrafted into the true vine, and their names still shine as stars in the dark and distant horizon of departed centuries. That Rome persecuted such men is surely an affecting proof that its system casts out evangelical truth wherever it meets it in active operation.

M. Silvy related to me many deeply interesting particulars concerning the different members of the community, and it is from his conversations that I have derived the greater part of the information I possess on the subject. With what enthusiasm he spoke of Pascal, of Arnauld, of Racine! How feelingly he described the final closing of Port-Royal des Champs, and the dispersion of its inmates in the year 1709! After dinner we walked out again; we visited every nook and corner to which anything of historical interest was attached, and I there studied the seventeenth century from a point of view contrasting most singularly with that which Versailles suggests to the careful observer.

Out of the various personages who lived at Port-Royal des Champs, only a very few comparatively are known to English readers. "Esther" and "Athalie," the "Provincial Letters," the "Treatise on Logic," and other works, have no doubt insured to their respective authors a world-wide celebrity; but besides the writers of these a great many more deserve to be mentioned who spent their life in performing deeds of charity, and whose only ambition was to be numbered among the Lord's jewels. These excellent men have left behind them the fragrance of a consistent Christian career, and they should, for the benefit of the Church, obtain after their death the celebrity they shunned in the days of their pilgrimage.

The house called Les Granges, which M. Silvy has selected as his own residence, is reduced to less than half the original building. Besides Arnauld, it was inhabited by Le Maitre, the physician Hamon, and several others. In Hamon's room are still to be found the furnace, oven, mortar, and various utensils which he used for preparing medicines for the poor. Through this room was a little light closet in which he slept on a board, instead of a mattress. The staples which held his book-case yet remain, as well as the alarm by which he called himself to midnight prayer. Arnauld's apartments are rather large, and consist of several rooms opening into each other. From the windows, which, like all the others in the house, were only the size of casements, the prospect is delightful, extending over the whole valley below to the wooded hills beyond, and including the spires of the little churches of Vaumurier and Saint Lambert.

Among the recluses were persons from every class of society; soldiers, statesmen, peers of the realm, divines, poets, physicians, all contributed their share to the growth of Port-Royal and the edification of France. Entire families, converted by one of M. de Saint Cyran's sermons, or by reading the word of God, forsook, with mistaken sincerity, all the pleasures of society, and sought in seclusion from the world that peace which passeth all understanding.

On one fine day in July the dauphin had gone out a hunting with his courtiers. The stag, after starting from the woods of Saint Cloud, dashed off in the direction of Saint Germain, apparently determined to weary his pursuers, and, at all events, not to yield without making a gallant struggle. Away galloped the hunters, mad with excitement, while the hills rang with the notes of the bugle and the yelling of the hounds. Twice the stag crossed the Seine, twice the dauphin's party rushed in its pursuit; at last, weary and exhausted, the noble animal threw itself into a pond within a few yards from the monastery of Port-Royal. How to get at it then was a problem which none of the courtiers seemed anxious to solve; and after a day's hard work, the prospect of being obliged to return to Versailles empty-handed was rather mortifying, when a man dressed in the habiliments of a peasant, and carrying a spade, approached the prince himself, and taking off his hat, asked in a respectful manner, if his royal highness would allow him to try and get the stag out of the pond.

"Allow! my friend," answered the dauphin; "we shall be very much obliged to you if you will do that job for us, and I 'll reward you for the trouble."

In a short time the animal was safely landed. "Bravely done!" exclaimed the dauphin. "Pray, what is your name?"

"Pierre Bourchier, my lord, to do you service."

"Well, Pierre Bourchier," answered the prince, "here are twenty-five crowns as a keepsake."

"If your highness will excuse me," said Pierre, "I had rather not take the money."

"And pray what may be your reason for doing so?" asked the dauphin.

"The persons whom I serve provide for all my wants with so much charity, that I want nothing. That Providence on which I rely has never forsaken me; and if I continue faithful to God, I am very sure I shall never be forsaken."

Language such as this sounded, unfortunately, somewhat strangely to the courtiers; at first they concluded that Pierre Bourchier was a fool; when, however, they heard that he belonged to the community of Port-Royal, they passed from feelings of contempt to a sense of the deepest admiration. They continued to press him to accept the money, telling him that if he had no occasion for it himself, he could give it to the poor. He replied: "Gentlemen, you can give it to the poor yourselves, which will be better."

The piety and reliance upon God's mercy which characterized the Port-Royalists shone as conspicuously among their lower dependents. On another occasion, Pierre, having been compelled to receive a handsome present by the court of Toulouse, whom he had assisted in catching some game, he went and took it immediately to the monastery, saying, "I do not know what to do with this money, it is an incumbrance to me; lay it out as you please."

I might easily fill a volume with the interesting anecdotes which, in the course of an evening's conversation, I gathered from M. Silvy's reminiscences; but my only object, on the present occasion, is to give the reader an idea of the community whose annals fill the brightest page in the literary and religious history of France. Its ruin was brought about by the efforts of the Jesuits, who, ever since the accession of Louis XIV. to the throne, had been unceasingly endeavoring to suppress throughout the kingdom every manifestation of opinion not strictly in accordance with the traditions of the Romish Church. It will be remembered that Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, had written a work in which, for the purpose of upholding the doctrine of free grace and justification by faith, he had collected and arranged together all the passages on the same subject he could find in the writings of Augustine. The opposers of these doctrines selected from the volume of Jansenius five propositions, which appeared to them the most erroneous in their nature, and the most pernicious in their tendency; they employed every means to have these propositions condemned by the court of Rome; and having obtained to this effect two bulls from Popes Innocent X. and Alexander VII., their next object was to secure their promulgation in the dominions of the French king. An assembly of court bishops drew up a declaration, which was subsequently made more valid still by the king's own signature, and which became obligatory on all ecclesiastical persons throughout France. This declaration contained two points; the former to the effect that the five famous propositions on the subject of divine grace were to be found in Jansenius; the latter maintained the heretical character of these propositions. Believing, as they did, that the five propositions were in substance maintained by Jansenius, the solitaries of Port-Royal would have been guilty of an untruth had they subscribed to the pope's declaration; on the other hand, if they refused to sign, they were lost. In this dreadful situation, the thought of a compromise struck the firmest minds. A negotiation was opened with the archbishop of Paris, for the purpose of endeavoring to obtain from him a pastoral letter conceived in moderate expressions. Several meetings took place among the Jansenists, Pascal and Domat deciding against all compliance contrary to Christian truth and sincerity, while Nicole and Arnauld wrote in favor of conditional obedience. The latter prevailed; the authority of Arnauld, especially, carried along with it the votes of the majority. Port-Royal had breathed its last!

This catastrophe, through which the Jesuits themselves struck at Popery a blow more fatal than any of those dealt by the combined forces of Protestantism, was, when made known, a death-pang to many a noble mind. Jacqueline Pascal, subprioress of the monastery, gave the example of obedience to the orders of her superiors; but three months after she was lying in her grave: the struggle between

duty and inclination had been too powerful. We fancy we are reading the history of ancient heroes when we trace the consequences of the sentence of dispersion pronounced against the Port-Royalists —against a community of persons who, with all their errors, were undoubtedly, in their generation, burning and shining lights. Arnauld, like his Protestant brethren, had to eat the exile's bread, and to continue in a foreign land the contest which he made the object of his whole life.

And what was the result of that desperate system of persecution carried on by Louis XIV., at the suggestion of the Jesuits? Did the throne stand the firmer for being steeped in blood? Was the royal authority the stronger for not being established in righteousness? Nay; scarcely had the monarch demolished Port-Royal, when his power, firm as it then appeared, was shaken to its very foundation. The Grand Dauphin, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, the Duke of Brittany, the three successive heirs to the crown, were struck by death, sudden, awful, and inexplicable; and France was left with an aged and decrepit old man at her head, surrounded by triumphant enemies. The victories of Hochstet, Ramilies, and Malplaquet, rapidly succeeded each other; Tournay, Lille, Mons, and Douay opened their gates to the enemy. Louis XIV. in an evil hour had, by the intrigues of the ambitious woman he married, consented to oppress true religion equally in his Protestant subjects, by signing the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and in his Catholic subjects, by the banishment of Fénélon, and the destruction of Port-Royal; and Louis XIV., whose brilliant successes had obtained him the vain title of Great, died, not even leaving to his nation the empty laurels which might have speciously concealed the naked poverty to which he had reduced it.

As I took leave, the next morning, of the venerable M. Silvy, such were the thoughts that rushed to my mind. The diligence rolled along the dusty road until about three miles from Versailles, when, looking round me, I could see on my right the ruins of the monastery tinged by the first beams of the sun, and on my left the once favorite abode of courtly splendor: there, humble piety; here, pride and vexation of spirit.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE SUNBEAM ON ORGANIZATION.

THE sun pours over the earth a flood of light, and under its influence we find nature assuming her myriad forms of organization, rich in the varied beauty of color, and wonderful in the mysterious phenomena of life. From the Sacred Volume we learn that the earth remained a chaos so long as "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and that immediately upon the appearance of light the world became covered with organization and life.

Although from the earliest periods of time man associated the progress of vegetable and animal life with the influences derived from the solar center, and worshiped the visible source of light as the most exalted emblem of power to which his intelligence could rise, yet, until within a few years, he remained ignorant of the peculiar forces which are united in the silver thread of a sunbeam.

The alchemists were the first to observe a peculiar chemical change in a salt of silver when it was exposed to sunshine. They interpreted this remarkable discovery falsely, led away from the truth by their delusive dream of transmutation; and it remained a barren fact, until Scheele, a Swedish chemist, drew attention to the circumstance, that some rays, having great illuminating power, produced no change in the color of chloride of silver, while others which were less luminous blackened that salt most readily. Since that time discoveries have been rapidly made, and we are now acquainted with at least three principles broadly distinguished from each other, namely,—

LIGHT, upon which depend the phenomena of vision and the color of bodies.

HEAT, regulating the temperature of all things.

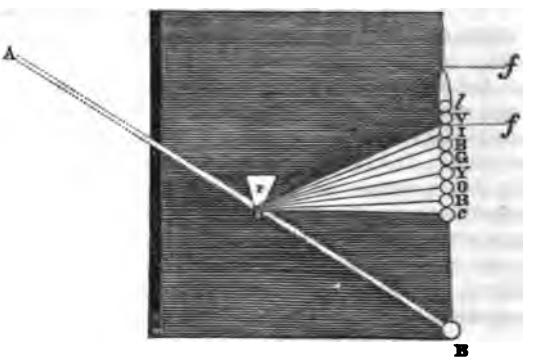
ACTINISM, or chemical force, to which belong all the peculiarities of photographic change, and many of the chemical processes of organization.

To an explanation of these points we must now direct attention. If through a small hole in a shutter we allow a ray of light to enter a dark room, the result is the formation of a round spot on the floor. This spot is distinguished by the eye as white LIGHT; if we place a thermometer in the luminous circle, the rise of the

mercury proves that HEAT is associated with it; and if a piece of paper, covered with chloride of silver, is fixed in the path of the ray, it blackens rapidly by decomposition, showing that a force exists capable of breaking up powerful chemical combinations.

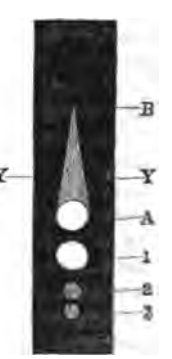
We have the means of separating, to a certain extent, these principles or powers from each other.

If in the path of the ray A B we interpose a flint-glass prism P, the ray is bent out of the path, or refracted, and instead of having one colorless spot of light upon the floor, we have a series of colored spots above it, overlapping each other, which is called a prismatic spectrum.

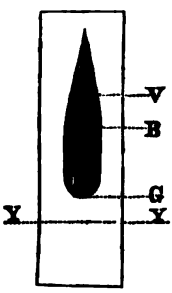


Sir Isaac Newton, who first investigated this beautiful chromatic image, considered it to consist of seven primary rays, *red*, *orange*, *yellow*, *green*, *blue*, *indigo*, and *violet*, indicated in the diagram by the respective letters. This great philosopher propounded as a law, that a given degree of refraction indicated a given color; that a given color was evidence of a certain angle of refraction. We have reasons for doubting the correctness of either of these views. If we examine the spectrum through a piece of cobalt blue glass, we discover a *crimson* ray *c* below the red. If the spectrum is projected upon a piece of paper stained with the juice of the turmeric root, we find a ray of *lavender gray* color *l*, beyond the violet. Recently Mr. Stokes, of Cambridge, has proved the existence of new sets of rays, far beyond the point which Newton regarded as the extreme limits of illuminating power, to which he has given the name of the *fluorescent rays*. A beam of light falling upon the surface of a green variety of fluor-spar, sends back to the eye some beautiful purple rays. A perfectly colorless solution of sulphate of quinine reflects in like manner blue light from its first surface; and a yellow decoction of the horse-nut bark does the same. There are some other substances, particularly a variety of yellow glass, which possess this property in a very remarkable manner. All these rays are found to exist between the spaces *f f*, marked by the dotted lines. Such is the character of the sunbeam as regards its luminous and colorific power, the most light existing in the mean yellow rays, and rapidly declining toward either end. Many philosophers regard those rays as the result of the interblending of three primary rays—the red, blue, and yellow; but this point is still under discussion and investigation.

The thermometer indicates differences of temperature in each of these colored rays; but the variations are more decidedly shown by the following arrangement. A sheet of tissue paper, stretched on a frame, is blackened on one side, and the unblackened side is placed so that a well-defined spectrum falls upon it. The paper is then saturated with ether, which, evaporating very rapidly, indicates the temperature of every part of the spectrum. The annexed diagram represents the result, the line Y Y indicating the space occupied by the mean yellow—the most luminous ray—will show the relative positions of the heat-spots in regard to it. The large spot A—the maximum of heat—coincides with the lowest part of the red ray, the other heat-spots, 1, 2, 3, extending over a space below the spectrum where there is no light. The paper continues to dry slowly up through the spectrum until all evidence of heat-rays ceases in the violet band at B. The rays below the spectrum, 1, 2, 3, appear to be possessed of a peculiar chemical power, superadded to



their thermic principle; and to these are, in all probability, due the ripening of the fruits, and the browning of the autumnal leaves. If we place a paper covered with chloride of silver, so that the spectrum falls upon it, we shall find that it is darkened only over the space covered by the more refrangible rays. In the accompanying wood-cut the resulting effect is shown—no change will take place, even after long exposure upon the space Y Y covered by the yellow rays. The chemical decomposition rarely descends lower than the green ray G; it arrives at its maximum in the mean blue ray B, and continues with nearly equal intensity to the end of the violet ray V; the change continues to go on over a considerable space beyond the violet, to a point beyond the extreme limits of the fluorescent rays.



By the use of colored transparent media we may secure the separation of these principles from each other. If in the path of a sunbeam we place a piece of glass colored green with oxide of copper, we intercept but little *light*, while nearly all the heat is prevented from penetrating it. When we employ a sheet of yellow glass, stained with the oxide of silver, the sunlight passes it freely, but the chemical principle is so obstructed that the salts of silver, which are susceptible of change under solar influences, remain unaltered after a prolonged exposure. On the contrary, a sheet of dark cobalt blue glass prevents the passage of at least eighty per cent. of the light, but it offers no obstruction to the chemical principle,—chloride of silver, or any of the photographic preparations, changing as readily behind a screen of this dark glass as when exposed to a full flood of sunshine. A red glass, although it admits some light, obstructs the passage of a considerable quantity, allowing at the same time the heat-rays to pass it freely. By these colored media we are therefore enabled to analyze the effects produced by light, heat, and actinism, or chemical power, when they are tolerably well isolated.

If we divide a portion of soil into four, and glaze three compartments with (previously examined) yellow, blue, and red glasses, and then plant seed in each, all the resulting effects will be influenced by the solar radiations as modified by the colored glass screens, one division only being under the ordinary conditions.

Under the yellow glass germination is entirely prevented. It is considerably quickened under the influence of the radiations which have permeated the blue glass,—the seed germinating, indeed, many days before any sign of germination is evident in the seed placed in the soil uncovered by any screen.* The red glass does not entirely prevent germination, but it produces great retardation. The process of germination is essentially a chemical operation. Starch is converted into sugar by the absorption of oxygen; heat results, and carbonic acid is given off. This is proved to be quickened by the chemical rays. The first leaves having appeared above the soil, the conditions are altered; the plant now absorbs carbonic acid, and by virtue of its *living principle*, quickened by the agency of *light*, it decomposes it, retains the carbon to build up its woody structure, and sets the oxygen free into the air for the use of animals. Such being the case, plants will not grow healthfully under the influence of rays so purely chemical as those which have permeated a cobalt blue glass. Light, *the luminous principle*, is now required; and under a yellow glass a plant forms an abundance of wood, and grows in every respect most healthfully. Another curious feature, however, is, that plants will not produce perfect flowers under a yellow medium. In the process of floriation, rays are required which will not permeate a yellow, but which pass freely through a red glass; and, therefore, behind a ruby glass colored with oxide of gold, flowers are produced in great beauty and abundance. By experiments of this kind, it has been proved that *germination* is accelerated by actinism, or the chemical power of the sunbeam; the *growth of the plant* (lignification) by light, the luminous power; and *flowering* by heat, the heat-rays being, in all probability, those to which reference

* Mr. Lawson, the celebrated seedsman of Edinburgh, now employs blue glass to accelerate the germination, and to determine the vitality, of seeds. He has furnished the author with a statement of remarkable results thus obtained.

has been already made, involving some chemical power.

The tendency of many of our schools of science being to refer every phenomenon, however subtile, to physical agencies, it becomes necessary here to guard the reader against an error into which he may fall. Although the three principles of the sunbeam are active in producing the growth and maturity of the plant, it must never be forgotten, that these important physical agents are inferior to others which our science can never reach. Life, whether animal or vegetable, has been referred to electricity, heat, &c.; but although these physical agents are necessary to the full development of vital force, they are all infinitely inferior to it, and are but the external excitants to a force which will be forever hidden from the eye of mortals.

Observations extending over many years have proved, that more of the chemical principle exists in the sunbeam in the spring than at any other time of the year: germination is then more especially active in the seed. Summer advances, with its increased light and heat; the trees of the forest and the herb of the field equally secrete the carbon which they have drawn from the atmosphere. Autumn advances with its "milder beam," but this season is charged fully with those peculiar heat-rays which are required for the full development of the flower and the production of the seed.

As we advance from the poles toward the equator, we find the relative proportions of light, heat, and actinism, in the sunbeam vary; and on that variation we find depends equally the gigantic vegetation of the tropics, with its flowers in the full glory of color; the subdued tone and size of the trees and shrubs of temperate climes, and the stunted vegetation of the Arctic regions. Within the range of science there are but few discoveries which display more fully than those we have mentioned the beautiful order of great natural phenomena, or which, by an unbroken succession of steps, lift us from the humble things of nature to an exalted conception of nature's God.

Again: a tree requires for its growth the influence of sunshine,—of light, heat, and chemical power. Under those influences gaseous compounds are decomposed, the elements are recombined, and all the ultimate and proximate principles of the vegetable kingdom are formed. In any compound requiring for its formation the action of these forces, they are expended in producing the effect. The quantity of wood seen in the concentric layers in the cross-section of a tree, shows relatively the amount of sunshine which has fallen upon that tree. The thickness of a ligneous layer will tell us if the summer has been bright, or the contrary. An equivalent of wood must for its formation have an exact equivalent of sunshine, and in producing that wood that equivalent of sunshine has been expended. As long as the mass continues in the form of wood, these powers are locked up amid its molecules in a latent condition.

An oak grew in a forest, and required the sunshine of three hundred years for its maturity. The oak has been felled, and having been first employed in the construction of one of England's floating castles, and thus aided in advancing liberty in the world, is now, by some "ship-breaker," out into winter logs, to give cheerfulness to many a happy home. One of these logs—a cubic foot of oak—is now casting its cheerful blaze and its glowing heat around my room, and my children are rejoicing in its brightness. All this cheerfulness, this happy evening, I know to be due to the sunshine of three centuries since. The light and the heat now poured from the log of wood in the fireplace are exactly the light and the heat which the tree derived from the sun in its growth. It has been locked up in that piece of oak, but by the chemical process of combustion it is again liberated to do some mighty work in nature.

GOD ABOVE ALL.—An astronomer, who had long idolized his favorite science, became a zealous convert to spiritual Christianity. His intimate friend, knowing his extreme devotion to astronomical study, asked him—"What will you now do with your astronomy?" His answer was worthy of a Christian philosopher. "I am now bound for heaven," said he, "and I take the stars in my way!" By these words the astronomer taught his friend that he had transferred his affections from the *created* to the Creator—that, instead of finding his highest pleasure *out of God*, he found it IN GOD; and that the true use of the visible was to assist him in his aspirations after the eternal.

BETY AMBOS VON ZWEIBRUCKEN.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY FROM LIFE.

I WAS traveling from Weimar to Frankfort, and had stopped at a little town, one or two stages beyond Fulda. I was standing at the window of the inn which was opposite the post-house, and looking at a crowd of travelers who had just been disgorged from a huge *eilwagen*, or post-coach, which was standing there. Among them was one female, who, before I was aware, fixed my attention. Although closely enveloped in a winter dress from head to foot, her height, and the easy decision with which she moved, showed that her figure was fine and well-proportioned; and, as the wind blew aside her black vail, I had a glimpse of features which still further excited my curiosity. I had time to consider her as she alighted, and walked over to the inn alone. She entered at once the room in which I was; summoned the waiter, whom she addressed in a good-humored but rather familiar style, and ordered breakfast. While this was preparing, she threw off her traveling accouterments: first, a dark cloak, richly lined with fur; one or two shawls; a sort of pelisse, or rather surtout, reaching to the knees, with long loose sleeves, such as you may see in the prints of Tartar or Muscovite costumes; this was made of beautiful Indian shawl, lined with blue silk, and trimmed with sables. Under these splendid and multifarious coverings she wore a dress of deep mourning. Her figure, when displayed, excited my admiration: it was one of the most perfect I ever beheld. Her feet, hands, and head were small in proportion to her figure. Her face was not so striking; it was pretty, rather than handsome; her whole appearance and manner gave me the idea of a farmer's buxom daughter: nothing could be more distinct from our notions of the lady-like, yet nothing could be more free from impropriety, more expressive of native innocence and modesty. But the splendor of her dress did not exactly suit with her deportment; it puzzled me.

I observed, when she drew off her glove, that she wore a number of silver rings, of a peculiar fashion, and among them a fine diamond. She walked up and down while her breakfast was preparing, seemingly lost in painful meditations; but when it appeared, she sat down and did justice to it, as one who had been many hours without food. While she was thus engaged, the *conductor* of the *eilwagen*, and one of the passengers, came in, and spoke to her with interest and respect. Soon afterward came the mistress of the inn, who had never deigned to notice me; for it is not the fashion in Germany. She came with an offer of particular services; and, from the conversation, I gathered, to my astonishment, that this young creature—she seemed not more than two or three and twenty—was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from—can you imagine? even from the wilds of Siberia! But then, what had brought her there? I listened, in hopes of discovering; but they all spoke so fast that I could make out nothing more.

Subsequently we met at Frankfort, where she was lodged in the same hotel, and I was enabled to offer her a seat in my vehicle to Mayence.

My heroine was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine merchant of Deuxponts. She was one of five children; two much older, and two much younger, than herself. The eldest brother was called Henri; he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the University of Erlangen, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens; "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes of the north of Germany, with whom he traveled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. Through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became a professor of theology in a university of Courland: I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight and twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a

Jew merchant. His religious zeal mingled with his love; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her; and, in fact, the first was a necessary preliminary to the second: the consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the correspondence, and the young Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica, I know not; but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced; and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptized, and to become his wife.

Apparently their plans were not well arranged, or betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force; and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring, that the girl had fled with him by her own free-will; that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter; and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady, who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but by order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling, and supported by her father, and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos.

She answered in a faint voice, "No."

"Had then violence been used to carry her off?"

"Yes."

"Was she a Christian?"

"No."

"Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband?"

"No."

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth—from all he could have anticipated—the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupefied: then, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became suddenly calm: he offered not another word in his own defense, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months; but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga for the purpose of obtaining some information—some redress—he returned without effecting either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died; his mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of the year, (1833,) a traveling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them, that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia, who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran Church, unjustly condemned, and besought him, with tears and the most earnest supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

You must imagine—for I cannot describe as she described—the feelings that this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburgh, to ascertain, beyond a doubt, the fate of poor Henri; that a petition in his favor must be presented to the emperor of Russia: but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children: the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said

that she would undertake the journey; and argued that, as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and, being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl set off alone on her long and perilous journey.

"When my mother gave me her blessing," said she, "I made a vow to God and my own heart, that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother! I feared nothing: I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I had not a doubt of my own success, because I was *resolved* to succeed. But ah, *liebe madame*, what a fate was mine! and how am I returning to my mother, my poor old mother!" Here she burst into tears, and threw herself back in the carriage. After a few minutes she resumed her narrative.

She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title of M. le Pasteur. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these; and, with the assistance of her good friend the pastor, she drew up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition.

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers, (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardships of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition,) she resolved to do what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance, to appeal to the emperor in person. But it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suit, at reviews, at the theater, on the way to the church; invariably driven back by the guards, or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening; threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials; Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise —— something or other, whose name I am sorry I did not write down. One day, on seeing her young *protégé* overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion, "I cannot dare to present your petition myself; I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do, I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in one of my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee-day, and obtain an audience under my name. When once in the presence of the emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?"

"And what," said I, "was your answer?"

"O!" she replied, "I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown."

I asked her whether she had not feared to risk the safety of her generous friend.

She replied, "That thought did strike me; but what would you have? I cast it from me. I was *resolved* to have my brother's pardon. I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it; and, God forgive me! I thought little of what it might cost another."

This plan was soon arranged; and at the time appointed, my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laced lackeys, in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise ——, who supplicated a particular audience of His Majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back.

Here I could not help asking her

whether, in that moment, she did not feel her heart sink.

"No," said she firmly: "on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher! I sprung forward, and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands, 'Pardon, Imperial Majesty! pardon!'"

"Who are you?" said the emperor, astonished; "and what can I do for you?"

"He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers, and, overcome even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and said, 'May it please your Imperial Majesty, I am not Countess Elise ——: I am the only sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon! pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O, Imperial Majesty, pardon my poor brother!' I held out the petition and the papers, and at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips.

"The emperor said, 'Rise, rise!' but I would not rise. I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them.

"At last the emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand toward me, and took the papers with the other, saying, 'Rise, Mademoiselle: I command you to rise.'

"I ventured to kiss his hand, and said, with tears, 'I pray your majesty to read that paper.'

"He said, 'I will read it.'

"I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him, while he unfolded the petition and read it.

"His countenance changed, and he exclaimed, once or twice, 'Is it possible? This is dreadful!'

"When he had finished, he folded the paper, and without any observation, said at once, 'Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned.'

"The words rang in my ears and I again flung myself at his feet, saying—and yet I scarce know what I said—'Your Imperial Majesty is a god upon earth; do you indeed pardon my brother? Your ministers would never suffer me to approach you; and even yet I fear—!'

"He said, 'Fear nothing; you have my promise.'

"He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not; he held out his hand to me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room. *Ach ja!* the emperor is a good man—*ein schöner feiner Mann!*—but he does not know how cruel his ministers are, and all the evil they do, and all the justice they refuse, in his name!"

On her return, she received the congratulations of her benefactress, the Countess Elise ——, and of her good friend the pastor; but both advised her to keep her audience and the emperor's promise a profound secret. Recollecting the pains that had been taken to shut her from the emperor's presence, she feared some unforeseen obstacle, or even some knavery on the part of the officers of government. She described her feelings during the next few days as fearful: her agitation, her previous fatigues, and the terrible suspense, apparently threw her into a fever, or acted on her excited nerves so as to produce a species of delirium; though, of course, she would not admit this. "Just five days after I had seen the emperor," she continued, "a laquais, in the imperial livery, came to my lodging, and put into my hands a packet, with the 'emperor's compliments to Mademoiselle Ambos." It was the pardon of my brother, with the emperor's seal and signature. Then I forgot everything but joy."

Those mean, official animals, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service; and even the minister C—— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, in order to save her trouble: but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands; she determined to carry it herself, to be herself the bearer of glad tidings. So, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days.

She told me that, after leaving Moscow, she traveled post seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights, alone and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation that had been given to her at St. Petersburgh. She suffered much from hunger, not being prepared to travel, for so many hours together, without meeting with any food she could touch without disgust. She described, with great truth and eloquence, her own sensations, as she was whirled rapidly over those wide, silent,

solitary, and apparently endless plains. Altogether she described her journey as being *grausam* (horrible) in the highest degree, and, indeed, even the recollection of it made her shudder; but, at the time, there was the anticipation of unspeakable happiness, which made all fatigues light, and all dangers indifferent.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, as she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out: "I am sorry; but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper *is dead!*" Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

When she reached this part of her story, she burst into a fresh flood of tears, wrung her hands, and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief: "What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find, not my brother, only a grave!" she repeated several times, with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task-work, for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even learned man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

I have not much more to tell. She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at some time to convey them to his friends, were in the possession of one of the officers, who readily gave them up to her; and with these she returned, half broken-hearted, to St. Petersburgh. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on the way, had been so fearful, what must have been her return! I was not surprised to hear that, on her arrival, she was seized with a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to her bed.

On receiving her brother's pardon from the emperor, she had written home to her family; but she confessed that since that time she had not written: she had not courage to inflict a blow which might possibly affect her mother's life; and yet the idea of being obliged to tell what she dared not write, seemed to strike her with terror.

But the strangest event of this strange story remains to be told; and I will try to give it in her own simple words. She left Petersburgh in October, and proceeded to Riga, where those who had known her brother received her with interest and kindness, and sympathized in her affliction.

"But," said she, "there was one thing I had resolved to do, which yet remained undone. I was resolved to see the woman who had been the original cause of all my poor brother's misfortunes. I thought if once I could say to her, 'Your falsehood has done this!' I should be satisfied; but my brother's friends dissuaded me from this idea. They said it was better not; that it could do my poor Henri no good; that it was wrong; that it was unchristian; and I submitted. I left Riga with a *voiturier*. I had reached Pojer, on the Russian frontiers, and there I stopped at the Douane, to have my packages searched. The chief officer looked at the address on my trunk, and exclaimed, with surprise,—

"'Mademoiselle Ambos! Are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos?'

"'I am his sister.'

"'Is it possible? I was the intimate friend of your brother. What has become of him?'

"I then told him all that I have now told you, *liebe madame;* and when I came to an end, this good man burst into tears, and for some time we wept together. The *kutscher*, (driver,) who was standing by, heard all this conversation; and, when I turned round, he was crying too. My brother's friend pressed on me offers of service and hospitality, but I could not delay; for, besides that my impatience to reach home increased every hour, I had not much money in my purse. Of three thousand dollars, which I had taken with me to St. Petersburgh, very little remained: so I bade him farewell, and I proceeded. At the next town, where my *kutscher* stopped to feed his horses, he came to the door of my calèche, and said, 'You have just missed seeing the Jew lady whom your brother was in love with. That

calèche which passed us by just now, and changed horses here, contained Mademoiselle S——, her sister, and her sister's husband.' Imagine my surprise. I could not believe my fortune: it seemed that Providence had delivered her into my hands, and I was resolved she should not escape me. I knew they would be delayed at the custom-house. I ordered the man to turn, and drive back as fast as possible, promising a reward of a dollar if he overtook them. On reaching the custom-house, I saw a calèche standing at a little distance. I felt myself tremble, and my heart beat so; but not with fear. I went up to the calèche: two ladies were sitting in it. I addressed the one who was the most beautiful, and said,—

"'Are you Mademoiselle Emilie S——?' I suppose I must have looked very strange, and wild, and resolute; for she replied, with a frightened manner, 'I am. Who are you? and what do you want with me?'

"I said, 'I am the sister of Henri Ambos, whom you murdered.'

"She shrieked out. The men came running from the house; but I held fast the carriage-door, and said, 'I am not come to hurt you: but you are the murderess of my brother, Henri Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him.'

"I remember no more. I was like one mad. I have just a recollection of her ghastly, terrified look, and her eyes wide open, staring at me. I fell into fits, and they carried me into the house of my brother's friend, and laid me on a bed. When I recovered my senses, the calèche and all were gone. When I reached Berlin, all this appeared to me so miraculous, so like a dream, I could not trust to my own recollection; and I wrote to the officer of customs, to beg he would attest that it was really true, and what I had said when I was out of my senses, and what she had said. And at Leipsic I received his letter, which I will show you."

At Mayence she showed me this letter, and a number of other documents: her brother's pardon, with the emperor's signature; a letter of the Countess Elise——; a most touching letter from her unfortunate brother; (over this she wept much;) and a variety of other papers, all proving the truth of her story, even to the minutest particulars.

[For the National Magazine.]

LICENTIOUSNESS IN THE FINE ARTS.

THE sensibility to the beautiful in all its manifestations, is as much a part of our created likeness to the Deity as our rational or moral nature. That divine skill which has molded, and tinted, and grouped the material creation into a beauty, independent of its utility, is but the great original of that human sensibility which perceives its exquisite harmonies, detects its secret analogies of loveliness, delights in its strange intermingling of material and spiritual beauty, and yearns with its own powers to reproduce its glories. He who impressed the mind with the principles of curiosity and reason, that it might itself search out new truth; who implanted great moral principles that, guided by them, man's social instincts might themselves fill life with happiness; he, in giving our æsthetic nature, bade us go and enjoy the sublime and beautiful from his hand, and from the materials he has supplied, to call forth new embodiments of thought and sentiment.

But the limits within which such a culture and indulgence of our love of the beautiful is pleasing to God and safe for us, is not to be determined by asking how far the *original* design of the Creator gave license. When each department of our being was in full vigor, and was proportioned in its activity to all the rest, all might receive benefit alone, whenever and wherever each would seek it. But as a traveler, sensitive, and unacclimated to a tropical region, might revel in the rich and glowing beauty of scenes from which his frame drank in a fatal miasma, so our diseased moral nature may be unable to bear the excitement of many a scene and work of beauty, which its pristine purity had found harmless.

It is not to be denied, that the human form is the noblest structure of the whole material creation. There is no tone of majesty or beauty in all nature besides which is not reflected in the varying expressions of the masterpiece; and there is no conceivable sentiment or spiritual emotion which may not be expressed in its attitudes and its countenance. And thus, as in itself the most beautiful of the Creator's works—embodying in the one sex the highest conceptions of strength and majesty; and in the other, of grace

and tenderness; and, moreover, as in its groups and combinations portraying all the memorable actions and moments of our life and history, the human form, in vailed or unconcealed beauty, has ever been the subject of the artist's pencil or the sculptor's chisel.

And yet, beautiful as the human form may be, none can doubt that the long experience of the race, if not a general instinct, demands its concealment, and not its exposure. It is only in barbarous nations and in communities, civilized but also demoralized, that this obvious dictate of prudent morality is disregarded. It is everywhere admitted, that undue exposure is calculated to inflame the lower appetencies of our constitution, and bring into prominence and a mastery those instincts which were designed to be only subordinate and concealed. Thus, in regard to dress, it is felt that while no prudishness in apparel can exclude immorality in social life, yet a Christian chastity of sentiment at once revolts from such a mode as the court fashions of the reign of Charles I. The love of the beautiful is not the only nor the main sentiment fostered and excited.

We do not insist that the same degree of danger and need of restriction exist in art as in real life: and yet the dangers are analogous. We shall not apologize for the admission of such a weakness, nor quail before the sneer of the sensualist. Those who deny the fall, may consider each failure beneath temptation as the result of an individual weakness, which ought not and need not have resulted from the occasions presented: they may choose to continue the temptations, and only protest against the abuse. But a Christian community is compelled to admit the derangement of our entire nature, the unbalancing of our sensibilities and instincts, and the double need of a higher strength to save us, and an avoidance of temptations, if we would secure that aid. It may humble us to admit the fact, but we must avow that the only safety, both for Christian chastity and for general social morality, lies in strict repression of the rising passions, and a careful regard to more than one element of our constitution.

The same causes which fire the literature of antiquity with unchaste description and allusion, gave her painters and sculptors the same dangerous selection of subjects and method of treatment. The sensual and the material characterize all their thoughts of love, and excellence, and beauty. Christian virtue, and love, and chastity, is an achievement of the gospel alone. Therefore is it that so many of the masterpieces of heathen art are representations of scenes on which Christianity may not look, or which incidentally, if not directly, appeal to passions which heathenism fostered, but which Christianity subdues. We admit the improvement in the subjects of Christian art, and in the domestic and natural pieces of later times; yet still, the same natural attractions in the human form as a subject, and the same proclivity also in both artist and spectator, have led to constant copying of such ancient works, and to the creation of others of the same general tone of character. And wherever wealth and luxury have created a demand for works of art, there the entrance and the fatal influence of an unchaste and unchristian art has ever been apparent.

It is more shameful that it is so, because such mere material symmetry and molding is not the highest beauty: and there is scarcely an event worth commemoration and portrayal in the history of the race, sacred or profane, which necessitates the exposure. Every scene of domestic or public excellence, every passion and emotion, may be pictured or embodied in art, as it certainly occurs in reality, without omitting the customary decencies of life. If there be anything of beauty which this rule would exclude, Christian culture can afford to do without it during our brief probation: when the world is all regenerated and imparadised once more, the temporary restraint may be laid aside.

We are led to these reflections by observing, as many of our readers must have done, the rapid multiplication of works of art, both from the pencil and the chisel, and on a both large and small scale, in our own community. Wealth, culture, and a nearer connection with the old world have induced it; and as an invariable attendant on general civilization and culture, it is to be considerately encouraged. But is there any one who sees not that a very large proportion of our society at this day is not Christian at all—and, therefore, in their tastes and standards correspond to the unrenewed heart in every

age? Is it not clear, too, that even where a natural delicacy, and a better training, have given our American circles a quicker sensitiveness to immodesty in art, there is still a want of confidence and boldness in asserting the true principle, even against the smile of unconscious heathenism among us? Call to mind the exhibitions of statuary and painting which frequently visit us; consider the marked change in the character of the pictures which fill our Broadway windows, and allure to the recesses of the store; notice the gradual entry of unchaste statuettes or statues, and paintings or engravings, into our private dwellings; look at our very omnibuses, and our frescoes in public places; and who can fail to see that it is time for Christian men and women to speak out and draw the line of separation boldly, and admit without a blush, that Christian virtue does demand a stricter and a purer art than the great world can understand?

We are fully sensible of the spell by which creative genius overawes and entrances the beholder, and often in her most dangerous exhibitions, impresses for a moment a chastened reverence and forgetfulness of all but power and beauty. Around such works of art there is a presence that stills and hushes the soul, and steals through the inmost being like the presence of the sublimest or most exquisite scenes of nature. Art seems the delegate of heaven, clothed with the majestic presence of an imparted creative power. There seems to be a murmur in the air, an echo of that glorious Word which called the things that were not as though they were—which spake, and it was done.

But equally clear it is, that familiarity with even these noblest works of art lessens their nobler power, and leaves all their inferior suggestions to gain increasing force. Certain it is, too, that this ennobling influence is not confined to those dangerous productions to which we refer, and will not be lost or lessened if they are laid aside. As a Christian nation would banish the poetry which enshrines a licentious thought, how beautiful soever the amber verse and simile; as we relentlessly reject the melodies, be they never so exquisite, which cannot be dissevered from voluptuous song; as we disdainfully feel that we need endure no want, but only demand of genius that it bring unto us, from those resources which giving doth not impoverish, a perfect gift; so we demand of art that she shall bring to the soul that would be pure, companionship of forms and visions only of chaste and immaculate beauty.

We admit, further, that it may be necessary, in the schools of art, for artists to study every model—as medical students may have a professional familiarity with much that is immodest elsewhere, in order that they may modestly, as well as skillfully, apply their knowledge. But what we say, in summing up—for this essay cannot be further elaborated—is this: that, for *common* use and *common* adornment, paintings, engravings, statues and statuettes, frescoes and ornamental moldings, this rule is safe and honorable—that when there is anything in the subject, or in the treatment of it, on which pure hearts of both sexes cannot at the same time gaze without a conscious disturbance of the sense of propriety, that work is excluded from a public sphere. And furthermore, that the strictiveness of ingenuous womanhood is not to be schooled down into an incapacity of blushing on the model of a foreign society which inherits *morals*, as well as the other specimens of *virtu*, from profligate monarchs and licentious courts; but as in matters of conscience the first conviction is safest, so in chaste sentiment, the first blush is the purest, the loveliest, the index of a delicacy which we desire the womanhood and the girlhood of our land never to lose, and which, by our consent, shall never be offended. Let us have a Christian art—if need be, an American Christian art—and if the great artistic world contemn us, we can pity it until it learns better.

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY DORELL.

THE stars we saw arise are high above,
And yet our even-song seems sung too soon.
Good-night! I lay my hand—with such a love
As thou wert brother of my blood—upon
Thy shoulder, and methinks beneath the moon
Those sisters, Anglia and Caledon,
Lean toward each other. Ay, for man is one;
We are a host ruled by one trumpet-call,
Where each, arm'd in his sort, makes as he may
The general motion. The well-tuned array
We see; yet to what victory in what wars
We see not; but like the revolving stars
Move on ourselves. The total march of all,
Or men or stars, God knows. Lord, lead us on!

[For the National Magazine.]

CHANGES—A STORY.

BY ALICE CARY.

PART THIRD.

AND twenty years are gone, and the poor little house where we left Betty is a poor little house still—it has been patched and pieced, but has given way in new places, so that altogether it is little better than on the night when the old man and woman counted the gain which the coming of the young wife promised. A blind old woman sits in the corner knitting and mumbling to herself about the waste and the improvidence which she can no longer see, but which she has no doubt are going forward at a ruinously rapid rate—the night is falling, but that matters not to her; it has been night with her these ten years, and she is not looking for any morning, even for the morning of the resurrection; her thoughts travel not beyond the blackness wherein the grave is made—seldom, indeed, so far as that—perhaps it is selfishness that, like a mildew, has gathered over her eyes, till they cannot discern even the light and the darkness any more. The last thing she saw was the dead white face of an old man; and yet there are pictures in her mind of the fine shroud and the costly coffin more distinct than the pale fixed face. The thought that he was dead, and that expense could not profit him any, had been like iron going into her soul, and fixing there what was to her a terrible memory.

Every new dress that has been purchased since the burial, she has rubbed between her bony fingers to satisfy herself as to the texture, and so arrive at the probable cost; for she remembers well the cost of that shroud, and that, withal, it could not warm the old man, and many other memories, to her very dark, have been added to this, till at length all is dark; and mumbling her miserable complaints, she sits rocking herself to and fro on the loose stones of the hearth, mindless of the sharp-teethed rats that go in and out of the holes beneath her feet.

Two or three children are crying about the fire—they have been gathering the corn that day, though it is December, and their faces and hands are smarting and bleeding because of the cuts of the sharp winds; yet they cry to each other, or alone, and come not to the knees of the grand-dame for consolation. She gave them no caresses in their babyhood, when they were altogether helpless, and now that they are big enough to earn something, and to take care of themselves, how can it be expected that she should give them the love which their helplessness could not win!

And now there is a light step at the door, and now it is within the door, and the mother speaks softly and sweetly as she places her pailful of milk on the table, and stoops to a live coal to light the candle. Let us see as it blazes if it is not she whom we saw spinning and afterward walking in the lane, and yet after that sitting by this very fire, her hand in that of the husband, who could not even then make her perfectly happy. Sacrifice is written on her forehead—you may see it in the hair growing white, though she is not yet old—you see it in all the pale, patient face—in all the gentle motherly ways of the woman—she only says, "My dear children," and they rise up and come about her, and are still—it is as if they took from her strength and power to sustain their weakness; and she, needing it so much, yet gives it willingly. And so, indeed, she has done all the years of her life—wifehood and motherhood have but added to her struggle and her sacrifice, and she is now worn out with toil and hardship.

All her life it has been her dream to go and visit "Aunt Polly," as she calls her dear sister; but she has never seen her since the day of her marriage, and of all the promises of letters that should tell everything she thought, and felt, and hoped, only one or two have been kept—she has had little but sorrow to feel, and little to hope, so that in truth there has been little to write. But the love has never died, never even grown cold, and the children have been taught to say, "Aunt Polly," almost as soon as mother; to regard her, indeed, as little less than an angel of light. If they could see her, it would be well with them, so they think: but that blessed privilege has not been accorded to them; and now the two eldest, Polly Merriford and Katy, have grown into womanhood, with the thought in their hearts that the best thing that could happen would be a visit from Aunt Polly. Year after year they have heard their mother say, that be-

fore another year's end she would go and see Aunt Polly—if it were fall, she would go in the spring, when the calves were sold, and the load or two of hay that should be left when the winter feeding was done, for then the money that was required for the visit might be spared, she thought; but when the spring came round, the hay was apt to be gone, and as for the spare money there were always more wants than all they had would cover. And so one year went after another, and Betty was grown to be an old woman, or, at least, so she looked with her thin faded hair under a plain cap. But at last the visit has been concluded on, and to-morrow Mrs. Armstrong is to go to town and make the purchases that will be necessary for a visit to her stylish sister. All were busy with the preparation for the little excursion, and this is why the children were left crying in the dark.

The world has not prospered with them much, as the reader will have concluded—the father of Richard has died within the last year, having previously been only a burden on the hands of his children, and the blind old mother is alive, and a burden still; for it seems that her hard words and hard ways oppress the hands and hearts of her children a thousand times more than the actual substance she has taken from them—complaint, and forgetfulness, and petulance, and the constant picture of great poverty which she has held up in the distance, have made their hands heavy and their hearts sick many and many a time; and now, in view of the visit, the old woman grumbles and mumbles all the more.

There cannot be a substance between us and the sun without a shadow; and so it is that their lives have been darkened, and, as it were, because of the darkness misfortunes have stolen in one after another, just as bad cattle will find their way through a gap; and while that remains, all the good fence is of no avail.

Now the crops had failed, and then a great rain swept down the bridges and the fences, and at one time the best cow died, and at another a dozen sheep were found mangled in the meadow—the fruit dropped off untimely at one season, and the next the worms gnawed at the roots of the trees, and they died; and evil-visaged disease had been at the door always, and one little boy was lame from his birth, and a cut had deprived another of the use of one hand; fevers, and other forms of disease, had, at one time and another, laid one and another low; so it was no wonder the mother had grown old before her time, and that the heart of the father was very heavy.

"And so, daughter," says the old woman, "you are determined on the visit, are you, though it takes all the savings of a year; and though none of us have anything at home in consequence? Well, I suppose it's all right; but it never was my way to take much for myself;" and the querulous woman feels of her thin sleeve, as though she would fain have a thicker one, and draws up to the fire, mumbling what no one but poor Betty hears distinctly. And presently the two girls come in—merry, rosy-cheeked Polly, and slender and thoughtful Katy, and go about the house in preparation of the early breakfast that is to precede the going to town. Now, mother, they say again and again, you must be sure to buy this and that; for, from two or three presents which Aunt Polly has sent her sister from time to time, they judge that she is very rich, and wears exceedingly nice clothes, and they have their little ambition, and wish their mother to appear as smart as possible. She does not say yes to all their requests, but she accedes to a part of them; and the father comes in, having finished the last preparation, and all sit down to supper together, happier than they have been for a long time. It will be a new thing for the mother to be gone—and the young children look to it as a kind of holyday, and the young women have made plans of what they will do while she is gone, and of how gladly they will surprise her when she comes back; and the husband and father is pleased that at last he can buy Betty the silk dress, and redeem at least a part of the long-ago promise; for, alas! she has never had the saddle with the silver stirrups, and the little bag of money she brought from home has been empty a great while. "Well, well," says the old woman, "maybe it's all right; but I never was selfish myself, and it seems strange to me that anybody can be." And Betty puts her softly in bed, and wraps the cover about her tenderly, and makes her feet warm, and leaves her for the night, and presently all is quiet, except that the crickets chirrup in the hearth, and the

voices of the young girls are heard in low and earnest talk, probably about the visit that is to be made at Aunt Polly's—happy anticipations that gild their dreams.

The cock crows for the daybreak, and the logs blaze in the great broad fireplace, and the family are all astir. The sun is not up yet when Mrs. Armstrong climbs into the little wagon, holding close the hard earnings of a year. She is thoughtful, and half sorry she is going—in truth, she wishes she had said nothing about the visit; for if she feels so unwilling to part from her little ones for a day, what will she suffer on leaving them for a month!

Over and over she tells them to be watchful and careful of grandmother, and how to go through all the work of the day. She is always the guiding and regulating head, and she feels afraid they will not do well without her.

There were clouds about the sunrise; but it will not rain—it is too cold for that, and it will not snow, the clouds don't look like snow; so say the young girls, but the old woman says that, to her thinking, the noise of the wind in the woods foretells a storm.

So Richard and Betty, after twenty years of working and waiting, go to town for the silk dress. They feel as if a great separation were coming, for Richard is not to go with Betty—they can't afford that, and so their thoughts are sombre, and they look long and silently toward where the old homestead used to be: it is gone now, and the mill is gone, and a new house inhabited by new people stands a little further up the hill, and the old squire and his excellent wife lie side by side under the maple which they, the children, can see as they ride along. Changes meet their eyes everywhere—here stands a new house, and here young women look out from the windows, that were children the last time Betty saw them. They talk of the time they were married and began life, and of who began with them, and of how many are lost sight of now—some gone into strange countries this side of death, and some beyond it; and as they talk, their hearts are drawn nearer to each other, and they cannot speak of the approaching parting. Clouds have gone all over the sky, and large loose white flakes are drifting aslant, and in the distance melting in the smoke of the city.

And Polly and Katy kept busy at home, and the younger children worked and played by turns, and the old woman knitted and complained; the sun waded dimly through the clouds, and the snow melted as it fell, and finally melted before it fell, and was rain.

The cows were milked, and the evening chores all done, and a bright firelight shining from the windows of the little homestead; but the children could not stay in-doors—they must listen for the rumble of the wagon that would shortly bring home the mother. The tea-table was spread, the tea made, and all in readiness.

At last the anxiously-waited-for sound was heard, and the faithful horse, that all knew and liked so well, stood at the door. "O mother! mother!" was the exclamation repeated again and again, with as much gladness as though she had been gone a month. It seemed so long, they all said, "How shall we do without you, when you go visiting?" But the devoted mother, as she lays aside her wet shawl, and kisses one and another, tells them that she is not going to Aunt Polly's at all; that she saw so many nice things in town, she could not bear to spend the money for herself; and then she undoes one bundle after another, and shows what she has brought home for them—new hats and dresses for Polly and Katy, and shoes and coats for the little boys—for grandmother, a warm flannel dress, and some lace for caps; for Richard, a new neckcloth and waistcoat. "But what for yourself, mother?" say they all—"show us that."

"Mother has not got anything for herself," says Richard, and he goes to the window, under the pretence of seeing if it is raining still; but in truth it was to brush the rain from his eyes. "O mother, take my dress, and take mine," say Polly and Katy; and she smiles, and says they would not be suitable—they are quite too gay; and the old grandame, alarmed for herself, holds tight the warm flannel, and says it would not be enough to make anybody a dress but herself; and so, half glad and half sorry, they sit down to supper together. Ah me! they did not know how much they were glad, and how little sorry, till thereafter.

Mrs. Armstrong complained of chilliness that night—they could not make fire enough to warm her. Alas! nothing could make her warm any more.

The following day she could not sit up all the time, and the day after not at all; and though Polly and Katy at her direction did all in the power of good children to do, she grew worse all the time, and Richard left the working and brought a doctor from a great way off; but when he came he shook his head mournfully, and said that medicine would be of no use—they must tend her carefully, and be prepared for the worst. It was but the confirmation of all their fears. O the trembling, the awful agony that came then to that miserable house! they had known hardship and toil without much hope to alleviate it, but they had not known death. No wonder they were afraid to see his pale shadow coming over the face of their mother. All day long, leaving every other work and every other care, Richard sat by the bedside of his wife—night was coming—the, to the frighted children, gloomy, gloomy night: the winds, as they went and came, shook the last dead leaves from the boughs, and the moonlight, as it came to the window, was like the face of a mourner: the night was falling, and all day the sick woman had lain calm; and now as the candle was lighted, they all beheld in her face a look that had not been there till then—it was the seal of the last enemy. She smiled as they raised her pillows, and by name called the little children to her bedside, and looking at them fondly and long, sent them away with her last kiss on their lips, but without having taken other farewell than her accustomed good-night. A good mother to the last, she could not bear to add one pang to what they must necessarily suffer.

But to Polly and Katy she said she was going to die—that they must be good, dutiful children, and comfort their father, and work for him when she was gone. As far as she could see in the future, she told them what and how to do, and had them bring the linen sheets to her bedside that she might see they were in readiness for the burial—said they must be good to the children, and tell them when they asked for her, that she was gone to the heavenly Father who, if they were good, would, by-and-by, bring them to see her.

She talked of her past life, of what she thought she had done amiss, and asked them to think as kindly of her memory as they could—not to forget her, but to forget all that was evil in her life. She would not do any better, as she knew of, she said, if she had all to do again; but she hoped they would profit by what she had done that was wrong, and live better and more useful lives than she had done.

And when they cried, and on their knees besought God to spare their mother, she said, "Hush, my children, God knoweth what is best; you must look to him, and hold closer his hands when you cannot keep mine any longer."

She was not afraid to go; she was willing to go; and yet, for the sake of her children and dear good Richard, she would like to live longer—they were just coming, she said, to what she thought would be happier days—she hoped they might prove so to all the rest, and that they must not make days that might be happy, bitter with mourning for her.

Midnight came, and Richard bent low, and asked her if he should not call up the little children, and in a whisper she said, No; that it would do no good; and when with the day they came to say good-morning, seeing her smiling from the bed, she made them no answer but by the same fearful yet beautiful smiling.

And the neighbors came and talked of the good life of the mother to the orphans, and said she was better off, and they must not mourn, but try to be like her; and Richard buried his face in sorrow, and would not let the sunshine look upon him since she could not; and they laid her hands together, and vailed her face with the shroud, and she made, so, the first journey and the last. And when the tears were dried a little, there was a gathering of the orphans about the hearth, and a whispering of one to another of, "What shall we do?" The father was broken-hearted and sat apart; and the grandmother said Betty was gone, and with her the little thrift which the house had known before—that starvation must come—that was all; and so she rocked herself to and fro on the loose stones of the hearth. The little children did not play now, but stood silently about their elder sisters, and Katy wept and said, "If mother could only tell us what to do;" and so all eyes rested on Polly, and she took the children on her knees and kissed them, and said, almost cheerfully, "I have a plan."

Whatsoe'er they do or dare,
Wheresoe'er they roam,
Have them, Father, in thy care,
Guide them safely home—
Home, O Father, in the sky,
Where none wander and none die.

Such were her last words.

PART FOURTH.

Mrs. Polly Fairfield sits at her worsted frame in her own elegant parlor, dressed in the deepest and costliest mourning, for she had always loved poor Betty, or thought she did; and her stylish daughter Bell sits playing a mournful tune on the piano, as a tribute to the memory of her dear aunt and a consolation to her sweet mother, and a handsome young man sits at the window, partly reading and partly listening to the music.

Mrs. Polly Fairfield has led a gay and worldly life, and year by year grown away from her relatives as much as she has from her early habits. She is not altogether forgetful, but her early life and the way she lived are things which she does not much like to talk about. True, she has said once or twice a year, that she must go and see poor Betty, and has had money appropriated as often, the which she has devoted to various little elegant expenses, which have contributed more to settle her position as a fine lady, than the visit to the poor sister would have done. At one time, she must go to the sea-side, and at another to the mountains; now she must refurnish the house, and now attend the children to dancing school — there was always something to come between her and her long cherished wishes, she said; and so John grew to be twenty, and Bell eighteen, without having seen their cousins at all. John is home for the vacation just now; but it is not he that sits at the window half musing and half listening to the song the young lady sings. It is winter, and the fire is burning warm, and the frozen snow on the naked branches of the trees that stand in the great wide yard (for Mr. Fairfield is a rich man and has a wide yard) but enhance the indoor comfort. Not many people are passing along the street, for it is a rough chilly day, and only those whom necessity sends abroad are to be seen.

Abruptly Bell turns on the music stool, and bites the lace of her pocket handkerchief, looking suddenly toward the young man at the window. He does not heed her, however, but continues to look out into the street.

"Why do you not sing for me, my dear?" says the mamma; "you know how soothing your voice always is to me."

"I can't sing to persons who wont hear," answers Bell, glancing at the young man in a way which indicates that he is the person to whom she has reference; he makes no reply—indeed, he does not seem to hear her, and Mrs. Fairfield says by way of eliciting his attention, "Mr. Hulbert does not hear you, my dear;" and as the young man still continues to look into the street, she explains to him playfully, that he has so much influence upon her daughter, that she cannot even sing unless he is all attention.

Mr. Hulbert politely begs pardon for his rudeness, and claims the young lady's clemency for a moment longer, till he can open the gate for a young woman who has been for some minutes vainly attempting to do so.

Mrs. Fairfield and her petted and spoiled daughter draw near the window, exclaiming, as they do so, "Pray, don't give yourself trouble for that little body, —she is not our visitor, of course."

But Mr. Hulbert, careless of whom the little body has come to visit, obeys the first impulse of his heart, and hurries forth, and not only opens the gate, but takes from the young girl the bundle she is carrying, and assists her down the walk and into the parlor where Bell and her mother are tittering at his attentions to such a looking body; or rather he assists her to the door, for he has learned as they came down the walk, that she is a cousin come from the country, and that she does not know her aunt, but is sure she must be like her own good mother who is dead.

And so Mr. Hulbert leaves her at the door, for the happy meeting is not to be witnessed by almost a stranger as he is.

And here we may as well say that he is the son of a wealthy and popular resident of a distant city, who has just received his diploma, and whom John Fairfield, whose proclivities toward wealth and station are very great, has prevailed upon to pass a few days with him on his way home. That there has been every effort to please him on the part of the elder Fairfields the reader may be assured: as for John, he has felt that he conferred as much

honor as he received, and that there was anything for Bell to do, except to sit still and be admired, had never entered into her thoughts. Beautiful, and having all the attractions which the most costly expenditure could give her, she had been used to homage all her life, and was more than vexed at the little betrayal of indifference on the part of Mr. Hulbert.

Mrs. Fairfield had spoken to him of the deep affliction in which they were all plunged by the death of her dear sister; and had more than intimated that she should send immediately for the poor orphans—not that they needed her assistance, but that change of scene might relieve their grief in part.

Their mourning had also been an apology for the suspension of gayeties, and in consequence of their isolation—much to the general regret—Mr. Hulbert had been thrown for entertainment on the hands of the beautiful Bell.

And to say the truth he had been for the most part charmingly entertained; he had read for Bell and she had listened delightfully; they had rode in the country together—Bell was fond of horses and rode admirably—and Mr. Hulbert had been pleased. Bell sang finely, and Mr. Hulbert had listened, for what young man cannot listen to the song of a fair woman? But the day we have written of he had been thinking seriously, and for the first time in his life, on what pursuit or calling his powers were best fitted for. His college course was ended, his present careless idling should soon be finished, and then how should he employ himself usefully and honorably? Was it Bell that so seriously pressed upon him the necessity of a permanent settlement in life?—perhaps so; I cannot say. Certain it is he had speken some things which young ladies are apt to construe as indications of the warmest admiration, though anything amounting to a proposal had not been made.

Thus matters stood on the arrival in town of the modest, loving, trusting Polly Merriford. I cannot do justice to the meeting between the generous, impulsive, and almost broken-hearted Polly, and the proud, formal and ungrieving relatives.

True, Mrs. Fairfield said, "I am glad you are come, my dear, though you are not a bit like Betty; we will do all we can to make your stay agreeable," and Bell took the chubby hard hand for a moment in her delicate fingers, and said she was very glad to know her cousin Polly; but the young girl felt as she had never done till then—she could not at first tell why, but tried to think she would feel better presently, when she should know her aunt and cousin better—they were in every respect so above her, she could not expect to be much at home with them at first. They had said they were glad of her coming, and it was surely all her own fault that she was so ill at ease—so wretched at heart.

All her sorrows and all her hopes she had brought to pour out on the bosom of her dear aunt, and now she sat, restrained and silent—the hopes were gone, and the sorrow was choking her. Naturally enough she had thought that if she were only once at aunt Polly's all would be well; she could suggest something or help them in some way, she did not know how—but she was rich and so good—and so the cow had been sold and money gathered together in one way and another to defray the expenses of the journey, and Polly, with the new dress in her budget, and a determination to do something for her brothers and sisters in her heart, left home, and after various sad experiences found her way to her aunt's house.

"If it had happened at any other time," said the mother, when Polly was got into her own chamber, "it would not have been so bad; but just now, when Mr. Hulbert is with us! how shall we manage to conceal the relationship from him?"

"She is so rustic, is n't she, ma?" said Bell.

There was a whispered conversation at the fireside, and it was concluded that Polly should dine in her own room, her tearful eyes and supposed weariness being a sufficient excuse. So Polly remained alone; but she had no appetite for the delicacies that were spread on the silver salver that was brought her—the coarse food on the pine table at home would have been eaten with relish; and as she sat wiping her eyes, she could not help half believing that she was deluded, and not at the house of aunt Polly after all.

The lamps were being lighted in the street, and the parlor was growing dim, having only the firelight as yet to illumine it. Mr. Hulbert, who had been busying himself in his own way, till the joy and sorrow of the interview of the relatives

should a little have passed, entered, expecting to join the circle, and finding the room deserted, took his station at the window to watch for the coming of John, who had been from home all day. He had not been long in the recess when Mrs. Fairfield came in, saying to Bell, who accompanied her, "Our prospects with Mr. Hulbert will be ruined, if he finds that rustic girl is my sister's child."

Those words revealed to the young man a calculation and a selfishness that till then he had not dreamed of. What could he do? He had not willingly been an eavesdropper; his first thought was to open the window and step out. Down the walk he went hastily, turned back, scarcely knowing what he was doing, so strange he felt to find the respect he had had for his entertainers all fallen from beneath him. Glancing up at the house, he saw, through the lighted window, Polly alone and crying; and his heart was drawn toward her as it would not have been if he had met her, as he expected to do, an hour previously, in the parlor.

When Mr. Fairfield returned home that night the position of affairs was made known to him by his wife and daughter.

"I am astonished and grieved," he said, "that you should not have found in your own hearts the love and the wisdom to direct you." And without more words he went at once to the chamber of Polly, who sat alone trying, in vain, to still the conflict of her bosom. The real kindness of her uncle was very grateful to the girl; but it was too late: there had been a wound inflicted, which he was only able to staunch, not to heal: she would not, however, be ungrateful for the attempt to heal, and drying her eyes and ornamenting herself by the winding smooth of her long tresses, and the assuming of a bright smile, she joined the circle below stairs. Mr. Hulbert, partly from the natural kindness of his disposition, and partly, perhaps, to retaliate on the haughty and designing Bell, soon found means of joining the modest Polly in the quiet nook she had chosen; but in the true nobility of the soul with which he came in contact, he forgot that it was pity which had drawn him toward her, and the sweet light of her eyes made a luminous circle in which he quite forgot the existence of the spoiled beauty.

The following morning, when Polly said she did not like the town and was home-sick, and could not stay any longer, Mrs. Fairfield was heartily ashamed, and would gladly have had her remain, and especially since she had found that Mr. Hulbert was not at all shocked. And even the proud Bell said she believed her cousin might be made quite attractive if she could only have the advantage of her training a little while. Many presents were brought for Katy and the little children at home; but Polly said no, she was obliged to them, but she could not carry anything more than she had brought; and so holding fast the bundle containing the new dress her mother had bought her, she was about to depart, when Mr. Hulbert presented himself, saying, he had received news the previous evening, (though he had not till then spoken of it,) which hastened his movements beyond his expectations. Greatly surprised and pleased was Polly when she found that his journey led him in the way she was going.

We need not prolong the story: let it suffice that Polly never repeated her visit, but never regretted it, both for that it brought her wisdom and love at once; for she soon became the wife of Mr. Hulbert, when, and thereafter, the Fairfields took frequent occasion to mention her as their sweet cousin.

Months pass, yes, and a few happy years, when, on a pleasant evening, a merry-making group is gathered at the hearth of Mr. Hulbert. The grandame of the old rustic home has been dead some time, but the father of Polly is there, and the rest of his children; better fortunes have at last smiled upon them, chiefly through the counsels and assistance of her noble husband. Amid the group gambols about a beautiful child—his face (brimming with health and happiness) reveals the features of Hulbert and his fair young wife. The sunshine of a true blessedness beams upon the whole scene. They talk of the old times—the old farm-house now renovated and prosperous—the joyfully anticipated rustication of the whole group there the coming summer—and many other themes of happiness—and of the dear, dead mother, who, deprived of this happiness on earth, witnesses it now from her greater happiness in heaven. The night had gone—the morning had come.

THE OPIUM TRADE IN THE EAST.

THE DUTY OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

WE have now gone over the questions involved in the traffic in opium, and the consumption of the drug, which we proposed to discuss in the Magazine. The question now arises, What can be done? We have seen the magnitude of the trade, the enormity of the evils originating from it, and the complicated machinery which perpetuates its existence, and we are met by the question, Can anything be done to arrest or abolish it? There is a general and paralyzing impression, both among statesmen, and Christians, and philanthropists, that the evil is so gigantic, that its ramifications are so extensive, and that the interests involved in it are so weighty, that it is vain for philanthropists to lament, and for legislators to deliberate; it exists, and will exist, whatever efforts may be made for its suppression. "It is true," says the public, both in England and America, "that it is dishonorable to the British name; it is true that it seriously interferes with legitimate commerce; it is true that it impedes the progress of heavenly truth among the benighted millions of the East; but it is so interwoven with our commercial system, and is so powerfully sustained by influential bodies, that to assail it is useless."

We believe not. Gigantic as are its proportions, vast as are its ramifications, and complicated as may be the interests which are involved in it, we believe the terrible evil may be suppressed; that the growth of the poppy in India may be arrested; that the illegitimate traffic between India and China may be destroyed, and that the consumption of the drug to a great extent may be abolished in China. We believe that in the government of England and that of China there is sufficient power, if exerted in the cause of justice and humanity, to suppress the traffic, and arrest the consumption of opium. We believe further, that the time has now come when these desirable results may be more easily effected, and when statesmen and philanthropists are called upon to attempt their achievement.

The empire of China is now involved in revolution. The successes which have hitherto attended the efforts of the revolutionists, and the extent of the empire which has already been subdued by the power of their arms, are indications which, if the insurgents are left to themselves, may well be considered earnests of their final and complete success. Whatever opinions we may form of the anomalous character which they have assumed, and under which they present themselves to the Chinese public and to the world, it is nevertheless an historical fact which admits of no question, that they have assumed this character. They claim to receive the Christian's Bible as the inspired book of the one, only, and true God; they declare themselves to be believers in the gospel, followers of Jesus, and claim to be sincere Christians and faithful worshipers. However impolitic the measure may be, they appear before their countrymen as the uncompromising opposers of the national idolatrous systems, and as the abettors and propagators of a new system of religion, which foreigners are attempting to introduce into the empire, and as such we know them to be recognized and largely opposed by the authorities and people. It is a recognized fact throughout China, that the insurgents are revolutionists in religion as well as in politics, and this fact enters into the minds of the people in examining the question whether to favor or oppose them. The proclamations issued by the insurgents, the books which they publish and circulate, the religious institutions which they have established among them, are all consistent with these professions, and proclaim them to the public. We do not here discuss the question of the sincerity of these extraordinary pretensions; whatever view we may take of them—whether we view them as genuine indications of the real sentiments and character of the insurgents, or as mere hypocritical pretensions—these facts remain the same—these are truisms with regard to the revolution in China. We are free to confess that when the first information of a religious element operating powerfully in this insurrectionary movement reached the ears of foreign missionaries in China, there was danger that the warm-hearted missionary and even the philanthropic foreigner should too readily believe all the favorable reports that reached them from the insurgents' camp, and form too high an opinion of the character and aims of the revolutionists, and indulge too freely in the grateful hopes which this intelligence was calculated to inspire.

But we can as readily believe, that in the reaction which seems to have taken place in public opinion, there is just as much danger of rushing to an opposite extreme, and of arriving at equally erroneous conclusions, by denouncing all religious elements and aims in the Chinese revolution.

Without here entering into this discussion, we would remind the reader, that since the first intelligence of these extraordinary features in the insurrection reached the public and inspired the hopes of all lovers of our race, both in England, France, and America, three great facts have transpired; first, an alliance offensive and defensive has been formed between England and France; secondly, it has become known that the revolutionists of China are as unyielding in their opposition to the Roman Catholic religion as to the idolatrous systems of their own country; and thirdly, it has transpired that among the insurgents the consumption of opium is rigidly prohibited, and that their opposition to the opium traffic is uncompromising. With these three facts before us, we are prepared to account for the reaction which has taken place in England and France, and in their representatives in China, and we are not at all surprised to "learn from Paris that the French government absolutely and entirely rejects the belief, which was at one time very general both in England and the United States, that the insurrection is of a Christian character;" nor to learn that though Dr. Bowring was at first warm in his commendations and ardent in his hopes of the Chinese revolution, now Sir John Bowring, Superintendent of British Trade, is ready to indorse and adopt the opinions of the French government.

The revolutionists then are enemies to the traffic and consumption of opium; they have introduced a prohibition of the drug among what they call their "Heavenly Rules," which are found to be the ten commandments of the Christian's Bible; and if success should attend their efforts to revolutionize the empire, and to supplant the Tartar by a native dynasty, the ancient uncompromising hostility of the government to the opium traffic will again be renewed. In this case, too, new treaties will have to be formed with China, and with those too who are now leading forward the revolution. It is well known that strong efforts were made by the English government immediately after the termination of the war, to secure the legalization of the opium trade. It is equally well known that the war itself originated from difficulties and misunderstandings growing out of the hated and interdicted traffic. On the event of the success of the revolutionists in China, will these things be again repeated? Will another effort be made for legalization? We know the successful insurgents will oppose the traffic. We know that efforts will be made to suppress it; and it may be that, flushed with success and warm with the enthusiastic idea of the complete redemption of their country, they may even be willing to resist it unto blood. Thus the determinations of the new government and the apparent interests of Great Britain must come into collision. Will England be again prepared to send her navy to desolate the coast of China, rather than give up this odious traffic? We believe legalization will be asked for and strongly urged upon the new government. It is a favorite idea with English merchants and British officials in the East, and with statesmen at home, that the greatest evils connected with the traffic in opium arise from its contraband nature; and that if the trade were legalized it would lose its odious character, and become divested of most of its objectionable features. With these views, constant efforts have been made to secure its legalization, and the hopes of the merchants, and the exultation of officials, and the price of the drug have fluctuated as the prospects for legalization have risen and fallen; and we have no reason to suppose that the auspicious opportunity of a country in the hands of a new government, and impoverished by anarchy and revolution, will be allowed to pass without a strong effort to secure this favorite scheme of legalization. If the imperialists succeed in quelling the rebellion, and maintain their hold upon the government, legalization will be secured; if the insurgents succeed it will be rejected, and efforts will be made to suppress the trade, and arrest the habit of smoking. The authorities of England foresee these results already, and in their present movements in China give unequivocal evidence that they perceive their interests to lie on the side of the imperialists, and their sympathies are rapidly following in the wake of their interests.

What will England do? is a question

of great interest at this moment. The apparent interests of British trade would be best secured by the success of the imperialists, but without foreign aid and interference there is but little hope of their final success. In these circumstances can British avarice and ambition be stayed from interference? Already the representatives of Great Britain in China exhibit considerable restlessness, and not only begin to avow their sympathies for the old dynasty and government, but also manifest no little willingness to find an occasion for actual interference. In opinion they are satisfied on which side of the question British interests lie, and are prepared for action, and would by no means regret an event which would bring them into collision with the insurgents. American interests lie on the opposite side of the question, and the result which would destroy the opium traffic in the East is the one which should commend itself to the American authorities; and yet, through the influence of British and French views and opinions, there is danger of American interests being overlooked, and already the sympathies of the representatives of the United States are beginning to flow in the same channel with those of the representatives of Great Britain and France. It is unquestionable that the interests of England and those of America are, in China, at opposite poles, and if the representatives of these countries consult these interests, the policy to be pursued by each cannot be the same; and if, as now seems to be the intention, these representatives act in concert and harmony in any scheme involving interference with the revolution in China, we can only arrive at the conclusion, that England has for once, at least temporarily, laid aside her interests, or that the representatives of the United States have been seduced into coöperation with the schemes of England and France.

But we must wait to see what policy will be pursued by England and the United States with reference to the revolution; the question before us now is, What will England do with reference to the traffic in opium? Will she insist upon legalization? Or, in the event of the rejection of this, will she still enforce and encourage the contraband traffic, and, as she has always done in the past, will she continue to resist the efforts of the new government to arrest the trade, and thus at no distant day be again brought into hostilities with China? We have every reason to believe, that in any event of the revolution, England will enforce and sustain the opium traffic, either by demanding its legalization, or by enforcing it as a contraband trade. Are the Christians and philanthropists of England, and of the enlightened nations of the world, prepared again quietly to look on, and witness unresistingly a repetition of the outrages which disgraced the name of England, and which drenched in blood the coast of China? Will the public of Great Britain offer no protest? Will the government and people of America consent to share the disgrace and hatred of all foreigners, which will be engendered by such proceedings on the part of Great Britain? Will the United States consent that all amicable relations between China and foreign countries shall be broken up by the guilty avarice of England? Will she allow that that vast field for American commerce—that great counterpart of our own western coast—shall be marred and spoiled by a pernicious and interdicted traffic, whose disgrace falls alike upon England and America, and whose consequences are only beneficial to the finances of the former, while they are destructive to those of the latter? Evidently, from what we have said, the time has now come to answer these questions. Whether the insurgents succeed or not, the time is now at hand when, according to the stipulations of the treaties, new conditions and regulations of trade and intercourse must be secured with China, and in these new conditions the opium traffic must be again involved in settling the friendly and commercial relations of foreign countries with the empire of China.

But would not the legalization of the traffic be a desirable achievement, and would it not remove the most objectionable features of the opium trade? Opium merchants and opium growers, British officials in the East, and proprietors of East India stock at home, answer, Yes; we answer, No, and join issue on the question. The introduction of opium is intrinsically wrong. The very fact of growing the poppy and manufacturing a deleterious drug, with the view of creating and gratifying an unnatural and morbid appetite for its momentary exhilaration, which is

sure to be followed by physical, intellectual, and moral consequences of the most deplorable character, is a great moral evil, and we cannot conceive how any human enactments or stipulations can make it just and right. God has made it wrong—human legislation cannot make it right. To be sure, the importation of the drug once legalized, the traffic could no longer in strict grammatical language be called a contraband trade; it could no longer be called smuggling, and the odium of enforcing an interdicted traffic would be removed from the British government. But how would it be removed? Evidently by one bold stroke of power or policy, enforcing at once and forever the long-hated and interdicted traffic upon a powerless people. The odium would still remain—it would still be a fact that the opium trade is forced upon the powerless Chinese. If legalization could now be secured, we could only feel that it would be the result of a necessity of some kind enforced upon them. For more than fifty years the government has perseveringly resisted the trade—has used every possible means to extinguish what they conceived to be a great evil; they have even "resisted unto blood, striving against the sin." This long-continued opposition convinces us that the government and a large majority of the people have hitherto been acting under a conviction of the great evil and injuriousness of the traffic. If now they could be induced to legalize the trade after so long an opposition, we could only conclude that it is the result of some present necessity rising superior to the future interests of the nation; such as a resistless pressure from without, or such an impoverished state of the exchequer as to render legalization a means of saving the country from impending ruin, by the duties derived from the importation of the drug. The imperial government, driven almost to desperation by the resistless advancement of the insurgents, and by the exhausted state of the treasury, was nearly led to the adoption of this measure two years ago. But what honorable people could feel any complacency in the legalization of the trade, viewing it as a measure enforced upon a defenseless nation by the external or internal pressure of national embarrassments? Or what conscientious dealer would find any relief in the reflection that the legalization of his hated and injurious trade had been wrung from the sufferings and wretchedness of the nation?

But what are the evil effects of the opium trade which would be removed by legalization? We have already seen that it would not even touch the shame and odium attaching to the British government and the opium dealer, and could in no sense diminish the real moral injustice and sinfulness of the traffic. If all the legal restrictions which enlightened nations have found it necessary to throw around the sale of intoxicating liquors, were removed by human legislation, would the real character of the dealer in rum acquire any additional respectability, or would the manufacturing of drunkards, or the disseminating of moral pollution in communities, or the desolating of households, become more honorable or less sinful in the sight of either God or man? Would the legalization of the opium traffic save the country from any of the impoverishing effects which are now its attendants, or would it diminish or remove the injurious influence of the traffic on legitimate trade? Would it diminish its injurious influence on the Christianization of the people? Would it diminish any of the horrors and evils of opium smoking? Can we suppose that less opium would be introduced in a legalized trade than is now smuggled into the country? Would the number of smokers be diminished? If human legislators can transform that which is morally wrong into what is nationally right, can they also transform what God has made a narcotic and deleterious drug into a harmless and innocent luxury? Would not the same poverty, the same disease and suffering, the same demoralization follow the use of the legalized drug? The smoking of opium will imbrute and kill its victim in despite of all human legislation. Which of the evils, then, growing out of the opium trade, would be removed by legalization? Evidently it is only the same selfish and hypocritical cry raised by those implicated in the traffic, which has constantly been uttered by dealers in rum. Who has ever been seduced by the croakings of rum-sellers into the senseless belief, that the throwing aside of all legal restrictions from the sale of intoxicating liquors would diminish the horrors and desolation of drunkenness? Let not Christians and phil-

anthropists be deceived into the equally senseless belief that legalization would remove or diminish the enormous evils of the opium traffic. The trade must not be legalized. If it must exist, let it still be branded with the infamy of interdiction. Let it still be smuggling. It would be a disgrace to our common humanity to throw the cloak of legality around a traffic so cruel and pernicious. As well might we proclaim immunity to the slave-trade of Africa, and think to remove its odium and diminish its horrors, by throwing around it the mantle of human legislation.

What, then, can be done to suppress this fearful trade? We answer, Nothing can be done until popular feeling shall be excited against it. The indignant feelings of humanity, awakened to a realization of the magnitude and enormity of the evil, must be thrown into the balance against it, and must become a new and additional element of opposition, to be met and resisted by the governments and individuals who abet the traffic. Christians, philanthropists, merchants, and manufacturers, all of whom have rights and interests that are trampled upon by the pernicious trade, must speak out against it. Englishmen must be determined to cast off the guilt and odium which are thrown upon them by their government and a handful of avaricious traders in the East. Christians, anxious for the evangelization of the vast empire that is being desolated by the drug, must feel, and make their feelings felt by the governments that thus retard and render abortive their benevolent movements. Christians and philanthropists, we conceive, have rights—the rights of benevolent humanity — sacred and holy rights, which no government may invade with impunity. The traffic in opium is a wrong to them, as well as to the Chinese. It is an invasion of their prerogatives, as well as an unjust trampling upon the prerogatives of a great but powerless nation. It is unjust to us, that the treasury of India should be replenished, and the coffers of a few heartless merchants should be filled to overflowing at the expense of the rights and feelings inspired by our holy Christianity, and with the sacrifice of all our benevolent enterprises. We plead our own cause, when we plead the cause of China. Let us speak, and our voice will be heard. Let us feel, and the power of our resistance will be felt. This once accomplished, popular feeling once excited against the traffic, the way will be opened for its suppression.

We proceed to show the feasibility of the suppression of this trade. The power is in the British Parliament and in the government of China; but before showing how this power may be effectually employed, we will first show the practicability of arresting the trade. Are there any great and important interests which would render its suppression impossible? So far from this, we believe that if the trade were judiciously arrested, there are no great and important interests which would render it impolitic. A sudden and violent suppression of the trade would be likely to produce embarrassment in East Indian finances, and probably some cases of bankruptcy among opium dealers in India and China. It would also produce alarming results throughout China, incalculable suffering and an appalling mortality among the inveterate consumers of the drug; it is equally probable that a sudden change would produce a large amount of suffering among the cultivators of the poppy in India. The opium trade has been seventy years in attaining its present magnitude, and involves interests, pecuniary and moral, of such vastness and importance, that it would be folly to suppose that a single dash of the pen could arrest the traffic, or a single edict dash the whole machinery to pieces. The trade in opium in India and China can no more be suddenly and violently arrested than can slavery in the United States; and we would no more wish for its instant abolishment, and the consequent embarrassment, suffering and ruin which would follow this sudden disruption of extensive and complicated interests, and deep and inveterate habits, than we would wish for the instant abolishment of slavery, turning out upon the United States a vast horde of untutored and unmanageable victims of long-continued oppression. But we believe that both these gigantic evils could be destroyed by a gradual and effectual process of reformation, and that the traffic in opium—an evil of equal magnitude—could be suppressed with much less difficulty and danger than its sister enormity—American slavery.

The reformation should obviously begin

in India. Here is the root of the evil, and here the only fatal blow could be struck upon it. That the Anglo-Indian government has the power to throw restrictions around the growth of the poppy, and to regulate the sales of the drug at Calcutta and Bombay, none will for a moment deny, as such a power has always been exercised by the government. Lord Ashley says:—

"I would prohibit altogether the cultivation of the drug in the territories of the East India Company. Many, I fear, will differ from me on this head; and the resolution I shall have to propose does not affirm such a course. It would, however, be a practicable measure; it has been done before, and it may be done again; it has been effected partially, and may be so universally. The whole system in India is one of prohibition; the drug has been suppressed by the presidency of Bombay. I find a paper requesting from the supreme government a communication of the views of the Bombay government as to the best method of checking the exportation of Malna opium. The Bombay government states in reply, that the cultivation of the poppy had been prohibited in Guzerat by the influence of the British government; so, by the same influence, the cultivation of the drug for exportation might be prohibited in Malna. What said Lieutenant-Colonel Tod, whose remarks are extremely important? 'If the non-paramount power, instead of making a monopoly of it, and consequently extending its cultivation, would endeavor to restrict it by judicious legislative enactments, or at least reduce its culture to what it was forty years ago, generations yet unborn would have just reason to praise us for this work of mercy. It is no less our interest than our duty to do so, and to call forth genuine industry for the improvement of cotton, indigo, sugar-cane, and other products, which would enrich instead of demoralizing, and therefore impoverishing the country.'"

This fact—the ability of the government of Great Britain to restrain, and even entirely suppress the cultivation of the poppy—is so undeniable that it seems to be assumed on all hands as an admitted fact: Dr. Medhurst, the well-known English missionary in China, says:—

"The East India Company might, if they would, greatly diminish the trade in opium. If they were to discontinue the growth of it in their own territories, and to bind down the native princes in alliance with them to do the same, while they forbade the transporting of it through their dominions, India would then be no longer what it now is,—*the great source from whence the evil originates*. Were the supplies from India cut off, the inconsiderable stock and inferior quality yielded by Turkey would be far from supplying and satisfying the market, and the practice sink into desuetude, from the fewer facilities afforded for its gratification."

Another intelligent English writer remarks:—

"We have seen that the suppression of this baneful production of the misused soil is practicable. The East India Company can at once put a stop to its cultivation in Behar and Benares; it can enter into arrangements with the native rajahs for its suppression in Malna; it can prohibit its passage through its dominions; it can lend its predominant influence to the discouragement everywhere of its growth, its preparation, and its transmission to the countries in which it is consumed. It can, therefore, relieve Asia from a pestilence which is laying waste some of its fairest portions; it can remove an obstacle which impedes the progress of the holy gospel, and casts dishonor on that worthy name by which all Christians are called. And if the East India Company does not perform this duty, on whom lies the guilt? Not on its directors alone; not on its proprietors alone, but on the British public, who have a substantial, though not a direct control over its proceedings."

That it can be done, none seem to have the boldness to deny. Let the government of Great Britain but realize the enormity of the injustice it is committing against a sister government, and resolve to arrest, and eventually to suppress the traffic, and it possesses the power, and the way is open to effect this work. It need but throw a limitation around the sales at Calcutta and Bombay, interdict the passage of Malna opium through its territories, and determine that the amount of the drug sold at these great marts shall annually decrease until the sales cease altogether. This is practicable, and could be enforced without injury to any of the interests of India, or of the cultivators of the poppy, or of the dealers in the drug in India and China. It is well known that the whole system of opium growing and manufacturing in India is a system of oppression and compulsion, and the oppression need but cease, and the company no longer compel the natives of India to cultivate the poppy, and the whole system would by its own tendencies come to an end.

While none deny the ability of the Anglo-Indian government thus to arrest the whole system in India, and thus strike a fatal blow at the very root of the evil, there are those who present objections to this course of procedure. Interested parties complain that it would be arbitrary and oppressive; that if the English withdrew from the traffic others will enter into it; that if the cultivation of opium cease in India, it will be taken up elsewhere;

that if the passage of Malna opium were interdicted it would find other outlets, &c. We need not stop to consider such objections as these. The most weighty and important objection is, "*that it will inflict a severe blow on the revenue of India.*" Now suppose we admit this fact, suppose we allow that the revenue of India would suffer, and "would be diminished, without any hope of the deficiency being replaced by other means." Is the government therefore justified in inflicting untold miseries on five hundred millions of Hindoos and Chinese to secure this revenue? Suppose without it "we cannot maintain our hold on these vast territories," must "we" therefore maintain our possession at the price of every consideration of feeling and humanity? For three millions sterling, must China and India be sacrificed? Must the one be deluged with a poisonous drug, eating out the lives of the people, corrupting her government, and exhausting her resources, and the other become the constant theater of oppression and wrong, the scene of poverty and wretchedness, the center of famine and death, that three millions sterling may be added to the revenues of the Anglo-Indian empire? Where does the British government acquire the right to this unhallowed revenue? What right has India to a revenue wrung from the wretchedness of suffering millions? Even admitting, then, that the finances of India would suffer by the abolition of the opium traffic, still we must agree in the sentiments expressed by Mr. Tucker, a director of the East India Company, in his noble protest against the cultivation of opium. "I must contend," says Mr. Tucker, "that if a revenue cannot be drawn from such an article as opium, otherwise than by quadrupling the supply, by promoting the use of the drug, and by placing it within the reach of the lower classes of the people, no fiscal consideration can justify our inflicting upon Malays and Chinese so grievous an evil."

But we are unprepared to admit that the suppression of the opium traffic would inflict any serious embarrassment on the revenues of India. A sudden and violent suspension of the whole trade, it is evident, would do great injury in more respects than simply embarrassing the finances of India. But no statesman or philanthropist would urge a sudden disruption of all the plans and interests of the opium trade, and an instantaneous and entire abolishment of the traffic is not the subject we are discussing. Would a gradual diminution of the quantity of opium manufactured, and of the amount of the drug sold at the great ports of India, with the view of the final extermination of the whole system, inflict any serious injury on the resources of the country? This is the question, and we answer, No. When Sir Charles Forbes, well known as high authority on all Indian affairs, was questioned on the expediency of abolishing the traffic, he expressed a decided opinion that the opium monopoly might be abolished not only without loss, but with probable advantage. Hear Sir Charles:—

"I think that it [the revenue] might be raised in due time to perhaps as large, if not a larger amount, through a much less objectionable medium, through the medium of increased and increasing revenues and customs, upon an increased and flourishing trade, carried on by an improved and improving population, having perfect confidence that they would in no way be interfered with by the company in their operations, either agricultural or commercial; and that under such a system, if happily it shall be introduced, the prosperity of India would rise to a degree incalculable, and consequently in every way tend to the advantage as well as the credit of its rulers."

How easily might the soil now appropriated to the cultivation of the poppy be converted into nobler uses, a change which would be gratefully adopted by the impoverished and starving natives of India! The soil is rich; if it were not it would not answer for the growth of opium. Dr. Medhurst says:—

"The lands now employed in the cultivation of the poppy being necessarily rich and fertile, would, if laid out in the raising of other productions, be equally valuable to the possessors; and while the revenue was not diminished, the happiness, health, and industry of the people would be increased; in addition to which, the divine blessing would doubtless be doubly bestowed on those who renounced an apparent benefit to themselves, in order to extend a real good to others."

Cotton and sugar could easily be made to take the place of the poppy, and there is now a loud and growing demand in England for Indian-grown cotton. That demand could be increased, and supplied from the countless acres of British India. Destroy the opium traffic, and the demand for Indian cotton and cotton manufactures in the empire of China, would swell to an extent now incalculable. The gradual

diminution of the exportation of opium would be accompanied by a gradual increase in the exportation of legitimate products from India, and a demand for western manufactures throughout the East, that would in a very few years produce to British India a revenue far surpassing the income from the odious monopoly which crushes India, and impoverishes China; to say nothing of the vast advantages which would accure from these changes to the home manufactures of Great Britain.

This is the work which is in the power of the Anglo-Indian government, and this is the work of justice and humanity which we call upon that government to perform. Let England do this, and there needs to be but little more done to arrest, and ere long to destroy entirely this fearful evil. Let the public of England and America realize the enormities of this unrighteous system; let them see that it degrades and covers with infamy the names of both England and America, and stains the character of all foreigners among the nations of the East; let them see that it interferes with all legitimate trade, and that the greatest market in the world is almost entirely closed against the productions of honest industry; let them see that it is the fruitful source of countless evils among five hundred millions of our fellow-men in India and China; let them see that the name and profession of Christianity is dishonored, and esteemed throughout the East as but a mockery, and that the cause of the blessed gospel is compromised, and the benevolent designs of Christians and philanthropists frustrated, and then let an awakened public speak,—for there is might in the voice of the people,—let England withdraw her countenance from the iniquitous traffic, let India cease to encourage and enlarge the trade, let America protest against the illegitimate traffic and its legalization, and let both England and America declare themselves the friends of humanity and the enemy of all injustice and wrong; and the time is not far distant in the future, when the whole unhallowed system shall come to an end; when the glad and joyous gratitude of millions delivered from oppression, suffering, poverty, and death, will descend upon the nation and the government whose magnanimity set them free from the fatal evil which was working so much ruin among them. The authorities of China and the hundred millions of Chinese will be glad to coöperate in the work of their redemption. The policy of the government and of the people has never changed. There is no wish for legalization in China. The trade is odious still. The edicts and the statutes issued against it have never been revoked. China is now, and for fifty years has been ready to do everything that can be done to save the people from the degrading and demoralizing influences of this mighty evil. The work is ours: it is a work for the people and the governments of England and America.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE SHADOW.

BY ALICE CARY.

One summer night,
The full moon, 'tired in her golden cloak,
Did beckon me, I thought; for I awoke,
And saw a light,

Most soft and fair,
Shine in the brook, as if, in love's distress,
The parting sun had shear'd a dazzling tress,
And left it there.

Toward the sweet banks
Of the bright stream straightly I bent my way;
And in my heart good thoughts the while did stay,
Giving God thanks.

The wheat-stocks stood
Along the field like rows of bearded men,
And mists stole, white and bashful, through the glen,
As maidens would.

In rich content
My soul was growing toward immortal height,
When, lo! I saw that by me, through the light,
A shadow went.

I stopped afraid—
It was the bad sign of some evil done—
That stopping, too, right swiftly did I run—
So did the shade.

At length I drew
Close to the bank of the delightful brook,
And sitting in the moonshine, turn'd to look—
It sat there too.

Ere long I spied
A weed with goodly flowers upon its top;
And when I saw that such sweet things did drop
Black shadows, cried,—

Lo! I have found
Hid in this ugly riddle, a good sign—
My life is twofold, earthly and divine—
Buried and crown'd.

Sown darkly—raised
Light within light, when death from mortal soil
Undresses me, and makes me spiritual,—
Dear Lord, be praised.

[For the National Magazine.]

GLIMPSES OF PARADISE.

A LATE Scottish writer says, "Perfect wisdom placed the perfect man in a garden to dress and keep it." The place and the duty must have been divinely congenial with the exercises of an unclouded reason and an undepraved heart. The love of man's primeval calling seems yet to linger fondly in the bosom of the exiled race. The first pleasure of children is to gather fresh flowers from the daisied mead; or to ply their little hands in the allotted patch of garden ground. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy. Some faint visionary gleam from Eden seems yet to rest on the infant soul, and with the dawn of reason, the first voice of childhood seems to say that paradise should have been its home, and horticulture its proper vocation." Truly and beautifully expressed. In accordance with this beautiful sentiment, since man has been exiled from Eden, and the glimpses of paradise thus continually recur in the visions of childhood, the dreams of a primeval, a long-lost home, should not every parent endeavor to render the home of his children a paradise within and without? within, by sympathy and gentleness, purity and love; by proper instruction and encouragement, the melody of song and the voice of prayer; by care for the development, exercise, and perfection of the body, the intellect, the affections, the manners, and the taste; by inspiring a love of the beautiful and the true, of nature, of man, and of God; without, by surrounding his home, however small his premises, with the forms of natural beauty—the velvet lawn, and trees and flowers and fruits, with shade, and, as far as may be, with retirement. With flowers and fruits will come the waving of foliage in the summer breeze, the hum of insects, the busy work of the "singing masons," the sweet caroling of birds.

A happy childhood is the rightful heritage of every human being; a childhood surrounded by truth and beauty; a childhood in which the infant character receives its impress from a home having order and refinement within, and natural beauty without. A happy childhood gives to manhood symmetry and strength. To old age it is an inestimable treasure. In the waste of memory it is an oasis, beautiful and refreshing; in the desert of life, a paradise. Will not dread retribution visit that parent, who through carelessness or cruelty, by undue indulgence or grinding rule, wrings the dregs of anguish into his infant's cup, poisons the very fountains of being, and early brands the fearful lines of misery upon its life?

Few external appliances, as has been hinted, conduce more to this happiness of early days than the taste for horticulture.

But not only is the love of horticulture shown to be natural to man, by the tendencies of childhood; these glimpses of paradise recur in every period of human life. When the rigors of winter have passed away, and from the earth, loosened from the chains of the frost by the southern breeze, the wind-flower and the violet show their modest faces; when nature begins to resume her mantle of green, and the bursting buds to promise future sustenance and shelter; then recurs the eager desire for the pleasures of the garden. Seeds are purchased and sown that never will be cultivated to maturity; large garden plats are laid off to be filled with weeds before midsummer. Young trees and shrubs and flowers are bought or begged and planted, many of which are to perish by weeds and drought, be browsed by the cow, or rooted up by a petted pig. Though the horticultural fever be thus, in very many cases, intermittent, yet the passion for gardening is deeply fixed in human nature; and these glimpses of paradise continually recur.

The love of gardening is shown to be natural, from another view of humanity. However eager the pursuit of wealth, however perfectly ambition may drink up the spirits and sway the whole being; however desirous man may be of power, pleasure, or glory; yes, the man of business, the soldier, the politician, the devotee of wealth or of pleasure, or of any other pursuit, each and all look forward with pleasing anticipation to the time when they shall enjoy the cool retreats of the garden, the pleasures of rural life. These glimpses of paradise have ever and anon whetted their desire and cheered their labor.

Poetry, in every age and clime, has witnessed this desire in man for rural beauty. True poetry is the language of nature. And in the works of what true poet, who has written in any way exten-

sively, shall we not find the praises of the garden and of rural life? One of the most complete and polished poems of antiquity—the Georgics of Virgil—takes this as its subject, and by its success has demonstrated the exalted genius of its author, and the natural love of man for "the field and the garden." In the works of other ancient poets, in their dreams of a primeval, or their prophecies of a future, golden age, their song is embellished with descriptions of the garden and the field, of the beauteous scenery of cultivated nature, of bird and tree, of fruit and flower. And how important a feature is this in the pastoral poetry of modern as well as ancient days!

History too, sacred and profane, has something to say on this theme. It testifies that glimpses of primeval paradise have cheered and influenced man in every clime and period. Though he may not have always developed this idea, yet the inspiration has kindled his earnest longings for communion with nature. In civilized nations the idea has received development. We read of gardens and cultivated pleasure grounds in different ancient as well as modern nations. The Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Babylonians, and others, bore unmistakable evidence of the continued recurrence of these glimpses of paradise. The gardens of the Hesperides, of Lucullus, of Alcinoüs, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the garden of King Solomon in the Canticles—whether or not you may consider some of them merely mythological—were marked examples of ancient horticulture, and the innate love of cultivated natural beauty. But our limits will not allow us to enlarge in presenting instances, as found in modern history, where whole kingdoms, as in the case of England, through this passion and its development, became but wide-extended gardens.

Mythology, savage as well as classic, is varied with the expressions of this desire—the throbbing of this passion in the great heart of humanity. Glimpses of primeval paradise are seen in the Elysian Fields, the happy groves of the spirit-land, as described in classic song, in the islands of the blessed, in the dreams of the golden age, in the gorgeous descriptions of a Mohammedan heaven, in the spiritual fairy-land of oriental fable, in the western Indian's hope that, in a beauteous clime toward the setting sun, "his faithful dog shall bear him company" in the hunting-ground of his spirit-home.

If then, indeed, in every age and clime, to men of every grade of civilization, have recurred continually the glimpses of paradise; if, indeed, the love of cultivated nature be innate in man, the half-formed vision of a long-lost Eden home; shall we not encourage and gratify this love, this desire, by adding the beauty of nature to our homes, the pleasures of horticulture to our every-day life? Home!—Is there any other place on earth, where so well the joys of paradise can cluster? Where is the man whose heart will not be warmed and his eyes sparkle with glimpses of paradise, as, from field or shop, store, office, study, or recitation-room, returning to his home, adorned with trees his own hands have planted, flowers cultivated by one dearer than himself, he meets at the door a little child with dancing eyes and feet, with clapping hands and infant accents, welcoming him home? Say not, there is no Eden there.

Another vernal season with balmy breath is warming into life the torpid tribes of animal and vegetable nature, and cheering man again with thoughts of Eden. Soon again may all sing, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come." With the breezes of the south shall there not come to every one a renewed desire and resolve to labor more than ever to make his home within and without a happy Eden, and prepare for, and anticipate, the paradise above?

FIVE CONSCIENCES.—There are five kinds of consciences on foot in the world: first, an ignorant conscience, which neither sees nor says anything—neither beholds the sins in the soul, nor reproves them; secondly, the flattering conscience, whose speech is worse than silence itself, which, though seeing sin, soothes men in the committing thereof; thirdly, the seared conscience, which has neither sight, speech, nor sense, in men that are "past feeling;" fourthly, the wounded conscience, frightened with sin; the fifth is a quiet and clear conscience, purified in Christ. A wounded conscience is rather painful than sinful,—an affliction, no offense,—and is the ready way, at the next remove, to be turned into a quiet conscience.—*Kitto.*

[For the National Magazine.]

ROCK FORT.

PASS along down the Illinois River, six or seven miles below Ottawa, Ill., and you come to a rock which stands out boldly into the river, and bears the name of "Rock Fort," or, in the provincial, "Starved Rock." It looms up some seventy feet perpendicularly from the water. Its summit is a level circle, about three hundred feet in circumference. There is but one way of approach to the top; that is, through a narrow gap which the waters have gullied out on the land side. This rock, notable in itself, is the scene of a far more notable incident. Many years ago the Illini Indians inhabited the vast prairies and woodlands of northern Illinois; but the Potawatomies came and took possession of the country, driving the Illini from the land. Little by little these last had receded and dwindled away until they were reduced to a band of about three hundred warriors and their families. Upon this remnant, the Potawatomies and Iroquois commenced a war of extermination. At last, heavily pressed, they fled, leaving their families behind them. These were all massacred by the foe. The warriors sought a last retreat upon the top of Rock Fort. Up the defile of which we have spoken, the remnant of the once powerful tribe clambered, and taking post upon the summit of the rock, prepared for a siege. The narrow passage up was closed with rocks, and there, on their impregnable fortress, they bid defiance to the pursuing enemy. But their triumph was short. They became thirsty, and let down their kettles into the river below for water; but as fast as they could let them down, the Indians below, who watched in canoes, would cut their ropes. They could get no water, and there was no escape from their place of refuge. The passage and river were guarded with the vigilance of a panther. There was nothing left them but a prospect of a fearful death. Their food gave out, and, hungry and thirsty, one by one they closed their eyes to die, until on the tenth day the last survivor joined his companions that had perished before him. The old "Rock Fort" of the French became by Indian legend the "Starved Rock:" and this was the last of the Illini. A new race of Illini (which means *men*) are here now!

AN OLLA-PODRIDA.

HUMOR—DUTCH GOST'S STRUGGLE WITH SATAN—AN EARNEST EXHORTATION—THE BARREL OF TEARS—A MARINE ILLUSTRATION—APOSTOLIC HIGHWAYMEN—STICKING TO THE TEXT—SUCKERS—SHARP REPORT—BLACK PEPPER—OLD JIMMY REPROVING A GOVERNOR—LEAVE THE BONES—A WELL-DIRECTED ARROW—A DUTCH SIMEON AND ANNA.

THERE is "a time to laugh," says Solomon, and all good men should believe this part of their Bible as well as that other part which says there is "a time to mourn." Every Christian should try hard to preserve a good aspect, a good stomach, and a good conscience. The last has much to do with the other two. We doubt whether there is any genuine laughter among demons; the old painters always represented them lean and hard-looking; but these same old masters, by the intuitions of genius, we suppose, delighted to paint their cherubs with cheeks puffed out with fat happiness. It is very creditable to the old Catholic friars that the artists have usually represented them as round and well-humored; the fact bespeaks good nature, if not a good conscience for them. The passions are consuming—men of severe or even voluptuous passions are apt to be lank. The painters have, therefore, blundered respecting the friars; monks are usually a dreadfully lean race. Rabelais, who lived among them, knew them better than the artists. He gives them very shabby portraits. His worst monk is long-faced, "lean, lank, and lantern-jawed."

The theology of a people has a great deal to do with their temper; but it is a fact that some sects, the most rigid, or the most laborious and most suffering, have been characterized by, we were about to say, a denominational cheerfulness—perhaps the phrase denominational humor would not be amiss. The Quakers are capital appreciators of good things and good sayings. They know how to enjoy life as well as any other class of men. Their domestic interiors are scenes, not only of good morals and comfortable competence, but often of buoyant cheerfulness; and some of the shrewdest and wittiest heads wear broad brims.

The old Methodist preachers were the greatest wits of their day. Their theology made them cheerful under their desperate trials and incredible labors and travels. Their odd rencounters with

human nature in many of its extreme conditions, gave them a *bonhomie*, a "mother wit," an aptitude at repartee, which made them welcome to the multitudes, but a terror to gainsayers. Methodist history is full of amazing adventures and humorous incidents. They should be gathered up and put on record: many of them, to be sure, would appear not only queer, but, to grave minds, somewhat exceptionable; yet as characteristic illustrations, they have an historical and a literary value. They sometimes point important moral truths, and often give such truths access to a class of minds which could hardly otherwise be reached.

We have given you, good reader, plenty of grave articles on important subjects; allow us then to sit down with you at present, for a little table talk, or a little after-dinner gossip and story-telling if you please. It will do your digestion good, and perhaps your heart no harm.*

Methodism has shown itself adapted to seize, by some special aptitude, on the rough souls of the lowest classes of men, in whatever condition or of whatever race. There is much extravagance produced, doubtless, at times, by its powerful sway over peculiar minds; but with all such eccentricities, its moral result is usually found to be powerful and permanent. A Methodist preacher writes:—"I was traveling the Cross Creek Circuit, in 1815, in a region of country which was mostly settled by German Lutherans, and not much regard paid to the Sabbath, or any kind of religion. There lived on the circuit a German by the name of Gost. He was one of the principal men of the neighborhood, and had great influence among his German friends. At one of our love-feasts I heard him relate his experience, and though it was in very broken English, yet it was told with an unction and a power which melted all hearts, and which thrilled and interested me so much that I have not forgotten it to this day.

"There is something peculiar in the German mind and character which shows itself, perhaps, more strikingly in regard to the subject of religion than anything else. It seems that in whatever enterprise a German embarks, it engrosses his entire energy; and when once fully committed on any subject, he adheres to it with an energy, zeal, and perseverance, worthy of all praise. Staid and sober as he may appear, he nevertheless has the excitability of a Frenchman, without his mercurial nature. Luther was a noble type of the Teutonic mind, and exhibited the different characteristics of which we have spoken, when he said he would go to the Diet of Worms if there were as many devils in his way as there were tiles on the roofs of the houses; and when, in his excited imagination, he saw the devil before him in his study, and threw his inkstand at him; and when, on another occasion, being arraigned before an ecclesiastical council for heresy, and threatened with punishment if he did not retract, he said, 'Here I stand—God help me!' One has said, 'Get a German once converted, and there is little danger of his refusing to take up his cross, or turning back to the beggarly elements of the world.' They seem to carry out more fully Mr. Wesley's idea of Methodism than even the English brethren themselves. When they sing, 'they sing lustily;' when they pray, they pray with all their might; when they speak in class-meeting or love-feast, they come right to the point of Christian

* But let us, estimable reader, have a good mutual understanding in the outset, for we may continue these anecdotal articles hereafter. Please understand, then, that as we do not propose to *invent*, but to *collect* our facts, some of them may not be *new* to *you*. When you find anything in our gossip which you may have met with years ago, bear in mind: 1. That there are many younger readers who may not have met it. 2. That if a story has any worth at all, it is worth repeating once in a while. 3. That not merely the incident, but the manner of telling it, has to do with its interest. 4. That these adventures and anecdotes, having, as we say above, an historical and literary value, as illustrative of times and men, should be put into some shape and placed upon record. We have met them floating about orally or in various publications. Some years ago we "took the notion" of gathering them as they came in our way; they have accumulated on our hands, and have been no small entertainment to us. We offer to share with you, good reader, the amusement, but with the clear and well-understood stipulation, that you will not quarrel with us because they are *facts*, and therefore necessarily more or less known already, in some instances at least. Do we agree to this now? If not, we request you to pass by these articles whenever they may appear, or at least such portions of them as, on reading the heading, you perceive to be already known to you.

We don't wish to repeat this qualification whenever we may take the whim of telling a good tempting old story, and therefore you will excuse this ceremonious explanation in the outset.

experience without any circumlocution. Such was the case with our good German brother whose experience I am going to relate.

"Shortly after the speaking exercises commenced, he arose and said: 'Mine dear bruders, ven I comes to dis blace dare vas nobody here. Den after, mine freins dey comes too, and ve did comes along very goot, as ve dot. Ve did drink viskey, and frolic, and dance, and all dot it vas wery nice; but binebys der comes along into de neighborhoot a Metodis breacher by de name of Jo Shakelford, and he breaches and breaches, and brays and brays, as you never see de like in all your lives. He says: "You beeples all goes to hell unless you git conwerted, and be saved from your zins."

"'Now, vell den, de beeples begins to dink zeriously on dis matter, and dey say ve must do better, or, sure enough, de devil vill get us shust as he says. Den dey gits Christen, and begins to bray; and dey valls down and brays, and croans, and hollers, and I says to my beeples, Dis is de devil; and it goes on till it comes to my neighbor Honnes. Vell, I does not go, and my vife and gals does not go, because I said it vas de devil. Vell, however, it gomes so near by mine house, I says I vill go and see vat is dis ting vat makes de beeples so crazy. So von night I goes to Honnes's to see de brayer meeting, and I sets down and sees de beeples come in, and dey all looks shust like dey used to do, and I dot it vas all vell; but dey soon begins to zing and bray, and I dot dis is all right. Den some pegins to croan, and valls down; and I says, "Dis is de devil, and I vill shust go home;" but ven I vent to rise up, I could not, vor I vas fast to de bench. Den I vas skeered, and I said, "Dis is de devil, sure enough." I looked round, and I dot de door vas growed up, and I vas fast enough. Vell, den I say, "Mine Got, de devil vill git me now, by sure!" I looked more for de door, and bresently I sees him, and I makes von spring and out I goes headforemost. Den I gits up, and runs mit all my might till I comes to mine fence; and ven I goes to git over, I comes down smack on my pack, and now I says, "De devil vill git me, py sure!" I lays dare for some time; den I gits up, and climes de fence, and goes to mine house, and dot I would shust go to bed mitout making any noise; but shust as I vas going in, smack down I comes on mine pack upon de floor; and Madalana, mine vife, did shump up and did schream; and Petts and Kate—dat ish my two gals—dey did shump up and schream and holler; and dare I lays, and I says, "O, mine Got, dis ish te devil!"

"'Madalana says, "No matter for you; it shust serves you right; you vould go, and now you prings de devil home mit you to your own house." Petts and Kate dey both cries, and mine vife she scolds, and de devil he shakes me over de hells, and all my sins shust comes up to mine eyes, and I says, "O, mine God, save me!"

"'After a vile I goes to ped, but I not sleeps. I says, "O, mine Got, vat vill become of me?" Shust at daylight I gits up and goes down to my parn, and gits under de hoss-trough, and smack I comes on mine pack again. Den I cries mit all my might, "O, mine Got, mine Got, have mercy upon me!" I dot I vas going to de hells. Shust den someting say to me, "Di sins pe all forgifen." Den someting comes down all over me at my head, shust like honey, and I opens mine mout shust so vide ash I can; but it filled so full it run over, and den O, I vas so happy as never I vas before in all my life! I did shump like a deer, and I hollered, "Glory, glory to mine Got!" mit all my might. Mine hosses dey did veel round and shnorted, and I did veel round too, and hollered glory, and I did not know dem, and dey did not know me. Presently I saw my gray hoss, Pob, and I snatched him round de neck, and he did veel round, and I hollered, "Glory, glory, and bless de Lort!" I love dis hoss unto dis day so petter than any. I now am on my way to de himmels, and dare I vill bless Got for his pringing me down on my pack, and for mine vife and mine gals; for dey now goes mit me to glory; so, mine bruders, ve vill all bineby meet in dat goot vorld, to braise de Lort forever and ever.'"

Poor Gost had a hard "tussle" of it certainly, but he won the victory bravely, albeit there was much weakness, some fanaticism, "and a little foolishness," add you, thoughtful reader?—in the struggle. Yes, there was; but it was characteristic. and that is the point we have to do with now. It is a grateful fact that truth, saving truth, can work its way into the soul, and renovate, permanently, the moral man, notwithstanding our deplorable im-

becilities. This is the characteristic, especially, of Christian truth. Poor Gost was amazingly crude in his ideas, but the genuine doctrines of Christianity were shining all through the vapors of his brain, and he came out of his struggles a saved and good man. We will not undervalue the pearl though we find it within the rude incrustation of the oyster, which is dug out of the mud at the bottom of the sea. The diamonds that sparkle in the crowns of kings, were found in gravel beds. Gost may shine brighter in the crown of his Redeemer, in "de himmels," than will many a great intellect that has dazzled this lower land.

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Methodism has taken mighty hold upon thousands of bold, desperate men, and turned lions into lambs; but sometimes the "old Adam" shows himself in them again. It would be a wonder if he didn't. Methodism teaches the possibility of falling from grace. We have known some of the worst cases of fallen humanity crowned by its influence with the very beauty of holiness; and we have known some of high pretensions to make "a gain of godliness," and to behave like very shabby pilgrims heavenward. Brother —— could exhort tremendously sometimes: he wound up once very ardently in an argument for the existence of a Supreme Being. "Brethren," he said, "I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being, as I am that there is flour in Alexandria, and that I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels, fresh superfine, which I will sell as low as any person in town."

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The late Bishop Hedding used to tell an incident in his episcopal career, strikingly illustrating the despotic power of long-indulged habit. At one of the conferences where he presided, a young preacher was charged with indulging to great excess in the use of exaggeration. He was not said to be guilty of positive falsehood; but superlatives flowed so freely from his tongue, that truth had all the semblance, and frequently did all the mischief, of a lie. The young man was sentenced to be publicly admonished by the chair. He stood up in the presence of his brethren, and the bishop, with great kindness, pointed out the evils resulting from the habit. After hearing him through, the accused, bathed in tears, requested permission to say a few words. He commenced by a candid acknowledgment of his fault, and thanked the bishop for his admonition. Turning to his brethren in the ministry, he assured them of his determination to conquer his besetting propensity. "I regret it," said he, "as much as any of you. I have struggled against it. I have wept over it. Yes, brethren, by night and by day I have wept on account of it, and I can truly say it has already caused me *to shed barrels of tears*."

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Brother —— was given to marine illustrations, having been a seaman. His eloquence in "that line" has given rise to some side-splitting anecdotes, real or fictitious, and secured him access to almost any pulpit in his routes. An old-fashioned sounding-board, of huge dimensions, was suspended over the pulpit of a church in which he one day "officiated," by means of a rope that passed over a pulley, and which was belayed under a seat in the gallery. This seat was occupied by a sailor. It was one of those sultry Sabbaths in August, when Morpheus is so apt to come unbidden, and spread the mantle of sleep over careless worshippers. The preacher was illustrating some doctrinal point by a nautical anecdote, while Jack, lulled into a state of semi-consciousness by the heat, was imagining himself to be again afloat on his favorite element. The minister's story was approaching its climax, his increasing earnestness had already awakened a large part of his audience and the more exciting part of his narrative was being told with great dramatic power. Suddenly Jack in his dream was startled by what appeared to be the sharp, quick command of his superior, "Stand by to let go! let go there!" he sprang to his feet confused and half awakened, and seeing nothing else to "let go," cast off the line by which the sounding-board was suspended. "Ay, ay, sir; all gone!" Down whizzed the heavy sounding-board, and the minister ducked his head under the pulpit, just in season to save himself from being extinguished.

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The English *Methodist Magazine* for 1797 contains the following most remarkable narrative:—Four gentlemen and an old

preacher were assailed on the highway by three robbers, who demanded and took possession of all their funds. The old minister pleaded very hard to be allowed a little money, as he was on his way to pay a bill in London. The highwaymen, as our authority informs us, "being generous fellows, gave him all his money back again on condition of his preaching them a sermon." Accordingly they retired a little distance from the highway, and the minister addressed them as follows:—

"Gentlemen, you are the most like the old apostles of any men in the world, for they were wanderers upon the earth, and so are you; they had neither lands nor tenements that they could call their own; neither, as I presume, have you. They were despised of all but those of their own profession, and so, I believe, are you; they were unalterably fixed in the principles they professed, and I dare say so are you; they were often hurried into jails and prisons, all of which sufferings, I presume, have been undergone by you; their profession brought them all to untimely deaths, and, if you continue in your course, so will yours bring you. But in this point, beloved, you differ mightily; for the apostles ascended from a tree into heaven, where, I am afraid, you will never be found; but as their deaths were compensated with eternal glory, yours will be rewarded with eternal shame and misery, unless you mend your manners."

An old Preacher, who knew how to *stick to the text*, took for his subject the striking inquiry, "Adam, where art thou?" Gen. iii, 9, from which he deduced three observations, which an ingenious man might expand into a good sermon.

1. All men are somewhere.

2. Some men are where they ought not to be.

3. Unless such men take care, they will soon find themselves where they would rather not be.

Brother B—— had been lecturing one evening in a country village, on the subject of temperance, and, after the lecture, the pledge was passed round for signatures.

"Pass it along that way," said the lecturer, pointing toward a gang of bloated and red-flosed loafers near the door. "Pass it along—perhaps some of those gentlemen would like to join our cause."

"We don't bite at a bare hook," gruffly muttered one of the rummies.

"Well," replied the ready preacher, "I believe there is a kind of fish called *suckers*, that do not bite."

An Itinerant who was in the habit of preaching in many parts of the country, was once at a place where he observed a horse-jockey trying to take in a simple honest man, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The preacher knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined to purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed: "Sir, I had much rather hear you preach, than to see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way."

"Well," replied the preacher, "if you were where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the state-prison!" retorted the clergyman.

A black Preacher was closing up his prayer, when some white youngsters in the corner had the ill manners to laugh, so that the sable suppliant heard them. He had said but a moment before, and very earnestly, "Bress all dat is human," when the laugh occurred; and commencing again, just before the "amen," the pious old negro said: "O Lord, we be not in de habit of adding postscripts to our prayer, but if de 'spression, 'Bless all dat is human,' won't take in dese wicked white fellers, den we pray dat de Lord will bress some dat ain't human, also, besides."

The above may be considered a good example of black pepper. The negroes of the South often make not only good Christians, but good preachers. There is a good-humored, yet sharp wit about them at times, which seems natural to their easy tempers, and is not only tolerated but relished by their white hearers. It is sometimes set off with indescribable effect, by the display of white eye-balls, rows of bright ivory, and those peculiar grimaces which the broad African features alone admit. Milburn, the blind Methodist Chaplain to Congress, related, in a lecture in New-York, the following anecdote, as

illustrative of how vice was reproved by one of them. It is told by Governor White, of Tennessee, with much gusto. James ——, or "Old Jimmy," as he was familiarly styled by his friends, was a preacher possessed of a good many peculiarities—in a word, he was what is termed an oddity. In Eastern Tennessee two preachers usually attend meeting, and it is customary to hear what both parties have to say, so that if one drives a nail during the sermon, the other clinches it by way of exhortation. Accordingly, on a certain occasion, when the sermon was over, "Old Jimmy" commenced his exhortation by remarking that it was well to rebuke the vicious and reprove vice wherever met with, but more especially in the sanctuary. "Now," he continued, "if that man who sits back near the door, and who left the room while brother —— was preaching, and stayed out just long enough to suit himself, and got his boots full of mud, and then came in again, thinks I mean him, he is quite mistaken, as I do not; or if that man who sits on the front bench, and who looks as fresh as if he had not slept for a month, but who indulged in a good nap during the sermon, thinks I mean him, he is equally mistaken; or if that young woman who sits there before me, and on whom I have my eye, dressed out in her trinkets and gewgaws, with her flowers inside and outside her bonnet—and indeed it is a shame for parents to allow their daughters to indulge in such vanity—thinks I mean her, she too is mistaken." Thus he went through the entire congregation, rebuking such as deserved it. Meanwhile White was all this time sitting on the end of a seat, rolling about, rubbing his hands in highest glee at the rebuke administered to each—chewing tobacco and spitting around in all directions, smiling and enjoying the hard rubs, when "Old Jimmy" said, "Well, I suppose you are all anxious to know who this individual is; 'tis that dirty, nasty, tobacco-chewing fellow, sitting there with a perfect deluge of spit around him—and only think that the dresses of the sisters must be dragged through it!" White declares he never chewed since.

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An old Brother once said, "For a long period I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scriptures, until at last I came to the resolution that reading the Bible was like eating fish. When I find a difficulty, I lay it aside and call it a *bone*. Why should I choke myself on the bone, when there is such nutritious meat in use? Some day, perhaps, I may find that even the bones may afford me nourishment."

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Robert Strawbridge was the founder of Methodism in the Middle States, where his name is still greatly revered. He was a humble but stout-hearted Irishman, and sometimes thrust the sword of the Spirit at the sinner with resistless effect. Mr. Strawbridge succeeded in building a house of worship, near Pipe Creek, in Maryland, called the Log Meeting-house, in which he continued for some time to preach to the people, and to watch over the society he had formed. The following anecdote is related of this good man by Mr. Garrettson:—"He came to the house of a gentleman near where I lived to stay all night. I had never heard him preach: but as I had a great desire to be in company with a person who had caused so much talk in the country, I went over and sat and heard him converse until nearly midnight; and when I retired it was with these thoughts—I have never spent a few hours so agreeably in my life. He spent most of the time in explaining Scripture, and in giving interesting anecdotes; and perhaps one of them will do to relate here:—A congregation came together in a certain place, and a gentleman who was hearing thought that the preacher had directed his whole sermon to him, and he retired home after the sermon in disgust. However, he concluded to hear him once more, and hide himself behind the people, so that the preacher should not see him: it was the old story—his character was delineated. He retired dejected; but concluded that possibly the preacher saw him, and said, 'I will try him once more;' he did so, and hid himself behind the door. The preacher took for his text, *And a man shall be as a hiding-place*, &c. In the midst of the sermon, the preacher cried out, *Sinner, come from your scouting hole!* The poor fellow came forward, looked the preacher in the face, and said, 'You are a wizard, and the devil is in you; I will hear you no more.'"

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Some of these incidents may, good reader, seem rather humorous, if not worse, to you, notwithstanding the text from Sol-

omon, and our introductory homily upon it. Let us then conclude with a little passage in another mood. It relates to this same good Irishman, Robert Strawbridge, and is an affecting illustration of the hold which the early Methodist preaching took upon lowly minds, and the manner in which the fruits of Methodism were scattered, and yet gathered, through the wilderness west:—

"I was traveling," says the old chief, Rev. James B. Finley, (one of the fathers of Western Methodism,)—"I was traveling along a solitary path through the woods, and all at once I came upon an old man of the most grotesque appearance, trudging along at a slow rate, half bent, with an ax and two broomsticks on his shoulder. As I approached him I said, 'Well, grandfather, how do you do?'

"He was a German, and replied, 'It ish wall.'

"'You have too much of a load to carry.'

"'Yes, but I can go not often.'

"'Where do you live, old friend?'

"'Shust dare,' pointing to a small cabin on the hill-side.

"'You seem to be poor, as well as old.'

"'O yes, in dis vorld I has noting; but in de oder vorld I has a kingdom.'

"'Do you know anything about that kingdom?'

"'O yes.'

"'Do you love God?'

"'Yes, mid all my heart; and God love me.'

"'How long have you been loving God?'

"'Dis fifty years.'

"'Do you belong to any Church?'

"'O yes, I bese a Metodist.'

"'Where did you join the Methodists?'

"'I jine de Metodist in Maryland, under dat grate man of Got, Strawbridge, on Pipe Creek, and my vife too; and Got has been my father and my friend ever since; and I bless Got, I will soon get home to see him in de himmels.

"By this time I felt my heart burn within me; and, having arrived at the Bethel, I stopped, and went in. His wife, who was also quite aged, was sitting by her wheel, spinning tow. I told them I was a Methodist preacher, and was more than happy to meet with them. There was but one little chair in the cabin; but, though destitute of furniture, everything I saw looked neat and clean. I inquired into their history, and learned that they once owned property in Maryland; but they sold it, and came out west, for the purpose of benefiting their son. They bought a tract of land containing fifty acres, and improved it so they could live comfortably. In the mean time their son grew up, and became restless and uneasy; wished to leave home, and make his fortune elsewhere. To quiet him the old people made him a title to the farm, and took his obligations to maintain them as long as they lived. In a short time, however, the unnatural son sold the land, took the money, and left for the west; since which time they have never heard of him. Being obliged to leave their home, they went into the woods, built their little cabin on congress land, and obtained a livelihood by making brooms and baskets. They had an old Bible, well-worn, and a hymn-book, which bore similar marks of use. Here, in this cabin alone, they held their meetings; class-meeting on the Sabbath, and prayer-meetings morning, noon, and night. They had rich enjoyment. They talked about religion, as if they had been the inhabitants of the heavenly Canaan. We sang and prayed together; and such a meeting I had not enjoyed for years. I realized, in my very heart, that I would not have exchanged their lonely little cabin for the most sumptuous palace on earth, without God. It was distressing to look at their apparel, and yet their faces were radiant in the midst of their rags. I took down my saddle-bags, and gave the old servant of God all the wardrobe I had with me, and then, with many blessings, bade these happy saints adieu. When I arrived home I reported the case to the brethren and sisters of Barnesville, and they went to work, and made up two horse-loads of clothing, meal, and meat, and dispatched it to them. O what a lesson I learned from this Simeon and Anna! their humility, patience, entire and happy resignation to the providence of God! Thus they lived happy in God while they lived; and after a few years, they went rejoicing home to heaven."

That, dear reader, is religion—genuine religion. One thing we may be assured of: if Christianity, producing such results, is not the truth—if any other faith is yet to be found to be the true one, it cannot possibly be a better one than this old couple exemplified, far away there in the wilderness.

COMETS.

AT an early period it was thought that comets moved in straight lines. When this was found to be an error, and they were observed to move in a curve, that curve was supposed to be a parabola, or a hyperbola. And indeed the parabola and hyperbola differ very little from the ellipse in the small part of the comet's orbit, in which it can be observed. For it is only for a comparatively short space before a comet reaches its perihelion, and after it passes it, that it is within the reach of the astronomer's eye or instruments. But it was by and by found that the observations made on the orbits of different comets, would by no means agree with the supposition that they were moving in a parabola, and plainly indicated that their orbit was an ellipse. The orbits of a number of such comets have been calculated, and the result has been the determination of the periodical times of several comets; and these calculated periodic times have been verified by the return of the comets as predicted. The most celebrated are the comets known by the names of Halley's, Encke's, and Biela's comets. A brief notice of these may not be devoid of interest, and may assist us in obtaining a more distinct notion of the cometary world.

Guided by the light which his great theory of gravitation threw on a variety of astronomical observations, Sir Isaac Newton came to the conclusion that the comets, like the planets, revolve round the sun. If this had before been suspected, it had not in any way been proved. To verify it, if really true, became an object of deep interest to Newton, and his friend Dr. Halley. "At Newton's suggestion," says Mr. Mitchell of Cincinnati, "Halley had searched all ancient and modern records for the purpose of rescuing any historical details, touching the appearance and aspects of comets from the primitive ages down to his own time. On the appearance of the comet of 1682, he observed its position with great care, and with wonderful pains computed the elements of its orbit. He found it moving in a plane but little inclined to the ecliptic, and in an ellipse of very great elongation. In its aphelion it receded from the sun to the enormous distance of 2,400,000,000 of miles. He discovered that the nature of its orbit was such as to warrant the belief that the comet would return at regular intervals of about seventy-five years; and, recurring to his historical table of comets, he found it possible to trace it back with certainty several hundred years, and with probability even to the time of the birth of Mithridates, one hundred and thirty years before Christ."

From his computation, and from what he believed to be the historical evidence that he had of its former appearances, Halley boldly predicted its return in 1758 or 1759. He believed that before the predicted time arrived he would be in his grave, but with that thirst for fame which is the infirmity—shall we call it?—of noble minds, and with a patriotic jealousy for the honor of his native country, he expressed a hope that, in the event of the comet's return, it would be remembered that its periodicity had been discovered by an Englishman.

As the period of the comet's return indicated by Halley approached, the calculation of the elements of its orbit was repeated with great care and labor, and under the guidance of the results, astronomers in all quarters were on the outlook for the expected mighty traveler. A Saxon farmer, near Dresden, of the name of Palitzch, first saw it on the 25th of December, 1758. In the winter and spring of 1759 it was seen by numerous observers, and it arrived at its perihelion on the 12th of March, just a month before the calculated time. Even that small error in these enormous calculations, and affecting the passage of the comet through an orbit of such prodigious extent, was owing in great part to the want, at that time, of an accurate knowledge of the masses of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, whose perturbing forces considerably affect the motion of the comet.

Halley's comet was again due in the neighborhood of our sun, and within the sphere of our observation, in 1835. As that time approached, the computation of its orbit was made with great care and labor by a number of very eminent mathematicians, and every perturbing force that might affect it was taken into account. The result established the triumph of science, and showed how firmly and successfully the human intellect has grappled with the great problem of the path of comets in space. Rosenberger fixed on the 11th of November, 1835, as

the time of its perihelion; and the comet having been first seen at Rome on the 6th of August, advanced rapidly toward the sun, and made its perihelion passage on the 15th of November, only four days after the calculated time. This was indeed wonderful accuracy, in tracing the path and computing the period of a body that recedes into space the amazing distance of 3,370,300,000 miles, which in that long journey passes within the range of so many perturbing forces, and which travels at degrees of speed so gradually and so greatly varying. It bears magnificent testimony to the power and grasp of the intellect of man. Yet, let none be proud because of what they have received. The thought that the unknown is vastly, boundlessly more than the known, should keep the wisest, and most learned, and most vigorous-minded, humble. And let the noble achievements of human intellect testify to man, that he is made for something better than groveling among the sensualities of the world; for something better even than the study of the material forms of the universe, and the laws by which they are governed; that he will find his highest and ultimate occupation in the knowledge of the Creator and Lawgiver himself, and his highest and only happiness in the enjoyment of that Creator and Lawgiver as the God of grace and redemption—a covenant God in Jesus Christ—the Saviour and portion of the immortal spirit.

Astronomers, put into the right track by the computations and prediction of Halley, and by the verification of that prediction, were not long in pointing out other comets with a periodic time. In 1819, Professor Encke, of Berlin, detected the periodicity of the comet which now goes by his name, and showed that it had a period of about three years and a quarter. Many opportunities, owing to the short period of this comet, have been afforded for varied and accurate observation, and for calculating its elements with the nicest care. Encke himself bestowed amazing labour on the investigation, and he was led to the astounding and singular conclusion, that the orbit of the comet is gradually diminishing, and that ere long it must fall into the sun. Encke's comet presents the appearance of a round, nebulous body, with a bright nuclear condensation, and it is destitute of a tail. It can be seen, when most favorably situated, by the naked eye, as a star of the fifth or sixth magnitude.

In 1826, the periodicity of the fine comet called Biela's comet was discovered. This comet presents the appearance of a small round nebulous body, with a feeble condensation toward the center, and without any tail. Its periodical time has been ascertained to be about 6¾ years, or, more accurately, 6.617 years. We find in Mr. Hind's work on Comets an interesting account of a very remarkable change observed to take place in this comet during its visit to the region of our system, in the end of 1848 and beginning of 1849. That change consisted in an actual separation into two distinct nebulosities, which traveled in company for more than three months. The apparent distance between them was, at first, little more than two minutes, but subsequently it increased to about fourteen minutes. We cannot even mention the other comets whose periodicity has been recently detected. In some it ranges from five to eight years; in others, if we may credit the calculations, it ranges from 3,000 to upwards of 100,000 years!

Comets may have their motion accelerated or retarded, and even their orbits changed, by coming within the influence of the planets or other bodies which they may approach in space. Halley's comet in 1835 had its perihelion passage accelerated by the Earth 15⅔ days, by Venus about 5½ days, and by Mercury and Mars together about one day. The perihelion passage of Biela's comet in 1832 was shortened, or its motion accelerated, 10.023 days by the united action of the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn. And Encke's comet, according to the calculations of that philosopher, underwent a retardation of more than nine days, from the influence of the planet Jupiter. It has been thought, also, that comets undergo retardation by the resistance of the medium through which they move, though by many the doctrine of a resisting medium is strongly doubted or denied.

But the most extraordinary change produced by planetary perturbations occurs in regard to the comet of 1770, usually called Lexell's comet. As far as could be judged, that comet had never been observed before. Yet Lexell proved, that in the orbit in which it was then moving,

it had a periodic time of about five years and seven months. In his investigations, he found that this comet had approached very near to the planet Jupiter in May, 1767; so near, that the influence of Jupiter on the comet must have drawn it aside from the orbit in which it was moving into an entirely new orbit; and this had brought it so near us as to enable us to see it for the first time. As it had such a short period, its return was watched for in 1776; but it escaped observation, probably owing to its position in regard to the sun. It has never been seen again, but its disappearance has been accounted for. Lexell found that the comet, in its aphelion passage, about August, 1779, was so near Jupiter, that the mass of that planet exercised a power on the comet 225 times greater than that of the sun upon it, and must, therefore, have again drawn it quite out of the orbit in which it was moving in 1770. And subsequent investigations have shown that the action of Jupiter would so affect this comet, that when it escaped from the sphere of the activity of the planet in October, 1779, it was moving in an ellipse, with a revolution of rather more than sixteen years, and a perihelion of $3\frac{1}{2}$ times the semi-diameter of the earth's orbit; and at such a distance there would be no hope of our ever seeing it again. The perturbing force of the planet Jupiter thus seems to have brought this planet within our view by its influence on it in 1767, and again to have withdrawn it from our view by its influence on it in 1779.

The nearest distance to which comets have approached the sun is a point of some interest. Of 206 comets, whose elements have been calculated down to July, 1852, the perihelion distances were as follows, the earth's mean distance from the sun, about 95,000,000 of miles, being the unit:—

56	comets	between	0.0 and 0.5	from the sun.
100	"	"	0.5 and 1.0	"
35	"	"	1.0 and 1.5	"
9	"	"	1.5 and 2.0	"
6	"	beyond	2.0	"

Of all the comets that have been calculated, that of 1729 had the greatest perihelion distance—namely, 4.04; and the remarkable comet of 1843 the least, being only 0.0055; the great comet of 1680 had a perihelion distance of 0.0062. Sir Isaac Newton calculated that, from its nearness to the sun, the comet of 1680 must have acquired a heat 2,000 times greater than that of red-hot iron. The heat communicated to the comet, however, would depend not merely on its proximity to the sun, but also on the materials of which it was composed.

But we probably conceive ourselves quite as much interested in the nearness to which comets approach our earth, as in the nearness to which they approach the sun. And, indeed, a very slight knowledge of the motions of the earth and of comets suffices to show, not only that they may approach very near to one another, but even that they may actually come in contact. It is certain that several comets have crossed the plane of the ecliptic almost in our earth's path; among these, the comets of 1680, 1770, and 1832. There was great alarm in some quarters regarding the comet of 1832, from its being discovered and announced, that on the 29th of October that year it would pass a little within the earth's orbit; and hence, by those unacquainted with the subject, it was supposed that a collision would take place. But M. Arago showed, that, while the comet would actually cross the earth's track, the earth would be at the time about 50,000,000 of miles from the point at which the comet was crossing. This same comet in 1805 was only a tenth part of that distance, or 5,000,000 of miles from the earth. The nearest approach made by any comet to the earth, is believed to have been made by the comet of 1770, which came within 1,438,000 miles of us.

No sensible effect has been produced on any part of the solar system by the numerous comets that have swept through it. The cometary bodies have been affected by their approach to the planets; but neither the planets nor their satellites have been affected by the neighborhood of comets. This is probably owing to the extreme rarity of the nebulous matter of which comets are composed. It is so very thin, that small stars have been seen through the center of the heads of comets, without being in the slightest degree obscured. There is, therefore, very little matter in comets, and hence their approach to the earth does not produce any sensible effect on it. Were they of larger mass, and so to influence the earth or any of the planets by coming near them, the effect

would be to accelerate or retard their motions in their orbits: for instance, to make our year a few days longer or shorter. It is doubtful if any seriously disastrous result would follow, were the earth and a comet to come even into contact. And it seems probable that the tail of a comet (the great comet of 1843) actually swept over the earth, with what sensible or injurious effect many of us can perhaps tell.

To show the extreme rarity of the matter of which comets are composed, we quote the following statements of Sir John Herschel regarding Biela's comet in 1832. "It passed," he says, "over a small cluster of most minute stars of the sixteenth and seventeenth magnitude, and when on the cluster presented the appearance of a nebula resolvable, and partly resolved, the stars of the cluster being visible through the comet. A more striking proof could not have been offered of the extreme translucency of the matter of which the comet consists. The most trifling fog would have effaced this group of stars, yet they continued visible through a thickness of cometic matter, which, calculating on its distance, and its apparent diameter, must have exceeded 50,000 miles, at least toward its central parts." "Olbers," says Mr. Mitchell, "who studied the subject with great care, was disposed to think, that in case the earth had passed directly through the comet, no inconvenience would have occurred, and no change beyond a slight influence on the climate would have been experienced."

Indeed, the exceeding variety and translucency of the nebulous matter of which comets are composed, taken in connection with the vast distance at which it is visible, lead us to believe that it is something of which we have no likeness on the earth. Small stars being not at all obscured when covered by that nebulous matter in such immense masses—and sometimes appearing brighter when seen through it!—we inquire with wonder what it can be; but we nowhere receive an answer.

The expected great comet must have from us a brief notice before we close this paper. A very remarkable comet made its appearance in 1264, and another in 1556. Dr. Halley calculated the orbits of these two comets with a number of others. Fifty years after the time of Dr. Halley, the elements of the comet of 1264 were re-calculated by Mr. Dunthorne, and such resemblances observed between the results and those which Halley had given for the comet of 1556, as to lead to a suspicion of their identity. About twenty years after this, M. Pingrè, by his calculations, strongly confirmed this suspicion, and predicted the return of that great comet in 1848, thus assigning it a period of 292 years. Between 1843 and 1847, Mr. Hind carefully went over all the calculations, and having rectified some errors, he concurred in thinking that the comets of 1264 and 1556 were identical. M. Bomme, of Middleburg, repeated the calculations regarding the comet of 1556, making the proper allowance for the perturbations of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, and partially for those of the Earth, Venus, and Mars. In the first instance, Bomme used the elements of Dr. Halley, according to which he found that this great expected comet will come to its perihelion in August, 1860. Subsequently, Bomme used the elements of Mr. Hind, and, according to these, the great comet of 1556 should return, and reach its perihelion, in August, 1858. Mr. Hind, therefore, thinks that August, 1858, will be within two years, either way, of the perihelion passage, so that the great comet of 1264 and 1556 may be looked for in these parts of space some time between 1856 and 1860; and he is of opinion that our present means of knowledge do not admit of a nearer approximation. Many an intelligent mind will welcome with delight that mighty wanderer come back again, and will see in its return illustrious evidence of the power of God, and of his goodness to his creature man.

With respect to the purposes that comets serve in the economy of the universe, little or nothing is known. We find Newton saying, "I suspect that the spirit which makes the finest, subtlest, and best part of our own air, and which is absolutely requisite for the life and being of all things, comes principally from the comets." And Mrs. Sommerville remarks, that "it has often been imagined that the tails of comets have infused new substances into the atmosphere." The perturbations and retardations of comets have been found useful in determining the bulk and density of certain of the planetary bodies, and are held to go far toward proving the existence of an ether, exceedingly subtile, filling the visible creation.

THE FAMILY OF BETHANY—WHAT DO WE KNOW OF IT?

WE wish in this paper to gather together all that we can learn about the family of Bethany; that we may, if possible, understand the character of its members, and the few things that are recorded of them. We are not to write a history; that is done already; and very absurd it would be either to paraphrase what is told us, or to add anything from mere conjecture. We may, perhaps, regret that we know nothing more; but our regret will be unavailing. The past is beyond recall; and it remains for us to study what monuments of it are left. To study, we say, the records we have, however simple or bare; not to trick out the story in grand words of our own, or render it still more indistinct by fruitless guesses, for almost every history admits of some illustration, and hides a deeper meaning than the first glance conveys.

The sources of our information about the family of Bethany are these: In Luke x, 38–42, we have an account of the reception of Jesus at their house. In the eleventh chapter of John, the sickness, death, and raising of Lazarus are minutely detailed. The twelfth chapter of the same Gospel opens with an account of a supper given to Jesus in Bethany, at which Martha, Mary, and Lazarus were with him. The same account, but without names, is given in the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, and the fourteenth chapter of Mark.

Bethany, the scene of all these events, was a village about two miles from Jerusalem. It was a favorite retreat of our Saviour's, who was wont frequently to retire thither, from the noise and din of the metropolis. From the phrase, "Martha received him into her house," and from the general account given by Luke, we learn that Lazarus and his sisters had no parents living; that Martha was the eldest of the three, and that she took upon herself the care of the family. It seems also pretty certain that the family was, if not wealthy, yet, at least, in what we call "comfortable circumstances." It is true we are told that Martha was cumbered about much *serving*, but this we take to refer only to the care and anxiety which even a wealthy hostess may feel for the reception of her guests, not to any inferiority of position. When we read that many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother, we are led to think of people in no very humble rank, since in the East, even more than with us, the number of friendly mourners was very much in proportion to the wealth of the bereaved.

But the worth of the box of spikenard, with which Mary anointed the feet of Jesus, affords a still stronger proof; for that was valued at three hundred denarii, nearly fifty dollars of our money. To us, this would be a considerable sum for such an expenditure; but we must remember that it was much more to the Jews in the time of Christ. Money was much scarcer then; that is, the same weight of silver or gold would command far more of the conveniences of life. So that the man who had five hundred dollars a year coming in then, would be much richer than any one with the same sum of money now. So that even supposing some sacrifice, Mary must have had a certain amount of wealth at her command before she could purchase the perfume at all.

The one sister is very rightly held to represent the practical character; the other the reflective. But we should do very wrong if we assigned the praise and reproof of Jesus to these classes indiscriminately. It is true there is a danger, with men of very active and busy disposition, of being careful and troubled about many things; and, therefore, these words may always serve as a *warning*; but is it not very possible—nay, usual—for the practical man to have "chosen the good part," for the reflective man to have neglected "the one thing needful?" Let us observe, too, that even as addressed to Martha these are rather the words of affectionate warning than of reproof, and that she listened to and obeyed the warning. Very far, indeed, would Jesus have been from wishing that Martha, while listening to his advice, should attempt to assume the character of her sister. She would be more thoughtful now, but little less busy. She would be more frequently looking forward to a better world, but not less anxious to perform the duties of this, and to unite with the cares of her own household the exercise of a kindly hospitality.

Her faith was shortly to be tried—to

be tried bitterly. Lazarus was sick, and their sympathizing friend was far away. They sent at once to Jesus, and received from him the kindly message "that this sickness was not unto death." And Lazarus died and was buried, and four long days and nights of weeping passed before Jesus came. But when he came the two sisters, meeting him at different times, used the very same language, proving thus the union and sympathy of their confidence, even in their worst distress. For that the words, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," are not the utterance of complaint or anger, but rather of sorrowful resignation, is proved by what Martha added: "But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee."

The details of this beautiful story are sufficiently familiar to all. We shall, therefore, only stop to answer an objection that has been urged. It has been said, and with some apparent force, "This story of the resurrection of Lazarus assumes such importance in the Gospel of John, that it is impossible to account for its omission by the other evangelists. They, too, were with Jesus, and observed the details of the event if ever it occurred, and yet not one word is mentioned of it; not a chance allusion made to it. But with John it is all-important. He tells us 'that from that day forth the Pharisees took counsel together to put Jesus to death;' that many believed on him; that the Jews crowded to Bethany to see Lazarus; that his life also was endangered by the celebrity of the miracle, and the zealous hatred of the priests; and, lastly, that the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem was due to the same cause, 'for that they heard he had done this miracle.' How, then, can it be explained that Matthew, Mark, and Luke omit a miracle which John describes with so much minuteness, and invests with so much importance?"

In answer to this objection we may say, in the first place, that scarcely anything can be more unsafe than the condemnation of a writer, or the refusal of a witness, on account of omissions merely. No one who has learned much of historical criticism, or attempted to gain exact knowledge of an event from the partial narratives of several observers, will doubt this. There are so many causes utterly unknown to us which may have operated to produce silence, that, however strange an omission may appear, we can scarcely infer from it alone the faithlessness of a narrator.

But again, we may even suggest reasons which would partly serve to account for this silence. We do not, indeed, lay any stress upon the probability that Matthew and Mark were not with Jesus at this time, and were not acquainted with the family of Lazarus; because, though they may not have seen, they must have heard of this miracle, if it were performed. But it would not be unreasonable to suppose that the account was omitted from respect to the feelings of Lazarus. That he became an object of general curiosity from the time of his resurrection to the death of Christ is asserted by John. The crucifixion would naturally call away the attention from Lazarus, of whom we have no further mention. He may have dreaded the publicity and danger which any account of his history would bring upon him during his life. But John wrote his Gospel at a much later period than the others. It seems not unnatural to suppose that the death of Lazarus may have removed scruples which affected both parties, and may have enabled him freely to record a scene whose actors were so familiar and so loved.

Now, we do not say that these *were* the reasons of the omission. We think that they *might have been*, that they seem to be sufficient, and, therefore, that it would be unfair to reject the story because of an omission which may well have had these justifications, or others as good, but not now so evident. When we have thus disposed of the objection, we shall, perhaps, find our confidence still further fortified by observing how well the character drawn by John agrees with the sketch of Luke. We cannot but recognize at the grave of Lazarus and the supper of Simon that Martha of whom Luke wrote, purified by trial, strengthened by faith, yet still the same—still active, generous, hospitable. It was she who first controlled her grief, and hastened to meet Jesus; it was she who returned quietly, and whispered to her still weeping sister, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee;" it was she who served when Jesus again returned to Bethany, and supped with Simon. And is not Mary the same

—uttering so few words, giving play to such deep feelings, and repaying Jesus for his affectionate teaching by the costly offering and humble reverence that anointed him for the tomb?

But it will not do to hurry over this last and most interesting tale, though, for the sake of brevity and clearness, we shall divide what we have to say into a series of detached observations.

1. It is worth noticing that this scene occurred at a social feast given to Jesus by Simon, and that we have no unfrequent mention in Jesus's life of similar entertainments. The first miracle was performed to promote the cheer of a marriage feast. Matthew made him a supper. It was at a supper with the Pharisee Simon that Mary Magdalene anointed his feet with ointment. Now again at a supper with his friends, Mary of Bethany poured on his head the precious spikenard. The friendliness of which these are examples teaches us in what a kindly spirit he looked upon the innocent pleasures of social life, and forbids the harshness of those who would shun a festival as they would poison. For very absurd it would be to suppose that these are the only feasts Christ attended—that he never went out except to perform a miracle, or to accommodate the enthusiasm of his followers. Nay, rather, with all that weight of care, he was a genial and pleasant companion; so genial, indeed, and pleasant that the obstinate zealots of those days called him "a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber; a friend of publicans and sinners." But we know that this friendship with the bad was sympathy with the penitent; nay, more, we may, perhaps, learn that Christ's *most intimate* friendship was reserved for those whose life had always been innocent. The names of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, the young man "who had kept the commandments from his youth up," and the beloved disciple, John, will nearly exhaust the list of those of whom it is emphatically said, "He *loved* them." So that while the followers and friends of Christ numbered many a repentant publican and sinner, his most intimate and peculiar companions had never been hardened into crime—had no heinous offenses to forget.

2. The scene of this entertainment was the house of Simon the leper, in Bethany. So say Matthew and Mark, and we accept their testimony as conclusive. Schleiermacher, indeed, thought that John placed it in the house of Martha; but the words are, "At Bethany they made him a supper, and Martha served; but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him." Now, this does not prove that the supper was at Martha's house. She may have been assisting at the hospitalities of a friend; and why should the presence of Lazarus be mentioned if the meeting were at his own table? There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in the accounts of the three evangelists;

Nor would it be very wonderful for Martha to assist at a feast given by Simon. For he had been a leper; and, though now purified—for otherwise he could not thus have associated with his fellow-villagers—he yet bore the name of "Simon the leper," a mark of former isolation, and, perhaps, of present loneliness. Though such a man may gather round him friends, he will seldom be at the head of a family—"He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him." We need, therefore, feel little surprise if Martha assisted to entertain his revered guest.

And if we pause to think of the other guests, we shall scarcely deem the act of Mary an interruption to their reverential love. For Simon had been healed of leprosy, and probably by Jesus; Lazarus had been raised from the dead; Martha had welcomed her living brother from the tomb; and the disciples had long been with Jesus, and well knew his kind and gracious character. But Judas Iscariot was there as well.

3. The lowly adoration and costly anointment of Mary are repugnant to our notions; nor would it be either natural or graceful for a modern woman thus to express her devotion, even to a Saviour. But in the East humble obeisance is the constant symbol of respect; and Homer often tells us how suppliants caught at the feet or knees of him whose favor they sought. Every guest, too, on entering a room, was wont to take off his sandals, and receive the grateful supply of water to wash his feet. Then oil was poured on the head; so that, refreshed from the heat and dust of the way, and breathing the sweet-smelling perfume, the guest could partake at his ease of the feast that was provided. Hence the act of Mary, so expressive of humility, of tenderness,

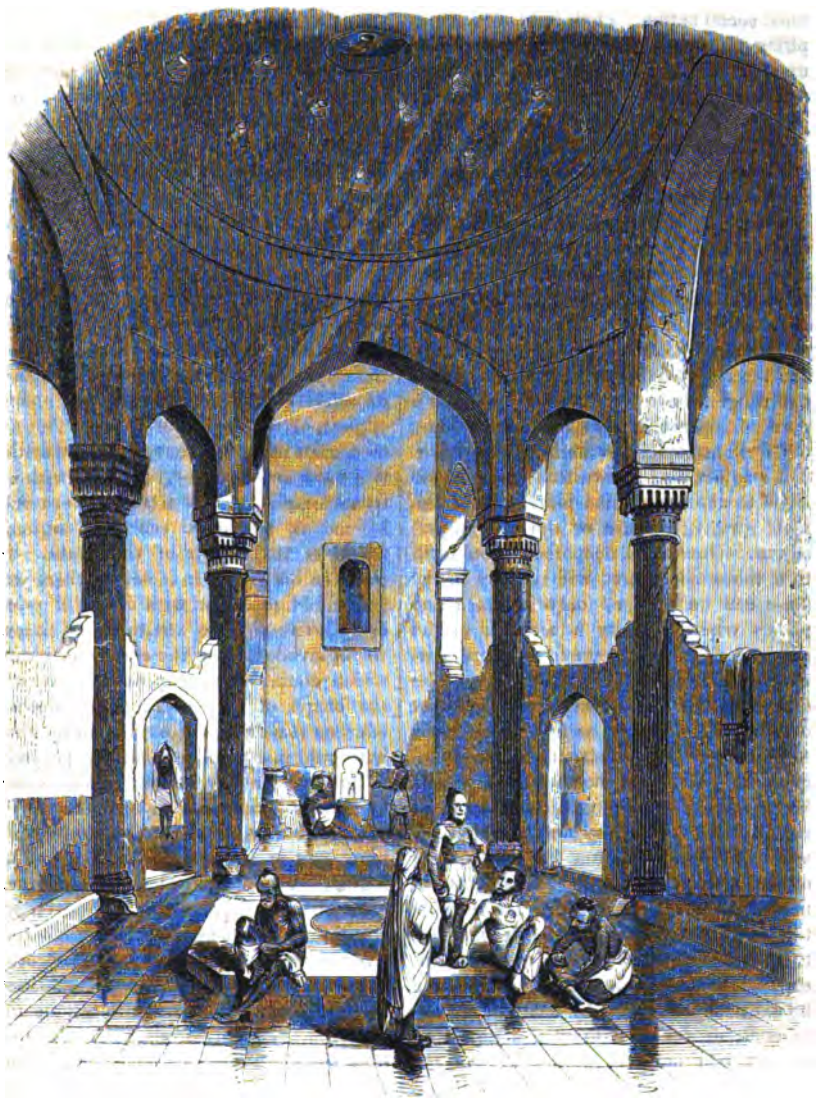
of overflowing love, would not, in the East, appear unnatural or strange. Its costliness, however, was strange, and Iscariot, followed by some other of the disciples, began at once to complain. But Jesus checked their murmuring. The poor—they would have many an opportunity of helping them; and surely Mary did help them, had often done so, or Christ would not have passed away the objection so lightly. The poor—yes, let us help them when we can, and regret that they need our help so much; but shall we lavish nothing on our friendships? Shall no presents testify our love? Shall we be dead to beauty, and discard refinement? The poor Mary had thought of, and would think of again; but just now the crucifixion was at hand, and the deep agony of the garden; why should she not lavish her richest store to relieve a little such sorrow as poverty never brought? For perhaps the most wonderful part of the tale is this reason which Jesus gives: "Against the day of my burying hath she kept this." Not in vain, then, had she sat at the feet of Jesus and heard his word. While the disciples were all in doubt and darkness, and Peter scornfully rejected the thought of his Master's death, and the multitude cried Hosanna, and looked for a mighty monarch, this one woman had listened and thought and felt, and, rising above the prejudices of her time, beheld already in Jesus the crucified Saviour of the world, wept for his sufferings, and loved him for his love.

4. We have already casually alluded to a scene very similar, yet very different from this. In Luke vii, 36–50, there is an account of a supper, at which "a woman who was a sinner" came, like Mary of Bethany, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped them with her hair. The two stories are often confounded, but quite without reason; for though the principal act is the same, all the accessories are different. The one supper was given by "Simon the Pharisee," in Galilee, and at an earlier period in Christ's ministry. The other by "Simon the leper," at Bethany, and only a week before the crucifixion. But the most important point of contrast is in the character of the two women. Mary Magdalene was "a sinner," and Jesus justified her devotion on the ground that they to whom much is forgiven will love much, while he to "whom little is forgiven loveth little." And yet Mary of Bethany was surely one who, in the Pharisee's view at least, needed little forgiveness. But her devotion also, rising above ordinary limits, showed itself in just the same way as that of the penitent Mary Magdalene. Was not her love then equally great? And may we not interpret the one case by the other, and see that Jesus was contrasting repentance from, perhaps, gross sin, not with a pure life, but with a self-righteous arrogance of purity? It is they who care but little, who ask but little, for forgiveness; not they whose life is most free from sin.

5. Let us say then, lastly, that people are mistaken when they think that the way to the highest virtue lies through guilt and penitence. Few ideas are more common; few, we think, more erroneous. It is thought that purity induces quiescence and repose, and leads us to be content with the excellence already attained. Thus even John Foster says of a friend, "I doubt if S—— is not too innocent to become sublimely excellent." But we should say rather that repose and acquiescence in a lower state of virtue is what we are *all* liable to; those who have reached that state through deep penitence, not less than those who have slowly grown into it. Some excitement is needed to correct this; but though that is often supplied by the bitterness of remorse, it *may* spring also from the promptings of a deeper love, from more earnest prayer, or more thoughtful benevolence.

Let us then, if we have sinned, and sinned deeply—alas, how few of us have not!—let us attempt, as did Mary Magdalene, to rise boldly and swiftly through the clouds of penitence and remorse to the calm, clear regions of exalted virtue. But let us never look upon sin as something that can be wholly remedied by repentance; for the height which we have scaled with groans, and toil, and sweat, might have been more easily reached had we always striven to understand the teaching of our Saviour, to help the sufferings of our neighbors, to meet temptation manfully, to feel the deep sinfulness of sin, the high allurements of arduous virtue.

No man can always have the same spiritual pleasure in his prayers; for the greatest saints have sometimes suffered banishment of the heart; sometimes they feel a barrenness of devotion: for this spirit comes and goes.—*Jeremy Taylor.*



THE BATHS OF SOLIMAN.

THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CITIES—INDIVIDUALISM OF THE TURK—HIS DOMESTIC DESPOTISM—CHARACTER OF HIS HOME—THE HAREM—WOMEN—POLYGAMY—TREATMENT OF WOMEN—SULTAN'S WIVES—ANECDOTE—BATHS—MOSQUES—A MYSTERIOUS CISTERN—CEMETERIES—FAMOUS TOMBS.

CITIES have their distinctive physiognomies as well as individuals—their particular character, which is easily recognized. The arrangement of the streets, the shops, and the buildings, results from the spirit of the society inhabiting them; or, in other words, they are the manifestation of national character. St. Petersburgh, with all its grandeur, is only a splendid collection of barracks. The regularity and uniformity of its whole arrangement are marked by the military spirit which superintended it. Paris, the capital of civilization, is a vast saloon, inviting all the nations of the world to become its

guests. The French are undoubtedly the most social nation. Their lofty residences, piling story upon story, or rather house upon house, prove their agglomerative character; while London, the exchange of the world, multiplies its docks, markets, and other places necessary to a commercial people, and preserves its individualism in its separate family residences. The exchange is the forum of London, while that of Rome is now in the temple; the superstitious devotion of the latter is manifested in the unnecessary multiplication of its churches.

The absolutism of Eastern government and the rigid character of the Mohammedan religion have not failed to produce a marked impression upon the physiognomy of Constantinople. It might be surprising, if it was not well known that one extreme leads to another, to find individualism the most striking feature of the city of the sultan. One act of despotism gives birth to a thousand others; and tyranny in the state can be endured only in times and places where tyranny is allowed in the family. The phenomenon is here witnessed of a political society where the citizen possesses no other right than that of being as tyrannical as he pleases in his own family. In the street the Turk belongs to the sultan, but within his own house each Turk becomes a sultan to all its inmates. His kingdom is comprised within his four walls, and his empire may extend over but a few individuals; but it is absolute while it exists. He rewards the docility of his subjects, or punishes their disobedience, as seems good to himself. His commands are irrevocable, and he may enforce them by beating, imprisonment, or death, without accountability to any one but his Maker. Even the sultan has no right to interfere with his domestic affairs in any way. "Effendi," said a friend of mine to a Turk of his acquaintance, whom he met with a pretty boy in the street, "is this your child?" "Yes, captain," he replied, "please God and the sultan, it is my son." But some time after, when visiting the home of the submissive Mussulman, the same question was answered with the omission of the sultan's permission. "Allah is great," said the happy father, "and this is my son."

The houses of Constantinople are all built very low, because they never contain more than one family; the windows are closely latticed, and so constructed that the interior is invisible from without. At intervals a single man, a slave, or a closely-vailed woman enters or emerges from this abode of mystery and inviolability, through the little door which is always carefully closed. A police spy could never cross a Mussulman's threshold alive, whatever grounds of suspicion he might possess: the Turk believes in the inviolability of his domicil as firmly as he believes in the unity of God. He barricades himself in his home as the nobles of Europe formerly intrenched themselves in their feudal castles. Every Mussulman's house in the city, however poor or small, contains its *selamlick*, or men's apartment, and its *odalick*, or women's apartment. The former, even in the residences of the wealthy, is a mere antechamber, furnished with extreme simplicity. No stranger ever passes beyond it, nor even the most intimate friend of the master of the house. He receives his guests in it, serves them with coffee and pipes, or with dinner if previously invited. The wealth of the possessor is lavished upon the *odalick* or harem, which contains every possible luxury in the shape of soft divans, rare flowers, odorous fountains, elegant furniture, inlaid with gold and pearl, and burning perfumes in gold and silver censers. The owner of all this luxury may at any time be excluded from its enjoyment by the presence of a pair of slippers at the door of the harem. This silently announces the presence of some lady visitor, and peremptorily forbids all male intrusion. No relative more remote than the father or brother can ever look upon the unvailed female face; so that a rigid Mussulman in middle life, of a limited family circle, may hence see only his mother, sister, and wife. They may gaze unrestricted, however, upon the Greeks, Armenians, and Jewesses of the city. The Turkish women themselves are much scandalized with the boldness of the Frank ladies, who go out with their faces uncovered! How many questions of virtue and vice are settled by latitude and longitude!

Any allusion to the females of the household is considered a great indelicacy. The wife of a French embassador presented Redschid Pasha with some elegant female fabrics, accompanied by a note begging his acceptance of the silks, "which," she added, "you will know bet-

ter than any one how to use." Yet Redschid Pasha has spent much time abroad, and is so unpopular for his zeal in the introduction of reform movements that he is frequently styled "the Giaour" by the "old fogy" Mussulmans.

The multiplicity of wives is not universal in Turkey, as has been generally supposed. The Koran allows four to all true believers, but only the great dignitaries of the empire, or those possessed of large wealth, can avail themselves of this privilege. Every wife claims her separate apartments, and as many female slaves as her husband's means will afford; for these are considered as the representatives of rank or riches in the Orient. Many of the slaves are beautiful according to the Eastern standard, and, of course, the master's will is alike absolute over them all; but the Mussulman who wrongly uses his authority must brave the jealousy of his wife and the condemnation of public opinion as much as in more Christian nations. It must be admitted that the Turk rarely abuses his discretionary power. The slaves of both sexes are generally treated with kindness, and often with affection. The manhood of the sterner sex is seldom forgotten under the disguise of servitude. It is very common to hear them give their opinion and even advice to the master of the house, while their modes of expression show that they consider themselves a part of the family.

The state of female society in Constantinople is probably precisely what it has been for centuries. The hand of reform has left them untouched; and yet upon scarcely any other trait of Turkish life and character are foreigners in such ignorance. It is doubtless because the harem is still as impenetrably mysterious as ever. A few ladies have made their way across the charmed threshold, but only for a brief time, and they have then been such objects of curiosity to the fair inmates, that but little opportunity has been left for minute and careful observation.

Every one has a vague idea that Turkish women are imprisoned in splendid apartments, from whence they emerge in the course of the day to breathe the air of their high-walled gardens, where they are attended by frightful black eunuchs who tyrannize over them with capricious brutality. It is true that the ugliness of the eunuchs whom I have seen can scarcely be exaggerated; but it must be remembered, as I have said, that only the wealthy dignitaries of the empire can afford the expense of many wives, and only those connected with the imperial family are attended by eunuchs. Within their own apartments the sultan's wives are guarded by an old woman, who is a kind of general of the fair troops. But all the women who are recognized as wives have separate rooms and slaves of their own, and they also enjoy the utmost freedom. Many of them are furnished with most elegant equipages, in which they drive out when and where they please, accompanied only by a single attendant, and never by their husbands.

The Turks have some ideas upon the subject of marriage which seem at first view somewhat peculiar to themselves, but, upon examination, they are not found so very unlike more professedly Christian nations.

The imperial harem contains several classes of females, some of them entering at the age of ten years to be trained up for the future, either as waiting women or odalisques. Those who become favorites are called *kadines* or wives, and any one of these who becomes the mother of a boy passes to the rank of an *hasseki* or sultana, and sometimes acquires unbounded influence. The number of his majesty's *kadines* seldom exceeds four. They are permitted to marry at the age of thirty. In order to make room for younger recruits, the sultan bestows them upon his ministers or officers as tokens of his approval. It is considered a high distinction, and is a most eagerly sought favor by the pashas, beys, or seraskiers, both on account of the court education which they have received and the court influence they are supposed to possess. The former consists generally of reading, writing, and music; but the latter is less distinctly defined. The political marriages of European nations are not so unlike these Mussulman arrangements as might at first appear.

Every year, at the termination of the Feast of Bairam, the sultan is presented by the nation with a new wife, of whose beauty marvelous tales are told. Georgia is ransacked for this annual offering, and the selection is sometimes made from the noblest families of the empire, who regard it as the proudest honor. In the midst of all this sensuality, intellect sometimes asserts

its supremacy. A friend of mine recently painted the portrait of one of the dignitaries of the realm, who was so delighted with its truthfulness, that overcoming for the once Mohammedan scrupulousness, he expressed a wish to have the picture of his favorite wife. At the appointed time the lady was led in, and the artist set himself gravely to work. But a few minutes had elapsed after the sketching commenced, before the noise of whispering and laughter was heard at the curtained door by which the sitter had entered: the curtain was furtively lifted, and bright eyes glanced timidly upon the novel scene. Emboldened by indulgence, the screen was held open; the noise and laughter and crowd increased till the conversation of the artist with his employer was quite interrupted by the clamorous troop; when the old Turk arose and hustled them away from the scene, very much as a brood of domestic fowls would be scattered from a measure of corn, and with very much the same clamor.

After the sitting the artist ventured in careful terms to express his surprise at his employer's choice of a favorite; as his quick eye had discerned more striking beauties among the gay bevy who had lingered about the entrance. The Turk admitted the fact, but explained it by stating that the lady, who was by no means so young or so fair as the other inmates of his harem, was the only one among them who could converse with him upon subjects of interest. She alone had companionship for his mind, and the influence she had acquired was the result of this superiority: as one of your poets says, "The glance of intellect, like stranger magic, had outshone them all."

The few glimpses which our lady tourists have given us of life in the harem, are pictures of a true Castle of Indolence. Sleep is the most important occupation of these luxurious abodes. The fair inmates invite their favored friends to come and take a sleep, precisely as our ladies request their intimate acquaintances to spend an evening and take their work. The interim between waking and sleeping is passed in the bath, smoking, regaling themselves with sweetmeats, (of which they eat immoderately,) shopping, riding, dressing, &c. Notwithstanding their invariable seclusion, they are as careful in the selection of their finery, and especially of their jewels, as though the world was to witness the display. It was probably one of the stronger minded of these houris who nonplussed the English lady with her pert inquiry, when the latter expressed her surprise at their interest in their personal adornment, which, however rich and perfect, was to be seen only by the husband. "For whom then do you wear your ornaments?" inquired the fair but uneducated *kadine;* but I have never yet heard the reply.

The women decay very early, as the result of this idle and sensuous life; most of them wear false hair when quite young, and their lavish use of confectionery is ruinous to the teeth. Most of them are much more gross than the Graces, which constitute our *beau-ideal*. The constant use of the bath, and the idleness of their lives, probably give this development to the figure. Almost all the aristocracy of Constantinople are of prodigious bulk. Nearly all the great government officers must be men of extraordinary weight. They make a most laughable appearance in the public processions and ceremonies, which require a great deal of prostration, as it seems an impossibility for them to regain a perpendicular attitude.

Bathing is a religious prescription with the Turks, and the public baths are among the finest buildings of the city. Their interior arrangement is especially elegant. My Bucharest experience did not deter me from new experiments of the same kind. The baths of Soliman, as you will notice from the picture, are of the finest architectural proportions, though not as large or luxurious in their appointments as some others in Constantinople; suffice it to say, I went through nearly the same process of boiling, steaming, soaping, scraping, scouring, scrubbing, splashing, dashing, sleeping, and drinking as before described, and went forth as light and refreshed from the hands of my executioners.

Constantinople, like Rome, is a city of churches and fountains. There are upwards of five hundred of the latter, which furnish the inhabitants with all the water necessary for the frequent ablutions required by the Koran. No one who has seen a native at his meals—destitute as they are of eating implements, save those which were considered indispensable in Eden—can be insensible to the wisdom

of the false prophet in these hygienic prescriptions to the true believers. The supply of water is the only department of public service which is well managed in the city, which is unpaved, unclean, and unlighted.

The mosques are divided into two classes; there are about forty *dmesdjid*, or little mosques, and more than a hundred *djami*, or grand mosques. About twenty-five of the latter are still further distinguished as imperial mosques. They are very similar in form and construction; they are all surrounded with cloisters, where the imans or priests reside with their pupils. Superb trees shade the courts where the fountains murmur their music and spread their delicious coolness. The temple is either square or round, and always surmounted by the swelling dome which characterizes the Saracenic architecture. Four minarets shoot far above the dome with their sculptured stone parapets of different heights, to which the muezzin ascends five times in the day to sound the hour, and as it passes to recall the thought of God to the people.

The mosque of Sultan Achmet is one of the most beautiful in Constantinople, rivaling St. Sophia in the estimation of some critics. It has six towers or minarets, a number exceeding that of any other building of the same description, except the holy temple of Mecca, to which the sultan was obliged to add a seventh, in order that this proud monument of his reign should not rival the most holy in this respect. Immense sums were expended upon this mosque, which is one of the grandest ornaments of the city: besides, it contains the standard of the prophet, which Mahmoud displayed in his contest with the Janizaries; it is only used on occasions of solemn emergency.

It stands upon the Atmeidan, the largest public square in Stamboul. It was commenced by Severus and finished by Constantine, and was formerly surrounded with porticos, and ornamented with statues. But three of these relics of antiquity now remain: the obelisk of Theodosius, which has been once overthrown by an earthquake; the brick pyramid, despoiled of the bronze plates with which it was formerly covered; and the serpentine column which once bore the golden tripod consecrated to Apollo, by the Greeks, after the victory of Platæa. I have been told that the Turks have a superstitious veneration for this monument, which they regard as a kind of talisman of the fate of their capital. Its appearance, certainly, forebodes a most dismal future for them. The three serpents' heads which surmounted the column are broken, and only the three mutilated trunks remain.

The mosque of Soliman the Magnificent has, perhaps, a more beautiful exterior than that of St. Sophia, of which, like most of the others, it is an imitation. Its terraced courts, fountains, and trees, are indescribably charming; but it is inferior in size, as well as in the richness of its ornamentation. It has a window, however, composed entirely of precious stones, presented by a *schah* of Persia, but its beautiful proportions are its chief attractions.

The Mussulman always turns his face toward the holy city of Mecca at his devotions, and its direction is indicated in the mosques by a niche called the *mihrah*, containing the Koran; while the *nimbar*, or pulpit, where the law is read, is on the right side of the sacred niche. In St. Sophia, the *khatib*, or priest, ascends the reading-desk with a saber in one hand and the Koran in the other.

Not far from the Atmeidan I visited one of the ancient cisterns constructed probably by Constantine, as his monogram is still seen upon some of the columns, and the large Roman bricks of the arches. It is called the *Ben Bir Dereek*, or the Thousand and One Columns, though there are really but little more than two hundred. It is supposed to have been built for the purpose of supplying the city with water. Some indecipherable Byzantine hieroglyphics are traceable upon the capitals of the white marble columns, and a future Champollion may, perhaps, reveal their history and purpose when this handwriting shall be explained. The space formerly filled by the twelve thousand feet of water, meantime, is occupied by a silk manufactory.

Another subterranean reservoir, not far from this, is still more mysterious in its origin and character. Its gloomy arches and columns are still bathed by a dark sheet of water which stretches far into the distance. It is called the *Yeri-batan Serai*, or Palace of the Nether Earth. Some attempts have been made to explore these subterranean arches in boats, with lighted torches, but it is said no one has

WOMEN AT THE CEMETERY.

ever reached their utmost limits, and several of the expeditions have but increased the mystery which shrouds them; the hapless adventurers never having returned to daylight and human companionship. It is the theater of all kinds of superstitions with the Turks, and nothing could be better suited to the darker and gloomier phases of Eastern imagination. Many a tale of ghoul and demon is told of its impenetrable recesses.

Any sketch of Eastern life, which left the cemeteries unmentioned, would be as incomplete as the omission of the cities themselves; for the quarters where the dead repose are more extensive and more thickly populated than those inhabited by the living. Their resting-places are also more secure here; no human hand ever disturbs the repose of the sleepers, who have lain down here since the fall of the Grecian empire. The gloom and melan-

choly which are always associated with the idea of mortality in Christian countries, unremoved, though not unrelieved, by the glorious doctrines of immortality, seem to be entirely unknown to the Mussulman with his fatalism, which summarily settles all question and skepticism.

The cemeteries bear witness to the tender respect cherished by the living for the dead, though not always in the manner chosen by more enlightened nations. They have a traditional idea, that the corpse is in a state of extreme suffering until it is committed to its mother earth, and, therefore, as soon as the customary preparations are completed, it is hurried to its final resting-place, where it is deposited on its side, with the face toward the holy city of Mecca, while a hole or passage conducts from the ear to the surface of the ground which covers it. One of the priests catechises the departed upon the more important Mohammedan tenets, the attendants replying by occasional responses. The grave is then left by the friends, who suppose their places taken by two angels always ready to attend the departed spirit to its future abode of happiness or misery, according to the replies which may be given to the inquiries of the angelic attendants, respecting the life and character of the deceased. If everything is not quite satisfactory on these important points, a kind of purgatorial expiation of torment and suffering restores the faithful to the presence of Allah and the paradise of houris.

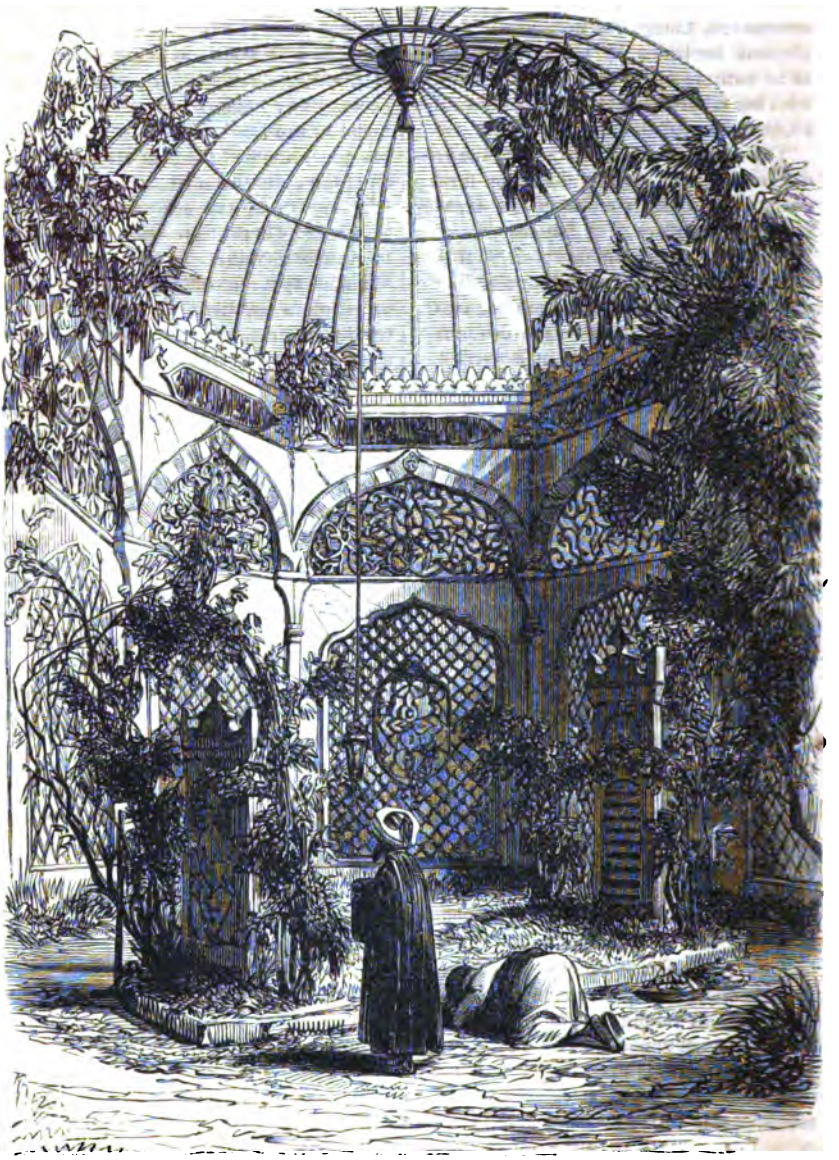
The cemeteries are the favorite places of resort for the inhabitants of Constantinople. The Great Field of the Dead at Pera is the grand promenade of the city. A very slight railing in some places separates the line of tombstones from the terrace where the gay idlers lounge with their chiboques and narghiles, or chat over the refreshments which are sold here in great quantities. German and Italian music is constantly sounding from bands of musicians stationed in the cafés, at the extremities of the resort. Everywhere you are reminded of the proximity of death; and yet the idea seems entirely divested of its terror. Is it the balmy atmosphere diffused through your system which softens and even gilds this always dreaded event? or is it the participation in the fatalism of the people?

The hill of Pera is entirely occupied by the Field of the Dead. But across its summit extends this frequented boulevard which I have just mentioned, bordered on one side with the finest modern residences of the city, commanding charming prospects. The image of death is here in the midst of the bustle and movement of life; the generations of the past are slumbering amid the activities of the present, and the very abodes of the dead are surrounded by those where man still pursues his ephemeral destiny. Yet no one seems saddened by it: in truth, the grave thoughts or religious emotions which it would naturally suggest, are apparently disregarded by those who are familiarized with the spectacle.

The Turks have some pretty conceits in the memorials which they raise to the memory of their dead. Most of their monuments are marble pillars surmounted by a carved turban, indicating by its form the rank of the sleeper beneath. The titles and virtues of the defunct are engraved in gilded letters; while beneath the inscription the stone is hollowed like a bowl, to receive the perfumed waters and flowers with which it is supplied by the bereaved friends. When these are dead or departed, the rains fill the basins, and the birds come to drink or bathe their plumage. The tombs of the women are always decorated with carved wreaths of flowers, or vine or grape leaves, which are their emblems of gentleness, grace, and fruitfulness.

Beside these monuments, which have much similarity in form and size, a cypress is planted at the head of every grave, and the luxurious vegetation of the East, particularly in these constantly-enriched grounds, soon develops their form and foliage, so that the fields of the dead are here forests of the richest shade and verdure. On Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, these resorts are thronged by women and children, who sit beneath the dark cypresses, in their spectral draperies, like so many ghosts of the place. The pretty children are always relieving points in this picture, which would be sufficiently lugubrious elsewhere, with the turbaned stones, the sentinel trees, each guarding the mysterious passage to the ear of the departed, and the phantom forms reclining in melancholy reverie upon the tombstone.

The newer grounds appropriated to the



TOMB OF THE SULTAN MAHMOUD.

dead have quite a Christian and modernized appearance. Many inclosures are seen among them like those of Pere la Chaise, and the beautiful cemeteries of your own country. It is odd that the empire of fashion extends even beyond the grave. There are "new styles" of shrouds, coffins, and tombs.

"One need not sure be ugly, though one's dead."

At least one need not molder to dust in gloom and obscurity, while there are so many smiling scenes in nature, where the clay, once dignified with the residence of an immortal spirit, can return to its mother earth, with the sunshine above it, and the odor of flowers and the songs of birds. Pleasant memories of the departed are recalled amid these cheerful associa-

tions, even to the mind of the stranger. The monument of Hussein Pasha has a fountain attached to it, whose cooling waters gratefully recall the name of the dead to the weary traveler in these warm and thirsty lands! Many blessings are called down upon the memory of the Georgian slave, who attained his rank through his abilities, and who, even after death, was mindful of the comfort of the living. His tomb is in the field of the dead at *Eyoub*, a suburb which receives its name from the imperial mosque of Eyoub, which is supposed to contain the remains of Saint Job, who was the companion in arms of Othman. Both these heroes are said to have perished in the first Ottoman attacks against Byzantium; but Mahomet II. recovered the body of the saint, and raised this temple to his memory. Here the sultans came, after their accession to the throne of the caliphs, for the consecration of their imperial rights. The *sheik* of the turning dervishes girded the saber of Othman about them with solemn ceremonies. No Christian ever crossed the threshold of this temple until the Russian treaty demanded the opening of its doors. It stands with its gilded minarets and glittering domes in the midst of a field of the dead, which contains the most beautiful tombs I have yet seen in the East. They are of every variety of form and color, and nothing can be more picturesque than their situation in these beautiful grounds, amid brooks, flowers, fountains, and cypresses. Many of the avenues are bordered with tombs in the form of cages, constructed of gilded trellis, overtwined with roses and jasmine. The sketch of the tomb of the *Sultane Valide* will give you an idea of the smiling poetry and luxury with which the Turks clothe death itself. It is a magnificent mausoleum of white marble, with most exquisite carvings, surmounted, as you see from the picture, with an open dome through which the sunshine streams upon the flowers, and the blossoming vines clinging with tenderness about the perfect proportions of the construction, and giving an air of indescribable loveliness to the spot where repose the remains of the glorious mother of Selim III.

The tomb of Sultan Mahmoud is a little hexagonal chapel, with gilded bronze lamps suspended from the ceiling, quite like those in our *restaurants*. The coffin is covered with cashmeres and surmounted with the diamond-ornamented fez, which he made fashionable during his life, and for which his subjects have scarcely forgiven him, though he has been dead so long.

The tomb of Sultan Achmet is near the mosque which bears his name. The coffin is covered with the richest Eastern fabrics, and the jeweled turban which encircled his brows rests upon the head, while several other coffins, containing the remains of his favorite wives and children, encircle his own.

The tomb of Bajazet is also near the mosque known by his name. His coffin is vailed with a gold and silver covering, while, with a most original and incongruous manifestation of humility, his head rests upon a brick, which is said to have been made from the dust worn from the pavements where his unremitting devotions were performed.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE GENTLE-HEARTED.

BY J. D. BELL.

Dream I no more of thrilling smiles and lips of luscious red;
Pine I no longer for the light voluptuous eyes may shed;
I know a beauty now whose charm is all my heart can bear—
Let but its witchery o'er me steal, its balm be on the air.

Who hath not own'd its genial power to soften and to win?
Who hath not linger'd, vision-rapt, to drink its magic in?
It breathes in looks of gentle love, in deeds that kindly bless;
It is the beauty that perfumes a life of tenderness.

Not by the changing features lit by passion's fervid glance,
Not by the glowing phantom-forms that flit in weird romance,
Are my heart's icy founts unseal'd: it needs a holier spell—
The tender shining of a soul, where kind affections dwell.

Those precious words that gave me joy, when on a stranger soil;
Those smiles that fed my soul with light, in sickness and in toil;
Still do I feel their heavenly charm, unwasted in its power:
The memory of the gentle-hearted freshens every hour!

GERMAN GLEANINGS.

THE COURT CHAPLAIN OF STUTTGARDT.

IT is not without ground that we always hear of *court chaplains*, not of *court pastors*. Most are really but court chaplains, and dare not be anything more; otherwise it goes ill with them, as it did with the blessed Spener in Dresden. At the same time there are some chaplains who fully deserve the title of court pastor. Such a one was Hedinger, chaplain to the court at Stuttgardt, who was born in 1664, and died in 1704. He had a difficult office, for the then reigning Duke of Würtemberg was no ornament, but a disgrace to his throne. Nevertheless, he surrendered no part of his duty, and kept the salvation of his duke constantly in his thoughts. A few passages from his life will show this.

On a certain occasion the duke had caused some very offensive measures to be introduced, and fearing the remonstrances of his chaplain, had, in anticipation, commanded the sentries before the palace on no account to allow any one to enter. Hedinger, in his robes of office, presented himself at the door, but was in various ways repulsed, because his highness had forbidden any one to enter that day. He did not, however, allow himself to be denied, but maintained that, as a servant of the Most High, he was called upon to speak with the duke that day; and when the sentries at last placed themselves before the entrance with crossed weapons, he gently and quietly seized the weapons, pressed them down, stepped over them, and went, not to be stopped, directly to the prince. The latter, upon seeing him, retired into another room. Hedinger followed him, and, as he went from room to room, continued to follow him, till he at last stood still. Here the preacher stepped earnestly and solemnly up to him, and addressed him in such telling entreaties, and on grounds taken from the word of God, that, deeply moved, he actually put a stop to the proceedings complained of.

Another time when the duke, to please a lady, had resolved one Sabbath morning to take an airing before divine service, and drove from his palace close past the church, Hedinger stepped out, clad in his robes, placed himself in the way, and reminded him of the greatness of the sin which he committed in offering so sad an example of Sabbath desecration. Standing before the horses, he thus addressed the frowning duke: "If your highness can be saved by a cup-full of blood, just drive on. I do not fear death." The prince, smitten in conscience, turned back, and could not but esteem a pastor so zealous for the salvation of his soul.

Once, after an earnest reproving sermon, a company of courtiers petitioned the duke for the removal of the preacher; a petition with which he refused to comply. However, in an evil hour, he gave them permission to punish him for his freeness, in some way, under condition that they should refrain from personal injury; predicting, at the same time, that the chaplain would not let them go unreprimanded. They appeared by night with a noisy charivari in front of Hedinger's house, and interrupted his sleep. He let them rage for some time, then appeared at the window in his night-gown and white cap, and during a pause called down, with a loud voice, "Well! well! so did the rabble of Sodom once." Confounded, they slunk away.

Hedinger is said to have once rebuked the duke himself for certain sins which, in spite of all private admonitions, he would not forsake, publicly from the pulpit, and to have called upon him to repent; and the duke took this so ungraciously that he formed the resolution to avenge himself in person on him in his palace. Hedinger was cited by a short message; and forthwith made his appearance, with an unclouded countenance, strengthened in God by earnest prayer. The duke, who had commanded him to appear alone, without any attendant, and had prepared actually to maltreat his spiritual adviser, looked at him, as he entered, with surprise, and cried, "Hedinger, why do you not come alone?" "I am alone, your highness," replied the chaplain. "No, you are not alone," opposed the duke. "And, notwithstanding, I am alone, your highness," replied Hedinger. As, however, the duke, always pointing to the right side, persisted in, "You are not alone," the pious man, surmising that a higher hand was at work, rejoined, "Indeed, I have truly come alone, your highness. Whether it may have pleased the great God to place one of his angels by me in this hour, I know not." The duke beckoned to him with the hand and dismissed him with signs of the deep-

est quaking. *He who fears God has nothing else to fear.*

PASTOR SCHÖNER.

A young disciple, whom God had a short time before drawn to Christ, and who now found in him forgiveness and peace, once came, in the time and strength of the first love, to the old, blessed pastor Schöner in Nürnberg. Full of joy, he told Schöner how easy everything good had become to him:—prayer so easy,—God's word so fruitful, that he read every word with inward elevation,—the conflict with all evil habits and perverse dispositions so easy, so very easy, that he could not at all understand how, but a moment before, he had allowed such things to attract and carry him away. All this related the young disciple, and praised God for it.

Another time the young man told him how well, after some sufferings, everything went with him: God's blessing, unmingled joy and refreshing accompanying him everywhere, even in outward things. He related and praised God for this. The dear Schöner rejoiced right heartily with his friend, and praised God with him.

The well-exercised combatant, experienced in the ways of God, then told him of the sufferings of his earlier life. Schöner had a dearly-beloved young daughter of about eighteen years of age;—heaven dwelt in her heart and beamed from her eyes. She suffered for years from epileptic fits, and was at this time on the verge of death. The infirm old man had to witness daily the convulsive, violent movements, the struggles of young life with the irremediable evil in his child, and listen to the tones of distress which she unconsciously uttered. Into this domestic misery, and into other parts of the tale of sorrows which composed the history of his life, he gave his young friend an insight. Tears flowed down his trembling face; but amid the tears he raised joyfully his hands and eyes, and praised God as fervently, as sincerely, as one who thanks God for the greatest joys, for a foretaste of blessedness itself. "For," said he, "until I was afflicted, I did not know Him. The greater the pain, so much the more intensely do we feel how dear is his love,—the love which draws and raises us to heaven." Therefore is it said, "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

The same young disciple, some time after his conversion, fell into acquaintance with persons who, in all sorts of mysterious arts and secret doctrines, followed, as they thought, a higher and more concealed wisdom. He, at first, with an inward resistance, entered their society, and took part in their proceedings, and read with great interest those books in particular which represented such extraordinary ways and doctrines. He told Schöner of it, and praised God that, through the doctrines of Christianity, he had prepared men for such high wisdom, for such depth of knowledge.

Schöner did not rejoice over what his young friend related, nor second him in praising God. His eye, his voice, were otherwise than heretofore; it was as if there came over the old man an impatience, a sadness, never before remarked in him. "It is not" (such, if I understood him aright, was about his meaning) "the humble Messiah, who became and was everywhere found as a man; it is not the Son of God and of the poor Mary,—he who is praised to all eternity,—whom such theosophists adore. The voice of our Saviour, to which we should attend, which we should learn to know, (John x, 4,) sounds lowly, simply, and is intelligible to even the simplest souls. The voice of the so-called Christ, who conducts these to their 'deep knowledge,' sounds proudly, is high-swollen, high-wrought; the simple understand it not. This false Christ is none other than the father of pride and lies himself. And although those who pray to him were to do wonders in his power, resembling to appearance those of the Almighty; although in this power they moved with the voluntary self-renunciation and holiness of angels; yet it would be not well, but sinfully done: for it is not done in God, but in the devil."

Thereupon the old man praised God that he, the longer the more, led poor sinners to the simple contemplation and enjoyment of the height and depth, and length and breadth, of the one eternal truth, that Jesus Christ is come to make the sinful blessed. As he only who is not heated by a fire kindled without, or by the glow of a fever within, can feel the warmth of the sun's rays; so he only can know, feel, and experience God's mercy, and the power of God in Christ, who keeps lowly before him.

THE RIGHT OF ERRING.

IN their enumeration of the rights of man, have our readers ever reckoned the right of erring? We fear not. This invaluable right has not met with that attention which it justly claims. It has never yet, we believe, been properly defined and guaranteed. But when the great senate of common sense assembles, and some sanguine men think that the session is at hand, the right of erring, we are sure, will receive its very earliest attention. This senate, unhappily, will not be elected by *universal* suffrage; but the constituency is large, and includes, we feel certain, every one of our readers, not a few of whom, we hope, are even fitted to be representatives.

But we shall proceed to relate the circumstances under which the right of erring was lately introduced to our notice. We have a friend, the member of a learned society, who kindly invited us to attend one of its learned meetings; and he naturally wished, both for the honor of the society and the entertainment of his companion, that the proceedings on this occasion should be more than usually luminous and edifying. But though it was natural for him to wish this, it was very unphilosophical of him to expect it. For philosophy gravely instructs us that matters are always likeliest to go wrong when most you wish them to keep right; and that the things you fear, or other things that you have never even thought of fearing, will happen at precisely the most inopportune moment. Thus, if you invite a few select friends to chat with you round the fire, then, if ever, will the chimney smoke. If your dinner-table is covered with a clean and snowy cloth—particularly if the day be Sunday—then will the gravy, or the juice of the plum-pie be spilt. If for years you have dealt at a certain shop, and now have recommended your friend to make a purchase there, to-morrow you will hear of articles not worth half the money paid for them, and be invited to convince yourself of the confounding fact by ocular demonstration. Last and worst, if you invite an acquaintance to hear your minister—whom you, perhaps, think all the world ought to admire—then, it may be for the first time, will you discover a man who can see "nothing in him," or be chagrined after service with the question, asked in the very meekest tone, whether Mr. —— was up to his average to-day?

No wonder, then, that on the occasion of which we are speaking, instead of the stream of scientific discourse running pellucidly over its hard pebbly bottom of facts, the "waters were troubled." The hour for commencing business struck, the minutes of the last meeting were read, and we were putting ourselves into a scientific state to listen to the paper of the evening, when up rose a grievance and stopped the way. Somebody had said something that had aggrieved somebody else. Statements, sub-statements, and counter-statements were made. It was queried whether both sides should be heard, or whteher neither should; and things began to wear quite a military aspect. Our friend, in dismay, whispered to us, that "in all the meetings he had ever attended, nothing of the kind had ever taken place." "Of course not," we could have said; but we contented ourselves with assuring him that the proceedings, though quite unexpected, were very funny and pleasing. Meanwhile, the chairman, fluttered with his responsibilities, took up a great deal of time in proving that no more time ought to be taken up. About this grievance and about it, did he wind his web of words, till it was utterly shut up from popular view—that is, from our view. But, singular to say, he managed to dispose of the grievance through the very fact that it was unmanageable by him. Coherently with it he could not deal; how can any man, especially any chairman, deal coherently with a grievance? So he treated it like a caterpillar, as it was—a caterpillar eating out the vitals of the society: he wound it round, and fastened it up, in a wordy web of inextricability, thus forcing it to become a silent chrysalis, in which silence, coming to its senses, it has by this time, we hope, taken to itself wings and flown away, leaving the aforesaid cocoon of mystification to be blown away—a kindness that we trust also the wind has already done it.

And now we come to the point. Having accomplished his feat, the chairman ended thus:—"In a moment of mistake or irritation," said he, "I may—any gentleman—may say something which he would be glad to withdraw. I claim for myself, then, and I willingly concede to others, the right of erring." (Cheers.)

Cheers, indeed! It was worth getting into a temporary embroilment in order to hear such noble sentiments proclaimed. Let any one of our readers, who aspires to be a representative in the assembly of common sense, frame at once the rough draught of a bill to define and secure this right; and should he carry it, his name will be great through many generations. Wives will bless him, who are relieved from hasty, tyrannous fault-finding; husbands bless him, for the increase of that charity which hopeth and beareth all things, even when wounded. Children's thanks shall he have for restricting within due limits that ancient, venerable, but still aggressive institution of the birch. His name shall be a household word with the poor, because he has taught men to distinguish between fumblings as of those half blinded with ignorance, and stumblings as of the willful drunkard. The rich shall place his statue in their halls, because by him it was made known that their misdoings were not the mere fruit of unsympathetic callousness. Editors and authors shall propagate his fame, because, through his influence, they are tried—and often warmly approved—by the generous spirit, instead of being condemned without trial by the deadly uncompromising letter. The Christian ministry shall pay a hallowed tribute to his memory, as great among the peacemakers, for now no more their hearers "lie in wait for them;" but with them wait on the Lord, approving them and loving them for the substance and spirit of their teaching, not uncharitably defaming them for its imperfections. Statesmen shall have him portrayed in brightest fresco, as with an expression of countenance the manliest and the kindest, he addressed the house in advocacy of his bill. Students, with excusable scatter-brainedness of expression (excusable in virtue of his bill!) shall extol him in their debating clubs, and noisily thump him into yet greater distinction. Poets shall become illustrious by their illustration of the spirit and progress of his doctrines, and shall sweetly sing of him in lines as imperishable as his renown. Associated scientific societies shall honor their stateliest chambers of assembly by calling them after his name, knowing, as they then will, that a too great fear of error, an unwise forgetfulness that some erroneous growths must needs spring, and an uncharitable intolerance toward the errors of those who, on the whole, are right, are among the greatest hinderances to scientific as to general advancement. The religious world shall count him an apostle of the modern age, and never speak of him without a glow of love toward God and man. In that happy time which his work shall usher in, the art (O happy art!) of making ink entirely without gall, shall be discovered. And then, too, shall a sublime unity of faith and knowledge be achieved, to the delight of mankind, and to the astonishment of all but the few who had long been sorrowfully, and more strenuously than successfully, engaged in dissuading men from seeking unanimity of opinion as a first thing, instead of a last.

We regret to say that in the very heat and height of our argument, we have received a letter from Dr. Wach, to whom we said a word lately about the right of erring, informing us that what we said "contravenes the first principles of orthodoxy." This, as may be supposed, has had a most depressing effect upon our mind; but we trust we shall be able to convince our readers, if not the doctor, that he is mistaken. Dr. Wach says, too, that he has no doubt if we were to "write in that way," and any respectable magazine should print it, at least one hundred and fifty subscribers would cease taking the magazine. Does the doctor mean to say that OURS is not a respectable magazine? We believe we do not number among our readers *fifty* persons of such uncompromising cowardice and meanness. Fifty? we trust not five. But if five there be, let them at least take in one of our future numbers in which we propose to give some hints toward the draught of a bill of rights in this matter of erring, with some particulars not unentertaining, and yet not unedifying, about Dr. Wach, which are entirely germane, and even *pat* to our purpose.

LITERATURE.—It opens a back door out of the bustle of the busy world into a delicious garden of moral and intellectual fruits and flowers, the key of which is denied to the rest of mankind. Our happiness no longer lives on charity, nor leans on that most precarious and thorny pillow —another's pleasure—for our repose.—*Young*.

The National Magazine.

MAY, 1855.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

OURSELVES: IMPROVED ARRANGEMENT.—By a recent arrangement we have very much reinforced the corps of laborers on our pages.

The whole of the literary and critical department of the Magazine will hereafter devolve upon a new and competent hand. This department includes the critical *Book Notices*, the *Literary Record*, and the monthly items of *Arts and Sciences*. They will be confided exclusively to the attention of a gentleman of literary abilities, who is well known in the literary world.

We have also added to our corps, a gentleman of superior ability and established reputation, who, besides contributing an original monthly article, will take charge of a large portion of the selections and manuscript examinations—the kind of "editorial drudgery" at which we some time ago made such frightful editorial grimaces. The threat we then uttered, (no doubt to the great discomfort of our readers,) that we would "retire in disgust" from our chair editorial, will be thus considerably qualified. If they will be consoled, we shall kindly stand by them till our period of service closes.

It is due to ourselves to say that this improved arrangement is at our own expense—and no small expense—it devolves no additional expenditure on the Magazine itself.

Thus relieved, in part at least, from a sort of work, respecting which we have always pleaded our dislike and incompetence, we shall be able to devote ourselves hereafter (whether for the good or evil of our readers) more entirely to our more favorite task of original editorials. We shall, hereafter, double the usual number of such of our articles.

As our next number ends the present semi-annual volume, we shall detail then more fully this arrangement, together with other items of our programme for the ensuing volume.

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GREAT MEN AMONG THE PEOPLE.—Two interesting articles—sketches of great men among the people—have been pressed out of our present number, but shall appear in our next. The first is an entertaining narrative of the life and scientific labors of Dexter Marsh, the discoverer of organic remains in the New Red Sandstone, a fact by which the existence of animal life on our planet prior to the Oolitic period was demonstrated, and our glimpses of "animated nature" extended to thousands of years beyond its former assigned limits. The other is a biographical account of Merritt Clark, the late president of the Rutland and Washington Railroad.

—

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.—We must still plead the indulgence of our many contributors. We have "bushels" of articles on hand—many of them very good ones; they have to "bide their time," however. Often they are on topics too kindred to be admitted simultaneously. The *collocation* of articles is a chief matter in their selection, for such a work as ours. We have now actually some articles assigned for Numbers a year "a-head." They cannot appear earlier without interfering with others, and with our general plan. One of our cotemporaries (*Putnam*) said, at the conclusion of his fourth volume, that he then had on hand original communications enough for *forty* volumes. Correspondents must see then, on a moment's reflection, the absolute impossibility of the immediate insertion of their favors. Some must be delayed a long time, while others, received after them, must often, from their peculiar adaptation, take precedence of them.

One thing more, also, must they see, by this statement, viz., the utter impossibility of an editor's writing to them respecting the fate of their articles. Some periodicals would need an editorial secretary almost for this work alone. In fine, the relation of an editor with his correspondents must be one of exceeding good nature and forbearance. The latter must not "stand upon ceremonies," but go good-humoredly into the columns, "upon the table," or "under the table," as circumstances may require.

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BISHOPS.—We have portraits in preparation, and biographical sketches already prepared, of the four "new bishops" constituted at the last General Conference of the M. E. Church. They will appear in due time.

—

No portrait has ever been published, we think, of the late Chaplain to Congress, G. G. Cookman, except for local circulation among his personal friends. We have been favored with a good copy of a likeness of him, now in possession of our friend, David Creamer, Esq., of Baltimore, from which Felter, our artist, is preparing an engraving. Cookman was an extraordinary orator; we shall insert, with the portrait, a sketch of his life and genius, together with some striking specimens of his peculiar allegorical eloquence. He was lost, it will be recollected, in the steamer President.

—

LETTERS TO BISHOP SIMPSON.—In our next number will be commenced a series of *Eight Letters* addressed, by permission, to Bishop Simpson, on leading religious (not "theological") questions of the day, particularly in reference to the denomination of which he is one of the chief and most able representatives. As they will relate to very important, and a few of them to somewhat critical questions, we have chosen to prepare the whole series before beginning their publication. They have received our most deliberate and elaborate attention, and shall be given to our readers without reference to any controversies that now or hereafter may exist respecting their subjects. Our calmest, most cautious, yet frank utterances, we shall pass along tranquilly through the series without being diverted to the right or left by any cotemporaneous criticisms upon them. As they will be the most labored and the longest of our contributions to these columns, they will be placed in our "small letter," (the type of this page,) and at the end of the regular series of articles; they need not, therefore, interfere with our usual outline of contents, to any reader not disposed to examine them, yet

we hope they will be found by most, if not all our patrons, as interesting as anything we have yet laid before them. They will be extra to our usual amount of editorial.

—

ALICE CARY.—We have made arrangements by which we shall hereafter be able to supply our readers with a monthly sketch for "domestic reading," from the pen of this sterling writer, whose "Poems" and "Clovernook Stories," as also her contributions to our own columns, have made her familiar to the households of our readers.

—

SPIKING GUNS.—The following explanation of the modern method of spiking guns, as practiced by the armies of the Crimea, will be interesting to many of our readers:—The spikes are about four inches long, and of the dimensions of a tobacco-pipe; the head flat, a barb at the point acts as a spring, which is naturally pressed to the shaft upon being forced into the touch-hole. Upon reaching the chamber of the gun, it resumes its position, and it is impossible to withdraw it. It can only be got out by drilling—no easy task, as they are made of the hardest steel, and being also loose in the touch-hole, there is much difficulty in making a drill bite as effectually as it should do. Its application is the work of a moment, a single tap on the flat head with the palm of the hand sufficing. This can be easily done, even if it be ever so dark.

—

GOOD EPITAPHS.—The Boston *Congregationalist* gives a string of quaint or apt specimens of "Grave-yard Literature," among which are the following:—Cotton Mather was once described as distinguished for,

"Care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms, *and anagrams.*"

The following is Richard Mather's epitaph, who died in Dorchester, in 1669, aged 73:—

"Richardus hic dormit Matherus,
Sed nec totus nec mora diu tuma.
Lætatus genuisse pares.
Incertum est utrum doctior an melior
Anima et gloria non queunt humani."

The best epitaph we ever read—because the simplest, most dignified, and truest—is in the *Spectator*, No. 518:—

"Hic jacet R. C., in expectatione diei supremi. Qualis erat dies iste indicabit."

That was not a bad epitaph of Ben Jonson's upon a lady friend:—

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live."

Here is one which is respectfully recommended for the posthumous use of some of the curb-stone brokers of State-street:—

"Here lies old father Gripe
Who never cried 'jam satis,'
'T would wake him did he know
You read his tombstone gratis."

The following lines, from Coleridge, are at the service of the man who always sings half a note flat, one bar behind, and has a bad cold:—

"Swans sing before they die—'t were no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing."

We met a man the other day in Washington street, whom an artist might take as the exact model for the statue of a *bon-vivant*, and who, by his cultivated earthliness of aspect, brought to mind the line of Juvenal:—

"In solo vivendi causa palato est."
One whose sole bliss is eating, and who gives
But that one brutal reason why he lives.

—

METHODIST LITERARY PRIZES.—More than a year ago the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church offered a prize of $300 for the best essay on "Systematic Beneficence," &c. About twenty MSS., we believe, were sent in; but the adjudicators (Judge M'Lean, Bishop Waugh, and James Strong, Esq.) did not concur in the recommendation of any one of them. The society reissued its proposition, increasing the premium to $600. The time expired on the first of the present month. We have not yet learned how many MSS. have been received, but we suppose such a prize for so small a work (about one hundred pages duodecimo) can hardly have failed to secure extensive attention. Taking all things into account, it is the most liberal premium which we remember to have been offered yet for any religious work in this country. The money will not be drawn from the society's treasury, but has been given by individual friends for this purpose alone, and is on hand, for the successful writer.

The Sunday-School Union of the same denomination also issued offers for certain prize essays. We learn the result from its late Report as follows:—

"In response to the offer of prizes made in our last Report for five different kinds of Sunday-school publications, about forty manuscripts were submitted in competition.

"Soon after the first of October, the time appointed for closing the competition, our Committee on Publications commenced the task of examination, and gave it their diligent attention for a series of weeks. The final result of the examination was a conclusion that, in view of the high standard of merit proposed in the programme, no one of the works offered in either class was in all respects so well adapted to the objects proposed, and at the same time possessed of such a degree of literary excellence, as to entitle it to a prize.

"Several works were recommended to the editor, as candidates for publication on the usual terms.

"It is a matter of regret to the board, as it will necessarily be to the several writers who took a practical interest in the proposals, that our offer of prizes has not resulted successfully. We trust, however, that so far from having been useless, it will at least indirectly contribute to the great object in view.

"Probably no one who wrote on the subjects proposed, failed to derive great personal benefit from the effort; and it may be safely presumed that the call of public attention to the wants and the high claims of the Sunday-school press, will result favorably hereafter.

"It is known to us that more persons would have written had more time been allowed; and also that the heat and unhealthiness of the past summer deterred some from efforts which they had proposed to make. Still, in view of all things, it has been deemed best to close the offer, and consider the competition ended."

—

JEFFERSON ON NEWSPAPERS.—The great statesman said, in 1807: "It is a melancholy truth, that a suppression of the press could not more completely deprive the nation of its benefits, than is done by its abandoned prostitution to falsehood. Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes

suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle. The real extent of this state of misinformation is known only to those who are in situations to confront facts within their knowledge with the lies of the day."

—

WILL'S, WONT'S, AND CANT'S.—Somebody, more wise than his fellows, says there are three kinds of men in this world—the "will's," the "wont's," and the "cant's." The former effect everything, the other oppose everything, and the latter fail in everything. I "will" builds our railroads and steamboats; I "won't" do n't believe in experiments and nonsense; while I "can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of a court of bankruptcy. There is a profundity of philosophy in his words, which should profit the rising generation of workers.

—

THE SPIDER'S LOVE OF HER PROGENY.—All her limbs, says Professor Hentz, one by one, may be torn from her body, without forcing her to abandon her hold of the cocoon in which she has wrapped her eggs; and if, without mangling the mother, it be skillfully removed from her, and suddenly thrown out of sight, she instantaneously loses all her activity, seems paralyzed, and coils her tremulous limbs as if mortally wounded. If the bag be returned, her ferocity and strength are restored the moment she has any perception of its presence, and she rushes to her treasure, to defend it to the last.

—

ANGLO-SAXON.—Trench has a great many good and original things in his late volumes. He says of our language:—"The Anglo-Saxon is not so much, as I have just called it, one element of the English language, as the foundation of it, the basis. All its joints, its whole *articulation*, its sinews and its ligaments, the great body of articles, pronouns, conjunctions, prepositions, numerals, auxiliary verbs, all smaller words which serve to knit together and bind the larger into sentences,—these, not to speak of the grammatical structure of the language, are exclusively Saxon. The Latin may contribute its tale of bricks, yea, of goodly and polished hewn stones to the spiritual building, but the mortar, with all that holds and binds these together, and constitutes them into a house, is Saxon throughout." As proof positive of the soundness of the above affirmation, the test is submitted that—"you *can* write a sentence without Latin, but you *cannot* without Saxon." The words of the Lord's Prayer are almost all Saxon. Our good old family Bible is a capital standard of it, and has done more than any other book for the conservation of the purity of our language. Our best writers, particularly those of Queen Anne's time,—Addison, Steele, Swift, &c., —were distinguished by their use of simple Saxon.

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A society for beneficence in this city reported some time ago, that one-sixth of the whole population of the city receives aid in some form during the year. The society estimates that one hundred and ninety-five thousand persons are in a state of destitution, and this does not include those who have work only part of the time. It is deplorable that much of our charities serves no other purpose than merely to *keep* up this wretched state of things. If we could spend one-half of our contributions in helping the poor along westward, where there is usually work enough and bread enough to spare, we should relieve them more effectually; as it is, they are only kept above starvation during the worst of the year, to live from hand to mouth the rest of it, and then fall back again in the severe seasons on our charities. If we would help them best, we should help them away.

—

GEORGE W. CURTIS, in a lecture in this city, spoke of some of those pious people who clasp their hands so tight in prayer that they could not get them open when the contribution box came around.

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The last Report of the *Missionary Society* of the Methodist Episcopal Church shows a grand scale of operations assumed by that enterprising institution. It has now 867 missionaries, 57,769 members, 13,449 probationers, 35 teachers, 145 local preachers, 6 interpreters, 325 scholars, and 17 assistants. This statement does not include France, where the society expends $5,000 annually upon the Wesleyan Missionaries. The total receipts for the year amounted to $226,500. The society is developing itself more and more every year, with remarkable energy, under the secretaryship of Dr. Durbin. The Report is replete with very interesting information respecting its various fields.

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"There was," says the *Christian Register*, "something more than 'baby politeness'—the name given to it—in the whispered reply of the little seven-years old girl, to the question, 'Which do you love best—your cat or your doll?' 'I love my cat best; but please do n't tell my doll.'"

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Norton's Literary Gazette says: "Mr. George F. Bemis, of the *Newspaper Exchange, Boston*, prints more newspapers than any other man in New-England, if not in the country. Twelve papers issue from his office, which have a circulation of one hundred and twenty thousand weekly, and the cost of the white paper alone is $65,000 a year."

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BARNUM.—*Fraser's Magazine* (London) has a scathing article on Barnum's infamous book. The critic says:—

"It must be a strange taste, indeed, which leads a man to gibbet himself for contempt, and to court the rotten eggs and dead cats of a moral pillory. Strange, however, as it is, the phenomenon is presented in perfection in the person of Mr. Phineas Taylor Barnum, who, having made an immense fortune by what he mildly terms 'management,' has, in the volume before us, made the public the confidant of the discreditable 'dodges' by which he made it. Not only does he tell his story without a blush, but he is even proud of his rascalities, and winds up a sickening tale of falsehood and duplicity by claiming credit to himself as 'a public benefactor, to an extent seldom paralleled in the histories of professed and professional philanthropists.' As if the example of a success notoriously based on such shameful resources were not sufficiently pernicious, this 'prince of humbugs,' as he rejoices to style himself, records for the edification of mankind a system of imposture, which has already found many followers, and will, no doubt, engender a prolific race of

imitators, less able perhaps, but probably even less scrupulous than their great prototype. What is scarcely less surprising, the copyright of the book has been competed for among the American publishers, and bought for fifteen thousand dollars, a price which could only be given in the hope of an enormous sale, to scatter the moral poison it contains far and wide over the transatlantic soil, already too fertile in that unscrupulous dexterity which, in this country, as yet goes by a harsher name. In this country, we believe, no man would have had the effrontery to put his name to a work containing disclosures so disgraceful; neither would a publisher, out of Holywell-street, have been found to give five pounds for the copyright. But the notoriety of Barnum's name has made it worth the while of those buccaneers of the press, the caterers of what is miscalled 'cheap literature,' to reprint the book on this side the Atlantic."

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The sexton of Grace Church, New-York—so says a correspondent of the *Home Journal*—gave as a reason for clearing the ice from the sidewalk—"That he was determined that none of the congregation should backslide."

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Singing.—The eminent Dr. Rush says that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, and spitting of blood is almost unknown among them,—a fact attributed by Dr. Rush, in part, to the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them so frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education, from their earliest years.

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Curious Chinese Proverbs on Contentment.—The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall.—It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first.—The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it.—The turtle, though brought in at the area gate, takes the head of the table.—Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family than a mutton-pie at a king's banquet.—The learned pig did n't learn its letters in a day.—True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening. The top strawberries are eaten the first.—Pride sleeps in a gilded crown: contentment in a cotton nightcap.

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Every day in the week is, by different nations, devoted to the public celebration of *divine service:* Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

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Connected with the great Methodist publishing house at New-York, is the department of the Sunday-School Union of that denomination. The last Report of the editor, Dr. Kidder, shows some very noticeable results, and is altogether one of the most interesting religious and literary documents we have seen for the year. The following are some of its statistics: Number of Sunday schools, 9,908; number of officers and teachers, 107,649; number of Sunday scholars, 553,065; number of volumes in the library, 1,712,806; number of Bible classes, 8,622; number of scholars in infant classes, 54,475; expenses of schools this year, $95,690; amount raised for the Sunday-school Union, $9,935; Sunday School Advocates taken, 108,-531; number of conversions, 17,494. The list of publications reported is exceedingly numerous and varied. The Report is particularly elaborate and masterly in its tabular articles. They are invaluable as data respecting the condition of Methodism in more than one respect.

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The Immaculate Conception.—The new and blasphemous absurdity of Rome respecting the blessed Virgin, has been received by Catholic editors in this country with an affected credulity and an overwrought zeal. Can enlightened men of this land pretend to receive such a dogma on the mere authority of the senile Pontiff of Rome, without a word of Scripture for it, and with an acknowledged difference of traditional opinion on the subject from the "fathers" down to this day? This theological "extravaganza," so insulting to the common sense of the age, can only work evil for Popery. Yet hear the stentorian blast of the *Freeman's Journal* respecting it:—

"The glorious news has reached us that on the eighth of December Pope Pius IX., of immortal renown, in the presence of the cardinals and princes of the Church, declared it an article of divine faith that *the Mother of God, our Most Blessed Lady, was conceived without original stain.* The doctrine which is now promulgated as an article of faith, and which henceforth it will be heresy not to receive, has long since been believed by all pious Catholics. But this dogmatic definition of its truth and character is a favor beyond. It has given joy to the whole world, *and is it too much if we expect from it the pacification of the nations,* and a general prostration of heretical and persecuting forces? It is a year of sorrows that has preceded its announcement. Pestilence has stalked abroad over the earth. Cruel, bloody, and causeless war has carried mourning into tens of thousands of Christian homes. Famine has been standing at the door, and a general distress, not altogether accountable as to its sources, has disarranged the business and the worldly wealth of the multitudes. The Church, too, and her members, have been persecuted. In the midst of these chastisements, we must say it, men have not returned in their hearts toward God. They have forgotten his hand, and have vainly sought remedies in natural ways. The very depths of human misery and anguish have plead before the throne of God for a more powerful intercession; and the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, has taught by his Church truths that the world in earlier ages was not able to bear. Let the Catholics of America acknowledge their past tepidity of faith, and hasten to shake it off. Let us betake ourselves to our great Patroness—*Mary of Immaculate Conception.* Let faith, and hope, and charity, grow strong within us, and let us remember that God has set our task before us—that of being, all of us, in our various places, missionaries of the "*Tabernacle of God with men,*" whose great business it is to save our own souls, and to convert this young and mighty nation to the love of God, who was born, for love of it and us, of the Immaculate Virgin."

One of the bishops who was present at Rome, and shared in the medieval ceremony, thus brawls over the senseless and puerile scene:—

"That was the last sitting; midday sounded; the entire assembly dropped upon their knees to recite the *Angelus.* Then each resumed his place, and they had no sooner exchanged a few words than an acclamation to the Holy Father, a cry of eternal adhesion to the Holy See, to the See of Peter, arose, spread itself, bursting and issuing from every heart; *Petre, doce nos; confirma fratres tuos.* And the instruction which, in the name of the Church, these pastors demanded of the Supreme Pastor, was the definition of the Immaculate Conception. And these words vibrated in the souls with such ineffaceable virtue that it was a cry of supplication so manifestly proceeding from the heart, and

so sublime, that, to comprehend it, it would be necessary to have heard it; neither pen nor speech could give an adequate idea of it.

"O Catholic Church! they say that thou art dead, and what abundance, what power of life! Peter lives and speaks in Pius IX. The dogma which places on Mary's head such a brilliant crown, was providentially reserved for our times, in order to prove that the Church is always flourishing, always indefectible, always one. Speak to us, then, O blessed Father! God wills it, and the world expects. Thy word will render Heaven propitious, and will console the flocks with their pastors. Receive as a homage to Thy dignity, the enthusiasm of a faith worthy of the early ages of the Church, and which bears to Thee the testimony of Thy brethren in Episcopate who have come to Rome to hear falling from thy lips, and to repeat to their flocks with the certainty of faith these words: 'Mary was always immaculate.'"

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We have been exceedingly interested in reading the Second Annual Report of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, prepared by Rev. Dr. J. T. Peck. It is virtually the first annual exhibit of the society's doings, and shows them on a scale of magnitude not a little surprising. We designed to quote largely from this very interesting document, but our literary collaborator has anticipated us, (see Literary Record.) We shall refer to it hereafter more fully. In its general arrangement and tabular plans, it is a model report; and as an exhibit of the results of a great scheme for the promotion of a certain kind of literature, it is unusually interesting to literary as well as to Christian men.

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The battle for temperance moves onward with some defeats, but general victory. Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Illinois have adopted the "prohibitory" law. Ohio comes very near to it; it will need and will receive a little more "reforming." New-York ("at this present writing") hesitates, but cannot hesitate long. No Southern state has yet joined the crusade against the alcoholic foe, but several are preparing for it. In fine, the "tide has set in," and in the right direction, and it will sweep its way over all obstructions, and, sooner or later, over all the states.

—

A Nation of Methodists.—The mission to the Friendly Islands has been so successful, that the nation is a nation of Methodists; and the whole population, from the king down to his meanest subjects, attend the Wesleyan ministry. These islands sometimes go by the name of Tonga. They consist of upward of one hundred and fifty, and lie in the Pacific Ocean, between latitude 13° and 25° south, and longitude 172° west and 177° east. They were discovered by the navigator Tasman, in 1643, but received their collective name of Friendly Islands from Captain James Cook. We have a sketch of their king (who, by the way, is a "local preacher,") from the pen of one of the missionaries, on hand, awaiting room in our columns.

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A French writer, M. de Paravey, has taken some pains to show that the arts and sciences of the Chinese were not indigenous to that people, but came to them originally from Egypt and Abyssinia. If this assumption be denied, he asks, how shall we explain the knowledge of certain facts contained in Chinese Encyclopædias relative to Africa; such as the knowledge of the hippopotamus, and the existence of the negro? The Chinese, remarks M. de Paravey, have been ridiculed for placing the negroes on a range of mountains named *Kouen-Lung*. The blame, however, is on the part of those who fancy these mountains to be in Thibet. If the Chinese documents be properly understood, the stated locality will be seen to be Zanguebar.

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Americans at Rome.—A correspondent of *Colburn's New Monthly* writes from Rome as follows:—

"As the Papal court is of necessity entirely confined to the masculine gender, the French embassadress, the Contesse de Raynaval, since the military occupation of Rome, reigns supreme—with rather a haughty and iron sway. The American set, headed by its courteous representative, keeps very much to itself, scarcely mingling at all with the English, and but little with the Italians. Being a numerous body, they are extremely sociable among themselves, and remarkable for general intelligence, bustle, and go-ahead propensities, and for the fragile and delicate beauty of the younger ladies—those pale daughters of the New World, whose alabaster skins, melting blue eyes, and flaxen hair, are nowhere more conspicuous than among the olive-complexioned, black-eyed, luscious beauties of the South."

This same lady correspondent thus speaks of one of our romantic Yankee girls in Rome:—

"I shall never forget my first meeting with Gibson. It was in a portion of his studio devoted to his pupil, a young American lady of independent fortune and great talent, enthusiastically devoted to the arts, who left America when almost a child to place herself near him whose works she so much admired. On her first arrival, Gibson refused to have anything to do with the romantic creature; but at last her importunities overcame him, and she is now regularly established in his studio, happy as a queen, her bright eyes beaming with content under her jaunty little working-cap, creating around her forms and faces of real classical beauty. This enthusiastic devotion to *art* and the artist (for, after all, every abstraction has its living representative, and woman often passes from the type to the reality) reminded me strongly of 'Bettine's' admiration of Goethe, learned from his mother, with whom she lived, and her charming description, in 'Letters from a Child,' of her sufferings on the journey before reaching Weimar. She declared to her family she would rather ride on the wheel than be left at home; and on arriving flew to Goethe, whom she had never seen, recognized him in a moment, and, full of girlish confidence and innocence, told him her tale of admiration, love, veneration, and devotion."

Of our artist Crawford, she gives the following glimpses:—

"Crawford, the great American sculptor, is a genial, large-souled man, full of life, energy, and power—the condensation of the finest national qualities. To his fiery, active spirit nothing is impossible, and he is now working *con furore* at a colossal monument to be erected in America, sixty feet in height, with the fevered impetuosity of a beginner. His works are the emblem of his mind—forcible, free, full of movement and action, yet with thrilling touches of a true pathos, delicious remembrances of human passion and domestic sympathies. The world goes well with Crawford; he lives in a grand villa hard by the baths of Diocletian, overshadowed by orange groves and ilex woods, and labors within the sound of gushing fountains and refreshing streams. He has a handsome wife and charming family, and an open, hospitable board and ample means, and hosts of friends. Long may this son of generous-hearted America live to enjoy his blessings."

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Some sensible writer has said, "Every day have higher thoughts of God, lower thoughts of self, kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of all around you."

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

A CITIZEN of Massachusetts may be permitted to look, with no ordinary pride, upon the annual reports of our public institutions, of education, of charity, of discipline, and of agriculture. If the secretaries and superintendents of these noble establishments performed no other service for the state than the collecting of facts and the preparation of their elaborate annual statements, the commonwealth would be amply remunerated for the expenses of their offices. A mere summary of these reports would overrun even the generous limit allowed to your "Boston Letter." We can only refer to a few of them. The Eighteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education forms a stout pamphlet of over three hundred pages, and is replete with valuable suggestions and interesting statistics. It is a very significant fact that the public schools throughout the state have reached such a standard of excellence as to overshadow the private schools and academies. Since the general establishment of high schools, the officers of our colleges have borne cheerful testimony to the happy effect upon the scholarship of those entering their institutions, of the vigorous and somewhat rigid discipline of the public school, as securing an energy of mind and a thoroughness of instruction not always attained in the private academy. With the abatement of the prejudice against common schools, on the part of the wealthy portion of the community, another large class of pupils has been introduced into them, whose influence as a mollifying and inspiring element has been peculiarly favorable. "There are no better schools," says Dr. Sears, "than some of our public high schools, and to these families of the highest character now prefer to send their children. This makes our schools common in the best sense of the word,—common to all classes, nurseries for a truly republican feeling, public sanctuaries where the children of the commonwealth fraternally meet, and where the spirit of caste and party can find no admittance." Our school system now embraces the whole outline of education from the primary class to the university. A hundred college scholarships have been established, open to the aspirations of the boys of the commonwealth, affording them at the close of their high-school preparation a thorough collegiate training.

In estimating the annual amount raised in the state, by taxation, for the schools, together with the income of the school fund, the secretary brings the total up to the noble sum of $2,283,554. The sum expended in the state for school-houses since 1848 is about $2,030,000. This amount does not include academies, private schools, or the state normal schools. The school fund, continually increasing, the limit of which is now fixed at two millions of dollars, has already reached $1,500,000. The number of persons employed as teachers in the public schools during the year is seven thousand and ninety-eight, of which number (and this is one of the most interesting and significant facts in the whole Report) five thousand one hundred and sixty-six are *females*. The *rights* of the sex are in no danger of being overlooked in Massachusetts—they fairly hold its destinies in their hands, and are now shaping the minds and hearts of its next generation. The position that Massachusetts has given the sex in her public educational system, not merely because her services are cheaper, but because they are *better* for the place she fills, will accomplish more for the vital rights of woman than hundreds of heated public meetings, or a thousand passionate harangues.

One of the most interesting features of the Report is the portion allotted to extracts from the "evidence" given before a committee of the English House of Commons upon the "Religious Working of the Common Schools in the State of Massachusetts." It contains the result of the personal examination of an educated English traveler, and the answers to his circulars, written by the first political and literary men of New-England. It is really a matter of noble pride to see how bravely and truly these great men speak of their own relation to the public schools, while it is an unspeakable satisfaction to know that the investigation upon so vital a point resulted so favorably to our schools. Says Daniel Webster, in his response, "I have no doubt that the system of instruction in the free and common schools of New-England promotes religious sentiments, encourages a reverence for the Scriptures, and tends always, indirectly, and sometimes directly, to the formation of a religious character in the pupils. The morals of the children are always carefully watched by their teachers. I have been familiar with the New-England system of free schools for above fifty years, and I heartily approve of it. *I owe to it my own early training.* In my own recollection of these schools there exists, to this moment, a fresh feeling of the sobriety of the teachers, the good order of the school, the reverence with which the Scriptures were read, and the strictness with which all moral duties were enjoined and enforced. In these schools, or it may be partly by my mother's care, I was taught the elements of letters so early that I have never been able to remember a time when I could not read the New-Testament, and did not read it. In my opinion, the instruction communicated in the free schools of New-England has a direct effect for good on the morals of youth." To the same sentiment Edward Everett, George Bancroft, R. C. Winthrop, and other names noted and beloved among the first of our citizens respond.

One of the most affecting reports which we have examined is that of the "Trustees of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth." It is a distressing truth to learn that this class, until within a few years considered hopeless so far as any mental or moral development is concerned, is numbered by thousands in our own state. A most Christian experiment of seven years' trial has shown, by satisfactory and peculiarly interesting results, that even these unhappy children may be so far improved and developed as to become a comfort to their friends, and find a new world of enjoyment and activity opened before the extended horizon of their limited minds. The state has heretofore allowed the sum of five thousand dollars annually for the support of this school. This year a bill is passing through the legislature, granting the trustees $25,000 to erect a suitable school edifice, providing the friends of the institution will raise $5,000 to furnish it. One hundred and fourteen pupils have been admitted to the school since its commencement, of whom forty-one still continue under its charge. The number of the pupils has necessarily been limited by the inability of the institution to provide for them. With the great majority of the pupils the most marked success has been attained. "In some cases," says the Report, "the change in the appearance, condition, and habits of the pupils has been so great as to amount almost to new creation. From sickly, gluttonous, stupid, and slothful creatures, they have become healthy, self-controlling, active, and comparatively bright children and youth. Some have been rescued from the category of idiocy into which they had fallen by reason of disease, neglect, or unfavorable circumstances, rather than born to it. Others have so far improved as to become inoffensive even to the most fastidious persons, and to be capable of earning their livelihood under the care of kind and judicious friends."

From the Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital, we learn that since the establishment of this well-known institution, four thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven insane persons have been received within its friendly gates, to enjoy its humane appliances. Of this number two thousand one hundred and seventy-two have gone forth partially or fully endowed with right reason and the inestimable blessing of a restored mind. A new hospital has been constructed at Taunton, in which between two and three hundred persons from the over-crowded rooms at Worcester have been placed; but still the old hospital is uncomfortably filled, and its facilities for securing the care of its patients greatly abridged. Still another or a larger hospital must be constructed by the state—a state which thus far has proudly led the van in all merciful and charitable institutions. We reluctantly learn from the able Report, that "probably in no part of the world are the causes of insanity more numerous and more active than among the population of Massachusetts. Here the mind, and body too, are often worked to the extreme point of endurance. Here wealth and station are the results of well-directed efforts; and the general diffusion of intelligence among the whole people stimulates a vast many of them to compete successfully for these prizes. But in the contest, where so many strive, not a few break down. The result on their minds may not, perhaps, be any less disastrous, whether wealth and station are obtained or not. As a people, we cannot boast of the highest standard of physical health, although we may of general intelligence, enterprise, and hard work."

It is a significant fact that the hospital at Worcester is fast becoming a retreat for insane foreigners—and there, by their number and poverty, are crowding out the native population. Of the two hundred and ninety-nine patients admitted during the past year, one hundred and sixteen were foreigners, ninety-four of whom were Irish; and all were paupers. The proportion of Irish patients to the whole number in 1844 was ten per

cent.; in 1854 it had arisen to over 31 per cent. Some may question the obligation of Massachusetts to provide for the pauper insane of Europe; but really there is something noble and sublime in her opening her warm arms and her most blessed and expensive charities to all the fainting bodies and faltering minds that the ocean winds may bear to her shores.

The commissioners for the establishment of a State Reform School for Girls have made an elaborate and valuable report. After careful inquiry and conference with those best prepared to express a safe opinion upon this important subject, they have taken ground against the erection of one large central establishment, and propose the construction of three or four small, separate edifices, capable of accommodating about thirty pupils each. This, it is properly thought, will best secure a careful classification and more of the *home* feeling in the culture and discipline of the pupils. Immediate measures will undoubtedly be taken to give a practical trial of the plan proposed by the commissioners.

But time will not permit us in this letter to refer more particularly to this important movement in behalf of the neglected and tempted girls of our state, or to mention even by name the other institutions which form the glory and cover the shame of our present civilization.

In looking over the history of "Jury Trial," we fell upon a somewhat amusing fact in the life of conservative and stout-hearted old Lord Mansfield. In attempting to withstand the irresistible force of the arguments of the advocates at the bench, showing that ancient precedent sustained the right of the jury to sit upon the *law* as well as the *fact*, he quoted, as he said, from an old ballad, to show that the English people had held a different doctrine. Thus it ran:—

> "For Sir Philip well knows
> That his innuendoes
> Will serve him no longer
> In verse or in prose;
> For twelve honest men have determined the cause,
> Who are judges of fact, though not judges of laws."

The amusing feature in this quotation is the fact that the veteran defender of the rights of the court, probably quoted wrongly the significant popular ballad; it may be from a mistake, certainly one much in his own favor. It is said, however, that in the authentic song, the final couplet read in the following manner:—

> "For twelve honest men have determined the cause,
> Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws."

The euphony of this reading goes far to throw doubt upon the authenticity of the copy from which Judge Mansfield quoted.

Another female sculptor has been seized with a passion for the noble art in our vicinity. Miss Louisa Lander, of Salem, has just executed in plaster a remarkable head of the water-nymph, Galatea; and has completed a marble bust of her father, which is said to be a fine likeness. A rough welcome in our material civilization meets the young artist as she crosses the threshold of the world of imagination.

Just now the friends of the drama are placing triumphant *bays* upon the forehead of Epes Sargeant, Esq. His play, called the "Priestess," full of poetry and power, has justified the high expectation of his friends, and added to his already enviable fame. Ex-Governor Washburn has been appointed to the law-lectureship in Harvard, made vacant by the refusal of the overseers to confirm the nomination of Edward G. Loring. This appointment meets with general acceptance. It is the general impression that the Rev. Mr. Huntington will accept the "Professorship of the Heart," founded by the late Miss Plummer, of Salem, in the same institution, although his congregation hang with aggrieved hearts upon his hands, and most reluctantly submit to the dissolution of the pastoral relation. Richard Hildreth, author of the valuable history of the United States, has in press a new work entitled "Japan as it Was and Is." Messrs. Gould & Lincoln are just ready to bring out a work from the pen of Dr. Sprague, entitled "Visits to European Celebrities." In these home-like sketches of men known to fame, Dr. Sprague is eminently successful, and the book will be looked for with interest. Ticknor will issue at an early date a new book by Rev. Charles Kingsley, the author of Hypothia, and called "Amyas Leigh, or Westward Ho." If the last work has a moiety of the substantial value of the former, it will be read with delight and profit. One of the most valuable books of the season is the beautiful edition of Dr. Smith's History of Greece, published by Hickling, Swan & Brown, and edited by the learned Professor Felton, of Harvard University. The editor has enhanced the English edition of this admirable work by an additional chapter upon Modern Greece, brought down to the present time, illustrated by numerous wood engravings, prepared expressly for this work. We consider this a substantial addition to our libraries, and a most valuable text-book for our universities. Its mechanical execution is worthy of the fame of the city in which it is published. The same publishers have issued, in a handsome duodecimo volume, the lectures of Professor Bowen, of Harvard College, before the Lowell Institute, upon metaphysics in their application to theology. These lectures produced a strong impression upon the audiences that listened to their delivery, and the present publication will be welcomed by a wider circle. The argument is so clearly stated that it almost seems to be taken from the region of metaphysics, and placed in that of mathematics. No one can read it without pleasure and profit. The *twenty-first* edition of the Pictorial Geography, by S. G. Goodrich, Esq., in two royal octavo volumes, profusely and handsomely illustrated, has just been issued by C. D. Strong, of this city. It is a perfect encyclopædia of geography, written in the happy style of the well-known author, and covering all the branches of this important science—physical, superficial, &c. There are twelve hundred descriptive engravings; and altogether, we know of no work for the reference library of a school or academy, or for the family, which will compare with it in usefulness or fullness. We have heard that the present edition was revised and brought down to the date of re-issue, by Richard Hildreth, Esq. Mr. Prescott is about to bring through the press of Phillips, Sampson & Co., "The History of the Reign of Philip the Second." It will make three octavo volumes. Miss Maria Cummings has a new work, it is said, nearly ready for the press. Rev. Mr. Barry, of Hanover, Mass., a member of the New-England Historical Society, has in preparation a "History of Massachusetts," which will be likely to prove a valuable addition to our historical literature. The first volume is now in the hands of the printer. Rev. Joseph B. Felt has nearly brought through the press a volume, entitled "The Ecclesiastical History of New-England," which, coming from so faithful and accomplished an editor, will meet a general welcome, certainly from New-England readers.

The Unitarian Association has voted to establish a mission for India to the Unitarians in Madras and the neighborhood; and also among the Mohammedans of that country, who have applied to the association by letter. They have also voted to sustain the Rev. James Turner as a missionary among the Indians in Minnesota Territory; he having changed his ecclesiastical relations from the Baptist persuasion.

As this letter leaves for the press, the overseers of Harvard University have confirmed the nomination of Mr. James Russell Lowell to the Professorship of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres, as successor of Professor Longfellow, and Hon. Emory Washburn as Lecturer at the Law School. In a previous letter we referred to the remarkable success which Mr. Alvan Clark, an excellent portrait painter of this city, had attained in the construction of telescopes. Through the well-devised liberality of Hon. Mr. Bullock, of Worcester, Mr. Clark provided a superior instrument for Amherst College. While still prosecuting his laborious profession, Mr. Clark has constructed a telescope for Rev. W. R. Dawes, a noted astronomical observer in England, who, in the January number of the published notices of the Royal Astronomical Society, has bestowed upon it the most flattering commendations. Coming from such a source, and compared with such expensive and superior instruments, so complimentary a notice of his telescope must be a matter of peculiar gratification, as it is an object of national pride.

Our publishers are beginning to bestir themselves in preparation for the sales of the coming season. Little, Brown & Co. have nearly ready, "Wheaton on International Law," "Laws of U. S. Session 1854-5," also new volumes of the poets, Spenser, Chaucer, Moore, Shelley, Vaughan, Chatterton, Merrick, Herbert, Donne, Skelton, Shakspeare, &c.

Gould & Lincoln will soon issue "The Teacher's Last Lesson; a Memoir of Martha Whiting, late of Charlestown Female Seminary." They have in press the following works: "Ella; or, Turning over a New Leaf," being the third in the series of "The Aimwell Stories." "Scientific Certainties of Planetary Life; or Neptune's Light as great as Ours," by T. G. Simonds. "Knowledge is Power;" a view of the Productive Forces of Modern Society, &c., by Charles Knight.

B. K. P.

Book Notices.

Stanhope Burleigh is the title of a novel by Helen Dhu, against "the Jesuits in our homes," *i. e.*, the influence of foreign Catholics in this country. We do not altogether coincide in the apprehensions of ruin to our civil liberty from this source, which this volume personifies, nor do we think fiction the most effective form in which to correct and refute the pernicious delusions of Popery and priestly intrigue. The book appears to be in effect an attempt to ride into public favor on the tide of the present popular feeling against foreigners, and especially Catholics, among us. That feeling scarcely needs the impulse of the impassioned language and extreme representation which this book contains. We may add, that the practice of discussing and exemplifying moral and social principles, by means of fictitious narratives, is growing to be a serious evil in our literature. That they often contain much truth, cannot be denied; but we prefer it pure and uncombined with imagination. (*Stringer & Townsend*, 222 *Broadway, New-York.*)

Martin Merrivale, by Paul Creyton, is a take-off of editorial quackery, and the trials of young authorship. Some of its pictures of dissipated genius and the heartlessness of large cities are painfully accurate. (*Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.*)

Applegate & Co., Cincinnati, have published a second edition of the *Methodist Family Manual*, by Rev. C. R. Lovell, a brief but judicious and convenient text-book, upon the doctrines and economy of the Methodist Church, with proof-texts supporting each, and suggestions upon the proper mode of reading the Bible. It is well calculated to be useful in the private instruction of children. Dr. Elliott warmly commends it in an introduction.

The love of novelty, proverbial especially among choir singers, has a fresh opportunity of exercising itself upon *The Sacred Choral*, a new tune book, prepared by Rev. S. Wakefield, and published at the Western Methodist Book Concern, (*Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati.*) The tunes are mostly a selection of old and approved ones, with some new ones. We observe no chants, anthems, or set pieces in the book. The notes used are "on a new and improved mode of solmization." Musical professors of late, we believe, generally eschew "patent notes" of every description: we are not connoisseur enough to be able to predict whether the peculiar forms here adopted will alleviate their objections. The book is eminently practical throughout.

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips (200 *Mulberry-street, New-York,*) publish in a separate form, under the title of *The Singing-School Instruction Book*, the introductory treatise on the elements of musical science contained in the Sacred Harmony, prepared by Professor Jackson.

Rev. Moses Smith, A. M., has prepared and published (at the *Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati,*) a treatise on the *Elements of Mental Science*, in two volumes, of which volume one has appeared; volume two, it is intimated, will discuss more especially the bearing of the subject upon moral action. This point, indeed, is kept in view throughout the work, and distinguishes it from other treatises of the kind. The several elements of mind and mental action are clearly and progressively stated, and their relation to each other and to the outward world is developed with much acumen and soundness. The work deserves a more minute and extended criticism than we have room for here. To us it is a great relief to find mental science so analyzed and stated as to avoid those germs of *fatalism* or moral necessity, which have too palpably appeared in the treatises of those who have followed in the wake of Edwards, in treating the will, and its relation to the emotions and cognitions; and on the other hand, the plain student will be pleased to have metaphysics presented in a distinct and practical form and dress, free from abstruse speculation.

Bessie, a Story for Girls, by Mrs. Bradley, is a neat little volume issued under the auspices of the *American Baptist Publication Society*, (*Philadelphia,*) and intended, like others of its class, to combine religious instruction with entertainment for youthful minds.

We have received the first number of *The Methodist Magazine*, a new monthly, edited and published by Rev. Dr. M'Leod, at Baltimore. It is to contain "memorials of the pious dead, sermons, correspondence, and miscellaneous articles." The prospectus states that it will be of a decidedly religious character, and maintain a silence on politics and slavery. The matter, style, and appearance of the specimen number are creditable, and, if sustained, will entitle it to the patronage, which we wish it may receive, in its sphere.

Number four of *Harper's* inimitable and beautifully illustrated story books for children, in the English style, by Jacob Abbott, is entitled the *Little Louvre*. If children do not improve in mental culture in these days, it is not because instruction is not made accessible, easy, and inviting.

The Minister's Family, by Rev. W. M. Hetherington, LL. D., is another version of the lately oft-told tale of the vicissitudes and trials incident to the pastorate. In this case the author states that, although his work is not a biographical treatise, yet each character and event in it is an exact transcript of what has occurred within his own knowledge. If so, we have here fiction closely bordering on fact. Yet we seriously doubt whether the pastor's lot has been much improved by all these touching narratives, true as they may be. (*Carters, New-York.*)

Israel Potter, by Herman Melville, published by *Putnam & Co.*, (*New-York,*) is a story of the revolutionary times, written in a half-comic, half-patriotic vein, yet withal exceedingly attractive, and not a little instructive, both in vividly recalling many of the scenes of that

stirring period, and by the pithy moralisms strangely interspersed amid its almost burlesque companions. The Yankee character is well sustained, in its hero's adventures by sea and land. A tinge of obscure sarcasm pervades the book, most apparent in its dedication to the Bunker Hill Monument!

Calvin Blanchard, (82 *Nassau-street, New-York*,) has republished Marian Evans's translation of *Feuerbach's Essence of Christianity*; an attempt, in the boldest style of German infidelity, to show that mankind have for eighteen centuries totally misconceived the true nature of religion, which this author unequivocally and broadly asserts to be simply *anthropology*; *i. e.*, a proper development and right understanding of human nature. Truly religion has come to have strange defenders and expounders. Protestant England and Catholic France have clubbed together to hold up the tottering throne of Islam against the incursions of the Greek autocrat; and on a nearer polemical field, skeptical philosophy undertakes to evolve the nucleus of the very religion which it ignores and assails. What would the Apostles Paul, and Peter, and John, have thought of this new exposition of their doctrines? We know how the last-named apostle did treat the not very dissimilar speculations of the Gnostics. The book before us consists of two parts, with an appendix illustrating the positions of each. The first part is an endeavor to show what the true religion is, and the second to show that modern theology is not the true religion. We think we may justly characterize the mode in which the former of these efforts is carried out, as a series of abstract speculations and round assertions, based entirely on certain views of man himself; the latter as cavils at particular dogmas of Christianity. The fallacy running through the first lies mainly in regarding religion as consisting of man's relation to himself, rather than to God, who is alone competent to reveal the necessary knowledge; and the grand mistake in the second, lies in quite misconceiving many of the doctrines represented. The only refutation which the gospel prescribes for this and all other forms of error, is the test of personal experience. But to this the author most especially objects, that the faith demanded by the Bible is rather an act of feeling than of judgment, and is in a sense compelled by fear. Be it so: the sentiments appealed to and engendered are the profoundest and most noble in our nature; the humanitarian ought to be the last to find fault with them.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish a complete edition of *Baxter's Saints' Rest*, in one volume, double columns, with the notes and a portrait.

The Speller and Definer's Manual is the title of another school book, by William H. Smith, Principal of Grammar School No. 1. We commend it to the attention of teachers. (*Daniel Burgess & Co.*, 60 *John-street, New-York.*)

The Rhode Island Schoolmaster is a new Magazine, devoted to the common-school literature, published at *Providence, R. I.*, under the supervision of the Superintendent of Public Schools of that state, who has a skill in his official duties which not only guarantees their right performance, but also such experience as must render this journal valuable.

Literary Record.

Among the literary curiosities recently brought to light in London, is a poem of some seven hundred lines in the handwriting of Goldsmith, being a translation, by the celebrated doctor, of Vida's ingenious Latin poem, entitled *The Game of Chess*.

Mr. James W. Paige, of Boston, has issued a circular to the booksellers generally, stating that he considers the late work published by Messrs. Miller, Orton, & Mulligan, of Auburn, entitled *Webster and his Masterpieces*, as an infringement of the copyright of Webster's works, of which he is the legal owner.

Professor Müller, of Basle, has just put forth an important octavo volume on the *Religion of the Native Tribes of North and South America*. He presents, so far as possible, a complete and systematic view of the old Indian traditions and belief. He brings to the task a vast amount of learning and research upon a subject of no ordinary interest, especially in America.

Rev. Mr. Goddard, the Baptist missionary, who recently died in China, had just completed a translation of the entire New Testament into the Chinese.

The well-known antiquarian and linguist, *Professor Lepsius*, at the instigation of the Chevalier Bunsen, has completed an alphabet containing the sounds and letters of all languages in the world.

The Queen of England has granted a civil list pension of £100 a year to *Thomas Keightley*, the historian, "in consideration," so the warrant runs, "of his services to historical literature, and of the straitened circumstances to which he is reduced."

We learn from the *Christian Examiner* that "the library of the late *Dr. Gieseler*, the eminent Church historian, is now offered for sale. It is not so large as might at first have been expected."

The Second Annual Report of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, contains an historical sketch of the society, and the statistics of its operations during the past year. It was incorporated by an act of the State of New-York, April 15, 1854; and during the short period since its organization has given a very powerful impulse to the circulation of religious books and tracts among that de-

nomination and the community generally. During the past year it has sent out 153 different persons as colporteurs in various parts of the country; who have distributed 11,784,627 pages of tracts; sold, or given away, 46,666 tract volumes, and 33,947 larger books; visited 91,751 families, 5,996 of whom they have supplied with a copy of the Scriptures; and been the means of 624 conversions. The society publishes tracts and books in the German, French, and Swedish languages, besides the English. Its total receipts the last year were $13,623 25; and its expenditures, $11,135 92.

An interesting inscription was recently discovered in the excavations round the Pantheon, referring to the corporation of tavern-keepers instituted in Rome during the reign of Arcadius and Honorius, when Lampadius was prefect of the city, A. D. 366.

James Montgomery, the poet, who died last year, left an estate, which has just been sworn under £9,000. Times have changed since Johnson exclaimed, on hearing that Goldsmith died £3,000 in debt, "Was ever poet so trusted before?" Southey died worth about £7,000, and Wordsworth as much, while Rogers is a millionaire.

Libraries in the United States. — Professor Jewett, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, gives the following table of the public libraries in the United States:—State libraries, 39—288,937 volumes; college libraries, 126—586,912 volumes; social libraries, 126—611,334 volumes; students' libraries, 142—254,639 volumes; seminaries and professional libraries, 227—320,909 volumes; scientific and historical societies' libraries, 34—138,901 volumes.

The French Minister of Public Instruction has issued a work on the Public Libraries of France and Algiers, from which it appears that, *excluding Paris*, there are in all the libraries 8,733,439 printed works, and 44,070 manuscripts. Bordeaux has 123,000; Lyons, 130,000; Rouen, 110,000; Strasbourg, 180,000; Troyes, 100,000; Avignon, 60,000; Dijon, 80,000; Versailles, 56,000; Tours, 57,500; Grenoble, 80,000; Nantes, 45,000; Marseilles, 51,000; Amiens, 53,000; Toulouse, 50,000. In 1853–4 there were expended for all these libraries 407,781 francs, of which sum only 184,227 francs were for the purchase of books and binding. There are 338 public libraries.

A new edition of *Horne's Introduction* is to be published, greatly improved; he will be assisted in the editing by Dr. Davidson, and by Dr. Tregelles.

Mr. Bentley, the London publisher, paid for copyrights, to Washington Irving £2,450; to Mr. Prescott, £2,495; and to Mr. Cooper, £12,590.

The following editions of Scripture are now in press for the British and Foreign Bible Society:—The Bible in Armenian, 12mo.; in Armeno-Turkish, 12mo.; in Greco-Turkish, 8vo.; the New Testament in Armeno-Turkish; in Ararat Armenian; in Ararat and ancient Armenian, Diglott. These editions will cost approximately, £4,200.

The *Works of Napoleon the Third* are now in course of publication by an eminent Parisian bibliopole, under His Majesty's own supervision. When collected, they will form four handsome volumes, and consist chiefly of essays and disquisitions on political, social, and military topics.

Sales of *Autographs* are more frequent in Paris than in any other city of Europe. At an extensive sale which has just taken place, we observe by the papers that several autographs of literary interest fetched good prices—higher, indeed, than others emanating from historical personages. Thus a letter of Racine the poet was knocked down for nearly $80; one of Adrienne Lecouvreur, the actress, for $55; one of Jean Jacques Rousseau for $30; one of Fenelon for $12; and one of Boileau for nearly $20; while a manuscript ode to Charlotte Corday, by A. Chenier, fetched $25; and a manuscript entitled 'Les Arrêts d'Amour,' by Lafontaine, $40. In another autograph sale at Paris, an unpublished sonnet of Tasso was knocked down for the modest sum of $100; and a number of sermons and other manuscripts of St. Vincent de Paul were also disposed of.

It is stated, in a letter from Bohemia, that a Dr. Herzog has just discovered in the archives of the town hall of Zwickau, twelve folio manuscript volumes, containing the poetical works of Hans Sachs, a celebrated German *troubadour*, who was born in 1494.

Irving.—The London *Athenæum* (usually prejudiced against our indigenous writers) gives a very favorable notice of Irving's last book,—the subject of one of our articles in the present number. It says: "It would not be easy to overpraise this American miscellany. To be classic seems a lost ambition among our young writers,—who confound correctness with academical frigidity, and conceive that invention is substantiated by impudence. Nevertheless (as the wit said of church-going) quiet readers can 'see no harm' in a pure style, especially from a new country like America, which has a literature yet to establish, and its models to range on their pedestals. It is better, we think, for a man to tell his story as Mr. Irving, Mr. Hawthorne, or Mr. Longfellow does, than to adopt the style Emersonian—in which thoughts may be buried so deep that common seekers shall be unable to find them. 'Geoffrey Crayon's' elegance and polish do not imply want of life or the absence of humor. His fancies are ideal, not typographical. They do not consist of verbs for nouns,—of full stops barring the way when the reader desires to go on,—of tumid epithets, which arrest by their strangeness, not their appositeness,—of foreign idioms and forms, introduced (it may not be uncharitable to divine) by way of apprising the public that the writer is versed in French, Italian, or German. 'Geoffrey' is less poetical than the author of 'Hyperion,'—he does not possess the strange and weird vigor of Mr. Hawthorne;—but, as the eldest, he may possibly, in the Book of American Worthies, be ranked as the first, also, of those three writers,—whom we mention in company because of the affinities among them."

Arts and Sciences.

A PLANT of a most remarkable and beautiful habit, character, and species, has been discovered in Downieville, California. It is a fibrous rooted plant, of succulent growth; throwing up a spike of very rich crimson flowers and fruit, and giving forth a pleasant odor. The spike of flowers is about fifteen inches long, and contains within the flower about sixty berries of fruit, the size of a filbert, inclosed in a covering similar to a filbert, but of a deep crimson.

William Howitt's book, sent home from Australia, is out. The author has arrived from his far journey. *Anna Mary Howitt* is getting on with her second picture of "Margaret," the first of which series was so highly spoken of, when exhibited last season at the Portland Gallery. "It indicated," says a correspondent of a New-York Journal, "great talent for painting, but (mark this, ye aspirants) the Council of the Royal Academy would not give it a place in their rooms, and bade it go hang elsewhere. I think Miss Howitt will become the Mrs. Browning of painting. I saw a beautiful picture in two parts, from Shelley's 'Sensitive Plant,' which she is working at. Floral beauty and desolation have seldom been more graphically realized in color. She had another on the easel, which ought to be a companion piece to Hunt's 'Awakened Conscience,' if the conception is well wrought out, as it promises to be. It is entitled the 'Castaway,' and is a scene from the life and circumstances of to-day."

The *Cincinnati Price Current* has some interesting statistics on the lard produce of the country. The number of hogs killed the last season and packed for commerce is three millions. The average amount of lard per hog, is thirty-two pounds. The total amount of lard in commerce is estimated at ninety-six millions of pounds. Of this amount, twenty millions are shipped from Cincinnati. England and Cuba take more lard of us than all the rest of the world. Each of these countries buys over eight millions of pounds. In the West Indies, lard is very generally used as a substitute for butter. Lard oil is made more extensively at Cincinnati than at any other point in the Union. Thirty thousand barrels of it are annually sent from that city.

Colby's Altimeter.—Mr. Hall Colby, of this city, has invented a neat and extremely convenient little instrument for ascertaining the altitude and zenith distances of objects, without referring them to a horizon. The instrument is especially designed to facilitate the operations of the ship-master, as by its aid both these measurements are read off with surprising accuracy; or even if the horizon is obscured by fog. An elegant dial of brass, supported in a vertical position by a handle on the back, carries, firmly secured to it, a small telescope, with cross wires for placing its axis directly in line with the object to be observed. The face of the dial is graduated, and two verniers or indexes are delicately mounted, the motions of which are governed by a weight inclosed within. The instrument is raised gradually, avoiding all violent jerks until the telescope is in range, when the pulling of a trigger releases a spring which secures the verniers, to be read off at leisure. Little dexterity or practice is required for its manipulation, all vibratory motion of the verniers being provided against by a very simple and effective expedient in proportioning and attaching the weight. The invention promises to be of immense value, its indications being obtained instantaneously, and having, in the several experiments witnessed, varied less than three seconds.

Protecting Ships against Leaking.—Mr. V. P. Corbet, of Corbetsville, in this state, has invented an improvement in constructing ships, by which he proposes to avoid the danger of leaking. The means is a layer of India-rubber or gutta-percha, of something like half an inch in thickness, carried all over the inside of the vessel, so as to line the entire hull. The elasticity of the substance would prevent its giving way if the planks should crack, while its impermeability would prevent the entrance of water. This lining Mr. Corbet proposes to protect by an inner planking. Several shipbuilders have expressed their approbation of the invention.

Miller's Steam-Brake.—A steam car-brake, designed to supersede the one now operated by hand on our railroads, has been invented by Henry Miller, Esq., of Detroit, and it appears to be a very decided improvement. It was tried upon the Pontiac Railroad last fall, and since that time has been put to some pretty severe tests upon the Michigan Central Railroad. On the 7th instant it was applied to a train of five cars, viz., one baggage, one second-class, and three passenger cars, drawn by a locomotive weighing twenty-eight tuns, with six feet two inch drivers—whole weight of train one hundred and four tuns—and brakes were applied to twenty pairs of wheels, under the cars only. The result was as follows: on the first trial, with the train moving at the velocity of thirty miles per hour, the train was brought to a perfect stop in seven hundred feet, taking twenty seconds of time. On the second trial, with train moving forty miles per hour, it was brought to a stand-still in nine hundred and forty-five feet, and twenty-six seconds of time. On the third trial, the train was backed down two miles, and coming up, ran the last mile in one minute and twenty-five seconds. It was brought to a full stop in one thousand and six feet, taking twenty-eight seconds of time, the train not running over three miles per hour for the last three hundred feet. The invention, if what it seems to be, is a very important one on a number of accounts: 1. A train can be stopped in one-third of the distance and one-third of the time usually required at stations. 2. The stoppage or control of the train is given to the engineer, the only person who can know the necessity of stopping and the danger to be avoided. 3. The steam operating simultaneously upon each brake of each car at the same instant, holds every car in its proper place, and steadies the engine and train.

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ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

HISTORICAL WOMEN.

"SHOULD we seek," says Mrs. Jameson, (in her interesting "Memoirs of Female Sovereigns,") "through the pages of history for the portrait of a sovereign, such as the supreme Spirit of Good might indeed own for his vice-regent here on earth, where should we find one more blameless and beautiful than that of Isabella? Or should we point out a reign distinguished by great events—events of such magnitude as to involve in their consequences, not particular kings and nations, but the whole universe and future ages to the end of time—where could we find such

a reign as that of Isabella, who added a new world to her hereditary kingdom? Or did we wish to prove that no virtues, talents, graces, though dignifying and adorning a double crown and a treble scepter; nor the possession of a throne fixed in the hearts of her people; nor a long course of the most splendid prosperity, could exempt a great queen from the burden of sorrow, which is the lot of her sex and of humanity, where could we find an instance so forcible as in the history of Isabella?"

In the year 1469, there was enacted in the fine old city of Valladolid a *petite romance*, of which the results were to spread through the entire world, and not only to the limits of the known hemisphere, but into that which was as yet undiscovered. A young prince, who had performed the journey to the above town, disguised as a servant, and without state or escort, met here privately the heiress presumptive of the neighboring kingdom to his own; an archbishop blessed the union of the pair, and but a day or two after the unostentatious nuptials, even to defray the expense of which it had been necessary to borrow funds, they parted for an indefinite period, until events should be ripe for the declaration of a marriage which should strike rage, terror, and astonishment into numerous hearts, perhaps end for their territories and themselves in desolation and death. Let us give a short description of this rash couple.

The bride was a girl of eighteen, if not positively beautiful, at least pleasing and attractive, beyond even what the magic pencil of that palmy age generally confers. Her figure, gracefully formed, was neither above nor below the medium altitude of her sex, and possessed an air of extreme dignity and ease. The auburn tint of her hair was accompanied, as it frequently is, by a complexion of dazzling fairness, and eyes of a deep azure, expressive of benevolence, yet not deficient in acumen; but the predominating expression of the countenance declared decision and earnestness of purpose. Who, that has studied the human features, will deny that there is a distinct development appertaining to the large-minded and comprehensive thinker and observer, and the circumscribed follower in the world's footsteps, the trammeled actor after its Procrustean code? This countenance that we are speaking of declared, as fully as if its lines were words, the very emotions written there—that its possessor belonged to that class which comprehends the bold exponents of untried means and circumstances, whether for good or evil.

The bridegroom, on his part, was scarcely less interesting; certainly as far removed from common-place as his companion. His age was nearly the same, his person athletic, erect, and majestic. His forehead was as boldly proportioned, the actual outline of his visage more perfect than hers. When he spoke, the words came rapidly and easily, and the tones in which they were uttered showed the speaker not less quick of apprehension and judgment. Yet this attractive exterior concealed a soul far less noble of purpose, infinitely less scrupulous of means. Ambition was already too plainly declared, but the frank impulses of youth are scarcely ever thus early perverted to selfishness, or contracted into policy; and that must indeed be a thoroughly odious nature which bears the impress of aught unamiable or disingenuous upon an occasion like the present. The marriage was not only one of state advantage to both parties, but a match of inclination, if not of love. The hand of the young Spanish donna had been sought by numerous applicants, and though it would appear that the fourth Edward of England had some years before foregone an alliance himself with her, "to take to wife a widow woman" from among his subjects, ("an unkindness for which the Queen of Castile was ever turned in her heart from England,") yet this did not prevent his proposing his brother, the Duke of Clarence, (afterward drowned in a butt of malmsey,) for her husband; while the King of Portugal, the Duc de Guienne, (brother of the French King, Louis XI.,) and several other notable competitors, were most earnest in endeavoring to secure her. The son of the King of Arragon, Don Ferdinand, who bore off the envied palm, had, in the moment of their marriage, created an indelible interest in her heart; she not only loved, but thoroughly admired and appreciated his ease and brilliant talents; and if in after-years she saw cause to question his motives, occasionally to repudiate a participation in his craft, and mark her disapprobation of his cruelty, there was at least no foundation for the assertion of

Voltaire, that indifference swayed their actions relatively, so that they "neither loved nor hated each other, and lived together less as husband and wife, than as allies and independent sovereigns." Many instances are recorded of the attachment ever subsisting between them, and, even in her last moments, Ferdinand appears to have been so dear to her that she exacted from him a promise never to marry again—a vow destined, however, to be broken from ambition and jealousy, though not from other impulses.

Before entering upon the history of Isabella's reign, it will be well rapidly to review the circumstances attending the state of Spain at the period, and the nature of such, particularly, as led to her somewhat unexpected succession to the throne of Castile.

Insurrection, treason, and bloodshed unlimited, had marked for a length of time the annals of a country divided into four separate governments;—those of the sister kingdoms, Castile and Arragon, (alike in political institutions, and possessing the semblance of a monarchy, with the spirit of a republic;) that of Navarre; and the Moorish realm of Granada, the last stronghold of Spain of Mohammedan dominion. The Cortes, or parliament, including the representatives of the four orders in the state, was by law convoked every two years; and, when "once assembled, could not be dissolved by the king without its own consent. All questions of peace and war, the collection of the revenues, the enacting and repealing of laws, and the redressing of all grievances, depended upon this assembly. When they pronounced the oath of allegiance to a new king, it was in these striking terms: 'We, who are each of us as good as you, and who are altogether more powerful than you, promise obedience to your government, if you maintain our rights and liberties; but not otherwise.' It was a fundamental article in the constitution, that if the king should violate their privileges, the people might legally disclaim him as their sovereign and elect another in his place, though that other should be a heathen."

It will be thus seen that the power of the sovereign bore a very disproportionate importance compared with that of his nobles. Their edicts were in effect absolute, and wholly without appeal; so that when Henry the Fourth, King of Castile, after exercising an ill-regulated and sullenly-suffered sway for some years, at length so far disgusted his nobility that they determined to deprive him of his crown, they summoned him in effigy to a ceremony which they chose to consider as a solemn denunciation, and final sentence of dethronement.

In the summer of the year 1465, says Mrs. Jameson:—

"An assembly of the states was convened at Avila. An immense amphitheater was constructed in a plain without the city: in the midst was placed an ill-carved wooden image representing the king. It was seated on a throne, the diadem on its head, the scepter in its hand, and the sword of justice girded to its side. In the midst of a solemn and breathless silence, the articles of accusation and condemnation were read aloud. At the conclusion of the first article, the Archbishop of Toledo advanced to the statue and lifted the royal crown from its head. Upon the reading of the second article, the Count of Placentia snatched away the sword of justice. At the third article the Count of Benaventé tore the scepter from its hand. And at the close of the last article, Don Diégo de Zuniga hurled the image from the throne; and, as it rolled in the dust, the whole assembly gave a shout of execration. The next moment, the young Alphonso, brother to Henry, was raised to the vacant seat of power and proclaimed king; he was then about twelve years old. The sublime farce, or pantomime, or whatever else it may be called, had not the effect that it was expected to produce. Henry raised a large army, and opposed his brother's party; but a negotiation was set on foot, and the Marquis of Villena, who was at the head of the malcontents, proposed, as one article of reconciliation, the marriage of Isabella with his brother Pachéco. The feeble Henry consented; but Isabella, then but fifteen, resisted the union, which she deemed degrading to her rank. She had also a personal dislike of the man proposed to her, and who, in spite of her open repugnance, persisted in pressing this marriage. The king, urged by Villena, was on the point of forcing his sister to the altar, when the sudden death of Pachéco released her from this hated alliance; and during the next two or three years, while her brothers Henry and Alphonso were carrying on a furious civil war, she remained in retirement, quietly and unconsciously preparing herself to grace the crown for which they were contending. At length the young Alphonso, whose spirit, bravery, and opening talents offered the fairest promise of happiness to the people, died at the age of fifteen, and the party of nobles opposed to Henry immediately resolved to place Isabella at their head. When their deputies waited on her with the offer of the crown, she replied, 'that it was not theirs to bestow, and that while her brother Henry existed nothing should induce her to assume a title which was his by the laws of God and man.' At the same time she claimed her right of succession, and the

title of Princess of Asturias, which belonged to her as heiress of the throne. The chiefs were astonished and disconcerted by a reply which left them without an excuse for revolt. Having in vain endeavored to overcome her scruples, they concluded a treaty with Henry, the most humiliating that ever was extorted from a father and a king. By this treaty, he acknowledged his daughter Joanna to be illegitimate, he consented to set aside her claims entirely, and declared Isabella his heiress and successor."

From these occurrences we gather that Henry, scarcely a king in more than name, stood upon such very uncertain ground, that it was necessary to strengthen his position by all available means. It was his interest to throw every impediment in the way of his sister's marriage with the heir of Arragon, and when the news reached him that the Church had just united the youthful lovers, his rage knew no bounds; reckless of treaties and edicts, he revoked the promises he had subscribed in Isabella's favor, and again declared his daughter Joanna sole heiress to the kingdom. For a time, war again ravaged and desolated the realm; but Isabella at length proposed an interview with her brother at Segovia, when, making use of all the endearments as well of her sex, as of a sincerely tender heart, she exercised the power the strong mind ever holds over the weak, to promote a reconciliation. She so far succeeded, that, as she rode through the city, her brother, the king, was seen to walk beside her, holding the bridle of her palfrey; and, shortly after, Ferdinand was summoned to Segovia, where he was welcomed by a succession of splendid fêtes, which appeared to promise a complete and lasting amnesty. Not long, however, did matters retain this favorable complexion; the mind of Henry was afresh poisoned by evil tongues against his sister, and he planned a scheme for seizing and placing her in durance, which narrowly failed of execution. A few months later, the incurable malady under which the king had some time pined, terminated in his demise, and, as he left no will, (a remarkable and unusual omission, the more peculiar from the disputed nature of the succession,) Isabella received the reward of her patience, and found herself, with little difficulty, universally proclaimed Queen of Castile.

And now a question arose which, allowing due importance as well to the immemorial prejudices of her subjects as to the temper of the man with whom she was allied, might have shipwrecked the young queen's domestic happiness, as well as endangered her new dignity, had it not been at once and forever set at rest by the decisive, but gentle conduct of Isabella. Mary II. of England, under nearly similar circumstances, preserved peace by complete submission, and the total repudiation of a divided interest: Isabella managed to settle the delicate point, and reconcile her conjugal and regal duties without compromising either. When Ferdinand, dissatisfied with an arrangement (carried out, be it remembered, upon principles provided by the same marriage contract he had joyfully subscribed) which gave his consort the absolute powers of royalty, threatened to return to Arragon, Isabella tenderly assured him that his will was hers; reminded him that their interests were identical; and, by plainly showing that her elevation was rather nominal than real, placed in so just a light the Castilian character, incapable of brooking any national dishonor, that the young husband's outraged dignity was calmed and satisfied. Another strong reason, which paternal affection could not fail to acknowledge, was successfully pleaded in prohibiting the exclusion of females from the succession. Isabella was already a mother, the little infanta, named after her, who afterward became Queen of Portugal, having been born about three years previous to this period; and, as she was the only child, and a princess, such a proceeding might probably bring the present line to a conclusion, and was therefore not to be contemplated.

All matters of precedence being thus happily arranged, tranquillity and comfort might have been expected to accompany the accession of the new sovereign; but it was not so ordained. The prelate who had assisted mainly in the elevation of Isabella, the old Archbishop of Toledo, jealous of the influence of any other upon her councils, retired from court, despite all the queen's efforts to detain him, and it speedily became apparent that he had embraced the interests of her rival niece, the Princess Joanna, who, recently affianced to Alphonso the Fifth of Portugal, (Isabella's former suitor,) found her cause thus warmly espoused by a nation proverbially detested by the Castilians; nor, as usual,

was treachery wanting to aid the efforts of the belligerent host. The declaration of this marriage, and the subsequent proclamation of Joanna and Alphonso, were succeeded by an invasion, for which Isabella and her husband were completely unprepared; hence, her active talents were called into immediate requisition. Writing dispatches often during the entire night; securing the allegiance of doubtful cities by personal visits, frequently performed on horseback, at a time when she was, from the weakness of her health, little able to bear such fatigues, thus she evinced the tactician, and showed the archbishop that the girl of whom he had once said contemptuously, "that he intended soon to make her lay down her scepter and resume the distaff," was not to be so easily superseded. She made, however, one last attempt to win back her new enemy and former minister, for, going to Toledo, she sent to him to express her desire of visiting him at his palace; but the impracticable Churchman, proof against her sweetness and condescension, replied to her messenger, that "if the queen entered by one door, he should go out at the other;" a reply which at once abruptly terminated all further negotiations.

The siege of Toro (commencing under circumstances of signal disaster to the Castilian force) resulted in a complete victory. The people, satisfied of the military skill and personal prowess of their king and his consort, vied, not only in proclaiming their own allegiance, but in bringing over all the disaffected to the conquering side; and a few months after the day when Isabella, walking barefoot, had headed a procession to acknowledge her gratitude to God for the advantageous termination of the battle, no garrison of any importance throughout the realm hesitated to raise the royal standard. Their defeat was deeply felt by the rival prince and princess, who, after many vicissitudes, both sought refuge from the stormy results of their Castilian claims in the seclusion of the cloister. Joanna became a nun, and lived to an advanced age: she never entirely resigned her pretensions, subscribing herself "The Queen," and affecting regal state; but her fiery and chivalric lover, just as he was making preparations for the abdication of his crown, fell ill at Cintra and died, without having assumed the habit of a Franciscan friar, which he had meditated. Some time before this event, the demise of the King of Arragon had raised Ferdinand to his father's throne, and the kingdom was thus reunited, "after a separation of more than four centuries," with the still more important neighboring one of Castile.

Isabella now seriously set herself to the work of reform and improvement she had so deeply at heart. Ferdinand and herself took care to revive the ancient custom prevalent in Eastern countries, of presiding personally at the tribunal of judgment; and every Friday she might be seen dispensing justice, thus saving her subjects the more costly process of law. She superintended the fulfillment of all her own schemes, a method insuring their success; and was so impartial and spirited in her mode of legislature, that the nobles, whose children were reared under her own supervision, and within her very palace-walls, and the body of the people, alike felt implicit confidence in her opinions. An anecdote, which we give from Mr. Prescott's "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," took place somewhere about this time, and illustrates her characteristics:—

"During her husband's absence in Arragon in the spring of 1481, a quarrel occurred in the ante-chamber of the palace at Valladolid, between two young noblemen, Ramiro Nunez de Guzman, Lord of Toral, and Frederic Henriquez, son of the Admiral of Castile, King Ferdinand's uncle. The queen, on receiving intelligence of it, granted a safe conduct to the Lord of Toral, as the weaker party, until the affair should be adjusted between them. Don Frederic, however, disregarding this protection, caused his enemy to be waylaid one evening, in the streets of Valladolid, by three of his followers, armed with bludgeons, and sorely beaten. Isabella was no sooner informed of this outrage on one whom she had taken under the royal protection, than, burning with indignation, she immediately mounted her horse, though in the midst of a heavy storm of rain, and proceeded alone toward the castle of Simancas, then in the possession of the admiral, the father of the offender, where she supposed him to have taken refuge, traveling all the while with such rapidity, that she was not overtaken by the officers of her guard until she had gained the fortress. She instantly summoned the admiral to deliver up his son to justice; and, on his replying that 'Don Frederic was not there, and that he was ignorant where he was,' she commanded him to surrender the keys of the castle; and, after a fruitless search, again returned to Valladolid. The next day, Isabella was confined to her bed by an illness occasioned as much by chagrin as by the excessive fatigue she had undergone:—'My body is lame,' said

she, 'with the blows given by Don Frederic in contempt of my safe-conduct.' The admiral, perceiving how deeply he and his family had incurred the displeasure of the queen, took counsel with his friends, who were led, by their knowledge of Isabella's character, to believe that he would have more to hope from the surrender of his son than from further attempts at concealment. The young man was accordingly conducted to the palace by his uncle, the constable de Haro, who deprecated the queen's resentment by representing the age of his nephew, scarcely amounting to twenty years. Isabella, however, thought proper to punish the youthful delinquent by ordering him to be publicly conducted as a prisoner, by one of the alcaldes of her court, through the great square of Valladolid to the fortress of Arevala, where he was detained in strict confinement, all privilege of access being denied to him. And when at length, moved by the consideration of his consanguinity with the king, she consented to his release, she banished him to Sicily until he should receive the royal permission to return to his own country."

In proof of her courage, and the influence she possessed over the people, another incident may be cited from the same authority, the period of which was still earlier in her reign:—

"The inhabitants, secretly instigated by the Bishop of Segovia, and some of the principal citizens, rose against Cabrera, Marquis of Moya, to whom the government of the city had been intrusted, and who had made himself generally unpopular by his strict discipline. They even proceeded so far as to obtain possession of the outworks of the citadel, and to compel the deputy of the *alcayde*, who was himself absent, to take shelter, together with the Princess Isabella, then the only daughter of the sovereigns, in the interior defenses, where they were rigorously blockaded. The queen, on receiving the tidings of the event at Tordesillas, mounted her horse, and proceeded with all possible dispatch toward Segovia, attended by Cardinal Mendoza, the Count of Benaventé, and a few others of her court. At some distance from the city she was met by a deputation of the inhabitants, requesting her to leave behind the Count of Benaventé and the Marchioness of Moya, (the former of whom as the intimate friend, and the latter as the wife of the alcayde, were peculiarly obnoxious to the citizens,) or they could not answer for the consequences. Isabella haughtily replied that 'she was Queen of Castile; that the city was hers, moreover, by right of inheritance; and that she was not used to receive conditions from rebellious subjects.' Then pressing forward with her little retinue through one of the gates, which remained in the hands of her friends, she effected her entrance into the citadel. The populace, in the meanwhile assembling in greater numbers than before, continued to show the most hostile dispositions, calling out, 'Death to the alcayde! Attack the castle!' Isabella's attendants, terrified at the tumult, and at the preparations which the people were making to put their menaces into execution, besought their mistress to cause the gates to be secured more strongly, as the only mode of defense against the infuriated mob. But instead of listening to their counsel, she bade them remain quietly in the apartment, and descended herself into the court-yard, where she ordered the portals to be thrown open for the admission of the people. She stationed herself at the further extremity of the area, and, as the populace poured in, calmly demanded the cause of the insurrection. 'Tell me,' said she, 'what are your grievances, and I will do all in my power to redress them; for I am sure that what is for your interest must also be for mine, and for that of the whole city.' The insurgents, abashed by the unexpected presence of their sovereign, as well as by her cool and dignified demeanor, replied, that all they desired was the removal of Cabrera from the government of the city. 'He is deposed already,' answered the queen, 'and you have my authority to turn out such of his officers as are in the castle, which I shall intrust to one of my own servants on whom I can rely.' The people, pacified by these assurances, shouted 'Long live the queen!' and eagerly hastened to obey her mandates."

In our next we shall return to her interesting story.

LABOR AND REST.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."
Russian Proverb.

Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done:
Two pale feet cross'd in rest—
The race is won:
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease:
Two lips where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace.
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot:
God in his kindness answereth not.

Two hands to work addrest,
Aye for His praise:
Two feet that never rest,
Walking His ways:
Two eyes that look above
Still, through all tears:
Two lips that breathe but love,
Never more fears.
So cry we afterward, low at our knees:
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

DON'T TELL ME OF TO-MORROW.

"Don't tell me of to-morrow,
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day!
We may command the present
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late!"

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

WE begin in our present number a series of twenty-five Illustrations of Goldsmith's beautiful poem. They are copied from Etchings published by the "Etching Club," London. Only a few impressions of that work were printed, the copper-plates were destroyed, and the book, except in the most expensive form, has long been unattainable. Great care has been taken to render the present wood-blocks as like the original etchings as the different methods of engraving will allow. This poem is classic; the world will never tire of it. It has some passages which modern "Temperance," and other reforms, might correct; but its general impression cannot but be salutary. We give it, therefore, entire.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove;
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldly wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amid thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;

And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine:
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose:
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail:
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled;
All but yon widow'd solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place:
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran:
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

OLD COSTUMES IN MODERN USE.

"THE garb of the old Thames watermen," says the London *Athenæum*, "still occasionally visible in the streets, is that of the Elizabethan boatmen, even to the brass badge which was then worn by every retainer. The Blue-Coat boys rejoice in the semi-monastic robes of the age of Edward VI., the young founder of their school; and the plain mob-cap and long white gloves of Queen Anne or the earlier Georges. The University dress of the present year varies little from that worn soon after the Reformation, except that the square cap has stiffened and widened, and the falling collar has been clipped into traditionary bands. The judge's coif is a curious absurdity borrowed from the silk cap worn by monkish lawyers to preserve their shaven heads from the draughts of the courts. The wigs introduced from France by Charles II. are retained by the same judges, by our barristers and coachmen. Our footmen still exult in that powder which gave a heightened lustre to Reynold's beauties. The gipsy hat of the same period is worn by the market-women in the west of England. Laborers now wear the deep-flapped waistcoats and knee-breeches of the Third George, and the smock of a very early age; and one is sure to meet in a day's walk in London the Hessian boots so fashionable during the youth of the Regent. The beef-eaters at the Tower wear the costume of Henry VII.'s body guard, and our grooms the doublet of James I."

JERICHO
STARTING POINT
BOG WITHOUT VEGETATION
JORDAN
JERUSALEM
COMOREHA
KHARBET QUMRAN
FOUNTAIN OF THE STRIDE
AYN FEKHKAH
ST SABA
BETHLEHEM
KEDRON (OUAD EN NAR)
HERODIUM
TEKOAH
BROOK OF THE MORASS
HOT SPRINGS OF CALLIRHOE
MOUNT NEBO
PALM GROVE
RIVER ARNON
PLAIN OF MOAB
HEBRON
RUINS OF ENGEDI
WILDERNESS OF ZIPH
CARMEL
WILDERNESS OF MAON
BARKET ET KHALIL
RUINS OF RABBATH MOAB
MASADA (SEBBEH)
WADY KERAK
ZEBOIIM
KERAK
THE TONGUE (EL LISAN)
SEBKAH OR FLAT LAND COVERED WITH RUINS
FORD
STREAM OF LAVA
ADMAH
ZOAR (ZOUERA ET TAHTA)
OUAD EZ ZOUERA
SODOM
USDUM
TABLE LAND
SWAMPY PLAIN WITHOUT VEGETATION
THE DEAD SEA
FROM ROBINSON, LYNCH & DE SAULCY.
THE FIGURES IN THE SEA INDICATE THE DEPTH OF WATER IN ENGLISH FEET.

THE DEAD SEA.

WITHOUT going into unnecessary details as to the traditional associations of the Dead Sea, we shall proceed at once to exhibit the results of the various attempts that, of late years, have been made to explore and describe its region. In order to popularize the subject as much as possible, we shall distribute such information as we can compress within the limits of this paper under the following sections:—(1.) A brief historical sketch of the various travelers by whom the Dead Sea has been recently visited and delineated; (2.) A supposed excursion around its shores; (3.) A sail upon its waters; and (4.) An examination of some of the hypotheses that have been entertained respecting its probable origin.

I.

One of the first in the enlightened band of travelers who, during the early part of the present century, have done so much to unvail this mysterious region to the Christian world, was SEETZEN. This intrepid man visited the Dead Sea *en route* to Kerak and Petra, at a time when traveling in Palestine was far more hazardous than it now is. To increase the chances of safety, he assumed an oriental disguise, and chose a sheikh as his companion and confidant. As they were obliged to make their observations by stealth, and conceal the papers containing their scanty records, the information derivable from this source is necessarily brief and imperfect.

On a fine May morning, in the year 1818, a considerable party might have been seen emerging from the gate of Hebron, and taking the south-eastern road, that led through Bethlehem and the wilderness of Tekoa to the southern end of the Dead Sea. The principals in the equestrian company consisted of Captains Irby and Mangles, and Messrs. Legh and Bankes, accompanied by both Frank and Arab attendants, all of them being attired in the picturesque costume of the Bedouins. The Englishmen, to carry the disguise still further, were addressed by fictitious oriental names. About mid-day the travelers obtained from an eminence a fine view of the southern extremity of the sea. Stimulated by the spectacle, they pressed on with ardor, and reached the great southern plain by six o'clock; in the shelter of a ravine on the western side of which they baked their evening meal, and spent the night. Rising at dawn on the following morning from their rocky couch, they passed round the southern end of the sea to the eastern side, which they found well wooded and cultivated. Continuing their course northward, on their way to Wady Kerak, they passed through a district inhabited by the Ghorneys—a wild, half-savage-looking tribe of Arabs, who have abandoned a nomadic life, and settled down to the tillage of the soil. After a temporary bivouac in the thicket which shelters the reed-built dwellings of this people, and partaking of their hospitality, the party proceeded toward the opening of a ravine through which the perilous road to Petra winds. Here our travelers disappeared, and, for a period of eighteen days, we see no more of them on the borders of the silent lake. At the expiration of that date, however, having in the interval, at the peril of their lives, inspected the extraordinary monuments of the ancient Nabatheans, they returned and completed the exploration of the southern extremity of the sea. During their researches in this neighborhood, they stumbled upon the vestiges of an ancient city, which Irby and Mangles conjectured to be the ruins of Zoar.

After this expedition, seventeen years rolled by without any fresh recorded attempt, of any importance, to penetrate these shores. The next case led to no practical results. It was attended by the death of the traveler, Costigan, who attempted to navigate the lake.

Only three years elapsed from the occurrence of this melancholy event, before the shores of the lake were trod by the feet of two eminent pilgrims from the New World, urged on by scientific and religious motives. We allude to the well-known American travelers, Messrs. Robinson and Smith. The fruits of their noble mission of research and discovery in Bible lands are in the hands of most of us, and need no commendation. It was on the 17th of July, 1837, that Dr. Robinson left New-York, with the intention of accomplishing the fondly-cherished dream of his early manhood. Having spent a short time in England, taking counsel with some veterans in oriental travel, and wandering for two or three weeks in the classic lands of the Levant, he took ship for Egypt. While

here, exploring its monuments, our distinguished topographer was joined by Mr. Smith on the 28th of February, 1838. This gentleman was an American missionary, who had spent many years in the East, and became accordingly—from his familiar acquaintance with the Arabic language, his knowledge of the native character, as well as his experience in Syrian traveling—an invaluable ally in the mission which his colleague had undertaken. It appears that Dr. Robinson had not contemplated the eminent services to the cause of sacred topography which he afterward found himself capable of rendering. He had never dreamed, he tells us, of anything like discoveries in a field that had been overrun in all ages by so many inquisitive pilgrims of religion and science. Aware, too, that Schubert, an eminent German geologist and botanist, had only just preceded him, he and his associate neglected to take with them all the scientific instruments requisite for the determination of the physical aspects of the regions through which they passed. On reaching Sinai, however, *en route* to Palestine, they found out their mistake; and every subsequent stage of their journey proved that much of interest and importance had been left unobserved and undescribed by their forerunners.

Leaving the land of the Pyramids, Messrs. Robinson and Smith made their way to Mount Sinai, and thence to Jerusalem, which they entered on the 14th of April. About a month afterward, excursions to the Jordan and to Petra were planned. They started from Hebron on the 10th of May—a beautiful season for such a trip. The course they pursued took them through Bethlehem, and the districts of Tekoa, Ziph, Carmel, and Engedi—scenes consecrated by some of the most singular events in sacred story. These regions, from their wild and rugged character, were regarded as the most insecure in Palestine, being inhabited by Bedouins of the worst character. Every attempt being made to intimidate the travelers by terrible stories of danger, they thought it prudent to engage an escort from the suspected tribes. The result proved the wisdom of their course, for the sheikh and men, whose services had been secured, honorably fulfilled their contract. The first view of the sea was gained from the summit of a perpendicular cliff overhanging Engedi. Descending here a terrific pass, the travelers reached the celebrated fountain of Engedi, in the vicinity of which they spent the night. On the following morning at daybreak, regaled with the songs of innumerable birds, they rose, and, after re-climbing the hills, pursued their way along the western shore toward the northern or Jordan end of the lake, where, for a time, we quit them.

About a fortnight later, the same travelers, attended by a different escort, might have been seen again defiling from the gate of Hebron, and taking much the same direction as that formerly pursued by Irby and Mangles. Their destination was Petra, while the southern extremity of the sea was to be examined on their way.

The next expedition of any note was of quite a different character from the one just referred to. This consisted of a renewed attempt to navigate the Dead Sea by means of a boat, which was conveyed overland from the Mediterranean coast to Tiberias, and then launched upon the Galilean lake, with the intention of floating it down the serpentine Jordan. The mission was intrusted to Lieut. Molyneaux, and was executed in the month of September, 1847. The voyage down the Jordan—the first probably ever attempted—was a series of alarms, disasters, and calamities, terminating at last in the attack and plunder of the boat, and the dispersion of the seamen. After enduring severe sufferings and privations, Lieut. Molyneaux, and his servant Toby, contrived to reach Jericho, where they appealed for assistance to the governor of the castle. From this Turkish official, Molyneaux procured four well-armed soldiers, accompanied by whom he went in quest of his lost comrades; but he failed to discover them The aid of the authorities of Jerusalem was next invoked, with no better success. Meanwhile, Molyneaux, in a desponding and gloomy mood, had the boat borne to the mouth of the Jordan, and there launched afresh, when he and two attendants ventured upon the waters of the sea, with considerable trepidation. Here he continued, rowing about, for two entire days and nights, without once disembarking. This brave officer, too, like the unhappy Costigan, fell a victim partly to the anxiety and fatigue of the enterprise, and partly to the malaria of the inhospitable sea, a protracted fever having been brought

on, which terminated his life soon after reaching England.

Undeterred by the issue of these two experiments, in eight months from the date of the last, an American expedition, under the command of Lieut. Lynch, was heroically renewing the undertaking. With such melancholy examples of fatality before their eyes, it was a bold thing on the part of this band of earnest men to repeat the attempt. In this case, however, they had the advantage of numbers and suitable equipments.

After procuring the necessary authorization from the Sultan at Constantinople, the scientific adventurers at once departed, and reached Beyrout toward the close of March, 1848. From Beyrout, the party coasted to Acre, where they finally disembarked, and landed their equipments. Among these were two metallic boats, composed of copper and galvanized iron, which were fancifully designated the "Fanny Mason" and the "Fanny Skinner." The first night in Palestine was spent on the shore, beneath the shelter of tents; and in the morning several important additions were made to the party, for the purpose of increasing its strength and efficiency. All preliminaries arranged, the boats were borne on the backs of camels across the hilly country to the Galilean lake, upon the bosom of whose waters they were lowered in the presence of a crowd of wondering spectators. Now that the actual expedition was about to commence, the party was divided into two squadrons, one of which was to proceed by land, and the other by water; at the same time keeping so near to each other as to be able to render mutual assistance in case of danger.

On the afternoon of the 10th of April, the little fleet started. It forms no part of our purpose here to narrate the incidents of the perilous river voyage. Contrary to all former impressions, the Jordan was found to pursue a most tortuous course, flowing through an extent of two hundred miles, while in a straight line the distance between the two lakes is not more than sixty miles. The bed of the stream was also found to be broken down in many parts, thus forming a succession of rapids and falls exceedingly dangerous to navigation. As the party neared the vicinity of the Dead Sea, the atmosphere became intolerably sultry; the occasional vegetation assumed a more tropical character; and every living thing, exhausted, retired from the withering heat and blinding glare of a sun unscreened by mist or cloud. Eight days after leaving the Lake of Galilee, the adventurers entered the open portals of the Sea of Death. Many important observations and discoveries were made, during their labors, which extended over a period of twenty-two days, besides a further period of nine days, during which the commander took an excursion to Kerak and Petra; on their return from which the company repaired to Jerusalem, and thence to Beyrout, where the vessel soon arrived which was to bear them back, laden with valuable scientific spoils, to their native land. Not all of them, however; for, unhappily, one of the devoted band, Mr. Dale, was carried off by the same low nervous fever that had previously stricken down Costigan and Molyneaux.

As we approach nearer to our own day, intelligent visitors to this doomed site thicken. Close upon the heels of the expedition from which we have just parted, followed a company of Frenchmen, headed by M. de Saulcy, a distinguished *savant*, and whose knowledge of the Arabic language proved of incalculable advantage to him. A severe domestic bereavement led him to seek solace in his sorrows in foreign travel, which he wished to turn to account, by presenting some scientific fruit to the academy of which he is an eminent member. Another motive that influenced his mind was, a desire to afford to his son, just leaving college, an opportunity of finishing his education by an enlarged acquaintance with men and manners in other parts of the world. After much consideration, he resolved to undertake a scientific pilgrimage to the Dead Sea. Companions were soon found who were willing to join in the exciting and somewhat perilous trip. On arriving at Jerusalem they were hospitably entertained by M. Botta, and on starting for the sea their number was swelled by M. G. de Rothschild, who resolved to share the honors of the visit. These, with the addition of seventeen Arab guardians and guides, and the servants of the travelers, formed an imposing and daring band, and indeed great need there proved in the sequel both for courage and endurance.

The extent of the shore traversed by M. de Saulcy and his comrades, approached nearer to a complete circuit of the sea

than had ever before been accomplished. Starting from Jerusalem, they passed through Bethlehem, and taking the pathway by the convent of Mar Saba, came upon the western shore near Ayn-Fechkhah, at which fountain they encamped during the first night of their sojourn here. From that spot they moved in a southern direction along the entire western coast—traversed the swampy plain at the south end of the sea—and then pursued almost the same course as that taken by Irby and Mangles—returning in the same way as far as the supposed site of ancient Sodom and Zoar, where they left the sea, and struck across the country to Hebron, by the route followed by Messrs. Robinson and Smith. On a subsequent occasion, the north-western portion of the shore, omitted in the former journey, was examined, from Jericho to Ayn-Fechkhah, in the neighborhood of which M. de Saulcy believes he has discovered the ruins of Gomorrah. He has also contributed many facts and arguments calculated to settle the long-discussed question as to the exact situation of Sodom and Zoar. If his conjectures be correct, it is singular that the very names of several of the perished cities should have survived, under an Arab form, to the present day. About seventeen days were spent by the travelers in these explorations.

II.

Having thus glanced at some of the more eminent modern travelers who have explored this remarkable region, we shall next endeavor to convey to the minds of our readers as vivid an impression as possible of the aspects and phenomena of the shores of the sea. In doing this, we propose to traverse the entire circuit of the lake, embracing an extent of one hundred and twenty miles, recording our observations as we proceed as familiarly as possible. Of course, in passing along such a lengthened line of scenery, the most that we can do is to select and depict such features as are of commanding interest. We shall freely and gratefully avail ourselves of the services of those who, at great cost, and much personal danger and privation, have preceded us, and left their guiding footprints in the rugged pathway. We at least, in our easy peregrinations, need incur no risk from the hostility of the Arabs, the malaria of the sea, or the breakneck insecurity of mountain-passes. We shall enjoy all the excitement of the adventure without sharing any of its alarms and losses. The course which we propose to pursue in our imaginary trip is as follows:—Commencing at the northern point of the sea, we will pass along the western shores, in the direction indicated by a line on the accompanying map, till we reach the opposite extremity, when, sweeping across the plain at the south, and continuing our travels over the eastern shores and hills, we complete the circuit by arriving near the point from which we started. If the reader will keep the map before him while the panorama of Dead Sea scenery is passing before his eyes, it will aid materially in fixing in the memory a clearer impression of particular localities.

Supposing our party, then, duly mustered and equipped, we issue, on a beautiful morning in the middle of January, from the eastern gate of Jerusalem, and, passing through scenes of sacred interest, press onward to the banks of the Jordan opposite Jericho. From the character and wealth of the vegetation in the region hereabouts, we infer that the climate of the valley of the Jordan is decidedly tropical, bearing a great resemblance to that of India. Quitting this charming part of the river, we enter upon a muddy plain, destitute of vegetation, and presenting the very image of desolation. Across this plain the ordinary road pursued by pilgrims winds. Let us take heed how we tread, as it was somewhere here that the horse rode by De Saulcy, in 1851, sunk up to its nostrils in the miry soil, from which he and his charger were with difficulty extricated. As we approach the northern shore of the lake, we find branches and trunks of trees scattered about in all directions at high-water mark, some looking black, as if charred by fire, while others are white and sparkling with saline incrustations.

At last, after a toilsome march over this unpicturesque and arid waste, we arrive at the northern edge of the sea, which we approach within about fifty yards. At a short distance from the shore is a small islet, covered with the remains of very ancient buildings, and thought to have been coeval with the catastrophe which destroyed the Pentapolis, and which, it is not at all improbable, have given rise to the idle tradition that the ruins of Sodom have been seen under the sea. These re-

mains are called Redjom-Looth, or Lot's Mass of Stones.

Continuing our course between meager and blighted shrubs, over a light soil covered with pebbles, and dead carbonized bushes that snap at a touch, we presently behold the Canaanite mountains gradually approaching nearer to the beach, so as almost to bar our progress. Pressing on, however, close to the sea-margin, we soon fall in with some remarkable ruins, covering a considerable extent of ground, and presenting the appearance of great antiquity. As Ayn-el-Fechkhah (the Fountain of the Stride) is in this neighborhood, let us turn aside for a brief space, and refresh ourselves with its welcome waters. Gladdened by the sight of the bubbling spring, and the copious stream that flows seaward from it, we rush toward the spot with an eagerness which only oriental travelers can fully understand; but, alas! for our panting animals and our thirsty selves, we find that the water, so beautiful to the eye, is bitter and hot to the palate, and evidently impregnated with sulphureted hydrogen. After slaying a lizard of extraordinary size, and attempting in vain to beat off a greedy army of musquitoes, we leave part of our escort with the beasts and the luggage, and sally forth to inspect the ruins just noticed. An extended examination satisfies us of their importance and vastness. Not only do they lie scattered over an immense track, parallel with the beach, but extend far inland through a valley—the Ouad-Goumran. This name, Goumran, suggests the probability of these vast ruins being the remains of GOMORRAH—a site that has never before been identified. Indeed, until the beginning of 1851, the ruins do not seem to have been visited by any modern traveler. De Saulcy was, we believe, the first to direct attention to them. Let us try and give an idea of their character and extent.

The first mass of ruins that attract our attention by their singular appearance consist of enormous blocks of unhewn stone, forming the foundation of cyclopean walls at least a yard in thickness. The outlines of seven distinct pavilions or dwelling-rooms can be distinctly made out. These habitations were evidently attached to vast inclosures, the use of which will, perhaps, never be determined. Whether they were used for sacred purposes, or whether they were mere parks, in which cattle could be collected at night, M. de Saulcy confesses himself incompetent to decide. In favor of the former hypothesis, he remarks that in a building, most probably appropriated to religious uses, discovered by him amid the ruins of Hazor, as well as in the temple of Gerizim, he found pavilions similar in every respect to these, and disposed in exactly the same manner. Advancing still further along the coast, we cross a wide boundary ditch, evidently constructed by human labor, and beyond which ruins again appear, in an abundance that would seem to indicate the skeleton remains of a great city, of which the vestiges before referred

to probably formed a suburb. All the remains in this locality betray a strange and barbarous style of construction, characteristic of a very remote period, and cover an extent of about four miles. In no writer, ancient or modern, is there any reference to a city having stood on this spot; from which, and other circumstances, M. de Saulcy affirms his strong conviction that this is the true site of Gomorrah. The elements necessary for such an overthrow are evidently all around us, and as we pass along we perceive the faces of the mountains on our left are here and there hollowed out into a kind of circus, in which extinct craters are visible, while huge mounds of sand below may easily be taken for volcanic ashes.

Still onward—over ground covered with fragments of flint, the view of the sea partly obstructed by cane-brakes, from which we now and then start partridges and other birds. We also pass from time to time huge stones, planted in the form of the segment of a circle, and which are regarded with religious veneration by our Bedouins. They are a counterpart to the Druidical cromlechs of the western nations. Several of our curiosity-hunters pick up now and then pieces of bituminous stone, which burn like cannel coal, and are manufactured into cups, rosaries, and other articles, for sale to pilgrims. Some of the rocks on our left are veined with this combustible material. One of our party, more adventurous than the rest, climbs a neighboring height for the purpose of surveying the strange scene around us; and he reports to us on his return that such is the marvelous number and wavy appearance of the insulated hillocks, rising in all directions, that it seemed as if he were standing in the midst of a stormy sea suddenly turned into stone.

The next object of interest to us, from its hallowed associations, is the Ravine of Fire, (Wady-en-Nar,) through which the waters of the sacred Kedron empty themselves into the Dead Sea. Often have we, in imagination, crossed that bridge which spanned its bed, and led to Bethany and Gethsemane; and we now see the spot where it terminates, and lays its murmurings to rest forever in the molten flood surging so heavily at our feet. This ravine is a deep gorge, towering at least twelve hundred feet above our heads. But as our long journey has yet barely commenced, we must not be tempted to linger here. Turning our faces southward, then, we again pursue our way, over light fine sand, in which we sink at every step. The surface of the sand is efflorescent, from the salt with which it is saturated, while multitudes of black-looking trees, the collection of centuries, are half-buried in the soil. The greater part of this floated forest has probably been contributed by the wood-fringed Jordan, during the annual rainy season. A little further on, the shore disappears under a tangled cover of gigantic reeds, reaching to within a few yards of the cliffs. Their presence is owing to a magnificent fountain of sweet warm water, peopled with myriads of shells. Several beautiful kingfishers are fluttering over the rivulet, which is known to travelers as the Brook of the Little Morass.

Shortly after quitting this agreeable oasis, we are told by our guides that the further passage of the beach is impracticable, and that we must climb the hills to reach Engedi. This disconcerts us not a little. However, remembering that De Saulcy and his followers were compelled to do the same, and hoping to enjoy a glorious prospect from the Judean heights, we submit to the necessity, and begin the perilous ascent. The road is execrable, and is strewed with the bleaching bones of camels and of men. Part of the route is called, appropriately enough, "Break-neck Valley," which the army of Ibrahim Pasha once passed with a considerable loss. The poor animals rebel, and shake with terror at the fearful abysses which yawn at their feet; the Bedouins, however, scramble along like monkeys; and, happily, we all, after an extraordinary succession of escapes, reach the mountain path, and press on to Engedi, awed by the spectacles of sterile grandeur that everywhere salute our gaze.

At length, without any disaster, we reach the identical spot from whence Dr. Robinson caught his first view of the sea, reposing at least fifteen hundred feet below. The prospect embraces the whole southern half, including Usdum, and part of the northern half. Directly opposite to us is the mouth of Wady Kerak, at the head of which, Kerak, with its castle, is visible on a high precipitous rock. The waters, viewed from this eminence, have a decidedly green hue, as if stagnant, while

MOUNTAINS OF ENGEDI.

the shore is edged with froth, caused by saline deposits. It was not far from this stand-point, too, that De Saulcy first gazed upon what he styles with enthusiasm, "the finest and most imposing lake in the world." He visited it, however, it must be remembered, at the most favorable period of the year—early in January—when the sea is fullest, the tributary streams are flowing copiously into it, and the vegetation is rich and luxuriant on the numerous small deltas formed by the streams. Lieut. Lynch, on the other hand—whose work abounds with pictures of dreariness and desolation, seemingly at variance with the representations of the French traveler—was here at a more advanced season, when the region had assumed an Egyptian aspect, and the atmosphere had become so intolerably sultry as to wither up every green thing.

But we have no time to tarry here. Let us descend to the beautiful fountain that is sparkling below in the morning sun. The pass by which we seek to reach this tempting spot — this "diamond of the desert"—has the reputation of being the most terrific in the country. In descending, we behold what appear to us to be islands in the sea, but which afterward turn out to be merely spots of calm, smooth water, around which the rest of the sea is gently rippling. The same optical illusion has been common to most Dead Sea pilgrims, and will serve to explain the phenomenon of supposed islands existing in the lake. Even a telescope has often failed to dispel the deceptive appearance. Arrived at length at this famous fountain, we find it indeed a most charming spot. No wonder that Lieut. Lynch should have selected it for his depot and permanent encampment while navigating the flood below. The Fountain of the Kid (its English name) bursts forth at once a fine stream upon a narrow terrace of the mountain, more than four hundred feet above the sea-beach, and rushing down the declivities, is speedily lost in the thickets of trees, and shrubs, and flowers, which spring up in its life-giving and beauty-creating path. The water is warm, but deliciously sweet. So far as it circulates, the plain is covered with gardens, chiefly of cucumbers, which are cultivated by the Arabs; and the soil is so rich that, if properly tilled, it would yield exuberantly, and produce the rarest tropical fruits. The songs of innumerable birds sound strangely amid the solitude and grandeur of this devastated realm; while the gentle surging of the sea falls soothingly upon the ear. The scenery altogether cannot be called lovely, yet magnificently wild it is, and in the highest degree stern and impressive.

The ancient Hebrew name of this site was Hazezon-Tamar, (the Town of the Palms,) which, before the destruction of the guilty cities, was inhabited by the Amorites. Under the name Engedi, it afterward occurs as a city of Judah, giving

its name to a portion of the adjacent desert to which David withdrew for fear of Saul. Many of the caves in which he probably hid himself, while leading an outlawed life, may still be seen, some of which are large enough to contain twenty or thirty men. They subsequently became the secluded dwellings of the Essenes, and, still later, of Christian hermits. According to Josephus, Engedi was famous for palm-trees and opobalsam; while its vineyards are specially celebrated in the Old Testament. The forests of palms, however, have utterly disappeared, and no balm is collected here now. All that remains as a memorial of past glories, are plentiful fragments of antique architecture, a spring of pure and delicious water, and a splendid spontaneous vegetation.

Having bivouacked for a season on this deeply-interesting site, and refreshed ourselves at a fountain where the old Hebrew patriarchs had probably often quenched their thirst, we descend by another fearful pass to the beach, and resume our journey. Nothing very remarkable arrests our attention for a time, except those extraordinary features common to this region, but which elsewhere would excite wonder and curiosity. We now and then come to spots where we find the air tainted with a sulphureous effluvium, and which we can readily believe, according to the testimony of Lynch and other travelers, is far more offensively noxious in the hotter months of the year. Among the objects that attract our eye as we pass along—now near the margin of the sluggish sea, and now at the base of the Canaanitish hills—are cascades, rushing headlong down the rifted rocks; large pools of water, formed by the retreat of the sea; the rough beds of ravines, through which the waters of the Judean wilderness flow into the lake; calcined fragments of rock, lava, and excoriæ, composing the volcanic ejections of ages past, with which the ground is in places profusely covered; and hills of a fantastical shape, some of them much resembling the round towers of an old Gothic castle, and having their bases half buried under conical heaps of fallen rubbish. Presently, after passing Birket-el-Khalil, as will be seen in the map, we bear westward over a spacious plain, covered with sand-hills of a whitish green color. These hillocks present so strange an aspect that it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we are not gazing on an extensive city, for we see distinctly what appear to be palaces, mosques, towers, houses, streets, and other edifices, constructed of white marble. Opposite to the spot where we now are, is the peninsula, which is separated from the western shore by a comparatively narrow strait. (See map.) Similar sand-hills appear on this singular tract of land, so that one might almost suppose that two large towns faced each other on the two contiguous shores.

While still pursuing our course along the edge of the plain before referred to, we observe a large rent in the mountain, surmounted by a high peak, crowned with ruins. This is known among the Arabs as the hill of Sebbeh, and these ruins are the remains of the famous Masada—emphatically "the fortress"—the last rampart of Jewish independence, and to which is attached a tragic tale, unsurpassed for thrilling interest in the annals of any other nation, ancient or modern. Inasmuch, however, as it is our intention to pay a special visit to this scene of heroism and horror at some future period, we will reserve what we have to say on the subject until that occasion.

As some of the chief objects of interest are centred at the southern end of the sea, we press onward toward that point of attraction, passing on our way some remains of the siege-works erected by the Roman army at the time of the reduction of Masada; another bed of lava, which had evidently been poured from the crater of an extinct volcano still visible; and a most enchanting little glen in the valley of the Water of Embarrheg, near which are the vestiges of a military station of the same age as Masada, and which De Saulcy believes to have been the fort of Thamara. But sites of far more engrossing interest are at hand; and ere we have proceeded far we find ourselves in a locality in which, in the names of the valleys, plains, and mountains that surround us, we cannot fail to recognize a striking resemblance to scriptural names familiar to us from our very childhood. Thus we have the Ouad-ez-Zouera, or Valley of Zoar; the plain of Usdum, or Sodom; and Djebel Usdum, or the mountain of Sodom. The retention of these names for so many ages is a remarkable circumstance. We will return to them in our next.

TOMB OF NOAH AT NAKHTCHEVAN.

CAUCASUS.

NOAH'S TOMB—THE PROMETHEAN MOUNTAIN—THE THREE PASSES OF THE CAUCASUS—CLIMATE—PRODUCTIONS — MANUFACTURES — MINES — TRIBES — RELIGIONS—CHARACTER AND HABITS OF THE PEOPLE —THE SLAVE TRADE—A SPECIMEN OF CIRCASSIAN WARFARE—SCHAMYL.

THE "Caucasus" is the general name given to the immense system of mountains which stretch along the borders of the Black Sea to the Caspian, separating Europe from Asia at the south-east. The name of *Kav*, given to the highest peak of the Elbrowz chain, is now applied in the east to the whole system. In the north the Caucasus abruptly rises, in two parallel chains, from the steppes of Europe. In the south, on the contrary, its outlines are low and scattered, stretching off in various directions, till they join another chain that has no collective name, among which is Mount Ararat.

A voyage to this country, especially to Ararat, would be incomplete if you failed to visit the ancient city of Noah, called in Armenian *Nakhtchevan*, which signifies the *first habitation*. Nakhtchevan is as old as history. Its site was early discovered to be abundantly rich and fertile, with a perennial summer climate, while winter kept its throne on the neighboring summits. The ruins of the surrounding cities cover the flat elevation, and the Araxes is seen winding like a thread in the southern plain.

The tomb of Noah is situated near the ruins of an abandoned fortress, on an extended and gloomy plain, which is covered with half-buried ruins. It is now merely a crumbling vault; the interior, an octagonal from ten to twelve feet in diameter, has been lately cleaned, and a heap of lamps, or half-filled jars to supply their places, with some pieces of wall for the sides of the tomb, are all the offerings that men have

here made to their illustrious ancestor. It is visited daily nevertheless by pilgrims from many nations, Russians, Armenians, Jews, &c., who come to edify their souls with a view of the grave in which their common parent has reposed. Of course the authenticity of the legend which reports the burial here of the venerable patriarch, cannot be demonstrated. The name of the place, however, and local traditions having the greatest antiquity, render it as probable that he sleeps here as in any other place. From one side of the tomb is seen the vast Armenian plain, and on the other a chain of green-stone mountains, that inclose the eastern extremity of the Armenian valley, through which winds the Araxes. Every spot is venerable with associations of primeval history —but let us pass along and penetrate the Caucasus.

Among the mountains, covered with perpetual snow, which we encounter, and which are higher even than the Alps, is the Mquinuari, thirteen thousand feet high. Mythology chained Prometheus on this terrible summit. Further west the Elbrowz shoots its peaks fifteen thousand feet above the sea. No human foot has ever trod their snowy tops; but Zoroaster located Arimanius, the God of Evil, in these silent and awful cliffs. According to that famous philosopher, "as he raised himself from the mountain, and hovered over the abyss of space, he seemed an arch thrown from one world to another." These gigantic summits are overlooked by other peaks, which are also robed in eternal snow. At the north extends a parallel chain of irregular fantastically-shaped rocks, which appear to have originated in some great volcanic action. Their valleys are so narrow, so cold, and so dismal, the forests so dense and so gloomy, and the fogs so thick, that they bear the name of *Black Mountains*. The principal summits are called *Bald Mountain*, *The Mount of Thieves*, *Round Forest*, *Dismal Wood*, *The Dagger*, *and Tempest Mountain*.

There are but three outlets to this great bulwark, which can otherwise be traversed by none but the mountaineer and the chamois, and these three passages are broken into such deep ravines and abrupt precipices that it is quite as interesting to read of them in a comfortable arm-chair as to peril your life in seeing their severe beauty.

The first is through the western part of the mountains, and is scarcely known, except to the Russians, who have tried to enlarge it, as it connects directly with Tiflis and Tauris.

The second is nearly in the center, on the route from Tiflis to Mozdok. For twenty-two leagues it abounds with such impenetrable defiles that it is only accessible a few hours of the day during midsummer. It is sometimes called the defile of Terek, from the river of the same name, which has its source among these mountains. It is also called the Defile of Dariol, from the neighboring castle or pass of Kasbek, after Mount Kasbek. But it is generally known as the Wladi-Kaukas, from a military station bearing this name. The impassable position of this station would enable a hundred men to destroy an entire army.

The third passage, called Demir-Capu, also The Iron Door, and sometimes the Defile of Derbent, was well known to the ancients. It follows the border of the Caspian, and extends through some of the principal mountains. Although more difficult than the Wladi-Kaukas, it is more safe, as there is a post between the two cities of Derbent and Bakou, and efforts have lately been made to subdue the savage tribes which occasionally attack travelers in the pass. But it is very inconvenient for troops or provisions going to Georgia, as it is many miles longer than either of the others.

The climate of Caucasia is various. Some of its inhabitants are shivering with cold, while others stifle in close, torrid airs. The harvest is over in the low country before the wheat has sprouted on the high plains. Generally, the nearer the summits the colder but healthier is the atmosphere; while in the low pent-up valleys the warmth is excessive, vegetation rich, and the air heavy and unhealthy.

The provinces of Caucasia yield all the products of a temperate climate, while in some places the sugar-cane is cultivated. Among the articles of commerce are the box, walnut, and oak woods, which abound in Mingrelia; and barley, flax, hemp, and oil, which afford abundant harvests on the coast of the Black Sea. Cotton is cultivated in Armenia, Chirvan, and near Elisabetpol; madder grows abundantly on the shores of the Caspian, and the vine and tobacco are cultivated in various localities.

The breeding of herds is the chief occupation of the people. The cattle are smaller than ordinary, but are articles of active commerce with the neighboring Turkish pashalics. The sheep are of the finest kind; the mountaineers weave the wool into garments, and the skins and tallow are articles of valuable traffic. The hunters of the mountains are bold and skillful; wild goats and chamois abound in the fastnesses, and their horns are in great demand. The bear, the wolf, the hyena, and the jackal are the only ferocious animals. A small kind of tiger is occasionally met with in the wooded mountains bordering upon Persia. One province still retains the bison. The antelope, the boar, the roe-buck, the fallow-deer, and the hare are found in the plains and marshes. The pheasant, the woodcock and heathcock, the partridge, the bustard, the goose and the duck, the lapwing, the snipe, and other birds of passage, are numerous in the woods.

The fisheries employ a great part of the population about the mouths of the principal rivers. Leeches are objects of considerable commerce. Silk is manufactured on the mountain sides, where mulberry-trees are cultivated, but not so extensively as in trans-Caucasia. It is, however, of inferior quality in both sections.

Industry is even more limited in Circassia than commerce. The consumption is small, hand-work is very dear, and the country is overrun with Russian and Persian products. The woolen and cotton fabrics are very inferior; the manufacture of coarse cloth is one of the principal occupations of the mountaineers. The people of Andis are celebrated for the manufacture of a thick, silky cloak of felt, called bourkas, which protects the Caucasian from any inclemency of the weather. Carpets are universally manufactured, for in Asia they take the place of the various furniture which western luxury considers indispensable. The best carpets are made in Kauba. Two thousand looms in Chemahka are occupied in weaving silk. But the art in which the Caucasians excel is the manufacture of armor. The villages of Lagitsh and Kouthachi make the finest side-arms. The best guns come from Daghestan, Tchirkei, Khounsak, and especially from the Koubetchis, or Gaukhs, of which this manufacture is the only occupation. They are often profusely ornamented with gold and silver. Double-barreled and percussion guns are not unknown to these half-civilized workmen, and they have presented specimens of their own invention to the Russian authorities as proofs of their skill.

The Caucasian Mountains have been so little explored for their mineral wealth that the treasures they inclose are as yet useless. The working of mines is very limited. The copper-mines in Atlanerdi, and also those in the valley of Khramm, are rented to a Greek company. The pits of naphtha at Bakou yield from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand pounds per annum; the white naphtha includes only five hundred pounds of this. The government works a mine of rock salt in the province of Armenia. Great quantities of this mineral are also gathered near the island of Abcheron, and near Kizliar, and in many places it is so common that the inhabitants procure it gratis. In 1844 a coal-mine was discovered in the high valley of Kouban, and a still richer one at Imereth. It is a very valuable deposit, and coal has been already exported. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth," and here, perhaps, in the charred rock of Imereth, sleep the future powers of steam and other energies, which shall modernize this marvelous country of the olden time.

Thus have we given some glimpses at the matter-of-fact life of these venerable, these mysterious mountains—a region which, more perhaps than any other historical locality of the earth, has seemed to be curtained about with antique legendary mists—a country for which we all have such a vague curiosity, and respecting which modern times have learned little else than that Russia has persistently assailed it, and Schamyl as persistently defended it. We have designedly kept our eye on the realities rather than the marvels—the fables of its half-hidden life.

Still pursuing our matter-of-fact observations, let us look at it from other points of view.

For a long time Caucasia was considered the home of those barbarian hordes which inundated Europe in the early ages of Christianity. This error shows the prevailing ignorance regarding the situation of the country, which is separated from the land of those savages by an al-

VIEW ON THE ELBRUS.

most impassable barrier, and is in a distinct zone. The people of the southern valleys have never crossed the mountains, and there is no evidence that they migrated northward. The nations that anciently existed in Caucasia are there still, with even the same habits of life as in the earlier ages.

If it be less certain as to the aborigines of the western side, it is evident that its barren declivities and its wild and isolated peaks possess no local advantages for the

CIRCASSIAN MOUNTAINEER.

growth of a people. Far from being the birthplace of the numerous nations which overwhelmed Europe, I think it has proved a barrier to their invasions of Asia Minor, and a shelter to those who fled from their attacks, which so often covered the steppes of Southern Russia with blood.

It is to the character of the country and the people of northern Caucasia we must look for an explanation of the prevailing

CIRCASSIAN COSTUMES.

intellectual inertia which stifles in the birth any attempt at progress.

The inhabitants of the South, disturbed by constant attacks, endeavored to migrate, but were stopped by the surrounding nations, the Greeks, Persians, Romans, Parthians—Christian Byzantium, Mohammedan Arabia, the tribes of Omer and Ali, which strove for possession till Russia gave a new history to the country.

Without allowing ourselves to become entangled in endless ethnological researches, let us look at the modern Caucasians as they actually exist. The Lesghians in the north occupy the most inaccessible region of the country. According to the chronicle of Takhtany, Lekhos, a son of the Georgian patriarch Thargamos, received from him the mountains of Daghestan, and was the founder of the Lesghian race.

Among them are found some tribes whose appearance and dialect indicate a foreign origin, such as the Kouyadas from Georgia; the Gounibs, which appear to be the remains of the Huns; and further off, between Terek and the mountains, Tartars, whose settlement here dates from the establishment of the caliphate. Lastly, the Tshetshenzes, sometimes called Notchgoï, who are related to their neighbors, the Aoukhs, Itschkeines, and the Khists.

From the Plain of Kabarda to the Black Sea, the Caucasian Mountains are inhabited by the tribe of Tcherkes, and the distinct family of the Abadzas. North of these are the Nogaïs, of Tartar origin, and on the southern side the Abkhazes are contiguous to the maritime Djyghetes and Oubùiks.

Between these two subdivisions, in narrow valleys along the center of the chain, are grouped four tribes, known by the common name of Ossetes. They have been the subjects of various discussions and hypotheses. Some have believed that they migrated from the North, others from the South. Modern travelers are of the opinion that they are a distinct race.

At the South the Georgian family occupy the mountains from the limits of the Lesghians and Abkhazes, to Turkey and the Mussulman provinces on the borders of the Caspian. Russian maps unite these provinces under the denomination of the Georgian and Tmerethenian governments. In this family there are six distinct tribes, formerly united under the Georgian crown.

The Persians and Turks occupy all the south-east of Caucasia, from the mountains to the Caspian Sea, and the borders of Persia.

Lastly, at the extreme south, as far as Mount Ararat and the Araxes, is the Armenian family, the feeble remains of an ancient section of Alexander's empire. At the beginning of our era it was a Roman province, but was constantly exposed to the attacks of the Arsacides, and at a later date ravaged by the cruelty and avarice of the Turks and Persians, until united to Russia in 1828.

The whole of this heterogeneous mass comprehends but three millions of male population.

Christianity and Mohammedanism are the religions of the country—with the exception of a few idolatrous and fire-worshiping tribes; but all creeds are tolerated by the Russian government. At the beginning of the Christian era, the doctrines of Christ penetrated through Armenia into Circassia, and the Georgian Church was established under St. George, and governed by the Patriarchs of Antioch till the sixteenth century. Attacked, from the first, by the Persians, who sustained the doctrines of Zoroaster, and suffering still more under the dissensions which attended the decline of the Eastern empire and the rise of Islamism, the Christian Church of Caucasia still preserved its faith, and patiently awaited its deliverance. But the invasion of the Mogol Tartars shook its foundations. Still Christianity survived the shock. At present Caucasia numbers seven hundred thousand Georgian and Armenian Christians, not including the Russian colonies north and south of the mountains.

The remainder of the population is chiefly Mohammedan. Here, as elsewhere, Islamism was introduced by force of arms. In the thirteenth century the caliphs, at the head of a young and vigorous people, established their power on the ruins of the Eastern empire. The Arabs invaded Caucasia. The prophet Abou Musselim appeared in Daghestan, inflaming the popular mind with desires for a new religion suitable to the ardent temperament of the East. At a later date the efforts of the Kachnets in the south, and the success of the Russians in the north, restricted Islamism to the gorges of Daghestan and the shore of the Caspian, where there were no less than one million six hundred thousand Mussulmans, divided between the sects of Omer and of Ali. The Turks on the Circassian side propagated Islamism among the neighboring nations of the Black Sea; but here fanaticism did not take as deep root as in Daghestan. According to the last treaties, the Turks abandoned this side; the commerce of slaves ceased, and religious fervor had so greatly diminished that only the prince and nobles preserved their faith, and that not with very exemplary strictness.

These Alpine populations, usually known under the general names of Circassians and Georgians, are divided, as we have seen, into different tribes, which, notwithstanding certain resemblances, present very varied traits of character, manners, institutions, language, and physical conformation.

Nevertheless, some general resemblance may be discovered among this chaos of institutions and races. All have the same love of independence; they will not long submit to the government of any single individual; a warlike spirit and skill in arms are common to them from the cradle; and likewise an unconquerable proclivity to rapine and murder.

They are incredibly abstinent. Boiled millet is the chief dish in their repasts; mutton is occasionally presented to an honored guest. When on the battle-field, they live on grain mixed with honey, and a quarter of a pound will constitute their food for the day. To great muscular strength, and wonderful power of endurance, they join consummate idleness, and a disdain for agriculture or manual labor, which they leave to their women, to slaves, and to prisoners. The wife is only a slave in her master's house. As long as she is young and strong, her life is spent in domestic and out-door labor; but when she shows signs of inability to do her accustomed tasks, she must give place to another. If she bear no children, or be sick, or even be unjustly suspected of faithlessness, her husband can send her away.

In general, the morals of these mountaineers are good; they are ignorant of the vices which prevail among the Trans-Caucasians. Drunkenness is rare among them. Respect for the aged, and the rites of hospitality and of friendship, are common. But these generous sentiments are observed only toward those of the same tribe and religion. A stranger or Christian would inevitably be robbed or killed were it not for the protecting *koumak*, who is a messenger from the particular tribe in whose region he is traveling, and with whom he will be honorably treated. Another striking characteristic of these mountaineers, is their immovable stoicism, their contempt of death. Three or four marauders will often withstand a superior force till they find it useless to resist, and will then kill themselves rather than surrender. Their love of vengeance is equally strong. An injury to be returned, or a quarrel with a family, is handed down, like a heritage, from father to child. But if the aggressor be rich, a reconciliation can be effected: even for the murder of a parent they will accept a ransom of silver or cattle. These affairs are decided by the *adat*, which is the common law, founded upon traditions mostly anterior to the adoptions of Islamism. The *adat* varies in different tribes; while the *chariat*, or civil law, derived from the Koran, is unchangeable to all Mussulmans. Sometimes their quarrels are submitted to the arbitration of the priest, who secures to himself usually the chief advantage, leaving the parties interested to get what they may. These *mollahs*, or *effendis*, are the only *savants* in the country, as their compatriots have no written language.

The *Abreks* is a remarkable institution, found in all parts of Caucasia. The consequences of crime, the oppression of a chief, or sometimes weariness of incessant scenes of war, induce individuals to leave their tribe, and sever every domestic and social tie. They unite in bands of from ten to fifteen men, choose an isolated retreat, and devote themselves to plunder and the extermination of Christians; but, in attacking the Russian villages, they do not fail to impose ransoms upon such of their own countrymen as may fall into their hands. Sometimes their associations are more extensive: bringing their families, they found villages in which the only means of subsistence is pillage, and the only legislation the most severe and arbitrary laws. They bear the name of *Abreks*, and in some places are called *Hadjiretes*.

The villages of Achili and Tchirkat, in Daghestan, are composed of Abreks from the neighboring tribes. Among the Adighes, the sources of the Laba and the Ouroup are the refuges of these savage bandits.

The numberless divisions of the Caucasian tribes, and the hostility existing between them, prevent any extensive social order, or any real sentiments of patriotism. Occasionally they will unite for the time being under a leader, to advance some common interest, repulse an aggression, or carry on a war. But these temporary alliances are soon destroyed by intrigue, defiance, and personal strifes. This is not only the case with a whole tribe, but with nearly every little district and village. The chiefs are sooner or later assassinated by their confederates, and every year exhibits numerous and horrible acts of treachery.

Although these general characteristics belong more or less to all the inhabitants of the Caucasian range, there are portions

of the population which are distinguished by their own particular qualities. In the midst of turbulent and warlike tribes are settled the gentle Karatchaïs, at the foot of the Elbrowz, and the Koubetshis and Andés, in Daghestan, who are industrious and peaceable. In the same country one admires the laborious Avares, Koïssoulines, and Salataves, who till the barren soil, and transport earth to the mountain tops. The revival of Mussulman fanaticism, and the powerful influence of the priests are entirely unknown to the Adighes, but prevail among the Lesghians. The appearance of prophets, as Kasi-Mollahand and Schamyl, who have united the political and ecclesiastical powers, and the extension of the warlike and religious sect of the Murides, have produced notable modifications in this region of Caucasia.

As long as the city of Anapa belonged to Turkey, slaves and powder were extensively imported. The Circassian noble, whose mountain-plat of ground yields hardly the necessaries of life, finds in the sale of slaves the means of satisfying his ostentatious taste of procuring rich garments and fire-arms. Slavery, however, is generally voluntary with the Circassian women. The young Circassian girls, it is said, rejoice at the exchange of poverty on a barren mountain for the luxurious splendors of the harem, of which they have heard such glowing descriptions.

Notwithstanding the obstacles and perils which oppose it, this commerce is still carried on to a considerable extent, or was, at least, till the late Russo-Turkish disturbances. Small Turkish vessels, carefully avoiding the Russian cruisers, glide into the bays, and are sheltered by Circassians on the coast till the business of loading is accomplished, which is seldom the case until several weeks have passed. The women thus transported are daughters of peasants. It is rarely that a noble sells his own female relations. From thirty to forty slaves are carried in these vessels, which are so narrow that no small amount of suffering is endured by their living freight. One out of every six of the ships are usually captured by the Russians, or lost.

Most of the Austrian and Turkish steamboats which ply between Trebizond and Constantinople transport a certain number of slave-girls. Wagner sailed on one of these boats where there was a group of them, composed mostly of children twelve or thirteen years old, with pale faces and sparkling black eyes. Two older ones were dressed more elegantly than the rest, and were covered with long vails. The trader, who had the air of a gentleman in spite of his profession, took particular care of them, and informed the traveler that they were daughters of a Circassian noble; he hoped to sell the prettiest for one thousand four hundred dollars, the other for nine hundred dollars. The rest he spoke of with supreme contempt, adding that he should be lucky to get two thousand piastres each for them. He remarked that since the commerce had become so perilous it was more lucrative. Formerly, when the Greeks and Armenians carried their legions of slaves to the bazaars of Stamboul, the most beautiful slaves were sold for no more than five hundred dollars; they at present commanded two thousand dollars.

To give an idea of what war is in the mountains, we will relate a little characteristic episode—the destruction of the fort of Aculcho by the Russians, defended by Schamyl, the Abdel-Kader of Circassia.

It is necessary for a chief of a band to have a center for his operations, a redoubtable post, to which he can retire in time of danger. In Spain, Cambrera had Morella; the Count d'Espagne had Berga. In Caucasia, Chasi-Mollah had Himri, and he chose to die rather than abandon it. His more intelligent successor, Schamyl, established his head-quarters at Aculcho, a kind of eagle's nest on the river Koïsu. From thence he spied all the movements of the Russian troops, and descended like a bird of prey on the convoys crossing the steppes of Terek. He had amassed there a great quantity of arms and ammunition. General Grabbe resolved to attack this stronghold, having received permission from St. Petersburgh. His design was to capture Schamyl, and intimidate the Tchetchens, by showing them that, isolated and almost inaccessible as their home was, they must submit to Russian valor. Imagine a rocky hill almost surrounded by the Koïsu—a miniature peninsula, protected by three natural walls, and accessible by a single pass which was defended by five hundred brave men, and you have the outline of Aculcho. To complete the pic-

ture, it is necessary to add a few parapets and intrenchments, and some excavations in the rock, which sheltered the Tchetchens from the balls and shells of the enemy.

Grabbe hoped to conquer the fortress by artillery; he threw shells and congreve rockets, which shattered some of the parapets, but did no great injury to the Tchetchens, who hid themselves like rabbits in the earth, looking out only to fire upon the enemy. Now and then a fanatical Muride would rush from his retreat, with a pistol in one hand, his shaska in the other, and holding a dagger in his mouth, advance to meet death, killing numbers of the foe, amid the applause of his comrades, who from the rock beheld his devotion.

The first assault was disastrous to the besiegers. Out of fifteen hundred men who fought at the pass, but one hundred and fifty remained. The Tchetchens fired in platoons so skillfully, that the Russians could proceed no further than the second of the three natural walls. The soldiers in front fell on those behind, and both tumbled off the rock. The general gave command for a second and third assault, in which he lost two thousand men, but gained the second wall. Stopping at the third, where they had a desperate struggle, the Russians would probably have been obliged to retreat, were it not for the imprudence of a troop of Tchetchens, who advanced too near the intrenchments, and were attacked by a battalion and put to flight. The Russians pursued, and reached the first wall. The fight was now man to man, in a furious struggle; but other battalions arrived, and Aculcho was taken. The conquerors, maddened at their loss, and the resistance which they had met, fell upon the mountaineers and massacred some of the women, who had followed their husbands' example and taken up arms. After having assuaged their fury, they began to search for the body of Schamyl; but it was not to be found, and they were told that the men of the garrison had taken refuge in the caves further up the river. There was no path to conduct the Russians thither, and they were obliged to reach the spot by ropes suspended from the hills. The mountaineers, again attacked, defended themselves with unabated ardor. It appeared impossible for their invincible chief to escape; the neighboring rocks were covered with the dead. Meanwhile a devoted band, which still survived, saved their chief by a *ruse*, in which their own lives were fearlessly exposed. With a few beams and planks, which they chanced to find in the cave, they formed a raft, and made their way with it into the river. The Russian general, not doubting that Schamyl was among them, directed his troops to take them and kill him. While the Cossacks urged their horses into the waves, and the foot-soldiers pursued on the banks, a man leaped from the cave into the river, swam across, and gained the mountains. It was Schamyl! His deliverance was believed to be a miracle by the mountaineers, and immensely increased his influence among them. Grabbe was defeated in his purpose. Three thousand men had been killed in taking a fort which was not even worth the trouble of retaining. Such is an illustration of the heroic, if not ferocious temper of these mountaineers.

The Russian is ill at ease on the mountains, where the Circassian spring from rock to rock with the agility of a chamois. The mountaineers know their advantage, and will not expose themselves to a line of bayonets. They hover around the clumsy Russians with their heavy arms and garments; they pursue the troops of the Czar into defiles, and come down upon them like vultures. In combat, man to man, the Russians are always the losers; their soldiers, who, in open battles with Turks or Persians, display a hardy contempt of death, fear the Caucasian; and, notwithstanding the punishment awaiting them, they abandon the front posts and retreat into the midst of their forces. The Circassian, on the other hand, hangs over them on his cliffs in comparative safety, and with the wild enthusiasm of a freeman, though a savage.

What is to be the destiny of this singular people? It is useless to speculate on the question. They are now what they have been for generations. The peculiar conditions of their country must continually tend to keep them what they are, unless the introduction of new modes of labor, a better religion, or a powerful invader, should subdue and sway them. As they are, they offer little for our admiration besides their savage heroism and that splendid physique which has made their women the Graces, and their men the Apollos of the human race.

ANOTHER OLLA-PODRIDA.

AN ANECDOTAL CONVERSATION—THE CONFOUNDED QUAKER—THE OVERTHROWN WEAVER—SAMMY BRADBURN'S "ALL"—SAMMY QUARRELING WITH WESLEY—OUSELEY'S TACT WITH PAT—THE BLESSED VIRGIN—THE DUSTY BIBLE—JOHN THORPE'S EXPERIMENT AT PREACHING—A MUSICAL BONIFACE—PAT IN A SACK—IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST—O! AH! —AH! AH! —ELOQUENCE BOILED DOWN—DR. CLARKE'S SACRIFICE FOR THE DEVIL—LINING OUT—SATAN TICKLING THE FANCY—RICHARD WATSON'S PRESENTIMENT—SCARED THROUGH A NIGHT—HYPOCHONDRIAC.

WE gave lately an article bearing the above title; here is another. Don't be alarmed at its incidents, sober reader! There "is a time to laugh," says Solomon; and there is a sharp point, a valuable moral, in some jokes.

We spent recently a most agreeable afternoon with Rev. ——, of the Wesleyan Conference, an excellent man, intelligent, refined, and sufficiently advanced in years to possess, in combination with mature experience and sound judgment, the mellow sentiments and cheerful temper of a ripe old age. He was one of the colaborers of Wesley, and abounds in entertaining anecdotes of early Methodism. As it happens that our humor runs in this current, and Mr. ——'s seemed perfectly to coalesce with it, the colloquial stream flowed rapidly and merrily. We put down snatches of the conversation.

He had witnessed some of the extraordinary physical effects of religious excitement which occur at Methodist camp-meetings, and remarked that they seldom appeared now-a-days on the other side of the water. Neither of us knew how to account for these anomalous circumstances, except on some yet undiscovered law of the nervous system. They had at first puzzled Mr. Wesley much; he believed them to proceed sometimes from the devil, at others from divine influence; but, in his later years, he discouraged them decidedly. Mr. —— had witnessed these phenomena, at their first appearance, at Kingswood, and described them as altogether inexplicable. The stoutest men fell to the earth as suddenly as if shot through the heart; bold blasphemers were instantly seized with agony and cried aloud, and scores were sometimes strewed on the ground at once, as insensible as dead men.

A traveler, at a certain time, was passing by, but, on pausing a moment to hear the sermon, was directly smitten to the earth, and lay there apparently without life. A Quaker, who was admonishing the bystanders against these strange scenes, as affectation and hypocrisy, was himself struck down, as by an unseen hand, while the words of reproach were even upon his lips.

A weaver, a great disliker of Dissenters, fearing that the new excitement would alienate his neighbors from the Church, went about zealously among them to prove that it was the work of Satan, and would endanger their souls. A new convert lent him one of Wesley's sermons; while reading it he suddenly turned pale, fell to the floor, and roared so mightily that the people ran into the house from the streets and found him sweating, weeping, and screaming in anguish.

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Mr. —— referred, with much interest, to many of his old associates in the itinerancy. He had never heard a preacher superior to Samuel Bradburn. He was rich in sublimity, in mighty, grasping thoughts and melting pathos, and yet mingled with the whole, in the strongest contrasts, an exhaustless wit. Dr. Coke, said Mr. ——, used to declare that there was but one man whom he could hear preach longer than forty-five minutes, and he was Samuel Bradburn.

A number of young preachers were speaking once rather whiningly of having "given up *all* for the ministry." They put too much emphasis on their sacrifices, in Bradburn's estimation; he wished to rebuke them, and did it with his usual felicity. He had been a cobbler himself, as well as a tinker, and most of the young men in the company had been in equally humble occupations. "Yes, dear brethren," exclaimed he, "some of you have had to sacrifice your all for the itinerancy; but we old men have had our share of these trials. As for myself, I made a double sacrifice, for I gave up for the ministry two of the best *awls* in the kingdom—a great sacrifice truly to become an ambassador of God in the Church and a gentleman in society!"

Sammy had much of the hard English grit in his rude nature. He "stood on his rights" obstinately, when he thought them infringed by others. He was once traveling with Wesley; they had a little misunderstanding at a certain stopping-place; Wesley reproved him, and required

him to acknowledge his fault, and ask pardon. Sammy's back-bone stiffened; he would not do it. Wesley gave him a limited time, within which he was to make the required acknowledgment or suffer the consequences. The hours passed, and Sammy, instead of relenting, grew braver and braver, as "a free-born Briton." The crisis came, and Wesley approached him for the issue. The eloquent old cobbler's tough heart (always ready to melt under kindness, tough though it was) beat with audacity and defiance.

"Sammy," said Wesley, "do you ask my pardon?"

"No, sir," and "never will!" was the uncompromising reply.

"Then, Sammy, I ask yours," was the great and good man's rejoinder. Wesley never appeared greater, and Sammy Bradburn never smaller, to the eyes of the latter. He blushed, the tears came to his eyes, he grasped the hand of his great leader, and the strong man became a little child.

Mr. —— spoke, with enthusiastic affection, of his old friend Gideon Ouseley, the apostle of Methodism in Ireland. Ouseley, said he, was one of the most eccentric of men, yet full of faith and the Holy Ghost. His mind was strong, and he had a university education. His family belong to the aristocracy, yet he became a Methodist itinerant, and traveled the Irish highways, preaching for more than two-score years. He preached everywhere—at cock-fights, horse-races, fairs, and markets, and hundreds of times has he proclaimed the gospel on horseback. His sermons were at least three a day, usually two in the open air, and a third in a barn or meeting-house. He preached often in the Irish language—a speech rich and powerful for exhortation. Ouseley rescued hundreds, perhaps thousands, of his countrymen from the superstitions of Popery. He was often attacked by Popish persecutors, and lost one of his eyes in a scuffle with them; but though frequently beaten, and left for dead, he was as bold as a lion, and scattered light among them at every point. Many of his persecutors were overtaken by unnatural deaths, and the Papists dreaded him as protected by the devil. When his uncle, Sir Gore Ouseley, died, he inherited his wealth and title, but abandoned all, preferring the honor of being a Methodist itinerant above the estates and honors of nobility. Such a man is one of God's genuine noblemen.

None of the Methodist evangelists in Ireland, perhaps, equaled Ouseley in tact for addressing promiscuous multitudes in the open air. An instance, of which I was an eye and ear-witness, occurred one Sabbath evening in the town of Drogheda. Leaving his hat in the Tholsel, and standing on the steps, he commenced singing a hymn. Soon a crowd gathered around, chiefly Romanists. The last verse he sung was—

> "To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
> Who sweetly all agree
> To save a world of sinners lost,
> Eternal glory be."

"Now," he said in familiar style, "you all believe that—whatever religion you are of—you believe there's a God? I know you do. Ay, and you believe in the Trinity—that there are three persons in one God? To be sure you do. And you've all made a covenant with that one God in your baptism, whatever Church you belong to, that you'd renounce the devil and all his works. I'm come here to put you in mind of it—to get you to keep your covenant, and be true to God. And if you keep your covenant, what altered times we'll have! what happy times we'll have! Then we'll have no more cursing and swearing; then no more people will be seen rolling drunk through the streets on a Sunday." Here a man in the crowd shouted, "The devil trust you with a glass yourself, if you had it." At this the preacher seemed horrified. "O! O!" he cried; "did you hear that man? O! did you hear him blaspheming in the open day? Look," said he, pointing at him with his finger, "there he is!" The man held down his head abashed, and gave no further interruption. The missionary proceeded in the same strain until he uttered a sentiment to which a woman, who stood near, objected in great earnestness, in Irish. Turning toward her with surprise and displeasure, he exclaimed, "O! did you hear that woman? Did you hear what she said? She's drunk this time o' day! There she is—look at her!" She said no more until, at the close, she observed with much emotion, "Well, that's the best sermon I ever heard!" Mr. Ouseley concluded an address of about twenty-five or thirty min-

utes by repeating the Lord's Prayer. As he bowed, and was going to get his hat, a man cried out, "You forgot the 'Hail Mary'—why didn't you say the 'Hail Mary?'" Mr. Ouseley turned upon him with fervent indignation: "How dare you speak so disrespectfully of the blessed Virgin? You're very impertinent. How dare you!" A rebuke which seemed to meet with universal approbation.

The sincere reverence with which he was wont to speak of the "blessed" Mary, procured many a respectful hearing. I was present on another occasion, in the town of Granard, when he announced for his text Mark xvi, 15, 16. The congregation, chiefly Romanists, filled all the available rooms of an untenanted house. His divisions were bold, and rather polemical.

I. What sort of men did Christ send to preach his gospel?

II. What was it they preached? The gospel.

III. The effects which followed.

The difficulty was to discuss the subject inoffensively, and yet not shun to declare the whole counsel of God.

In answering the first question, he went on to say that the men who got the commission in the text were not horse-racers, card-players, or drunkards—leaving his congregation to make their own inferences. In explaining the second point, he bore heavily upon *tradition*, without once naming it. The gospel they preached was the inspired—the *written* gospel. "Now," he said, addressing himself to the mothers present, "if your child was sick, you'd send for the doctor, wouldn't you? To be sure you would. Well, the doctor comes, you describe the child's symptoms, and he begins to prescribe. Give it this—don't give it that—in so many hours give it the other—and in so long a time after repeat it again. But you will say, 'I'm afraid I'll forget it, doctor; write it down, if you please.'" Here there was a loud murmur through the congregation, for they perceived his drift, and there was reason to fear for his personal safety; but he contrived to introduce the name of the Virgin Mary at the moment with an expression of respectful regard. The ferment subsided immediately, and he finished without serious interruption.

The zeal of this evangelist never cooled. In old age it retained all the quenchless ardor of youth; and it was the pure flame of love—love to the erring and the deceived, especially in Ireland. Once, when he was at the Mission-house in London, he was asked in the committee to engage in prayer for two missionaries just appointed to the foreign field. A few petitions were devoted to them, when, forgetting all other topics, he poured out his soul, in agonizing earnestness, for "his poor country." Another visit, which he paid to Drogheda, will furnish an instructive example of this undiminished zeal. This was in his seventy-third year. Preaching in the chapel on a Sabbath evening, he announced that he would preach there again next morning at seven o'clock. By mistake he was at the gate an hour before the time. Going to the Tholsel to ascertain the hour correctly, I followed, and found him preaching to the laborers who were waiting to be hired. And here an incident occurred, illustrative of his calm trust in the distinguishing care of Divine Providence. A large sea-shell, flung from a window opposite, fell at his feet with a fearful crash. He continued his address unmoved, and without caring to notice it. As we returned to the chapel, I said, "Mr. Ouseley, that shell would have inflicted serious injury had it struck you; it was within half a yard of hitting you." Making the usual motion with his finger—"An inch," he replied, "is as good as a mile!" He kept his appointment at seven.

As he advanced in life, the overthrow of Popery became his absorbing desire—it might almost be said his single aim, and the "ruling passion" was "strong in death." A brother from the country mentioned to me that he once visited the venerable missionary in his last illness. The permission to pray was readily given. As he earnestly supplicated that God might graciously sustain his suffering servant, and administer an abundant entrance to him into heaven, Mr. Ouseley interposed, saying, "Stop, dear; pray—pray that I may live to see an end of that fell apostasy!"

Rough in his exterior; sound in his physical constitution; overflowing in compassion for the millions oppressed and ruined by priestly cupidity and despotism; thoroughly enlightened in his opposition to doctrinal Popery, as imbodied in the Trent Canons; chary of politics; decisive in purpose; fearless of danger; ever on

the aggressive; superabundant in labors; preaching occasionally six times a day, "in and out," as himself used to phrase it; unmoved by appalling difficulties like another "Greatheart;" and, withal, a refreshing example of patient continuance in well-doing—he was the Martin Luther of the Irish Reformation.

AGAIN the conversation ran off into the more striking scenes of early Methodism. Mr. —— related several remarkable cases of conversion. John Furz, one of my old associates, said he, was listening to one of our preachers, who exclaimed, "Two witnesses, dead and buried in dust, will rise up against you. These are they," holding up the Bible, "the two Testaments which have been buried in dust on your shelves." "I recollected," said John, "that my Bible was thus neglected, and that I had actually written my name with my finger upon the lid. I thought I had signed my own damnation on the back of the witness." He was horror-struck—went home and called upon God for mercy, and, finding it, lived and died a faithful preacher.

JOHN THORPE, another old friend of mine, was converted in a still more singular manner. He and his comrades were one day ridiculing and mimicking the Methodists. They attempted to preach for a wager. John's turn came last: he mounted the table full of hilarity; but, on opening the Bible at the text, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish," he was seized with terror; his hair stood on end, and he preached in earnest. At the close he ran home, called upon God in genuine repentance, and afterward went preaching through the land.

I HAVE known of a tavern-keeper, who, relishing music, went to one of the meetings merely to hear the singing. He was afraid of the preaching, and, that he might not hear it, sat with his head inclined and his fingers in his ears. But a fly lit upon his nose, and, at the moment he attempted to drive it away with one of his hands, the preacher uttered, with power, the text, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The word took hold upon his conscience, and he found no relief till he became a converted man.

IN Wexford, Ireland, a conversion occurred still more odd. Our people were persecuted by the Papists, and met in a closed barn. One of the persecutors had agreed to conceal himself beforehand in the barn, that he might open the door to them after the people were assembled. He crept into a sack hard by the door. The singing commenced; but the Hibernian was so taken with it that he thought he would hear it through before disturbing the meeting. At its conclusion he thought he would hear the prayer also; but this was too powerful for him; he was seized with distress and trembling, and bawled out with such dismay as to appall the congregation, who began to believe that the evil one himself was in the sack. The sack was at last pulled off of him, and discovered the poor Irishman a weeping penitent, crying for mercy. He was thoroughly and permanently converted.

METHODISM made mighty inroads upon the mining regions of England. It turned Kingswood into a Jerusalem, and its colliers into prophets and priests. One of its collier converts went to work in a place which was notorious for its wickedness. He was continually persecuted or annoyed by the reprobate miners, but they could not disturb his equanimity. He was the happiest man in the place, and was noted for saying, in every misfortune, "*It's all for the best.*" He had a large family, and was very poor; but "It's all for the best" was all good "Jemmy" had to say when reminded of his hard lot. Even when from accidents, to which miners are so peculiarly liable, he was unable to work, he never murmured, but said, "It was all for the best!" He made use of this expression, indeed, so frequently—not, however, without a due regard to its import—that it became a by-word among his reckless companions wherewith to taunt him on any little misfortune that befell him. On one occasion, just as they were about to descend the shaft to their work, a hungry dog snatched up his scanty dinner, which he had laid down on a piece of wood beside him while putting on his mining dress. On his attempting to regain it, the dog scampered off with his prize, to the great delight of his comrades, who shouted to him, amid peals of laughter, as he ran after it, "Never mind, it's all for the best—it's all for the best, Jem!"

He heeded them not, but followed the dog for some time, while all the other miners went down the shaft. At length he gave up the chase as hopeless, and returned to the pit a good deal mortified, and his temper, perhaps, a little ruffled at the gibes he had heard, and more of which he still anticipated. He had hard work in reconciling his mind to bear the loss with his usual equanimity, and said rather hastily to the topmen when he reached them, "Well, well, I dare say it *is* all for the best!" *And it was for the best;* for, before this man had time to follow his companions down the pit, there was a tremendous explosion of the fire-damp. Twelve men were killed at once, and two more so badly burnt that they died soon after they were hauled up. The one survivor—for there were fifteen men in all—was a helpless cripple for life. "It 's all for the best," said Jemmy, in reporting his loss to his good wife that night; and none of his old companions laughed again at his favorite maxim.

As Methodism has not, till lately, had any schools of divinity, it has afforded a rare field for originality and a natural manner in the pulpit. But there are some natures so inexorably perverse, that, escaping one fault, they will incontinently plunge into another; hence we have had some of the most amazing exhibitions in the Methodist pulpit. Of the *mannerisms* of excited speakers, there is one which we have sometimes witnessed as the accompaniment of high inspiration, and which we presume cannot claim indorsement from the "ancient writers on oratory." It is the melodious termination of each sentence with an emphatic "ah." Sometimes, when the speaker waxes mighty, this eloquent exclamatory gasp gives an impetus to each word, like a puffing locomotive behind, instead of before the car. Among the many humorous anecdotes told of the late Rev. Jacob Gruber, of Baltimore, is one which relates to this point. An ardent young orator of the pulpit, who was unconsciously master of this exclamatory style, wrote to the veteran German for some counsels respecting his homiletic labors. The old preacher, believing that the correction of this one egregious fault would be a sufficient achievement for the time being, wrote him the following laconic letter:—

"Dear Ah! Brother Ah!

"When-ah you-ah go-ah to-ah preach-ah, take-ah care-ah you-ah don't-ah say-ah Ah-ah!

"Yours-ah,

"Jacob-ah Gruber-ah."

The letter was a capital one, as it not only stated, but exemplified the defect in all its folly. It was effectually curative also, if we have been rightly informed. Perhaps its insertion here may extend its remedial virtue.

The following exhortation (a good example of eloquence "boiled down") was delivered by a slave in a religious lecture-room in Montgomery, Alabama. It is not a bad illustration in the way of an admonition:—"My bredren, God bless your souls! 'ligion is like the Alabama ribber! In spring comes fresh, and bring in all de ole logs, sleds, an' sticks dat hab been lyin' on de bank, and carry dem down in de current. Bymeby de water go down—den a log cotch on dis island, den a slab get cotched on de shore, and de sticks on de bushes, and dare dey lie, witherin' an' divin' till come 'nother fresh. Jus' so dar come 'vival of 'ligion—dis ole sinner bro't in, dat ole backslider br't back, an' all de folks seem comin', an' mighty good times. But bredren, God bless your souls! bymeby 'vivals gone—den dis ole sinner is stuck on his own sin afore on jus' such a rock; den one arter 'noder, dat had got 'ligion, lie all along de shore, and dey lie till 'noder 'vival. Belubed bredren, God bless your souls! keep in de current."

Dr. Adam Clarke had a perfect abhorrence both of pork and tobacco. He is reported to have said, "If I were to offer sacrifice to the devil, it should be a roasted pig stuffed with tobacco."

An aged minister was officiating for the first time at a public service of a congregation in Georgia. The Methodists keep up the old custom of having the "hymns lined," as it is termed, in order that all the congregation may join in the singing whether they have hymn-books or not. The venerable man could not see distinctly, and designed to dispense with singing. To announce his purpose, he rose and said—

"My eyes are dim, I cannot see—"

and immediately the chorister commenced singing it to the tune of "Old Hundred." Surprise and mortification rendered the minister almost speechless, but he managed to stammer out—

"I meant but an apology."

This line was immediately sung by the congregation, and the minister, now quite excited, exclaimed—

"Forbear, I pray—my sight is dim;"

but the singing proceeded, and the couplet was finished by his troubled and beseeching explanation—

"I do not mean to read a hymn!"

Strange as it may seem, this was also sung with much energy, and the worthy old gentleman actually sat down in despair.

The devil sometimes plays *fantastic tricks* with us through our morbid fancies. The biographer of Richard Watson, in relating a visit with him to a certain village, says, "In passing the church-yard, Mr. Watson pointed to a conspicuous grave, and said, 'The first time I traveled this way that grave-stone caught my eye, especially the words * * *, who died, aged forty-two. A very strong impression, for which I could not account, was immediately made upon my mind that I should die at precisely the same age. The impression was both strong and sudden; I have already passed that age, and this shows how little stress can be justly laid upon those sudden impulses and impressions of which some people make so much account.' This impression, it appears, had created considerable uneasiness in the family of Mr. Watson; but its effect on his own mind it is not easy to determine."

Watson possessed a vigorous mind, one that we should suppose would be the last to indulge fanatical whims; we may learn, therefore, from his case, the liability of weaker heads to be deluded by such impressions. Had he been as susceptible as his anxious family, it is not improbable that he would have worn away under the impression, fallen into some fatal disease, and expired at the precise time—and all this the result merely of imagination. Medical history is full of proofs on this subject, and it is altogether probable that most who die under such circumstances fall victims to their own folly, instead of a revealed design of Providence. Cases have been known where criminals condemned to death have been blindfolded, laid upon the block, slightly struck on the neck with a cane, and taken up dead, without the loss of a drop of blood.

It is singular with what tenacity these morbid fears will cling to the mind, especially when the body has been enervated by prolonged excitement. No class of men, perhaps, are more exposed to such excitement than Methodist preachers, by both their extemporaneous mode of speaking, which is accompanied often with intense emotion, and the frequency and arduousness of their pastoral labors and social meetings; and perhaps most of them experience, at some time or other, its depressing effects.

Our old friend M., when stationed at B——, had a brief and ludicrous attack of this species of hypochondria. He had labored arduously during several weeks, and not a few vexatious difficulties had disturbed the Church and harassed his mind. On returning late, and quite exhausted, one night, from a meeting at which he had felt uncommonly languid and dejected, he was suddenly seized, as he entered his study, with the impression that he had offended God, and would die that very night. As usual with a diseased state of the mind, the thought was attended with profound melancholy. Of course he thought not of sleep, but walked the floor in agony for hours. Wearied at last by his rapid paces, he seated himself, and, covering his face with his hands, reclined his head on a table. There he prayed, wept, and trembled, and as the time advanced, prayed, wept, and trembled the more. Doubtless Satan and his imps had some hearty laughs over the shoulders of the strong man turned into a child! At last, in his agony, and with his hair on end, he rose to pace again the floor, when, lo! daylight was streaming in at his window. The hour of fate had passed. The illusion was gone, and the astonished man knew not whether he ought to smile or blush at his weakness. It was a weakness, however, which a superior mind can more easily despise than prevent.

"It was my own misfortune once," writes a Methodist preacher, "to suffer much from one of these presentiments of

death. It was received while I was upon my knees in private prayer. The circumstances were strong, the impression at the time was singularly clear and forcible—like an intuition. Subsequent circumstances, too, seemed confirmatory of it. The very next day an excellent Christian died in the neighborhood, who had entertained such a presentiment for months, and had even provided his coffin for the event. As the time passed the omens became stronger; by an accidental exposure I took cold, was attacked with cough, and confined to my room with incipient symptoms of pulmonary consumption. How easily would some minds have given way under these circumstances, and have realized the expected result! I had not, however, been disposed to superstitious fears, and knew the caprices of the imagination, and its dangerous influence on health. I therefore calmly endeavored to prepare my mind and circumstances for any result, and waited through the period of several weeks, within which I expected to die, and which terminated precisely with the year. During this time I was confined to my room; the impression was inseparably present; I treated it with respect, but not with fear—it might be from God, or it might not. The last night came, but still there were a few hours, and what might not occur in them? I watched until midnight, and not until the clock announced that the last moment of the year had flown was I clear from this remarkable illusion. I then fell upon my knees, thanked God that I had not fallen a victim to this weakness, and prayed that I might better remember that "the secret things belong to the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us, and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of his law." It cannot be said that God does not, in rare instances, reveal their dying hours to his people; but we never knew a case which could be relied on, and the best reasons apply against such a course on the part of his providence. The devil reigns in the heart, but he gets into that mighty intrenchment in various ways—sometimes through the intellect, as by sophisms, skepticism, &c., but not unfrequently he enters by way of the stomach. If you would have a clear head and a healthful heart, keep a good stomach next to a good conscience. Some of the worst phantasies in religion have risen in the "vapors" of a bad digestion. Some people's brains seem to be in their stomachs, and not unfrequently their speculations make that notable viscus seem like a sack filled with Kilkenny cats.

THE BEST ESTATE.

The heart it hath its own estate,
The mind it hath its wealth untold;
It needs not fortune to be great
While there 's a coin surpassing gold.

No matter which way fortune leans,
Wealth makes not happiness secure;
A little mind hath little means—
A narrow heart is always poor.

Stern fate the greatest still inthralls,
And misery hath its high compeers;
For sorrow enters palace halls,
And queens are not exempt from tears.

The princely robe and beggar's coat,
The scythe and sword, the plume and plow,
Are in the grave of equal note,—
Men live but in the eternal "Now!"

Still disappointment tracks the proud,
The bravest 'neath defeat may fall;
The high, the rich, the courtly crowd
Find there 's calamity for all.

'T is not the house that honor makes,—
True honor is a thing divine;
It is the mind precedence takes,—
It is the spirit makes the shrine!

So keep thou yet a generous heart,
A steadfast and contented mind;
And not till death consent to part
With that, which friend to friend doth bind.

What 's utter'd from the life within,
Is heard not by the life without;
There 's always something to begin
'Twixt life in faith, and life in doubt!

But grasp thou truth,—though bleak appears
The rugged path her steps have trod:
She 'll be thy friend in other spheres—
Companion in the world of God.

Thus dwelling with the wise and good,—
The rich in thought, the great in soul,—
Man's mission may be understood,
And part prove equal to the whole!

We know not half we may possess,
Nor what awaits, nor what attends,—
We 're richer far than we may guess,
Rich as eternity extends!

The heart it hath its own estate,
The mind it hath its wealth untold;
It needs not fortune to be great,
While there 's a coin surpassing gold!

CHARLES SWAIN.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER AT THE BATTLE OF BAROSSA.

THE winter of 1825 was fast approaching, when a pious soldier of the third regiment of Foot Guards in London kindly and respectfully inquired, "Would you like, sir, to attend our soldiers' prayer-meeting this evening?" "Where is it held?" "In Strutton Ground, Westminster." "I shall accompany you with pleasure." I was led to an upper room, large and capacious; and, to my very great surprise, I found about thirty horse and foot soldiers, and some of their wives, with one or two pious sailors, also assembled. I was most kindly received into this company of good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and being instantly recognized by many, I was asked to conduct the meeting; but, anxious as I was to observe what method a body of pious soldiers brought together had been led by divine grace to adopt, I said, "O no, I will sit in this corner, and you will very much oblige me by conducting the service in your usual way, and at the close I shall be most happy, as an humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, to pray with you." Three of the soldiers in turn gave out a short hymn, and, after each had done so, all fell upon their knees, while he who had announced his hymn proceeded most solemnly and appropriately to implore the divine blessing upon all sailors and soldiers, and their families, throughout the whole world.

I rejoiced that I was in a corner, where I could secretly enjoy my own feelings, and silently pour out my soul to God. Never was I more devoutly affected in my life. The scene, the singing, the persons, the locality, and the surrounding indistinctly-smothered sighs of so many broken hearts, were really altogether overwhelming to my soul. Westminster I had intimately known from a boy, and Strutton Ground, and the Broadway, to Hill-street, by Westminster Abbey, in particular. A more horribly-depraved neighborhood for military licentiousness and drunkenness the whole world could never produce. What most astonished me was, where and how those fine cavalry and infantry soldiers from Knightsbridge and Westminster could have gained all this knowledge of Christ, and salvation, and the Bible, that they so copiously expressed in their extempore prayers.

"Surely," I in secret exclaimed, "none teaches like the Spirit of God; the anointing of the Holy Ghost really teaches all things necessary to salvation." I began to think I had been like Elijah, who fancied himself almost alone, and I thought of the apostle's beautiful comment, "But what saith the answer of God unto him? I have reserved to myself seven thousand men, who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal. Even so, then, at this present time also, there is *a remnant* according to the election of grace." I was ready to cry out with Paul, in the case of these three pious soldiers in particular, "And if by grace, then is it no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace; otherwise work is no more work." Rom. xi, 4–6. At the conclusion of the last soldier's prayer, a sailor from the Thames stood up, and related his many hair-breadth escapes from death in the battle off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February, with Admiral Sir John Jervis and Sir Horatio Nelson. He then described, in a very interesting manner, his conversion to God, by a sermon on the deck of a ship, in one of the tiers of shipping in the Thames. A few verses were sung, and he prayed. After his prayer, a very humble, pious soldier gave out a verse or two of a hymn he had learned, in military terms. I did not catch any more of it than the last two lines, and these will be mentioned in the sequel.

After they had sung, the soldier who was now leading their devotions, said:—"Comrades, please to sit down, and I will furnish you with some particulars that may be profitable to us all, respecting the last two lines we have just been singing. Some of you have heard me say that, during the last war, I belonged to a foot regiment, in which there were a few Christian soldiers, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and were not ashamed to confess him before men, whether soldiers or civilians. William, my beloved friend, was one of that number." The soldier wept. "Excuse me, comrades, you know it is no disgrace to a British soldier to shed a tear over the memory of a loyal, converted, and faithful comrade. O! his memory is dear to me, for he was a friend indeed, and such a friend as I hope to meet in the world of glory. Our regiment was in barracks at Portsmouth, and other noted

places, and we met as regularly as we could for prayer and praise; and as William generally conducted the meetings as our prayer leader, he would often close the service with holy joy and rapture, singing—

'Then we'll *march* up the heavenly street,
And *ground* our *arms* at *Jesus' feet*.'

"When Lord Wellington took the command of the British army in the Peninsula, our regiment was ordered to embark in transports for Lisbon, in Portugal. We had many blessed meetings on board, amid all the scoffs and sneers of swearing sailors, who wondered to behold *privates*, in a depraved regiment, come out from among their poor, thoughtless comrades, and worship God as we did, I trust in the beauty of holiness. After a few storms in running over the Atlantic, we disembarked at Lisbon, and were ordered to Belem Tower. Here we had many opportunities, in that superstitious, dark country, of proving that Jesus Christ is in every place, and is especially present with any two or three, soldiers as well as other sinners, who are gathered in his name, to strengthen each other's faith, and hope, and joy in believing. Other regiments arrived also, and, as we had a prospect of marching up the country, if we could force the enemy out of Portugal, we were the more earnest in our prayers that God would have mercy upon all the officers and soldiers in the British army, and graciously prepare every man for the events of his providence through which we might be called to pass in 'the tented field,' or the murderous 'trenches' of a besieged city, or on the 'ramparts' of a conquered town. We have often stolen away to a retired spot, near Belem Tower, and William would cheer us all up, by saying, 'Fear not, comrades; whether we live or die, in camps or hospitals, or on the field of blood itself, we'll sing with joy,'—and here he repeated his favorite lines.

"But not to detain you too long, I should say that we marched through Portugal and Spain, over the very bodies of our comrades, driving the enemy before us; and, notwithstanding all the drunkenness, blasphemy, and licentiousness so common in the army, God was pleased to succeed us in almost every battle so that the Duke of Wellington, you know, was generally victorious. Many a day, after a long, and harassing, and fatiguing march, when we halted in the evenings, and fainting with hunger, as the commissariat came up, and bread and meat were served out as our rations, we hastily prepared for refreshment with the camp-kettle; and then at ten o'clock withdrew to the banks of some river in Spain, and by the light of the moon held our prayer-meetings, and praised God we were yet alive, and kept together in the ranks of faith, by his almighty power and grace. William would often address us at the close of the meeting, saying, 'Ah! comrades, we shall soon have done with marching and countermarching, with fatigue-parties and trenches, with fields and camps, and blood and slaughter, and then, O! then, to depart and be with Christ. O! what glory! washed in his precious blood, justified by his glorious righteousness, and accepted in the Beloved! O! comrades, look up, for your redemption draweth nigh.'

"At length we were hurried, pell-mell, into the battle of Barossa. It was a day of blood, indeed, that will long be remembered by every survivor. At the close of the sanguinary conflict, our company had advanced at some short distance from the field of battle, and when the word was given to halt, a soldier ran up to inform me that my cousin was badly wounded, and bleeding on the field. I asked permission of our captain to fall back, and get my cousin into some hospital wagon to save his life; and as I was threading my way between dead horses and dead and dying soldiers, a dragoon galloped past me, who knew our praying company, and he called out aloud to me on the field of battle, as he sprung over the dead corpses, 'Briery, there 's your comrade William dying by the side of that dead horse,' pointing with his sword to the spot. I instantly hastened thither, and found him lying on his back, with his right hand upon his left breast, and the paleness of death overspread all his anguished features.

"I eagerly grasped his left hand, and called out, 'William, William, comrade William!' He opened his dying eyes, and looked upon me, and exclaimed, faintly at first, 'Ah! comrade, is that you? how could you have found me out in this slaughter-house of groans and blood? You have only just come in time.' I grasped his hand with affection as a dear friend and brother in the Lord; and, as the tears

rolled copiously down my cheeks, (for even war, with all its horrors, cannot destroy a soldier's best feelings of humanity and tenderness to a beloved Christian friend in the agonies of death,) I said, 'Where are you wounded, William?' He rolled his eyes in anguish, and replied, 'O, I've a musket-ball through my left breast, and I feel it will not be long before my soul will leave this agonized frame,—life is ebbing fast, and stingless death, through Christ my Lord, is coming upon me.' 'Are you in much pain, William?' He pressed his hand to his breast, and cried out with bitter anguish, 'O, comrade, the pains of my body are greater than I can possibly express.' I paused and wept over him, and waiting a moment until he could recover, as his breath became shorter, while the blood was oozing out of his wound, I said to him at intervals, 'William, how is it with your soul? Are you happy in the Lord? Is Christ now precious to you? We have fought in many battles,—we have marched over many a waste, howling wilderness,—we have encountered many enemies,—we have held many blessed meetings in Spain,—you have often told us the Lord was with you, in camps, in trenches, on guard, or on the march. Is Christ with you now, William? Is your soul comfortable in the enjoyment of his love, and the foretaste of heaven?' To my great surprise, he made a mighty effort, and sprang up, so as to occupy a sitting posture, partly leaning on my shoulder, and taking his hand from the wound, while the blood squirted out upon a dead horse, he lifted up his hand to heaven, and cried out, 'Ah! comrade, the joys of my soul are greater than all the pains of my body,—yes, indeed, He is precious, and I now prove, that having loved his own, He loveth them to the very end. Adieu, comrade, I am now indeed going to be with Jesus.' And then waving his hand, and gazing around him, he cried out, with a peculiar tone of voice that I shall never forget, while I held my hand to his wound: 'Farewell, marches and trenches! farewell, fatigue parties, and midnight revelings of drunken comrades! farewell, fields of battle, and blood, and slaughter; and farewell, sun, and moon, and stars——and'——. He paused, almost exhausted with his feelings; but turning to me, he cried, 'Yes, farewell, beloved comrade in Christ Jesus! Meet me in glory, for O! in a few minutes more my soul must depart, and then, yes,—

'Then I'll *march* up the heavenly street,
And *ground* my *arms* at *Jesus' feet!*'

His head sunk upon my shoulder; and suddenly the bugles sounded to call in stragglers from the field, on some special duty. I was compelled hastily to run to our company and fall in for duty; but after firing a short time at some renewed attack, we grounded our arms; and, in a little while, a soldier from the field came up to me, saying, 'Briery, I dug a small pit, and have just put your comrade William into it. He was a good fellow; I could not bear to see him lie there without a grave.' Ah, comrades, I was immediately like David, when he had lost his friend and brother in the war, and I cried out in his mournful language of deep sorrow, 'How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!'" 2 Sam. i, 25–27.

The soldier finished his simple and heart-affecting tale, and we all kneeled down while he poured out his soul before God for the army and the navy in particular, that sailors and soldiers might choose William's God, and enjoy William's triumphs, as they were infinitely greater on the field of death than ever the Duke of Wellington enjoyed in quitting that field for all the glory that could be conferred on him by his country. I do not remember to have heard anything told with more simplicity, and ease, and command of utterance, Christian pathos, and humility, in my life, so that I solemnly declare it left such an impression upon my soul that I thought I was never more fit to die than at that moment; and, indeed, for many weeks afterward, I occasionally felt a sort of ardent momentary desire, with inexpressible delight, to die like William, taking leave of all sublunary objects, and proclaiming the same language of triumph to friends and foes, to family and kindred, in the prospect of full redemption by the blood of the Lamb.

"Then I'll *march* up the heavenly street,
And *ground* my *arms* at *Jesus' feet.*"

A STRANGE TRAFFIC.

IN his "Evenings with the Romanists," an excellent companion volume to that deservedly popular work "Evenings with the Jesuits," the Rev. Hobart Seymour records an extraordinary instance of that traffic in masses and indulgences for which the Church of Rome is so notorious. He was himself an eye-witness of what he describes. He writes:—

"There are certain altars, called 'privileged altars,' in the churches of Rome; the special privilege of which is, that a single mass said at such altar is adequate to release from purgatorian suffering the soul for which it is offered. I witnessed personally the sale of this privileged mass to a large number of persons in the church or basilica of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme in Rome. Each person stated the name of the friend supposed to be suffering in purgatory, paid four pauls, (about one shilling and eight-pence,) and received an acknowledgment in writing! I witnessed again the same process at the Feast of the Assumption at Varallo in 1851. I had visited the Sacro Monte there to witness the pilgrimages to the shrine of the Virgin. The high altar of the principal church possesses the privilege already alluded to. And near it was a *bureau* or office, with a notice publicly setting forth to the multitude of pilgrims, that it was there they received the payments for the privileged masses, for the relief of the souls in purgatory. The pilgrims were entering, paying their money, giving the names of their departed friends, receiving an acknowledgment, and then withdrawing. I entered myself; I stated my wish to release the soul of a departed friend. The official bowed courteously, and, opening a large account-book, asked me my name?

"I gave him my name.

"He entered it in this account-book, but spelled it, as most Italians do, with an English name, so that I could not myself recognize it. We both smiled, and he apologized on account of the difficulty of writing a foreign name.

"I asked him how much I was to pay for the release of my friend.

"He replied, 'Two francs Milanese and seven cents.'

"I gave him a five-franc piece and received the change, by which it appeared he retained about one shilling and eight-pence.

"He then asked the name of my friend in purgatory whose soul was to be released.

"I felt that this was the moment for demonstrating the absurdity and knavery of this system. I thought that the best way of doing this was to give the name of some one who was certainly not then in purgatory. I gave my own name.

"He immediately handed me a book—the book of the names of all souls to be released by the privileged mass, and which book is deposited on the altar, so as that, when the priest says the privileged mass, he may name audibly or mentally the names of those to be released. In this book there were entered on the same page about twenty names already. On handing this book to me he smiled courteously, and apologizing for giving me the trouble of writing the name, requested that I would myself write it, lest he should make any mistake. I wrote my own name at full length!

"He again bowed most courteously, apparently intimating that all was completed for the present. But, remembering that I saw others getting receipts, I asked for one.

"On filling the blanks in the receipt-form, he asked whether I would not like a *Blessing* for my friend's soul, as well as the *Mass*.

"I replied, with many thanks, that as the privileged mass was sure to release his soul from purgatory, he would not want the blessing.

"He smiled—completed the receipt—signed it—and I withdrew.

"Such was the scene in which I personally took part. The following is a copy of the receipt:—

"'1851. Sept. 8th. The Sacred Mount.

"'I, the undersigned, agent of the venerable fabric of the Sacred Mount of Varallo, have received from Mr. Hobart Seymour the charity of one shilling and eight-pence for one mass, to be celebrated at the perpetually privileged daily altar of the most blessed Virgin Mary in Varallo.

"'In witness,

"'AGNO BERTOLI.'

"When a system like this is openly and publicly taught, and believed, and practiced, by the priesthood on one hand and by the people on the other—a system by which either murderer or victim may be released from the sufferings of another world by a small sum in this—where a system like this prevails among the population of any country, it ceases to be a matter of surprise that crime should abound in all its most dark and terrible features. The wonder would be if it should be otherwise."

In the chapter from which the preceding incident is taken, Mr. Seymour has gone into an elaborate investigation of the demoralizing results of the state of things thus disclosed in the countries under the influence of the Papacy. A most striking contrast is drawn between the amount of crime perpetrated in Protestant and Roman Catholic lands respectively, and especially in respect to that darkest development of human depravity—murder. An awful preponderance of guilt in this particular is established against the communities over whom the pope exercises his sway. The following are some of the terrific statistics which are presented on this subject:—

"The yearly average of murders in all Italy—in that land where the Church of Rome is supreme, and without a rival—is one thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight, so that every year there are left murdered in cold blood more men, and women, and children than often fall in our most blood-stained battle-fields. And this in the land of convents, and nunneries, and confessionals—in the land where, of all

else on the wide surface of God's creation, we might expect the full and happy development of all the restraints which the Church of Rome imposes upon crime—in the land where priests, and monks, and nuns exceed a hundred and twenty thousand! Mr. Whiteside informs us that at Assissi there are twelve convents; at Foligno, twelve for monks, and eight for nuns; at Spoletto, twenty-two; at Terni, five; at Marni, seven for monks, and five for nuns. It appears, too, that at Perugia there are thirty-four, while in Rome there are sixty-four for monks, and fifty for nuns! And yet it is in this very district that the murders amount to one hundred and thirteen to the million of the population! while in Naples and Sicily, there are, or rather were, a few years ago, sixteen thousand four hundred and fifty-five monks, and thirteen thousand nuns, the largest number in any country in the world, and *there* there is also the largest proportion of crime to be found in any one country on the whole surface of God's creation!

"The following are the results in all the several Roman Catholic countries, as contrasted with Protestant England:—

"Roman Catholic	Ireland	19	to the million.
" "	Belgium	18	" "
" "	France	81	" "
" "	Austria	86	" "
" "	Bavaria	68	" "
" "	Sardinia	20	" "
" "	Lombardy	45	" "
" "	Tuscany	56	" "
The Papal States		118	" "
Roman Catholic	Sicily	90	" "
" "	Naples	174	" "
PROTESTANT ENGLAND		4	" "

"I ask—are not these figures eloquent?

"One thing at least is certain, as derived from these figures, official and governmental as they are, namely, that convents, and nunneries, and confessionals, and all such institutions of Romanism have failed in those countries where they have been tried under the circumstances most favorable for their development—have failed wretchedly and signally. And the argument, that we ought to introduce into this country the institutions of Romanism even in a modified form, as more efficient in repressing crime than the principles and motives of Protestant Christianity, is not only answered, but ANNIHILATED."

Surely there is something in this charge, sustained by these appalling and well-authenticated statistics, that deserves the serious consideration of every Romanist. We conclude with a passage which brings out other aspects of disparity between the two systems, of great importance, as showing the different feelings with which the crime of murder is regarded by their respective adherents:—

"Both Romanism and Protestantism are agreed as to the deep, black, awful sinfulness of the murderer. They are in accord as far as the murderer himself is concerned—as to his conscience, as to his soul, as to his eternal destiny, if he die unrepentant. They may differ, indeed, as to the mode of getting rid of his guilt, but they are in accord so far as the murderer himself is concerned, while they are as wide as the poles respecting the murdered victim.

"This difference is wide and important in its results. That which gives a double-dyed guilt and shivering horror to the crime of murder in the eyes of a Protestant is, that it is suddenly sending an immortal being unbidden before his final judge—unprepared, and perhaps unthinking, before the last judgment, then and there, 'with all his imperfections on his head,' to receive his eternal destinies. There is no change in the grave; as he lived and died, so he rises and is judged. It is this that gives such unspeakable awe to this crime, and makes a good man shudder at its very name. But in the Church of Rome all this feeling, so cogent in restraining this crime, is annihilated. In her it is held, that the moral condition of a man may undergo a change in the grave—that he may be purified and bettered in his after state by purgatorian sufferings, and that after a time he may even stand spotless and blameless before his Judge. In connection with this doctrine it is held that the friends of the dead can relieve his sufferings, and secure his release, by getting masses said for his soul. And these masses are to be bought and sold as any other merchandise in the market. The result is, that the murderer looks on his bleeding victim, as he lies stark and ghastly, and he comforts himself with the thought that the surviving friends of the victim have it in their power to save him, by having masses offered for his soul; and that if they indeed fail—*if* they withhold the money from the priest, he himself has but to pay a trifling sum for the required number of masses; and he thus relieves himself—he disburdens his conscience of all that which gives the highest awe, the darkest and dreariest color to this crime in the eyes of a Protestant Christian."

THE EVER-RULING HAND.—A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army, has turned the stream of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of battle, but may well remember how many bullets have gone *by* that might have gone *through* him; and by what unforeseen chances death has been turned aside, which seemed in a full, ready, and direct career to have been posting to him. All which passages, if we do not acknowledge to have been guided to their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior and a divine hand, we do by the same assertion cashier all providence, strip the Almighty of his noblest prerogative, and make God, not the governor, but the mere spectator of the world.

[For the National Magazine.]

OTYPIES AND OGRAPHIES.

PHONETICS is divided into phonotypy and phonography. Phonotypy (compounded of the Greek words *phone*, voice, and *tupos*, a type,) signifies voice-printing, or the reducing the exact vocal articulation to type. Phonography (*phone*, voice, and *graphe*, writing,) is the reduction of the same vocality to writing—voice-writing.

Phonotypy simply proposes a reform in our printed orthography founded on the true principle that the same character should always represent the same sound, and the same sound should always be expressed by the same character or characters. *Similia similibus vocitabantur.* Thereby every word in any language could be spelled in but one possible way. Spelling would in consequence become an exact science, acquirable in a few days, never to be forgotten and never to be mistaken. It accomplishes this, first, by retaining our present alphabet, but confining each letter to a single invariable sound; and, secondly, by expressing the surplus sounds by newly-invented characters. Thus our old habits are kindly indulged by making the changes as few as possible. The new style can readily be read by any tolerable scholar, and the reformatory transition is rendered most temptingly easy. Would that all reformatory gulfs were as conveniently bridged!

Phonography is more *ultra*, and, (may the conservatives and *fogies* forgive me!) therefore, more absolutely *right*. It despises all compromise, and makes no concession to "the ardness of your hearts," or the thickness of your heads. It abjures all old alphabets, and makes a clean book. It discards all the crooks and curlicues of all existing letters, and reduces them to the simplest and briefest possible geometric forms. It thence becomes short-hand; and by a rare invention, or rather by a series of rare inventions, it becomes a short-hand of a most unrivaled perfection. Brevity and simplicity render it most easily and rapidly written; the consistency of its principles renders it comparatively easy of acquirement; the completeness and precision of its orthography render it easily and rapidly legible; and its great legibility renders it possible to introduce such adventurous, yet systematic abbreviations, that it enables the practiced reporter to record the spoken words of the rapid orator with an accuracy which is in itself one of the present wonders of our age.

Phonography places the name of its inventor, Isaac Pitman, among the memorable benefactors of our race. All the old stenographies of Byrom, Towndrow, Gould, and others, are mere worthless botches compared with it. It came, we believe, complete from the hand of the author. Since its publication, we are sorry to say that some changes have been made which indicate that it has fallen into less competent hands. They had better keep hands off. The more they let phonography alone, the more phonography is obliged to them. And Mr. Pitman too (we speak it reverently of his genius) had better, perhaps, be chary of change. The sober second-thought of genius is often inferior to the impetuous first-thought. And when we call the inventor of phonography *a benefactor of his race*, we neither underrate the force of our terms nor overrate the merits of the invention. A development of its aims and capabilities will perhaps evince the truth of our position.

I. Both the otypy and the ography propose to abolish that mass of absurdities facetiously called English *ortho*graphy. To most of our readers, doubtless, phonotypy is only known by certain burlesque pretenses of imitation in the newspapers, conveying the idea, of course, that it is a *phery phoolish and wrydickyoulus aphphair*. So far, however, are these from being imitations of phonotypy, they are, in fact, made up of combinations belonging entirely to the common system, and are the very absurdities phonotypy abolishes. Every combination in the above burlesque clause, for instance, has a precedent in our established spelling. Nor can any spelling absurdity be possibly invented which is more ridiculous, to the unperverted eye, than that very system, or rather no-system, which custom has made so absurdly dear to unreflecting minds.

How truly these travesties burlesque our established spelling, let the following specimen, produced by Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, amusingly illustrate. Each word in the specimen is explained by a parallel spelling in the common orthography, placed beneath:—

Tough thes eaditer auph thie
Through tea head laurel nephew grief

Foughnotipick Jolonal syrrh eye observe
though colonel myrrh eye zeal

yew proepeaux two introwduice ay nue
yew doe beauw two know juice may sue

sissedem ov righting bigh whitch ue eckspress
missed vie right high witch hue pecks

oanly theigh sowends anned knot thee orthog-
loan leigh crowned tanned knot thee doggerel

gerafey oph they wirds butt Igh phthink
barley Stephen key birds butt sigh apophthegm

ugh gow to fare inn cheighnging owr thyme
Hugh know to are inn weigh cow thyme

onird alfahbeat aned ading sew menny
bird Hannah sweat have had sew penny

neau lebtors. Ie meyk bould teo saigh
beauty debtors. die they soul gallcon straight

thaat eit izz cwict eyezi toe ruyt
Isaac forfeit whizz indict keyed shoe buy

akarding too sowend withe theo leabtors
warding too allowed like people head debt

hov theaw oald alfabebt, aind indead
honor Beauchamp coal debt plaid plead

Ui halv faor maini yeers begn
beguile salmon extraordinary said weird impregn

een theye habbit auv dooing sough.
Greenwich keyed abbey laurel loo dough.

If Pitman or any other being, human or superhuman, can emancipate our school children from this mass of barbarism, he is, at least, the benefactor of a most interesting part of human kind. The shout of joyous urchins, delivered from years of safl thraldom, should peal a salute to his honor. We are aware that there are merciless task-masters, who would still perpetuate the abomination, under the plea of its being a fine discipline, forsooth, of the childish brain. We esteem its effects on the mind to be, in the highest degree, deleterious, physically, mentally, and morally. We believe it has sent many a child to its untimely grave, and weakened and perverted many a brain it could not murder. We do not approve the practice of imposing difficult tasks of acquiring useless knowledge, under the pretense of discipline. Discipline enough there is, true discipline, the only true discipline, in the task of acquiring just and true knowledge. A discipline that trains the young mind to irrationality, to vagueness, to uselessness, to arbitrary caprice, to the substitution of conventional prescription for essential truth, is a curse to the mind and the soul. It is a training to falsehood; for mere conventional truth is falsehood agreed upon—a lie by compact. Nothing is more important for training up clear-sighted observers and clear-headed logicians, than the habit through every part of education, nay, through every moment of life, of looking at and seeing things just as they are. Never should the mind be trained to hold things to be what they are not; to submit itself to conventional impositions and authorized absurdities; to satisfy itself with confused and vague perceptions. Now our common spelling process is guilty of all these offenses. It is vague, conventional, false, capricious, contradictory, confusing, all continued for years, through the weary hours of five days in the week, at the most tender and impressible period of life. We submit that it is both stultifying and demoralizing—an execrable nuisance that ought to be abated.*

As to the etymological objection, that phonotypy would destroy all traces of the derivation at present embodied in the spelling, our reply is brief. Phonotypy, doubtless, would add one step to the process of tracing the historical mutations through which a given word has passed. It flings the old forms one remove back. To the professional etymologist this is, doubtless, a great favor, as it affords additional field for research, and so additional reputation for profundity in recondite knowledge. To the second-hand etymologist, who examines the derivation of a word for an immediate and practical purpose, there is an easy mechanical aid. Webster's large dictionary analyzes the etymology of every word in the language. A phonotypic dictionary could easily add to the phonotypic word its old spelling-form, and then trace its various steps of derivation; for, be it remembered, phonotypy retains all the present letters of the alphabet. Etymology, so far as it would be concealed by phonotypy, has little influence upon the large mass of speakers and writers in our language; and the man

* If any shrewd reader suspects, from the heartiness of this denunciation, that the suther is a bad speller, and that what so claims to be conscientious opposition is all vexation and smarting memory of the rod or ferule for misspelt lessons, he begs leave to say that when an urchin his position was generally at the head of his spelling-class; and that, at the present day, it is a sharp compositor that catches his orthography tripping. He says not this to boast of so contemptible a merit, but to show that he speaks from a vantage ground.

who needs an occult etymological fact can afford to work for it without expecting that all Christendom or all Saxondom should bear his burden with him. An etymology is a luxury for the few; phonotypy is a necessity for the many. The etymological objection is founded on the old feudal principle: that the lip of the upper ten may enjoy its silver spoon, let the mouths of the million go empty.

But what shall be done with all our present books and all our old libraries? We answer, Do with them just what you have done with your old writers, Milton and Shakspeare. Reprint them all in the new orthography, and your publishing houses will have no objection to the glorious job. For do not imagine that you are reading those venerable standards in their own obsolete orthography. They have all been renovated from the old to the new *barbarism* prescribed by Johnson's Dictionary. A few hours' practice enables us to *read* authors much older than these,—Chaucer and Gower, for instance, in their old spelling,—and we have no need to learn to *write* in that orthography. In a similar way, were phonotypy now in universal use, established a full century, a few hours would make our present barbarism sufficiently readable for all practical purposes. The reformation, gradually adopted, would attain all its benefits without expense and without inconvenience. It only requires the sacrifice of the childish, or rather *owlish* prejudice that admires customary deformity.

There are few native American born men who can speak or read their own language without mistake. We seldom hear a speaker, either at the bar, in the pulpit, or in the professor's chair? even, who can pronounce the entire language with unerring accuracy. We every day hear false orthoëpy from professional and literary speakers. Men who have spent their entire lives in scholastic pursuits, and are nice in pronunciations, are obliged, at fifty or sixty years of age, to thumb a lexicon to learn how to pronounce their mother-tongue! and that, too, with a sad presentiment that, so *un*principled is our own orthography, he may have to hunt up the same treacherous vocable in the same dictionary next week. And yet the intrepid and faithful fogy will be up in arms if you should suggest to him the idea of bringing into use an orthography in which a mistake or an uncertainty would be an impossibility. The same fact is true in regard to spelling. Few literary men are there at any age of life who are not plagued with doubts in the spelling of a language they have been spelling all their lives. Few are there who, if put into a spelling-class, and tried by an expert master, would not occasionally verge towards the foot. Yet you propose to the mass of them a reformatory remedy at the risk of nicknames and ridicule for your pains. Let this fact, at any rate, be well remembered—English and Chinese can seldom or never be completely learned even by native literati. It is a great proof of semi-civilization in both races.

We call the attention of teachers and all controllers of schools to one valuable fact. The shortest way of learning even our *present spelling* system is *thorough phonotypy*. This has been repeatedly tried with a uniform result. One of the most distinguished philologists of our day, Dr. Latham, of England, says: "The present writer is prepared with facts by which he could verify the following position, that if a child were taught at first on the phonetic principle, and, by graduated lessons, brought up to a comprehension of the present orthography, his reading would be taught in half the time, half the trouble, and consequently half the risk of having a distaste for learning engendered by the difficulties of his studies involved in the present system." This statement suggests the mode by which the reform may be most advantageously commenced, and fully answers the objection deduced from the supposed *double trouble* of at first learning two methods of spelling and reading.

We have thus far considered the negative part of the reform, namely, the removal of the old rubbish, and have answered the objections most commonly adduced. We next proceed to the positive part, the great advantages accruing to the world from its adoption.

II. Phonotypy *is the short way to an economical and universal education.* A child can learn to read phonotypy in from twenty to forty hours. The weeks, months, and years now occupied with the unaccomplishable task of mastering our mother-tongue are at once vacated, and room is made for more inspiriting studies,

and more advantageous and ennobling knowledge. With how much more of knowledge might not a boy of twelve or fifteen years be furnished, and that too with much less danger of impaired health, or an obtuse brain, than the dry drill of our present spelling process furnishes. In a few days, if necessary at Sunday schools, every person could be taught to read in these United States. Every youth, man and woman, white or colored, could be made to read phonotypically, and a phonotypic Bible be placed in hand. Phonotypic newspapers might follow, and the multiplied thousands who now control our ballot-boxes, without knowing how to read their vote, might be taught to vote intelligently. Phonotypy gives to the poorest the key of knowledge. Of such a reform Franklin long since said, "Sooner or later it must be done, or our writing will become the same as Chinese as to the difficulty of learning and using it; and it would already have been such if we had continued the Saxon spelling and writing used by our forefathers." We submit that this consideration alone, appealing at once to the self-interest and the benevolence of every reflecting man, is sufficient to overbear every objection, and to induce the rejection of the old and the adoption of the new orthography.

III. Phonotypy furnishes a great desideratum for *reducing spoken languages* to an *unequivocal written language*. An invariable and universal alphabet, applicable, or at least expansible to all new and hitherto unwritten languages, has long been felt by philologists and missionaries to be a great want. This practical want may be best expressed in the words of Rev. Silas T. Rand, missionary to the Mickmack Indians, Nova Scotia: "I had no sooner begun the task of learning their language and reducing it to writing, than the difficulties and absurdities of our so-called orthography brought me to a stand. After succeeding in catching some of their long words, and fixing them, as I fondly hoped, upon paper, I was disappointed to find that, so far as the real pronunciation of the words was concerned, I was just where I was before. How was I to know which of the four sounds of *a* to give to this letter? And so of the rest. This difficulty must have been felt by others in the same case. I betook me to Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary. What does he do, said I, when he attempts to give the true sound of a word? Here I found a phonetic alphabet. It was a clumsy, awkward one, but it answered the purpose. He gives four characters for the sound of *a*. It is done by placing the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, over this letter. The other vowels are distinguished in the same way. 'Come on', said I, 'now I have it.' I succeeded, and soon improved on this; showing, by the way, that a phonetic alphabet is a want of the age. I could place a mark over the vowels, and the same purpose was effected. The usual signs for long and short (– ⌣) answered. Still here was a sad defect. Often, in the hurry of writing, these diacritical points would be neglected, and as a consequence I would often say one thing and write another." There exists no standard alphabet which can express the articulation of any new language, or of any language with precision. We are gratified to say that Mr. Rand has been supplied with "A First Reading Book in Mickmack," from the Phonotypic press of Pitman himself, at Bath, England. And how well Pitman's alphabet has served the purpose of couching Mickmack in a precise written character, Mr. Rand fully testifies: "Having already tried the experiment, I am prepared to say that a person who understands the phonetic alphabet is at once qualified to teach children or adults in *a language he does not understand* by means of it." A Yankee then could read the phonotypic "First Book" intelligibly to a Mickmack without understanding it himself. This is the perfection of a universal alphabet.

An alphabet applicable thus to any new language, is of course applicable or susceptible of being made applicable to the old or already written languages of the civilized world; and so far as Europe, west of the Sclavonic race, is concerned, it may be adopted about as indifferently as our Teutonic brethren use either the Germanic or Romanic type. We are thus in sight of a universal alphabet.

IV. Phonotypy opens the prospect of rendering the English a universal language.

The ambition of the French to render their language universal is destined to total failure. On the contrary, the far-extended conquests, colonizations, commerce and annexations of the Anglo-Saxon

race is spreading, with Protestantism, the English language over the globe. On our hemisphere its triumph is inevitable. Liberia and other colonies, English colonies, are taking care of Africa. California, the Sandwich Islands, and Australia are, for the first time, bringing the Pacific, with her sunny isles and Asiatic margin, broadly into history, and overspreading the whole with the English language. India will pour the same language into more central Asia. A similar Anglo-Saxon progress for another half century will secure, at least, its predominance.

How suitable is the English language for this high office of universality? Let a French authority, the Abbe Sicard, furnish the only reply we have room to give: "Of all languages, the English is the most simple, the most rational, and the most natural in its construction. These peculiarities give it a philosophical character; and as its terms are strong, expressive, and copious, no language seems better calculated to facilitate the intercourse of mankind as *a universal medium of communication.*"

What is the great obstacle to the universality of our language. Let a learned German authority, Dr. K. M. Rapp, furnish answer: "English may pass for the general language of all the world, with the exception of Europe. This idiom has become incomparably flowing, from a bold mixture and consequent resolution of the grammatical forms of its Gothic and Roman elements, and certainly appears destined more than any other living tongue to play this part. The suitableness of this language for universal adoption would be still more evident were it not obscured by *a whimsically antiquated orthography*; and the other nations of Europe may esteem themselves *fortunate that the English have not made this discovery.*"

We trust we have shown some reason for believing that phonotypy removes a main obstacle to the universal spread of the English language.

Among the causes of international misunderstanding, such as hereditary prejudice, wars and barbarism, the differences of language are one of the greatest. The curse of Babel is second only to the curse of Paradise Lost. The press, the newspaper, the rail-road, the telegraph, and commerce, are primary civilizers, because they intermix mankind, combine them into common interests, melt away prejudice, and tend to form a family of nations. Yet the separating walls of linguistic differences still stand, but imperfectly overcome. Were Russia our nearest neighbor, and England our farthest, language alone would reverse the intellectual and sympathetic distance. Did but one language pervade the world, how comparatively rapid the advance of universal knowledge, science, and religion would be! It is against this formidable linguistic difficulty that the Christian Church, at great expense and labor, is struggling, in the making of her grammars and other philological apparatuses, her translations and her printing-presses, for the different tribes of the babbling earth. Now the spread of one great, simple, powerful language over the globe, borne by a philosophical orthography, acquirable in a few hours, bringing into reach the richest literature in the world, would all but reverse the curse of confusion, and go far to spread the remedy of the fall. And how exultant the thought that it should be our own English-American tongue! Certainly, to attain so grand a consummation, the sacrifice of a narrow-bred attachment to our present type and orthography would be a most cheap concession.

V. It may be specially claimed for phonography, or phonetic short-hand—

1. That it can be written four times as fast as the ordinary hand. A common writer may write from forty to forty-five words a minute; a phonographer nearly two hundred. An average speaker utters about one hundred and fifty.

2. That while its analysis of elements is very profound and complete, its characters are so simple, and its principles so clear, that it is easily and quickly learned. It has little of the arbitrary in its system.

3. That it is legible, and far more unequivocal than the common hand. It is, therefore, perfectly safe for the merchant's book account, or the most important legal document.

4. That it expresses the exact pronunciation of the writer. It hence forces us to a correct perception of the true pronunciation of the word. If we pronounce wrongly, we shall infallibly write wrongly.*

* For these four points, essentially, we are indebted to a lecture delivered on the subject by A. J. Graham, of New-York.

We hardly dare venture the remark, which forces itself upon us, that the generation is coming which will use neither the present handwriting, nor the phonotypic, but phonography. It may be safely asserted, that no two good phonographers would ever hold a correspondence with each other in the ordinary hand, or in phonetic long-hand. The sure and simple reason is, that phonography would save three-fourths at least of their time, and perhaps the same proportion in ink and paper, and be at least as rapidly and as clearly legible. When these advantages are sufficiently understood, what ambitious young man will not wish to master phonography? Especially, what young man who expects to write much? What young man who expects to listen to the lectures of a professor which he would like to record? Or who expects, as a lawyer, to take down uttered evidence? Or who expects, as a minister, to read, or, at any rate, to prepare sermons? What literary man who expects to write volumes for the press, would not choose to do it at railroad speed? What merchant that now writes fifty letters a day would not rejoice to do it in a fraction of the time? Of two rail-roads, a thousand miles each in length, that one will take all the custom, other things being equal, which will save one hour's time. Much more of two handwritings, which may occupy our whole lives, that will gain all preference, which, being equal in all else, will save four-fifths of our time. It will take years to make the advantage known. It will take other years to bring the advantageous method into general practice. Yet the inevitable result is secured by unmistakable and unfailing laws of nature and of mind. There is in the thing itself an *element*, namely, an intrinsic VALUE, great, self-evidencing, indestructible, which insures its own absolute triumph. What is advantageous for one or two, is advantageous for many and for all. The value to the few is immensely enhanced by its general adoption, so that interest promotes propagandism. When it begins to become general, no one can, without serious inconvenience, remain in ignorance; they must learn in self-defense. It may seem visionary; but as visionary conjectures have proved true, that the ordinary long-hand, nay, *all* long-hand, will gradually grow into disuse, be utterly superseded, and handed as thoroughly over to the antiquarian as the hieroglyphics of Thebes.

And why ought not this orthographic reform to triumph? Its triumph is the acceleration of human improvement. Its success is not merely a mechanical advantage, or simply an *intellectual*, but a great *moral* progression. If it abolish a large mass of stupefying barbarism from our primary education; if it accelerate the spread of popular education, even through the humblest and poorest classes of society; if it tend to the predominance of our own great language, and to harmonize into unity the languages and the nations of the earth into one great family; and finally, if it give to the world the power of writing that language with the rapidity of uttered speech, then it has a right to the very proudest mention among the proudest achievements with which modern science has brightened the hopes of human ennoblements.

With the history of phonetics in this country we do not profess to be well acquainted, not having had any intercourse whatever with the friends of the art. Some years since Andrews and Boyle issued several valuable publications, from the press of John F. Trow, both in phonotypy and phonography. Their phonographic works were printed in a clear, strong character. Their phonographic instruction-book (from which, mainly, came our little knowledge of the art) was a masterpiece of analysis. Some two years since, Mr. E. Webster published, under the auspices of the Fowlers, a monthly phonographic periodical, in a character of unsurpassed clearness and beauty. Mr. Webster has also published a Phonographic Instructor, a work of high value to the learner, with or without a teacher. Mr. Webster has been succeeded, within a few months past, by Mr. A. J. Graham, who now publishes "The Cosmotype," a monthly journal devoted measurably to phonetics; "The Universal Phonographer," published chiefly in the phonographic character; and other works of that class.

THERE can be no doubt but that everything in the world, by the beauty of its order, and the evidence of a determinate and beneficial purpose which pervades it, testifies that some supreme efficient power must have preëxisted, by which the whole was ordained for a specific end.—*Milton.*

[For the National Magazine.]

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

BY ALICE CARY.

IT is now a good many years since I set out to make a little journey of some fifty or sixty miles. I had never been from home unaccompanied by father or brother, was timid and inexperienced, and felt, no doubt, a greater trepidation and responsibility than some persons have experienced when about journeying around the world.

I arose at daybreak, and took passage in a stage-coach with the expectation of reaching my destination shortly after sunset. The route lay through a part of the country that was little cultivated, and naturally nearly barren of attractions. The first daylight was breaking through the eastern clouds, white and uncertain, when the door of the stage-coach closed upon me, and I saw myself one of three passengers.

The oil lamp with which the coach had been lighted during the night was burnt low, and I could but imperfectly distinguish my fellow-travelers, one of whom was a boy, the other an old man. Both seemed to me, at first, exceedingly unprepossessing. The old man inspired me with distrust, almost with fear; and when he saw that I drew myself in the corner farthest from him, he smiled, and, dropping his head, made me the target of such keen upward-looking glances as seemed to me to pierce to my inmost thought. I did not like his closely-cropped gray hair —I did not like his gray beard, which seemed not to have been shaven for a week—I did not like the old blue cloak he was wrapped in—it looked Jesuitical. I did not like his hard, sun-burned hands. God forgive me, but I thought they might have done murders. The boy kept feeling with his small delicate hands from one thing to another, which I attributed to idiocy; but mostly I disliked the way the man's keen gray eyes looked out from beneath shaggy brows, with what seemed to me a cold, prying, calculating gaze, and not with the straight open look of an honest purpose. I was disconcerted by his observation, and in spite of all effort to throw aside suspicion, connected him with trap-doors and pitfalls, and secret wells, and other dark and disagreeable processes by which human life is brought to untimely ends.

He held between his feet an old pair of saddle-bags, made evidently by some unskillful hand, and stuffed out with what seemed implements, rather than clothing. They fastened with a key, which he held in his mouth, and it seemed that nothing could satisfy him about the security of something they contained; for over and over he tried the lock with his fingers, as if to see what strength would be required to break it—then he would take the key from between his teeth, fit it in the lock slowly and cautiously, and turn and unturn, smiling when it seemed to catch firmly—then he would unlace the strap that in addition to the lock secured the opening, and for ten minutes together feel, and fumble, and rattle what appeared to be knives, or chisels, or other small tools, and at last, as if satisfied, he would relace the strap, turn the key, replace it between his teeth, and carefully adjust the saddle-bags at his feet. It would not be long, however, until uneasy symptoms would begin to manifest themselves, and, stooping, he would feel the outside of the saddle-bags, as if to ascertain if the treasure were still safe, but he would not be long satisfied without repeating the process already described; indeed, he now and then peered within, as if only eyesight could satisfy him. Two other objects of interest divided his attention—a small dog, black and shaggy; and the boy, fifteen years old perhaps, beautiful (as I saw by daylight) and blind. He was dressed poorly, scantily almost; but there was in his face a look of resignation, of sweetness and refinement, that I never saw equaled in any other countenance. Very quiet he sat for the most part, but now and then he would feel for the hand of the old man, and sometimes lean his head against his shoulder, or speak, but in tones so low that I could not hear what he said. Often the old man would stroke his brown curls softly, and look upon him almost tenderly; then he would frown and shake his head, and I would hear the key grate between his teeth, and once I heard him say, "You would not lean upon me if you could see—no, no, my pretty boy"—and he shook him roughly away, and buried his forehead in his hands, and when he removed them (those hard, bronzed hands) his keen searching eyes were more than moistened. Many

times he opened and shut them, but it would not do—they filled more and more, until the drops were ready to fall, and did fall down his wrinkled and sun-burned cheeks, that you would not have believed had been wet in that way for a long time—perhaps never; for you could not fancy that he ever had been a child—ever had been any younger, indeed, or that he would ever be any older. He appeared to have been caught up by time somewhere, and locked fast just there to wait for immortal repairs. He would not wipe the tears away; he seemed too stubborn to do that; but sat upright, as though he scorned the weakness he could not master. Perhaps it was the tremor of his arm the boy felt as he rested against him, for he sat up, and passed his delicate hand along the face of his protector, and when he found the tears, wiped them softly away. The old man turned impatiently from him for a moment, and then folding his cloak about the child, held him to his bosom with all a woman's fondness and devotion. He seemed not to know himself, or to be alternately repelled from and drawn toward the boy by conflicting emotions.

The dog drew away from him the length of his string, for the poor fellow was tied to the man's wrist by a strong piece of twine, and whenever the captive manifested any uneasiness, the keeper seemed to delight in making him aware of his bonds, and would continually twitch the cord, and not infrequently draw the trembling prisoner close to his feet. My first disaffection was strengthened by the evident dislike of his master on the part of the dog, so easy is it to find confirmation of any foregone conclusion.

The lamp burned itself out after a while, and the sun came up, but did not shine; the clouds were too dense to suffer one beam to come through, the atmosphere was damp and foggy, and the road winding, and hilly, and miry. Now and then we met some loaded team, or passed a company of men and women, dogs, cows, and babies, moving westward, and now and then a solitary man or woman riding to the house of some neighbor, or to the country store, half a dozen miles away from their own homes perhaps. Now and then the coachman whistled or sung the fragment of some song, sad or merry, and once or twice we stopped at a way-side pump, and gave the horses their accustomed refreshment of pure cold water; and with these little variations we went monotonously on and on. The ground we passed over was flat and wet, and for miles and miles the road was cut through woods—dripping wet they stood on either side of us, their faded leaves raining slowly and solemnly down. There was no gayety in their thin tops—the insects were already gone—most of the birds were gone, the few that remained were consulting in low and troubled notes as to the time of departure, and the land of adoption. Often we washed through deep muddy holes, often the coach leaned down further than seemed safe—now through a stony creek we waded, and now up a long clayey hill, and now abruptly into a deep gutter, and here we stopped. One spring broke down, one horse reared back, and one leaped forward, and the old coach strained, and creaked, and rocked to one side and the other, and finally settled down enfeebled, if not quite disabled.

A rough exclamation of anger broke from the lips of the man with the treasure, who, with the boy in his arms, had jumped to the ground on the first intimation of the disaster. "We shall not be able to accomplish half a dozen miles more to-day," he said, "do our best;" and as he spoke he seemed to be trying the strength of the broken part, for I heard another snap of wood or iron. Then there followed some contention between the driver and this man, the former urging the feasibility of completing the usual stage, and the latter arguing violently the danger and impossibility of so doing. After a delay of more than an hour, the broken part was in some sort repaired with the help of rope and sticks, and our journey resumed, slowly and cautiously—the old man walking, and the blind boy and myself remaining the only passengers.

In our enfeebled condition, and with the fear of utter disability before us, we made but slow progress, and night fell, with prospect of rain, long before the usual stage was accomplished. I felt uneasy and, in fact, fearful almost, when we struck into a dismal, and what seemed to me interminable woods, and the rain began to patter on the roof and windows of our coach. Now and then the blind boy would reach his hand out and feel the air, and look, or try to look, for his silent

companion, but he spoke not; and sometimes the old man would peer in, but speaking no word, and wearing a scowl on his face, and each time he came within my view I observed that he had the saddle-bags clutched tight in his hands; and once, when the wind blew his cloak aside, I saw, or thought I saw, that he carried arms. At length we came to a halt—there were some sharp words between the driver and the foot-passenger, which resulted in an agreement that we three travelers should remain at a farm-house a short distance from where we then were, and that the coachman should ride forward to the next station, deliver the mail, and return with a more reliable equipage for the conveying of us forward in the morning. Accordingly we alighted, and with my baggage carried forward by the coachman and his passenger, we made our way through a lane, dark, muddy, and narrow, to a miserable old house, about which the wood was thinned away a little, but gloomier than elsewhere in consequence of the girdled trees and burning stumps where the little smoke and fire were contending feebly with the rain, which was now falling pretty fast.

Our rap was answered by a harsh "come in;" and when our misfortune and necessity had been made known to the man of the house, he answered indifferently that they had no accommodations for strangers, but that if his wife chose to do so she could keep us and have the profits, but for his own part he would rather we would go to the next house. But the next house was three miles distant, the night was as dark as it could be, and the rain falling steadily with no prospect of slackening. There was no way of getting my trunk forward, but I would have walked on without it rather than remain an unwelcome guest, but for the authoritative interposition of the old man with the saddle-bags. To seek other lodgings was out of the question, he said, under the circumstances; that we must have shelter, at least, and would be grateful for a little bread and meat if they would consent to oblige us so far; and having spoke thus to our host, he approached, and for the first time addressed me, stooping close to my face, and speaking almost in a whisper—"Young woman," he said, "if you have anything valuable about you I will take charge of it for to-night—a man who would turn a young woman out of doors such a night as this would not hesitate to take her money." From the first I had disliked, or rather been suspicious of this old man, and the abrupt manner in which he almost demanded my money did not increase my confidence. I was annoyed, confused, and before I could make any reply, he had read my thought and turned away, and did not once look at, or speak to me again during the time we remained together.

After a muttered and brief consultation between the man and wife of the house, the woman informed us drily that she supposed we could stay, but that she was too tired to prepare supper for us, and had nothing to give us if she were not. She had been picking and burning brush all day, she said, and felt more like being waited on herself than serving other folks—besides she was not brought up to be a waiter, and when she made up her mind to be one she would like to be took by a master and took care of, and not be a slave and take care of herself into the bargain. Our host, a tall, gaunt man, whose bare feet appeared to have seen no water since contact with mud and mire, arose at this juncture and silently left the room; and our hostess shortly after, without having offered us any refreshment, proposed to show us to our apartments. Up a rough and unfinished stair, without balusters, I was shown into a low, open, and unplastered garret, furnished meanly with an old chest, a broken chair, and a bed. "Be quick, now, and I will wait," said the woman who had accompanied me, protecting the tallow candle she held from the wind with her apron. Her manner was so peremptory, and her tone so unsympathizing, that I felt constrained to obey, and did in silence, thinking nothing about the door till I had drawn the old bed-quilt about my shoulders. "Never mind," said the woman, seeing me about rising, "if you are so dreadful feared, I'll lock the door and slip the key under the crack, as I have done for many a scary young woman like you before now." "Very well," I answered, and she withdrew with the candle, locking the door behind her. With the grating of the key, a shudder, and an awful sense of fear came over me, and, raising myself quickly on my elbow, I listened for the key to be slipped underneath the door as the woman had indicated; but though I heard some

slight noise, like rubbing it along the sill, I was quite sure the key was not shoved under as had been proposed, so sure that I called aloud, hearing the receding steps of my hostess. There came no answer; and when I called still louder, and listened, O how eagerly! the faint and far-away footfalls told me plainly that my keeper was passed out of hearing.

I did not rise at first—I was afraid to know the key was not there, and tried to cling to the possibility that the sound had deceived me, and all was right. But it is exceedingly hard to strengthen one's self—a voice that is not our own is vastly more comforting, and reason and argue as I would, all sounded like "words, words, words."

Though it was cloudy and raining, the room was not without a sort of dead gray light, through which, when I became accustomed to it, I could discern imperfectly; and now and then, too, the momentary blaze of some burning tree showed very distinctly the furniture, the naked rafters, and whatever else was about me. I watched for those flashes impatiently, fixing my eyes on the floor by the door—but no shining glimpse could I catch of the key, and after a little, with the continual fall of rain the occasional lights went out, and I returned again to the probing of the dead gray light. I tried to divert my thoughts from the fact of being a prisoner, by listening to the rain on the roof, which at another time would have been soothing and cheering as a lullaby—now I would gladly have had it still. The old garments hanging against the wall took the shapes of ghosts, and fancy buried itself with what might be the contents of the great oaken chest near my bed—"the musty old clothes of some dead relative," said Probability; "treasures unlawfully gotten," said Possibility; or, "perhaps, the bloody evidence of murderous guilt." And the more rein I gave this bad imagining, the more and more it drew upon credulity, till my hair, as the hour grew late, seemed almost stirring with fear. In the near woods cried the owl, so lonesomely, and a heavy and complaining moan went by with the wind—no star nor moon made any cheerfulness in heaven, and the soaked ground gave out only thick and blinding fogs—no sound of travel along the muddy road relieved the dreary monotony—all in the house was still, except the capering of a mouse about the floor, or the gnawing of some rat in floor or through wall, and the falling to think of sheep lying in pleasant summer and falling and falling of the rain. I tried pastures—of the cows standing kneedeep in clover, with their udders so clean and full—of the thick maple shadows where so often I had seen our two oxen lying together, chewing their cud—of the bees making a brown and golden ridge about the hive, and of the garden flowers heavy with honey—the swallows sailing low and gracefully, their bright wild eyes glancing at me as they passed; but all that the combined influence of memory and fancy and will could do, was not enough to keep down the troubling fact of my present prisoner condition, and the facility with which my chamber might be entered if any evil-disposed persons were about; there were no means of defense at hand, and I felt an incompetency to use any weapon if the most effective one had been given me; so I lay vibrating between fear of my entertainers and the old man who had been my companion on the journey. At length I settled in the conviction that he was an ally of these pretended farmers, and had himself assisted to disable the coach, for I remembered that it snapt under his rough handling, and his vehement declaration against any attempt at further procedure. I could recall nothing that did not confirm my suspicions—the closely-locked and guarded saddle-bags—the sinister expression—the evident dislike of men and women, and lastly the blunt demand for my money. What could be more significant of bad designs than all this? The seeming reluctance of the farmers to keep us might have been feigned, and so far from being strangers, as they appeared, they might be, and most probably were, the most intimate associates. I even went so far as to suspect the boy had been only pretending to be blind, though in what way such pretense would be likely to be connected with murderous intentions, I did not stop to inquire. For what good purpose, at any rate, I asked again and again, could my inhospitable hostess have locked me in so dismal a garret, carrying with her the key?

I could not reflect, or examine anything profitably, for my foregone conclusions gave everything the same fearful coloring. There were no pauses in the storm to

aid my listening, but I became gradually aware of a noise that was not the wind, nor the falling of the rain; and as I bent my ear down attentively, I thought it proceeded from somewhere near about my door. It would be useless to attempt any description of my suffering when fear became certainty. There was no delusion about it—a hand was softly trying the door-handle. I could not have screamed if I would—my breath was choked—and with steps that seemed to tread on the air, I reached the door with the intention of setting my little strength against it. The boards creaked as I walked, and my staggering against the chair made a slight noise, enough to disturb the work of the person outside the door, for when I leaned my ear against the thin panel I could discern no faintest sound. So long and so deep was the silence, that I began to think I had been mistaken, and felt my heart beat with something like its natural pulses, when I felt a turning of the door-knob, against which my head was resting. An audible groan was my recognition of it—then I almost held my breath and listened again, but there came no stir and no sound. As I grew calmer I remembered that fright distorted everything, and gave to shadows the most monstrous bodily shapes, and to the sigh of the wind or the treading of a cat the sound of a murderer's step, when I became aware of a pressure against the door, which hung loose in its rude frame: as often as I leaned against it I felt the pressure returned, and yet the stronger the evidence that some one was indeed at the door, the more I tried to charge to the account of fancy. The absence of any sound for half an hour together, sometimes would strengthen my hope that no one was there; besides, the woman had taken the key, for I had felt along the floor carefully and could not find it, and I would hear, situated as I was, the softest attempt to replace it.

At last I heard the cocks' crow for morning, and thought I saw a little whitening in the gray light of my room, and with a sudden lightening of heart stood up, preparatory to returning to bed, for I was near fainting with exhaustion. Something like self-reproach was making its way to my heart, for having injured, even in thought, people as harmless as myself, and perhaps better, when I felt the passing of a hand across my bare foot. A terrible sense of fright and a hideous cry for help was all I knew, till I awoke, and found myself lying on my bed, and the old man of whom I had been so suspicious, bending over me and tenderly examining my face by the one candle alight on the old chest.

"Try to rest a little, my poor child," he said—"nothing shall harm you;" and as he laid his hand on my forehead and tucked the pillow under my cheek, I looked in his face and saw nothing there to be afraid of.

It was not sunrise when my hostess entered my room, to say the stage-coach was waiting; I observed that she did so without turning the key, and, on inquiry, learned that after once locking she had unlocked the door, knowing I was perfectly safe, and thinking in the event of a fire I might not be able to find the key if she put it under the door as she at first proposed.

Having accepted our fare with an eagerness that was not very womanly, she hurried us away without breakfast or even the refreshment of any kind words, and we went once more rapidly forward—the old man with the saddle-bags, the blind boy, and I—all talkative enough.

Everything was interesting—the day, the country through which we were passing—but more particularly, the events of the past night and our own personal histories and purposes, for by some tacit understanding we became friends in a moment.

All we said would not be interesting to repeat; but something of the old man's life—why he became distrustful and misanthropic—how he chanced to be traveling with the blind boy—why his keen eyes had looked so earnestly into mine—and why he sat at my door, will make a summary not altogether "flat and unprofitable" I hope.

To begin at the ending, he was drawn toward me because I looked like one whom he had known in youth—he did not say loved, I felt that. He had been left in the world a poor friendless boy, and grew into manhood unloved and uncared for; but all at once there came new sunshine into the world—he met one whom he believed alike good and beautiful; their hopes and their hearts, as he thought, became one; but in this world's goods both were poor, and he left her to make for them a home

in the far west—left her hopefully, truthfully, tenderly. "Here," he said, taking up the old saddle-bags, "here are her letters, all the treasure I have had till now;" and as he spoke, he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and sighed heavily.

After a moment's silence he straightened himself up, and went on to say, he had been successful in the achievement of a competency; "but what of that," he said, "I came back and found this boy on her knees—she had been married a year."

Nothing was left for him, nor faith in man nor woman either, nor hope, nor energy, nor care for any acquisition. He had gone back alone and lived a solitary man, discontentedly and uselessly, shunning society, and for pastime shooting wild birds and chasing deer, and now and then dreaming over the old dream, and blaming fate, and blaming everything but the worldly heart and hollow ambition of his betrothed.

Lately he had heard, by accident, of her death, and heavy-hearted and careless for all beside, he was still true to the feeling of the boy; and had not rested day nor night till he had seen her grave, and made her poor blind child the companion of his old age, and the heir of his love and his little fortune.

Mystery of mysteries, thought I, as I looked upon him and the carefully preserved treasure at his feet, who shall half comprehend thee?

> Thou that canst make a falsehood wear
> The brightest semblance of the truth,
> And pour upon the silvery hair
> The beauty of immortal youth.

Last, best creation and gift of God—probably eternity will only suffice to unfold the fulness of its wonders and its glory.

Tears put out the fire of enmity and suspicion in the eyes of the old man as he told me the story of his love, and an unseen hand seemed to smooth away the hardness, and the wrinkles, and cares from his face, and as the child of an envied father slept, leaning on his shoulder, so beloved, I felt how much stronger in every heart, after all, are the feelings of kindness and forgiveness.

On seeing me the old memory was awakened forcibly because of some accidental or fancied resemblance; but he saw as he looked at me that I shrank away from him, and misinterpreting my fear into a feeling of dislike, he had drawn back into himself again, and so the day passed in silence and the gloomy night came—a night of fear and suspicion to us both.

Like myself, he had been distrustful of our entertainers, perhaps that he was distrustful of everybody, and seeing that I was positively frightened, and suspicious of him as well as them, he left his bed and kept watch at my door, from which he could also see the entrance to his own apartment. Sometimes he had thought he felt a pressure on the door, and once or twice that he heard noises as if I was astir, or some one else, and at last becoming so sure the door was pressed against by some one or something, he had put his hand beneath it, and the result the reader knows.

When we parted it was with sincerest feelings of liking and of regret—feelings sprung into existence and nurtured to a strength of growth, that neither of us could have supposed possible a few hours previously. Our paths so quickly divided will probably never be joined in one again; nevertheless, our accidental meeting has left a pleasant memory to go with me through life, and by it I was taught most effectually the harm we do ourselves when we wrong others, even in thought.

The evil I did was reflected back upon me in one of the most fearful and wretched of all the nights of my life, and even to this day I cannot feel quite right when I think of the bad inferences I drew from every careless look and action of a harmless old man.

It was only my ugly thoughts that made him look ugly, and my fear that made him frightful. More of confidence in God and in man is the great need of humanity—if we reach our hands with a child's trust, hands to help and to guide will be reached out to us, and we shall go safely through all the dark and evil ways that are in the world—more faith, and with it will come more love, and so men be made better, and God be glorified.

It is an excellent remark of Antoninus, the great Roman emperor and philosopher, that "no man was ever unhappy for not prying into the actions and conditions of other men; but *that man* is necessarily unhappy who doth not observe himself, and consider the state of his own soul."

ENGLISH LETTER-WRITERS.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A HUNDRED years ago, Dr. Johnson remarked in the "Rambler," that "among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, very few have endeavored to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in the discharge of public trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs."

This was a strange utterance from one who was anxiously cultivating at this very time the acquaintance of the author of "Pamela,"—a book, as all know, written in the form of familiar letters, and which had been then before the public exactly ten years. It was strange from one who was conducting a periodical on the plan of the "Spectator," where many letters of great elegance were to be found; and it was strange from one who was afterward to be a biographer, not only of Swift, but of Pope, who certainly did, in 1737, publish a volume of his own correspondence.

His remark seems chiefly to apply to persons who themselves publish letters. But we think it is evident from the rest of his essay that he did not intend to narrow his observations to this class. People rarely publish their own letters; indeed, like diaries, letters cease to be properly described as such when intended for the press. He referred to those who wrote letters worthy of publication.

And he was not alone in complaining of the scarcity of letter-writers. Mr. Melmoth—whose translations of the Epistles of Pliny and Cicero are said to be still the best in the English tongue, if they do not surpass the originals, and who was the author of those models of elegant composition, "Fitzosborne's Letters"—remarks, that "it is to be wondered we have so few writers in our own language who deserve to be pointed out as good letter-writers;" and, after naming Sir W. Temple as praiseworthy, adds, that it would be difficult to find another. From this it might be inferred, that his organ of wonder was more fully developed than that either of observation or memory; for, besides Pope, and Richardson, and Swift, there were the authors of "Cato's Letters" and "Oldcastle's Letters," and Sterne and Bolingbroke, and many more, much nearer his time, and worthier of quotation, than Temple.

Such statements, incorrect at the time, would be ridiculous now. The period when Johnson and Melmoth flourished, was in reality richer in letter-writers than any preceding age, although some of their compositions did not appear in print till long afterward. It was the period, for instance, of Chesterfield and Horace Walpole; of Langhorne, and Gray, and Mason; of Doddridge, and Cowper, and Junius. And, indeed, Johnson confessed to Boswell, in 1781, that it had become so fashionable to publish letters, that, in order to avoid it, he put as little into his as he could. But, even with this admission, where we may count good letter-writers in those days by units, we can, in ours, count them by scores.

This may be traced to various causes. Thanks to the exertions of such men as Johnson, and Burke, and Watts, and Wesley, and Cowper, and Goldsmith,—thanks also to the excitement caused by the French Revolution, the tone of mind has risen remarkably all through the English world. Education has widely spread. The abundance of good literature in newspapers, books, and magazines,—the intensity of competition which men encounter everywhere,—the rush and hurry of modern existence, are constantly exercising and straining the intellectual faculties. And as the variety of occupations dissipates families and separates friends, and some go abroad, and some settle in distant places, and every one sees scenes and has experiences and thoughts which do not fall to the lot of others,—as, moreover, the natural result of possessing information is the desire of communicating it, and eagerness to get more, there is no bar to the ceaseless reciprocity of knowledge, except facility of conveying it. This, also, we moderns have; and cheap postage is daily helping to raise us still further above the people of Johnson's time; when the man who might be able to write, might be unable to send his letter, unless he could procure the dishonest frank, or find some friend to be his postman.

The consequence is, that every man whose memoirs deserve any attention is now found to have left letters worth printing. It seems to be generally admitted, too, that by these, as by the more essentially egotistical autobiography, a writer shows himself more really and vividly than any one else can depict him. His character is seen sometimes from what he

praises, and sometimes from what he abuses; sometimes from what he narrates, sometimes from what he defends; sometimes from what he endeavors to suppress, and always from something *besides* what he pushes most earnestly forward. We get the side-lights of his character, as in a stereoscopic picture: which is far better than the best daguerreotype with its single light, and which is all that a biographer can supply. And so no book of memoirs is perfect which does not give some of the letters written by its hero.

And who does not rejoice in the fact? As we read the delightful composition of some favorite author, and our hearts respond to its eloquence and its truth, we long to know something of the *man*,—to get into closer communion with that intellectual friend. We would fain learn what moved him personally: whether, when he laughed, he laughed heartily; whether he was gloomy, or irritable, or genial; whether he was loved, or only respected, or, perhaps, feared,—in a word, what he was; and we put away the composition and take a volume of his Letters, and they tell us much of what we desire to know. The Mentor as an author becomes the loved one as a man, when, as with poor old desolate Defoe, we read that heart-breaking letter to Mr. Baker, in which he tells of the treachery of his son, and of his love to his old wife and daughter,—in which he speaks of his trust in God under all his sorrows and miseries, and of the long, last journey he is about to go; and how it closes with his love and blessing to the little grandchild he must never see! The heart yearns and opens to the persecuted, dauntless, old, and dying man, more than to the fierce, high-minded pamphleteer, or the far-seeing essayist,—to the vivid historian, or the wondrous novelist. We read those exquisite essays of "Elia" with double gust, when we have been sympathizing with the lonely, bereaved brother, who devoted his life to Mary. And we pass from the "Task," notwithstanding all its graces, its wit, its exquisite descriptions, its sense, and vigor, to read and read again some of those charming letters of Cowper's, which are, indeed, things of beauty, and will, to general readers, be "a joy forever."

William Cowper, the son of a chaplain to George II., and of a mother who was descended by four different lines from Henry III., was born in 1731. After expending a dreary and motherless childhood in a boarding-school, and a delicate boyhood among the tyrants of Westminster, at eighteen he was articled to a lawyer for three years, and entered at the Temple. But he had no love for the bar. He preferred to "giggle and make giggle" with his fellow-clerk, Thurlow, afterward Lord Chancellor. In 1754, he was called to the bar; but, although a lawyer by profession, he was a litterateur by practice. In company with George Colman the elder, Robert Lloyd, and others, he wrote in the "Connoisseur," and "St. James's Chronicle;" and was one of the Nonsense Club.

These, however, were not his only occupations. He fell in love. The object of his passion returned it as ardently as he could wish. She was accomplished and elegant; but she was his cousin, and her father refused to sanction their affection. She was obedient: they parted, and never met again. We may add, that they both died single.

He continued till 1763 a resident Templar. He occupied himself with his pleasant literary society; with translating parts of Voltaire's "Henriade;" with studying Homer, and comparing, or rather contrasting, the original Greek with Pope's English version,—a labor which afterward produced results in the shape of a version of his own. But at this time his means began to fail. He had been living hitherto on his capital, and it was nearly gone. His family connections were excellent, and if he had followed up his profession they could have pushed him forward in it. But he had not done so. He had neglected it, and he found, as his little stock of cash failed him, that he had no means of making more. Literature could not help him. That pursuit was not so lucrative then as it is now; and even now we would earnestly dissuade any one from looking to it for a livelihood. Writers for bread, as Balzac somewhere says, "combat misery with a pen." He began, therefore, to be seriously anxious about the future; and was not a little rejoiced when, through the nomination of Major Cowper, he obtained the post of Clerk of the Journals in the House of Lords. But the prospect of an examination before entering on office so worked on his morbidly sensitive spirit, that when the time arrived he made re-

peated attempts at self-destruction. The consciousness of this, on the other hand, created such remorse, that his reason gave way, and for nineteen months he was the inmate of a private asylum. He thought that he had committed the unpardonable sin. He flung away the Bible as a book in which he had no interest or portion. He expected nothing but eternal punishment, and that the divine vengeance would burst upon him at any moment. He loathed and abhorred himself. Eventually, however—thanks to the care of his doctor, who was a mild and pious man—he recovered his senses, and, what was far better, he found peace and pardon. Doubt and terror fled away. The truth came to him, like the angel to Peter, and made him *free*. He believed; and though his religion was often shaded by sadness, it was never wholly eclipsed, till his frightful malady returned. He really *saw* that Beacon, which shines so joyfully to the believer, from the other side of the dark sea which lies between humanity and heaven.

He quitted the mad-house. But he shrank from returning to London or the world. Death had broken in on his little literary circle. Lloyd was dead; so, also, was Churchill, whom, though he had not kept up his school friendship with him, he had watched closely, and whose works he had studied and admired. He had but little inclination to return to social intercourse with the majority of the survivors. His views had altered since he saw them last. There was a vast difference between the man who prayed whenever and wherever he could,—who knelt in a retired nook in a field even, and cast his burdens on his Saviour,—and those who erected the tombstone to Churchill's memory in St. Mary's graveyard, Dover, where we saw it not long since, with its horrible inscription, "Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies." Those who are perfect, are made so through "suffering." Cowper was not perfect,—few men are, on the hither side of the grave. But, for the remainder of his life, if he was not ever going onward and looking up, he shunned those who were evidently not doing either.

Some friends and relatives subscribed to support him,—among them, anonymously, the lady whom he had loved, and who herself loved him till her death. The gentle Unwin family, with whom he became accidentally acquainted, received him as an inmate, and he resided with them, first at Huntingdon, and afterward at Olney. His occupations were simple. He attended divine service twice every day; he corresponded freely with a few choice friends; he read much, mostly religious books; he sang hymns, to Mrs. Unwin's accompaniment on the harpsichord; he walked with her and young Mr. Unwin; and he visited the poor and sick.

So some ten years passed; but again, in 1773, madness seized him, and he passed nearly two years in a state of either partial or total insanity. On his recovery he varied his pursuits. Gardening, drawing, rearing and nursing hares, and above all literary composition, combined to give the mind that variety and stimulus which it had needed. For some time before this attack he had ceased to correspond with several of his dearest friends; he now resumed the pen of the letter-writer. He even made a few new friends; and to Lady Austen the world owes "John Gilpin" and "The Task."

It is from this time that his career as a poet properly dates. Of that career, however, or of his poetry, we say nothing here, because we have not space to say enough. But, as a matter of personal history, we must not fail to notice the relief and delight which this species of composition afforded him.

In 1786 he and Mr. Unwin removed to Weston. The house at Olney had long been found dull and inconvenient, and Mr. Newton, whose society had at first tempted them to settle there, had now gone to a London charge. Their removal was partly owing to the kindness of one of Cowper's old correspondents, Lady Hesketh, whose sister was the *Theodora* whom he had loved.

They had hardly settled at Weston ere he felt premonitory symptoms of his appalling malady again, and with occasional intervals the remainder of his pilgrimage was in clouds and darkness. At last, in April, 1800, the summons came. The weary lifetime of danger and tempest was ended; and the so-long-benighted traveler was translated from darkness into marvelous light.

We cannot exhibit all the excellencies of his unrivaled letters. Here is a beautiful thought, beautifully expressed to his cousin, Mrs. Cowper:—

"It costs me not much difficulty to suppose that my friends who were already grown old when I saw them last, are old still; but it costs me a good deal sometimes to think of those who were at that time young, as being older than they were. Not having been an eye-witness of the change that time has made in them, and my former idea of them not being corrected by observation, it remains the same; my memory presents me with this image unimpaired, and while it retains the resemblance of what they were, forgets that by this time the picture may have lost much of its likeness, through the alteration that succeeding years have made in the original. I know not what impression time may have made upon your person, for, while his claws (as our grannam called them) strike deep furrows in some faces, he seems to sheathe them with much tenderness, as if fearful of doing injury to others. But, though an enemy to the person, he is a friend to the mind, and you have found him so. Though even in this respect his treatment of us depends upon what he meets with at our hands: if we use him well, and listen to his admonitions, he is a friend indeed, but otherwise the worst of enemies, who takes from us daily something that we valued, and gives us nothing better in its stead. It is well with those who, like you, can stand a-tiptoe on the mountain-top of human life, look down with pleasure upon the valley they have passed, and sometimes stretch their wings in joyful hope of a happy flight into eternity. Yet a little while, and your hope will be accomplished."

The following extract from a letter to Mr. Unwin shows his powers of criticism:

"L'Estrange's 'Josephus' has lately furnished us with evening lectures. But the historian is so tediously circumstantial, and the translator so insupportably coarse and vulgar, that we are all three weary of him. How would Tacitus have shone upon such a subject, great master as he was of the art of description, concise without obscurity, and affecting without being poetical? But so it was ordered, and for wise reasons no doubt, that the greatest calamities any people ever suffered, and an accomplishment of one of the most signal prophecies in the Scripture, should be recorded by one of the worst writers. The man was a temporizer too, and coveted the favor of his Roman masters at the expense of his own creed: or else an infidel, and absolutely disbelieved it. You will think me very difficult to please: I quarrel with Josephus for want of elegance, and with some of our modern historians for having too much—with him, for running right forward, like a gazette, without stopping to make a single observation by the way; and with them for pretending to delineate characters that existed two thousand years ago, and to discover the motives by which they were influenced, with the same precision as if they had been their cotemporaries. Simplicity is become a very rare quality in a writer; in the decline of great kingdoms, and where refinement in all the arts is carried to an excess, I suppose it is always rare. The latter Roman writers are remarkable for false ornament, yet they were no doubt admired by the readers of their own day; and with respect to authors of the present era, the most popular of them appear to me equally amenable on the same account. Swift and Addison were simple; Pope knew how to be so, but was frequently tinged with affectation: since their day I hardly know a celebrated writer who deserves the character."

But the editors of Cowper might have remarked, that if English literature had become thus emasculated by Pope and his successors, the hand which commenced the work of restoration was that of the Bard of Olney.

His letters abound in passages of humor. Many a landsman will echo the following:—

"How they contrive to elude the wearisomeness that attends a sea life, who take long voyages, you (Mr. Newton) know better than I. . . . There is a certain perverseness of which I believe all men have a share, but of which no man has a larger share than I,—I mean that temper or humor, or whatever it is called, that indisposes us to a situation, though not unpleasant in itself, merely because we cannot get out of it. I could not endure the room in which I now write, were I conscious that the door was locked. In less than five minutes I should feel myself a prisoner, though I can spend hours in it, under an assurance that I may leave it when I please, without experiencing any tedium at all. It was for this reason, I suppose, that the yacht was always disagreeable to me. Could I have stepped out of it into a corn-field or a garden I should have liked it well enough; but being surrounded with water, I was as much confined in it as if I had been surrounded by fire, and did not find that it made me any adequate compensation for such an abridgment of my liberty. I make little doubt but Noah was glad when he was enlarged from the ark; and we are sure that Jonah was, when he came out of the fish; and so was I to escape from the good sloop the Harriet."*

Although all of them the compositions of a Christian correspondent, Cowper's can scarcely be classed among religious letters. It is chiefly from brief touches and incidental expressions that we gather how much God was in his thoughts, and how much he lived under the power of the things unseen. He thus wrote to Mr. Newton on the death of his niece:—

"To have sent a child to heaven is a great honor and a great blessing, and your feelings on such an occasion may well be such as to render you rather an object of congratulation than of condolence. And were it otherwise, yet having yourself free access to all the sources of genuine consolation, I feel that it would be little better than impertinence in me to suggest any. An escape from a life of suffering to a

* Dr. Johnson said: "A ship is worse than a jail. There is in a jail better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger!"

life of happiness and glory, is such a deliverance as leaves no room for the sorrow of survivors, unless they sorrow for themselves. We cannot, indeed, lose what we love without regretting it; but a Christian is in possession of such alleviations of that regret as the world knows nothing of. Their beloveds, when they die, go they know not whither; and if they suppose them, as they generally do, in a state of happiness, they have yet but an indifferent prospect of joining them in that state hereafter. But it is not so with you. You both know whither your beloved has gone, and you know that you shall follow her; and you know also that in the meantime she is incomparably happier than yourself. So far, therefore, as she is concerned, nothing has come to pass but what was most fervently to be wished..... Your history of your happy niece is just what it should be—clear, affectionate, and plain—worthy of her, and worthy of yourself. How much more beneficial to the world might such a memorial of an unknown, but pious and believing child eventually prove, would the supercilious learned condescend to read it, than the history of all the kings and heroes that ever lived! But the world has its objects of admiration, and God has objects of his love. Those make a noise, and perish—these weep silently for a short season, and live forever."

We can scarcely expect to find a more exquisite passage than this in any letter by any writer; and with it we close our specimens.

In style and composition these letters are nearly faultless. Triviality and slovenliness, and commonplace, are not to be found in them; neither are bombast or pedantry, or false ecstasy. Cowper dared to be natural; and he *would* be sincere. He did not mount upon stilts when he paid written visits to his friends; nor did he go slipshod. He never attitudinized before them, or played the buffoon, or lashed himself into enthusiastic superlatives about nothing, or preached. He did not take liberties with his correspondents, and he never demeaned or exalted himself.

But they have yet higher merits. In them religion and literature go hand in hand. Mr. Foster's Men of Taste need have no aversion to the Evangelical Christianity which they exemplify. They breathe deep and unaffected love for others. They are sincere and perfectly serious, even in their most humorous passages. They overstep no bounds. In a word, they are amusing without vulgarity, simple without meanness, elegant without meretriciousness; and as there is nothing pert in their playfulness, so neither is there aught affected or sanctimonious in their passages of occasional solemnity.

A VISIT TO THE HIGHEST HABITATION IN EUROPE.

IT was in the middle of July, 1851, that I reached St. Pierre, a village at the foot of the snow-clad Upper Alps, on my way, with five friends, from Martigny (the ancient Roman Octodurum) to the monastery of St. Bernard. No one who has accomplished this pilgrimage ever forgets the Plan de Proz, on which you enter in an hour after leaving St. Pierre. In winter this plain is a fearful place. It is surrounded on all sides by heights. The avalanches sweep it through and through, cross each other, and inevitably destroy any passer in the course. Every year some perish, as necessity forces travelers to attempt the pass even in the worst months. Here all wheel conveyances must stop, as there is no other path than among blocks of stone, scattered in confusion, through which you must find your way as you best can for half an hour. At first it seemed impossible to advance a step, but suddenly an opening was spied, and we began to scale the Alps. All vegetation now disappeared; bare black rocks, fields of ice and snow, deep precipices, and tall poles here and there to indicate the direction of the way, were all that could be seen, except one gloomy-looking building, with a grated window and a door ajar. This is a refuge, and by it is a *morgue* with many a dead body of the frozen traveler. We shuddered and passed on. Weariness and some dejection began to be felt; seeing which, our porter offered his mule, and one of the party—an old excursionist who had learned to take care of himself—soon accepted it. But the wisest is sometimes caught. He was just showing a kind of patronizing pity toward the trampers below, and begging them to lay hold of his mule's tail for assistance through the snow, when, in a soft place, in goes the poor beast up to the haunches, and, in his struggle to get out, throws our good friend some six yards over his head. The hero, however, will not wait for compliments, but mounts again, and very soon repeats his adventure. This is enough for one day, and no one will have any more to do with the mule, but all determine fairly to trudge it out.

Sunset has come. We feel the importance of pressing on before dark, but

the rarity of the air at nearly eight thousand feet high, thoroughly tries the manhood of every one, and the stoutest of the company is brought to a stand for awhile. It begins to rain, our feet are soaked, the cold becomes piercing, and darkness is near, when a shout comes from those a-head, "The monastery is in sight!" Care is now over; at eight o'clock we reach the welcome rest.

I happened to be the first at the stone steps and found a monk on the top waiting to receive us. Never had I been more mistaken in my anticipations. I thought to see a tall, hale, rough, stern old man; but here was a pleasant, ruddy, smiling, gentlemanly host, of about thirty years old, who gave me his hand, and welcomed me to the monastery. I told him we were six, and asked if all could be accommodated. "O, yes," said he, "we have room for many. But you must be wet; we have stockings, shirts, and whatever you may want for change, all warm and ready, if you will accept them." I thanked him, but said we had our garments on the mule. He then offered his help to take off our wet clothes, or for anything else he could do, and conducted us at once to our rooms, giving us two with three beds in each. The apartments were long enough to have the beds lengthways, with sufficient space to dress between. On the opposite side were three plain toilet tables, with ancient looking-glasses. The sides and ceiling were all deal, without a particle of paint. At the end was a small window, well secured, to bear the storms. The beds stood about four feet high from the floor, and had each two blankets, thick coverlets, and a *soufflet*, or down bed, to cover all. There was every needful comfort, but not the least luxury. We noticed everywhere an unpleasant odor, a prison-like atmosphere, probably caused by the necessity of so much exclusion of the fresh cold air.

On descending to the common hall we mingled with about a dozen other travelers, fair and otherwise, round a large fire, and shortly had supper served. It consisted of soup, three or four kinds of meat, vegetables, dried fruits, nuts, etc., with some excellent wine, nine years old. Another monk now joined us, and did the honors of the table, these two having the duty of attending to travelers. Both were perfect gentlemen, easy in their deportment, and very attentive. They partook of the fare, filled our glasses, and drank with us quite socially.

After supper the other company retired, and we gathered, with the two monks, closer round the fire. The conversation was chiefly in Latin, as four of our number did not speak French, and our hosts, being Swiss, did not understand English. We learned that there were eight other monks, all Augustines, and a prior, in the house, but only one was a priest, and one had studied medicine. They were all young, or they could not have endured the climate. They took a vow of devotedness for ten years; but most, they said, became crippled with rheumatism and pulmonary affections before half the time had expired. When ill, they went to other establishments at Martigny and Sion. Our two monks, it appeared, had been eight years serving, but theirs were rare cases. They had, it turned out on farther inquiry, about forty male inmates, chiefly servants. All lived well, and no austerites were practised, as they always needed to keep up the utmost strength for their arduous duties. They had to go out every day on each side to keep the pass clear, and assist travelers in need. This duty was never omitted, unless the wind actually blew them down. They had fur garments, very thick for winter, and used every possible precaution, yet sometimes they could hardly avoid being frozen to death. Calamities were frequent. Only four years before the prior, with three fathers, three dogs, and three travelers, were swept away by an avalanche within a few minutes' distance of the house, and buried fourteen feet deep. Only a dog of the whole party escaped.

They gratuitously receive and relieve about nineteen thousand travelers annually. All at the monastery is free; but there is a poor-box in the chapel, where those who can afford it deposit what they please, and this is devoted to purchasing provisions, clothing, &c., for the mass of the poor who stop here in their route. They have of course considerable endowments, and a large tablet on the stairs records the munificence of Napoleon when he passed this way and rested here with his army, in 1800. The institution was founded by a Savoyard nobleman, Bernard de Menthon, who built both this hospice and that of Little St. Bernard, and left to them all his property.

While we were conversing happily over the fire, our friend who had figured on the mule was suddenly taken ill, as if dying. The monks told us not to be alarmed, for it was only indigestion, arising from the climate, and was what they witnessed every day. They got him to his room, warmed his bed, rubbed him gently, and gave him sugared water; then showing me in the passage a great bell, and telling me to toll it twice in case he became worse, they bade us good night.

They were right. He slept well, and in the morning was as hearty as ever. For myself, anxiety about him kept me awake for awhile, listening to him and to a storm raging without, when I also dropped off, and awoke in the morning, saying to myself, "Well, this beats all; I have been sleeping in the monastery of St. Bernard!"

We had a good plain breakfast with eggs, but we remarked how soon the coffee got cold. It boils at 187°, and this low heat very quickly evaporates. A second cup from the same pot was hardly drinkable. It was only lukewarm. We visited the chapel, and in converse with the monks found them very liberal in sentiment. They remarked that the Church simply consisted of those in every denomination who possessed faith in Christ; that they loved English Protestants, for they had much feeling in religion, while the Swiss Protestants were generally in a dead state. On our asking if singing in our own worship would disturb or be offensive, they said there was no restraint whatever for visitors; we might even have their chapel to ourselves for our morning exercise, but perhaps would feel more at liberty in one of our own rooms. They introduced us to other monks at study in their cells, which were very comfortable rooms, and artificially heated by steam from the kitchen. All the fathers were young men of mild and gentlemanly manners, dressed like ourselves, except a long black gown buttoned from top to bottom, with a diagonal band of white, and a similar band on their tall black caps. We thought it quite becoming.

There is, I may observe, a piano in the sitting-room, and every device to lessen the natural gloom of this desolate spot, which is about eight thousand feet above the sea. At that time there were, I was told, only three of the celebrated dogs, but others were training in the mountains. These were monsters in size, but perfectly gentle. One of them had saved, I think, seventeen lives. Their power of scenting the lost under the snow and digging them out is wonderful.

Before we left our kind friends, they took us to see the *morgue*, or dead-house for travelers who have perished. There cannot be graves here in the hard rock, and there is no putrefaction; so the bodies remain till recognized and removed, or the bones fall apart. The mother with her babe, mentioned by Cheever, is in a corner as distinct as ever. The up-turned eye and look to heaven are very affecting as she presses, with all the tenderness of a mother, the infant to her bosom. There they will remain in death's embrace till dust returns to its dust.

On the other side of the monastery is a very high jagged rock, frequented in winter by the chamois. The monks have rifles, and sometimes fire at them; but they know their marksmen too well to fear them, and will stand even while fired at, as if laughing at their aim. Not one has ever been hit.

On registering our names, we found, only three days before, the acknowledgment of a gentleman who, with his wife and a nursling six weeks old, had slept there. He recorded with great gratitude the kindness experienced and the very special interest manifested by the monks in the babe. Dr. Cheever is wrong in stating that on Fridays there is only soup for supper. They assured us that, although a difference is made, travelers always have three or four dishes of meat served up both in the hall and in the kitchen. They can lodge two hundred at once, if needful. The thermometer that day at ten o'clock (in the height of summer, be it remembered) was 34°, or 2° above freezing. Perhaps this last fact will considerably cool the desire which the perusal of this account may have awakened to visit the highest habitation in Europe; but though our readers should never go and pay their personal respects to these friendly monks, it is no more than due to such devoted philanthropists that all benevolent people should know of their doings, which form an honorable exception to the mass of corrupt leaven that unhappily pervades the Church to which they belong.

[For the National Magazine.]

A GEOLOGIST AMONG THE PEOPLE.

DEXTER MARSH.

GEOLOGY is the history of the world, written by God's own hand. It is a history, not of man, but of the races that precede man—not of an age or of a nation, or of the whole period of six thousand years that man has held sway on the earth; but of the millions of years whose receding waves break noiselessly on the shores of the chaotic past. It is not written in characters of human invention, subject to variable use, misapplication, and therefore misinterpretation; but as the botanist turns the leaves of his herbarium and presents to view individuals, species, genera, and orders of plants that have flourished and blossomed under genial sun and shower, so the geologist unfolds the rocky book of the past, exposing to our view, in beautiful order and in wonderful perfection, plants of the minutest and most delicate, and plants of the most gigantic character—animals of which millions are required to compose a cubic inch, and monsters three times larger than the elephant.

In these rocky characters we read of flowing seas and floating icebergs where now the mountain rears his lofty summits. We read of a lurid sun and a murky, sultry atmosphere, and tree ferns, and huge sauroid reptiles, and sluggish bayous with no life on land. No sound of foot or flap of wing where now the cool zephyr kisses the cheek of man, and the feathered tribes make the forests resound with merry carols, and hills reëcho the low of grazing herds.

He who turns a leaf of this great rocky book, and reads to us a chapter from its historic page, whether learned or ignorant, peer or plebeian, is worthy of a niche in heaven's temple.

Such a man we introduce to the reader. Previous to the year 1853 the traveler, on leaving the cars at the depot, in the pleasant village of Greenfield, Mass., and ascending the hill toward the main street, would observe, on the right side of the way, a cottage, simple, rustic and unique, hidden among the trees. The piazza is covered with vines, and the dooryard is densely filled with shrubs and flowers, while leaning against the side of the cottage, and in every noticeable position, are slabs of stone, with curious configurations upon their surfaces, and specimens of abnormal vegetable growth and Indian antiquities. This was the home of the man whom we honor. Let the traveler pass into the yard, and enter the door from beneath the piazza, into a sort of hall, on the north of the cottage, and he is in the best cabinet of fossil footprints in the world. Here he sees, on tablets of stone, the record of an age which was never known or read till the scrutinizing eye of Dexter Marsh rested upon it.

Dexter Marsh, the Hugh Miller of the New Red Sand-stone, was the son of Joseph Marsh, of Montague, Mass. The circumstances of his parents compelled him to hard labor at an early age, and deprived him of a good common-school education; but, with a manly heart and a strong constitution, he seems to have accepted the necessity of his situation, and rejoiced "to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow." Says one who saw him then: "Well do we remember the first winter that we knew him—that he seemed almost to go without sleep, to defy the severest wintry blasts, and to do the work of two men." And labor brought its reward. It brought to him a competence, and it won for him honor which men of noble blood might covet. We apprehend that it is no accident that the discoverers in the Old and the New Red Sand-stone were both, in their younger days, inured to labor. The objects of their research were where the silk-gloved son of opulence delights not to tarry; where physical toil, directed by intelligence, is absolutely essential to success.

At an early age Mr. Marsh possessed a love of truth and virtue, and an equal hatred of vice. These characteristics matured with his manhood, and in latter years ripened into active religious life. While he supported his family by daily labor, and was taking every *rainy* day, and other time which he contrived to spare from his necessitous toil, for his scientific investigations, he forgot not the duties he owed to his Creator; but the daily offering of prayer and praise went up from the altar of his cottage home.

He did not throw away his Bible when his discoveries forced upon him the conviction that birds of gigantic size, and quadrupeds of curious forms, had sported on the banks of our streams, ages ere

man had been created; but when, after days of toil, he lifted a slab of stone, covered with evidences of the fact, he, like his Scottish prototype, said in his heart, "Behold the footprints of the Creator."

But though to be a hard-working man, and to be a good Christian man, are valuable characteristics, challenging the esteem of a community, yet we have many such men in New-England, and it was not for these characteristics that the name of Dexter Marsh escaped beyond the borders of the village of his residence, and became familiar to the learned in every land.

Most of the mature life of Mr. Marsh was spent in the village of Greenfield. There, about the year 1835 or 1836, while laying some flagging-stone into a side-walk near his house, he discovered in one the foot-prints of a bird. This was an hour of perplexity, but soon to be followed by triumph and honor. To that time he was wholly ignorant of geology, and possessed only the common notion of the formation of the earth; but being a man of accurate observation and logical order of thought, he was convinced that the print before him was the print of a bird's foot. But the print was in a solid rock, quarried from several feet beneath the surface. How it came there he could not decide. "In this perplexity," says Mr. Ingersol, "he called to it [the discovery] the attention of a friend,* whose reading was extensive, and received from him the first seeds of what afterward grew into a stately tree." With eagerness he grasped the truths of geology, and was thus suddenly introduced into a new world of thought. The subject proved to be peculiarly fitted to his ardent temperament, and he, by his habits of observation and logical powers, was as fitted to the subject. He was soon able to present irrefutable reasons for believing the prints to be the footprints of birds, and *his* reasons and *his* arguments are those still relied upon by geologists to prove the same position. In this department of fossil geology he soon stood without a compeer. Drs. Deane and Hitchcock brought the results of his labors into public notice; described, named, and classified the animals which made the prints; and the latter especially reaped merited honors the world over. Sir Roderick Murchinson, in an address before the London Geological Society, complimented the great moral courage exhibited by him, "in throwing down his opinion before an incredulous public." Mr. Marsh had no reputation to lose; but though he has no claim for valor when tried by the standard of others, yet much praise is due to him that, in his circumstances, he comprehended the nature and importance of the discovery, and acted with a zeal in reference to it, which not one in a million would have shown.

To the uncommonly accurate and extensive observations of Mr. Marsh, and to his forcibly stated arguments, other gentlemen owe something at least of the honor of their laurels. He at first set them right and corrected them when they fell into error. Dr. H—— was once lecturing in Boston, and Mr. Marsh was in attendance. The doctor announced that he had discovered the track of a *lame* bird, one whose leg had been broken, and the foot turned part of the way round, the toe inward. Mr. Marsh saw his error; but awaiting a time when the doctor visited his cabinet, he set him right by showing him that *any two* tracks of the bird taken alone would present the same appearance as the two from which the doctor had inferred the lameness of the bird; but when more tracks were considered, (and Mr. Marsh had slabs containing several,) the error of the inference was apparent. The fact of the case was that the bird, in walking, directed the middle toe of one foot to the heel of the next, and the doctor had taken the line of one foot for the course of the bird, while a line from heel to toe of the other foot made a large angle with it; whereas, both toes inclining inward, and each making a small angle with the course of the bird, there was no necessity of breaking *either* leg.

After the discovery of the track in the flag-stone near his house, others were discovered already laid into side-walks in the same village; and these, which before were thought only imperfect flags, were taken up as valuable. The quarry from which they came was visited, and others found. Mr. Marsh built him a boat, which he could carry around the rapids of the river, and taking with him powder and drills, and provision, he would row from place to place, sometimes thirty miles a day, searching along the river bank for

* Probably Dr. James Deane is referred to.

fossil footprints. When night came he would turn his boat bottom side up upon the flat rock, and beneath it sleep secure from the dews of heaven. At early dawn, without the jarring of gongs, or vexatious delays of servants and hotel breakfasts, he would set out again upon his search. Thus he surveyed the whole Red Sandstone deposit in the valley of the Connecticut river. He visited also the deposits in New-Jersey. He was soon enabled to detect the fossil tracks with a facility that resembled instinct. In the river bed, and in the river bank, under the cliff, on the side of Mt. Tom, and beneath the soil of Wethersfield, his uncommon ken traced them out.

A friend in Gill invited his attention to a footprint in that town. On examining it he found the impression to have been made in sand or gravel, which did not give a well-defined outline; but he concluded that beneath a cliff near by the case would be otherwise, and that there he might obtain good tracks. So at the cliff he went to work. His leisure hours for the whole summer, some money, and much powder, were consumed. At length he reached the stratum; he lifted a slab containing fifty as beautiful tracks as had ever been found. They were of various sizes, and crossed the stone in every direction. Four of the tracks were twelve inches long. The dimensions of the slab were ten by six feet. It was split in two, giving the relief prints on one side, and the intaglio on the other. We think this is the same that was sold, after his death, to Mr. Alger, of Boston, for three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

He could not only tell the direction of a bird, but its comparative speed, the condition of the mud, whether the weather was rainy or not, whether the bird making the track was walking on shore or in the water, and when the bird passed from shore into the water. He came at very definite conclusions concerning the weight and height of the birds. Indeed, he lived in the era of the New Red Sand-stone, as the historian lives in the age of Xenophon or Herodotus. "I have," he says, "at some localities traced the tracks of a single bird thirty or forty feet when it went into the water. This I knew from the fact that the first tracks would be very slight, being pressed on hard sand or clay, and each successive step would be deeper and deeper, until the mud closed over the impression; and when he got into the water, though he settled deep in the mud, the motion of the water entirely obliterated all appearance of the track on the strata over which the bird had walked. But, by removing a thin layer, we find the impression. This has oftentimes enabled me to tell how high the water was at the time." Again: "If the height of those birds was in proportion to the length of their feet, as compared with some existing birds, they must have stood some twenty feet high." . . . . "I have one slab containing two footprints of a large bird, the surface being very rough and uneven; but the great weight of the bird (probably a thousand pounds or more) pressed the sand so hard that it is perfectly smooth, showing distinctly the structure of the bottom of the foot." Again he says, "I have many specimens from Wethersfield, Conn., which show very plainly that they are the tracks of birds; still I consider them imperfect, because they do not show where the bottom of the foot rested. The deposit seems to have been a fine reddish clay, so soft that the bird settled down a number of inches, the mud closing up again when the foot was withdrawn, leaving no impression on the surface; the tracks are seen only by splitting the strata through which the foot passed."

Mr. Marsh collected a valuable cabinet. He made exchanges with many scientific men in this and in foreign countries. In 1851 his cabinet contained from four to five hundred slabs of stone upon which were one thousand tracks of birds and quadrupeds, some of these slabs weighing less than an ounce, and others two tons, and containing from one to fifty tracks each, from one half inch to nineteen inches in length; also, two hundred fossil fishes, three thousand sea-shells, twenty-six hundred rock crystals, and two hundred specimens of Indian antiquities, besides specimens in zoology and botany, minerals and fossils from foreign countries.

Uneducated though he was, Mr. Marsh could not remain in obscurity. In 1846 he was elected a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; in 1852 he was elected a member of the Lyceum of Natural History in New-York; and, in August of the same year, a corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia.

The notice of this last-mentioned honor was received while he was at Ackworth, New-Hampshire. In reply, he gave the society a very full account of the celebrated beryl quarry in that place. Very large crystals had formerly been obtained with ease at that place; but the bed which at first cropped out of the ground had been worked till there were twenty feet of solid quartz above it, and then abandoned. But Mr. Marsh stopped not where other men are accustomed to stop. He obtained a lease of the quarry, and went to work. He spent one hundred days' labor, and burned four hundred pounds of powder, digging through the twenty feet of solid quartz. He did not succeed in obtaining what he hoped for, the best crystal in the world; yet he was amply rewarded. He obtained a crystal, one foot in length and thirteen inches in diameter, standing in a block of quartz, its original matrix, very fine. He brought home with him nearly three tons of crystals, most of which were very good specimens. This was in the autumn of 1852. For some time it had been evident that incessant toil had made inroads upon the vigor of his constitution; his daily labor was interrupted; and as this resource was cut off, it became necessary for him to negotiate for the sale of his cabinet. In March, 1851, he writes to Professor H. D. Rogers:—

"My health is still poor; and if I am not able to labor I must sell it. I do not suppose it will bring the money it would if owned by some learned society, or by some rich man. . . . I hardly know what to say. It has been estimated at all prices, from four thousand to ten thousand dollars; but I will sell it *in this country* for a sum not exceeding five thousand, nor less than three."

He conferred also with Professor Dana, of Yale College, concerning the sale of it to that institution. He offered to deduct five hundred dollars from its value if the town of Greenfield would purchase it, and erect for it a suitable building; but he did not dispose of it. His last scientific labor was at Ackworth. April 2, 1853, at the age of forty-seven, he left this earth as the Christian leaves it—not to study the *foot-prints* of the Creator by toil, but with angel vision—to view God in his true character, through the eyes of the distant past, molding this plastic earth for fish, reptiles, birds, animals, and man.

His cabinet was sold at auction for three thousand dollars. Mr. Alger, of Boston, and Amherst College, were the principal purchasers. Mr. Marsh was not able to do as Professor Shepherd has done, locate his cabinet at a popular institution—a perpetual monument to his memory. His family needed its value. But though his may mingle with the collections of others, we hope his friends who have received it, will not obliterate his name from their catalogues, but delight to honor the man who has done so much for science and the honor of his country. In concluding, we remind the reader of the results of a man's working with his eyes open. Before Mr. Marsh observed the footprint in the flagging-stone, it was not known that air-breathing animals existed previous to the oolite period. But since that time there have been discovered, in the New Red Sand-stone of the Connecticut river valley, the tracks of fifty species of animals, all described and named by Dr. Hitchcock. Of these, four were lizards; two, tortoises; six, batrachians; twenty-two were birds, all waders. One of the bipeds, the Otozoum Moodié, was a huge monster, a sort of biped toad, as large as an elephant. His tracks were near together, from which is inferred the shortness of his legs, and were twenty inches long and twelve inches broad. The tracks of the largest species of bird, the Brontozoum-giganteum, are from fourteen to twenty inches long; the stride from four to six feet. The large ones were probably twenty feet high, weighing nearly a thousand pounds. Many of these tracks are very distinct; even the papillæ on the sole of the foot are distinctly seen. Everything is distinct from what precedes or follows it. Thus a new age has been peopled; a new chapter added to the history of the world; another star set in the crown of triumphant science.

If the reader will now strive to comprehend the labor necessary to accomplish such a survey as we have referred to, the collection, singled handed and without money, of so extensive and valuable a cabinet, and at the same time remember that Mr. Marsh, as a day-laborer, supported his family in competence, he cannot fail to recognize in him the soul of a true, and even of a great man—of one who lays his hand on the mane of restive and hostile circumstances, and compels them to bear him to usefulness and honor.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

RECENT THEORIES RESPECTING IT.

IS the Christian Sabbath really binding on Christian people to the extent of positive obligation, or is its observance only expedient, and not obligatory? It is this question, which, with all candor, we propose to consider in the following pages. In this inquiry we have, of course, to assume that the authority of Scripture on the subject is admitted; but, before we conclude, we shall have something to say on the question on other grounds.

The religious obligation of the Sabbath has been the subject of frequent controversy, and is still objected to by many, whose apparent numbers are multiplied by the variety of opinions which they entertain on this subject.

In one particular almost every writer agrees—that its separation, as a day of rest, is a blessing which it would be very impolitic to disturb; but whether the observance depends upon divine authority, the authority of the Church, of the state, or on the common convenience of society; whether the whole day is to be set apart for religious duty, or only a portion of the day; or whether religious duties are essential to its observance, seem to be points which, in the estimation of many writers, are altogether undecided.

Dymond, who represents, in his "Principles of Morality," the religious views of the Society of Friends, alleges that "these circumstances constitute a sufficient recommendation to set apart certain times for the exercise of public worship;" and he further adds:—

"Bearing in mind, then, that it is right to devote some portion of our time to religious exercises, and that no objection exists to the day which is actually appropriated, the duty seems very obvious so to employ it."—*Essay* 2, ch. i., Sabb. Inst.

Paley, in the well-known argument in his "Moral Philosophy," asserts:—

"The assembling upon the first day of the week for the purpose of public worship and religious instruction, is a law of Christianity of divine appointment. The resting on that day from our employments longer than we are detained from them by attendance upon these assemblies, is to Christians an ordinance of human institution, binding, nevertheless, upon the conscience of every individual of a country in which a weekly Sabbath is established, for the sake of the beneficial purposes which the public and regular observance of it promotes."—Chapter 7.

Archbishop Whately says:—

"I am anxious, in common, I believe, with all persons, of whatever Church, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, that his resurrection day should be a day particularly set apart for religious worship and religious study and meditation. And if the day ought to be thus dedicated to such purposes, it is plain we ought to abstain from anything that may interfere with its being so observed by ourselves, and those whom we employ."—*Address to the Inhabitants of Dublin*, p. 39.

We confess that, in reviewing these testimonies to the value of the Sabbath, we have been struck (excepting in the instance of Paley) by their palpable inconsistency with the succeeding argument. The divine authority of the Jewish Sabbath is admitted; but although it is alleged that God *withdrew* his sanction from the day, discountenanced its observance, and abrogated the institution, yet these writers conclude that it is still *expedient* to observe the Sabbath, and that it is to be reverenced "in the most Christian sense." As if God's purpose in its abrogation were not wiser than theirs in its observance. On this principle, we should not be surprised to find them attempting to renew actual sacrifice, or adopting any forms of ritual service which Judaism sanctioned and Christianity abolished. Surely, if God abrogated the Sabbath, and made all days alike, he did it advisedly; and if it had been well that the institution should be maintained, he would not have omitted to sanction its observance.

But if the Sabbath, by the confession of all, is so great a privilege, surely the gospel does not withdraw from the Christian an advantage which was conceded to the Jew. Unquestionably not, they reply, for, under the gospel, every day is a Sabbath, and every hour rich with Sabbatic enjoyment. Treating on this point, Belsham says:—

"To a true Christian, every day is a Sabbath, every place is a temple, and every action of life an act of devotion. A Christian is not required to be more holy, nor permitted to take greater liberties upon one day than upon another. Whatever is lawful or expedient upon any one day of the week is, under the Christian dispensation, equally lawful and expedient upon any other day."

Yet if this be really so, why this uniform testimony to the value of the Lord's Day? Or why should those who have laboriously endeavored to deprive the Sabbath of its divine sanction, seek to supply its place

with an institution which rests only on expediency?

It is obvious to any one who has attentively considered the question before us, that its decision mainly depends on the conclusion that is formed as to the original institution of the Sabbath. If this ordinance were instituted by Moses as a part of the Jewish ritual, having no previous existence, and constituting a part of the ceremonial law, then we think it may be assumed, that with the Mosaic economy the Sabbath was abrogated, unless it can be shown to have been distinctly reëstablished, and that on no dubious or uncertain evidence, under the New Testament dispensation.

On the other hand, if the institution of the Sabbath were coëval with creation, a command given to our first parents, and based upon principles of universal obligation; if, in the Decalogue, as a summary of moral law, it is again repeated, incorporated with Jewish institutions, recognized by Christ, observed by apostles and apostolic men, honored by the primitive Church, and handed down to succeeding ages, rooted deeply in every dispensation, and alien to none, spreading widely, and bearing everywhere the fruits of holiness and peace, then, we think that, without hesitation, we may claim for the Sabbath the authority which can alone sanction its observance, or give to it permanent obligation. Let us then examine the arguments usually adduced against the divine authority of the day in their bearing on this view of the question.

It is generally admitted that the second chapter of Genesis contains a distinct reference to the Sabbath:—

"And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Gen. ii, 2, 3.

But it is alleged by different objectors that these verses do not necessarily designate the institution of the Sabbath. That is referred to the period when the children of Israel, having left Egypt, desired manna from heaven.

"And Moses said unto the rulers of the congregation, To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord: bake that which ye will bake to-day, and seethe that ye will seethe; and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning." (Exod. xvi, 22, 23.) And on the next day Moses said, "for to-day is a Sabbath unto the Lord; to-day ye shall not find it in the field. Six days ye shall gather it; but on the seventh day, which is the Sabbath, in it there shall be none." (Ver. 25, 26.) And afterward the Lord said unto Moses, "How long refuse ye to keep my commandments and my laws? See, for that the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, therefore he giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days: abide ye every man in his place, let no man go out of his place on the seventh day. So the people rested on the seventh day." Verses 28–30.

The law of the Sabbath was afterward repeated on Sinai, and it is contended, conformably with this theory, that the Decalogue, of which the Sabbatic canon is a part, was not intended to constitute a summary of moral law, but is rather a positive enactment, binding as such on the Jewish people only. And it is further urged, that however we may regard the other parts of the Decalogue, the fourth commandment certainly suggests a rule of conduct, which can only appeal to the conscience on the ground of positive enactment, since, in the absence of a revealed ordinance, it must be indifferent whether the sixth day or the seventh is appropriated for divine worship. And in support of this argument, it is alleged, that the absence of any reference to the Sabbath in the patriarchal records is inconsistent with its early institution, the statement in the second chapter of Genesis, already quoted, not necessarily referring to the period when the Sabbath was instituted, but only suggesting the reason that, in after times, led to the selection of the seventh day as the Sabbath, which God appointed as a sign between himself and the Jewish people. And this view, it is contended, receives additional support from the expression which occurs in Exodus, when Moses, in speaking of the children of Israel, says, "The Lord hath given you the Sabbath." Again, "It is a sign between me and the children of Israel forever," (Exod. xxxi, 16;) and so in Deuteronomy v, 15:—

"Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence, through a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day."

Or in Nehemiah ix, 14:—

"Thou madest known unto them thy holy Sabbath."

And in Ezekiel xx, 12:—

"I gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them."

All implying that the institution specially pertained to the Jewish people, and to their religious polity; for how could the Sabbath, as it is argued, have been given to the Jew, if it already constituted a fundamental principle of universal law; or be a "sign" between God and the Israelitish nation, if it were observed by all who professed to believe in Jehovah as the only God; and being, as it is affirmed, only a Jewish ordinance, it was abrogated with the law which first gave it authority: so that when, in the Acts of the Apostles, the council at Jerusalem enumerated the cardinal duties recognized in the Jewish law, which were still binding on Gentile converts, the Sabbath is not included; but on the other hand, the Apostle Paul, in addressing the Colossians, (ii, 16, 17,) says—

"Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days: which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ."

Beside this, as it is stated in the terse and vigorous argument of Paley, "If the command by which the Sabbath was instituted be binding upon Christians, it must be binding as to the day, the duties, and the penalties, in none of which it is received; for instead of the seventh day being observed, another day, having no connection with it, is accepted by Christians as their Sabbath: and constituting a different institution, it must either rest upon distinct authority, or upon no authority at all. And it is further stated that the fathers of the Christian Church frequently reproved the Jewish converts for their continued observance of the Jewish Sabbath.

Such appear to us to be the leading arguments against the divine authority of the Sabbath, and we state them fully that they may be as fully considered. But while endeavoring fairly to present these objections, we do right in attempting to discriminate between the objectors. Milton and Paley, Arnold and Whately, are not names that can be passed by lightly, or their opinions treated with contempt. They are Christian men, seriously mistaken, we believe, in this matter, yet dealing with it in a calm and Christian spirit. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that this controversy has not in general improved either the taste or the temper of our opponents.

We could endure a little raillery, or a sober measure of contempt; but the argument that degenerates into abuse, is in general unworthy of much consideration. In fact, if the subject were less serious, we should only smile at a class of writers who have become uncharitable from the very licentiousness of their charity. We are amused with Drunken Barnaby's caricature; for it has wit, and was quite in character, when he sang,—

"As I rode through Banbury Town,
I saw a Puritane one
A hanging up his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

But that a book such as the "Horæ Sabbaticæ," which professes to be an argument on the question, should characterize its opponents as "itinerant attendants at missionary meetings; such as practice standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the street, sounding their trumpets and making long prayers, as foolish devotees and mischievous hypocrites," (p. 8;) "A set of canting hypocrites who, for their own purpose, are endeavoring to delude the ignorant and unwary; a little though increasing knot of Puritans," (p. 60,)—this we must maintain is passing the line of decency.

It is refreshing to turn from such rhetoric to the sweet, calm words with which one of these early Pharisees, the devout and holy Herbert, hailed the day of rest.

"O day, most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The indorsement of supreme delight
Writ by a friend and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay,
The weeks were dark but for thy light—
Thy torch doth show the way."

But let us return to a consideration of the verses in the second chapter of Genesis, which really constitute the basis of this inquiry. In a narrative which is simply historical, conducting the reader step by step along the six days' labor of the divine hand, the passage occurs, and with no pause or change of style to separate it from the preceding or the following verses. Each day's work has been systematically recorded, and it is added:—

"On the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and

sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Gen. ii, 2, 3.

And after two thousand years, when this event was referred to as the basis of a specific command of God, it is only said:

"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Exod. xx, 8, 11.

We think, if words mean anything, these passages imply that when God had ended his work he sanctified and set apart a commemorative day of rest. Yet Paley argues that they can only be regarded as affirming that when God instituted the Jewish Sabbath, he selected the seventh day for its observance, because, two thousand five hundred years before, he completed on that day the great work of creation.

The narrative is distinct and emphatic. God had finished his work. He rested from it on the seventh day. And because God so rested, he sanctified the day and blessed it.

But if God rested on the seventh day, and sanctified it, for whom could this Sabbath of the new creation be designed? In an absolute sense God did not rest on the Sabbath day; for the Saviour bases an argument on that fact, when he says, "My Father worketh hitherto." Not one wheel in the great fabric of the universe ceased to move, or one pulse to beat; and Providence supplied the wants of every living thing, alike on Sabbath days and days of weekly service. But was the Sabbath then instituted that it might be kept sacred in other parts of the universe of God, while it was withheld from man? Surely, if it were so, the commemoration would seem to be more extensive than the event; while those who shared most largely in the blessing, were withheld from its recognition. Neither for himself, as we believe, nor for angels, nor for other orders of creation than man, did God separate the Sabbath as a holy day. And if ordained at all, in the dawn of the creation, it must, we are assured, have been for man, and no other supposition can be reasonably adopted. But it is said the narrative is anticipatory. During two thousand five hundred years God, having made "the Sabbath for man," conceals it in the depths of his counsels, then reveals for a little while to one tribe of the great human family, and after the brief era of their history once more abrogates, an institution which was coëval with creation. There seems to be no alternative whatever, but our believing in the early institution of the Sabbath, or, on the other hand, supposing that Moses adopted a most uncandid device in order to give additional authority to a very important part of his religious economy: for if we refuse to admit that the Sabbath was appointed by God from the first, we must either believe that when God rested on the seventh day he did not sanctify it; or that, having sanctified the day, he concealed the fact until it was revealed by Moses to the Jewish people; and, even in the latter case, the limited revelation of one important fact, does not at all modify the circumstance. So that, if God did sanctify the day at first, its sanctification must be abiding.

But then it is argued, If the Sabbath were coëval with the creation, there would certainly be some traces of its existence during the patriarchal period. But is this certain? The narrative in Genesis is the briefest possible record of a very long era; and only a little is revealed to us about many things of which we should like to know more. As it has been remarked, tha law of sacrifice was clearly revealed before the offerings of Cain and Abel were presented, and yet upon this point the record is silent; the distinction between clean and unclean animals was observed by Noah, and yet there is nothing said as to the promulgation of the law upon which it depended; and through the whole history of the patriarchal age we have no allusion to public or social worship; and yet it cannot be supposed that men did not meet together to offer up prayer to God. And on this point Dr. Harris, in his "Man Primeval," (p. 180,) remarks:—

"That in the account of the four or five hundred years from Joshua to David, there is not the remotest allusion to the Sabbath. No mention is made from the birth of Seth till the flood, (a period of at least one thousand five hundred years,) of sacrifice; and during the eight hundred years from Joshua to Jeremiah, the rite of circumcision is not named."

On the other hand there are allusions in the Book of Genesis which seem to imply the observance of stated periods of worship by the patriarchs. "At the end

of days," as it is in the original, "it came to pass that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord," (Gen. iv, 3;) that is, at a fixed or definite period, and after the lapse of a measured interval of time. So again in Job, (i, 6,) "There was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord." And in a very distinct manner the division of time into periods of seven days is referred to in the Book of Genesis. Thus, Noah in the ark, when the dove returned to its rest, "stayed other seven days;" and again, when it brought back the olive-branch before it was sent forth for the last time, he again stayed other seven days. And when Job's friends came to comfort him in his sorrow, "They sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights." Job ii, 13. And when Jacob was in the house of Laban, the period of a "week" is distinctly named. Nor does the evidence end here; but the most extensive and almost uniform division of time into weeks implies, if it do not absolutely establish, a common origin for this arrangement. The lunar month consists of twenty-nine days and a half; and four weeks, therefore, do not make a month, and the attempt to attribute the division to other causes, is by no means satisfactory. But believing, as we do, that the whole human family have a common origin, we are not surprised that in their separation they carried with them more or less of patriarchal usages; and though in the course of ages tradition grew dim, and almost illegible, yet we cannot wonder that there are detected in different parts of the world those habits and traditions which can only be explained by a reference to the first principles of truth and their revelation in patriarchal times. Now the rite of sacrifice, and now the serpent worship, that in so many different forms remind us of man's fall. Here, the tradition of a universal deluge; and there, by the general division of time into weeks, assuring us of a primeval Sabbath.

But let us direct our attention to the alleged institution of the Jewish Sabbath. It should be borne in mind that the Israelites had been slaves in Egypt for more than a century, and that during the whole of that period they were subjected to task-masters, whose requirements would render the observance of the Sabbath a matter of great difficulty. They at length leave the house of bondage, and cross the Red Sea. They desire bread and flesh, and God sends them quails for a little while, and manna to be their constant food. The narrative is very simple. Then said the Lord unto Moses:

"Behold I will rain bread from heaven; and it shall come to pass that on the sixth day they shall prepare that which they shall bring in, and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily."

For this, be it remembered, no reason is assigned; but the narrative proceeds, as if Moses fully understood why the labor of the sixth day should supersede the seventh day's toil. He then commands them to gather on each day an omer for every man; but when the sixth day comes the people of their own accord gathered a double quantity, as if anticipating with preparation the rest of the Sabbath. Then it is, when the rulers come to Moses to apprise him that the people, in gathering a double quantity of manna, had apparently neglected his direction, that he said, "This is that which the Lord hath said." And what was it that he had said? That on the sixth day the people should prepare that which they brought in, and it should be twice as much as they gathered daily. God had said nothing as to the institution of a Sabbath to Moses; but Moses reminds the rulers that "to-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord," and therefore this provision is made by the people in anticipation of the day.

We do not think, to an unprejudiced mind, there can be any doubt that this narrative much more closely resembles the recognition of an existing institution, than the appointment of a new and solemn ordinance. All reference to its institution is omitted in the command of God to Moses; the people spontaneously prepare to observe a day not yet appointed; and the appointment itself, if it be one at all, is unaccompanied by any explanation as to its purpose or the mode of its observance.

Only a little later than this, God from Sinai announces in the hearing of the people, the law of the Ten Commandments. That law solemnly repeats the command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" perfectly consistent in phraseology with our argument, but needing large accommodation, if the word "remember" is to be used only in its secondary sense of obey.

And this leads us to remark that the Bible rarely teaches by specific enactment;

and that much is to be learned by a careful comparison of the truths which it exhibits; and we do not know any process which so fully satisfies the mind, and gives stability to belief, as the gradual development of cumulative evidence. We need not always expect clear statutory declarations of divine truth, but are fully satisfied with the evidence derived from many parts of Scripture, each in itself apparently trivial, yet in their integrity constituting a perfect whole; and when we see an argument drawn from Scripture, which involves the constant fretting and wearing away of almost every text that bears upon it, each requiring some slight explanation to make it concurrent with the theory, never perfectly congruous, and leading at last to a discordant result, we feel that, however plausible each separate explanation may seem, the result must be erroneous; and that religious opinions which involve the constant explanation and forced interpretation of Scripture, or the gentle constraint that warps each passage from its natural to a more artificial sense, carry with them to the candid mind the evidence of confutation, just as we remember a blind man once told us, that he always knew when he had left the right road, by feeling that the current of air had changed its direction, and was flowing from the *wrong* point. It is well when the spiritual sense is so refined and perfected that it becomes intolerable to abide in any speculative position, if the current of divine teaching is against us.

But this recognition of the Sabbath raises an important question—whether the Decalogue embodies an authoritative summary of God's moral law, as incorporated with all dispensations, or whether it pertained exclusively to the Jewish polity and people.

We confess that a careful consideration of the question leaves but little doubt in our mind that the Decalogue must be regarded as nothing less than the acknowledged basis of God's moral government. It was separated not only in point of time, but with wonderful solemnity, from every other part of the Jewish law; the latter revealed through Moses to the people, the former proclaimed by God himself. "These words the Lord spake unto all the assembly in the mount, out of the midst of the fire, of the cloud, and of thick darkness, with a great noise." And he added no more. Written with the finger of God on tables of stone prepared especially for this purpose, the Decalogue was divided widely from every later revelation, and laid by in the Ark of God, as an abiding testimony of the divine purpose.

Not untruly has one of the most powerful living writers in France, though himself no believer in Christianity, remarked that:

"Even the number of the commandments of the Decalogue, and their order, has nothing in it that is fortuitous. It is the genesis of moral phenomena, the ladder of duty and of crime resting upon an analysis wisely and marvelously developed."—Prudhon, *De la Celeb. Dim.* p. 17.

Examine those commandments, and the reader will find, that in principle they comprise every duty both to God and man; so that any one of them could not be taken away without leaving a dreary and intolerable void. As it is well said by Dr. Wardlaw:—

"The first commandment enjoins the exclusive appropriation of religious veneration, homage, and service to the one God. The second prescribes the spirituality of its object as incapable of being represented by any external similitude. The third commands the sacredness of the name of Jehovah, and of everything with which that name is associated. And the fourth ordains the constancy and regularity of God's worship, and of the solemn commemoration of the doings of his hands."—Wardlaw, *Sabb.*, p. 45.

And this brings us at once to the question—What is the essential principle and design involved in the appointment of the Sabbath? For if the principle be of universal application, and its design as important to the Gentile as the Jew, we do not wonder that the observance should be associated with other duties which are undeniably of universal obligation.

And it must be borne in mind, that even in the Decalogue the clearest rules of moral duty may be associated with local and accidental circumstances, as when the alleged motive of observation is temporary, while the rule itself is of eternal obligation: thus, in the fifth commandment it is said, "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The fourth commandment is the only one which implies the duty of constant and recurring worship. God requires a portion of our time for his service; and though it may be alleged that the definite appointment of a definite period seems to partake of a

positive rather than a moral character, yet as being essential to social worship, which is clearly involved in the idea of social dependence on God, there can be no doubt that if the principal duty, worship, is an element of our moral relation to the Supreme Being, its indispensable accessory, the separation of a common time for God's service, is equally binding, and dependant on fundamental principle. Besides, it must be borne in mind, that every precept of the second table in the Decalogue is specifically recognized in the New Testament as being of permanent authority; and by a very comprehensive declaration, the whole of the commandments are acknowledged by Christ as included in his great law of love to God and man. It seems, therefore, unreasonable to suppose, that the fourth commandment constitutes the only exception. Without it, the rule of life being incomplete, and only perfected by its recognition, and that, if rescinded, its abrogation should not be specifically stated or even implied. It is obvious that the Sabbath was originally instituted, whether as coëval with creation or the exodus of the Israelites, for the fulfilment of great practical designs. It was to be the constant memorial of God's relation to man in the accomplishment of his purposes. It was a link in the economy of Providence, by which man should be habitually drawn into closer communion with God—the sign of God's willingness to accept our worship, and of the duty that is involved in this privilege—the standing monument of divine mercy—the golden gate of love, through which the soul was invited to enter and seek the favor and the friendship of his Maker—a day of rest from toil, the wisest provision for a world that was soon to be one of labor and sorrow—at once a rich resource for man's spiritual necessities and the best security for his temporal happiness.

And it will be observed that although a specific day is selected for the observance of the Sabbath, as one day inevitably must be, that the institution itself, even in its earliest recognition, is separated from the day. The institution is the subject of the divine command, the day but its accident. Hence in the second chapter of Genesis, and in the first announcement in Exodus of the Decalogue, the rest of the seventh day specially commemorates God's finished work of creation. But when the Jews are commanded, in Deuteronomy, to observe the Sabbath, the institution in all its integrity is retained—for this is indispensable—but the object of its commemoration is changed, and the greater work of God's mercy to the Israelites, their deliverance from Egypt, takes the place of the work of creation. And hence, as we believe, under the gospel dispensation a similar appropriation of the day for a specific purpose is observable. The institution remains the same, accomplishing every purpose for which it was originally intended, and still occupying its place as a necessary part of God's moral economy; but under the gospel dispensation it is given to the Christian as a sign, just as it was given to the Israelite on leaving Egypt—not made for him, excepting only as the Sabbath was made for man, but assigned as a memorial of the greatest event in his special dispensation. To the patriarch, a sign of the work of creation; to the Jew, of deliverance from Egypt; and to the Christian, of Christ's resurrection and the finished work of redemption.

Nor should it be forgotten that, while great stress has been laid by those who argue for the exclusively Judaical character of the Sabbath on those passages which refer to the day as having been "given" to the Jew, and as being a "sign" between God and his chosen people, other institutions or commands which had undeniably a previous existence are spoken of in precisely the same terms, when specially appropriated as parts of the Jewish economy. Thus in Jeremiah the moral as well as the ceremonial precepts of the law are alleged to have been given to the children of Israel. So in John vii, 22, it is said of circumcision, which had been commanded to Abraham: "Moses, therefore, gave unto you circumcision;" or again, in Deuteronomy it is said of the Ten Commandments, a rule of moral duty: "Thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand".—See *Wardlaw on the Sabbath*, pp. 26–28.

It is obvious that the institution of the Sabbath is as distinct from the seventh day, or the first, as worship is from altars or temples, from the synagogue or the church; each may be an important accessory, but it is not the very substance; and upon this principle we do not feel that the

change of the Sabbath from the seventh day to the first at all affects its observance, but rather fulfills the great object which such an institution was intended to effect. And hence in those remarkable prophecies in the Old Testament, which seek their fulfillment far beyond the limits of the Mosaic economy, while the typical rites of Judaism are referred to in terms descriptive of their observance, the Sabbath is never alluded to as the seventh day, but merely as "the Sabbath of the Lord;" and its true character, as well as its permanence, seems to be implied. Thus in Isaiah, the prophet, looking onward to the future glories of the Church, in which the Gentile as well as the Jew will be included, says: "Also the sons of strangers that join themselves to the Lord to serve him, every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant, even them will I bring to my holy mountain;" or again: "It shall come to pass that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord." Isaiah lxvi, 23. Or in Ezekiel, when under the imagery of a magnificent temple, built after no human pattern, the glory of the Church is symbolized, the prophet declares that "the gate of the inner court, that looketh toward the East, shall be shut the six working days; but on the Sabbath it shall be opened." Ezek. xlvi, 1.

It was the constant object of the Saviour while on earth to raise the minds of his disciples to a level from which they could look back upon the ritual services of Judaism as the ladder by which they had ascended to a loftier dispensation; and hence the spiritual element which he largely infused into the obligations of the Mosaic economy—its law not abolished, but grafted with far loftier truth. Sacrifice and ritual service, the splendor of the priesthood and of temple worship, were all destined to fade away in a brighter and purer light, the types and shadows of a glory which was perfected in Christ; but the principles they had involved must reappear under every form of religious belief. The great building that rises steadily toward completion is screened from the public highway, and carefully defended from vulgar approach, while the entire edifice is disguised by the scaffoldings which surround it. Yet the architect has no difficulty in distinguishing between the screen and the building, the scaffolding and the purpose for which it was raised; and his plans have reference to its completion, retaining just so much as is needful for his design, until, the topstone being laid, the scaffolding and the screen fall together and the perfect building is presented. Such, as it appears to us, was the result of Christ's personal ministry.

Apart from the great moral principles which it incorporated, the careful observer will readily perceive that the Mosaic law consisted either of rites which foreshadowed the blessings of the gospel, or of observances intended to maintain the isolation of the Israelites as God's chosen and peculiar people. The paschal lamb, the morning and evening sacrifice, the blood sprinkled upon the altar, the golden laver, and the priest that washed in its sanctifying water or ministered in the temple, could have no place in an economy of which Christ had become the perfect sacrifice and the unchanging priest. And when the gospel was freely proclaimed as a message of mercy to all, the Gentile and the Jew were once more united in the bond of brotherhood. Hence it became an important duty for Christ, as the great teacher, to illustrate those cardinal truths, which were soon to take their appointed places in his new and more comprehensive dispensation. And considering it in this light, how was the Sabbath regarded by Christ? Is it not obvious that he honored it in every way—in his preaching, by miracle, and by precept? For it reappears again and again in his ministry, like some deep underlying stratum of rock that breaks its way through the soil continually, and, though seen in fragments, gives undeniable evidence of its permanence and depth. Christ seemed in an especial manner to honor the Sabbath; and he endeavored, by earnest instruction, to bring back the minds of the people to a true estimate of its spiritual character.

The Sabbath was chosen for the first act of his public ministry: "He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and stood up for to read." Luke iv, 16. And almost immediately afterward it is said, "He came down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee, and taught them on

the Sabbath-days." Luke iv, 31. And while he labored in public on the Sabbath, he rendered his instruction more conspicuous by those divine tokens which testified so emphatically to the truth of his mission.

And we especially refer to these Sabbatic miracles, because the greater number of them seem to have been performed for the express purpose of affording the Saviour an opportunity of fully expounding to his followers the true spirit and intention of Sabbath observance. In the first miracle, which was wrought at the pool of Bethesda, Jesus practically affirmed that the Sabbath could not be desecrated by any acts of mercy which might be wrought on that day; and in commanding the lame man to "take up his bed, and walk," he virtually declared that his power was paramount to every other, even the most sacred institutions of religion being subject to his control; and as the Divine Father continued his works of providence on the Sabbath, so to one who was equal with the Father there necessarily pertained the same absolute authority over times and seasons. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the Sabbath, but said also, that God was his Father, making himself equal with God." John v, 17, 18.

Only a short time afterward, and while still in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, Jesus and his disciples were passing through the corn-fields on the Sabbath-day, "and the disciples plucked the ears of corn, and did eat, rubbing them in their hands." To this the Pharisees objected: but Jesus, in reply, reiterated the important principles which had been involved in the miracle of healing. He endeavored to convince them that it was not inconsistent with the institution of the Sabbath to perform necessary duties and acts of mercy on that day. Thus David, when he was hungered, partook of the show-bread; and the priests in the temple performed their sacred duties on the Sabbath; showing them, in fact, that instead of abolishing the Sabbath, he did no more on that day than under the Jewish dispensation it was lawful for David or the priests to have done; and he then distinctly affirmed three important principles —that in this act of theirs they were guiltless, for God preferred mercy to sacrifice; that he, the Son of Man, was Lord of the Sabbath; and that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Mark ii, 27. So violent was the opposition excited by these doctrines that, for eighteen months, Christ was obliged to retire into the north of Judea, and only revisited Jerusalem when his ministry was drawing to a close.

Returning to Jerusalem at the Feast of Tabernacles, he again pleaded for his privilege to perform acts of mercy on the Sabbath-day. "If a man," says Christ, on that day "receive circumcision, that the law of Moses should not be broken, are ye angry at me because I have made a man every whit whole on the Sabbath-day?" John vii, 23. And almost immediately afterward he afforded a confirmation of these principles, by giving sight on the Sabbath-day, at the pool of Siloam, to a man who had been born blind. Once more, at Capernaum, on the Sabbath-day, he heals in the synagogue the woman who had been so long bound with infirmity; again the ruler of the synagogue reproved him with indignation, "because he healed on the Sabbath-day." And again Christ appeals, for his justification, to the true principle of Sabbath observance: "Doth not each one of you, on the Sabbath, loose his ox, or his ass, from the stall, and lead him away to watering; and ought not this woman to be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath-day?" And when, only a few days afterward, he was in the house of one of the chief Pharisees, a man which had the dropsy was before him; mindful, probably, of what had just passed in the town, he asks, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath-day?" And then having healed the man, (for his mercy would not be baffled by their objections,) he added, as in the spirit of his last appeal, "Which of you having an ass, or an ox, fallen into a pit, will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath-day?"

And what means all this fullness of instruction with reference to an institution which, as the objectors assume, was just about to terminate in a more spiritual and happier dispensation. It is the constant theme of the Saviour' sministry: miracles illustrate it—repeated discourses exhibit the true spirit of its observance; and by a constant appeal to first principles, he endeavors, as Lord of the Sabbath, to

render it again a blessing to mankind. Can it be supposed that if this institution had been about to perish with the ritual services of Judaism, it would thus be distinguished in the ministry of Christ; and while its few last sands were running through, that there needed such effulgence to brighten them. Is it not far more consistent with the tenor of the Saviour's life, and with the teaching that never dwelt upon trivial things, but always occupied itself in the illustration of great moral truths, to believe that Christ was desirous of purging the Sabbath from the formal and traditionary observances which had gathered round it, and by expounding its true nature, vindicating its merciful character, and asserting his power over it as "Lord of the Sabbath," to prepare and perfect this institution for a dispensation whose leading attributes were glory to God in the highest, and good will to men?

But let us not leave the Divine Master until he has imparted one more lesson. Christ is with his disciples on the Mount of Olives—for "they come to him privately." On the opposite hill rises the temple, with its vast stones, which were soon to be overturned; and they say unto him, "Tell us, when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?"—(*of the age.*) And Jesus, to whom the future was always revealed, looking onward to a period which projected itself some way into the gospel dispensation—to a time when the observances of Judaism could have no binding force on the minds of his disciples, says to them in reply, "Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath-day." It is thus plain that, in that distant future, the Sabbath-day was not to be abrogated; but Christians, the avowed disciples of Christ, saved in the final destruction of Jerusalem by their faith in him, were to pray, that their flight might not be on the Sabbath-day. It seems to us that the teaching of Christ, consistent in all things, is consistent here; and that this sacred institution, which, throughout his ministry, he had observed and honored, constituted in his mind a part of the sacred scheme which he bequeathed, with his dying breath, to all ages, and to every people—the gift of the gospel.

But it may be naturally asked, whether any sufficient sanction exists for the alteration of the period of Sabbatic observance from the seventh day of the week to the first?

We shall answer the question in our next.

[For the National Magazine.]

LORD, THOU ART GREAT!

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

"LORD, thou art great!"—I cry, when in the East
The day is blooming like a rose of fire;
When, to partake anew of life's rich feast,
Nature and man awake with fresh desire.
When art thou seen more gracious, God of power!
Than in the morn's great resurrection-hour!

"Lord, thou art great!"—I cry, when blackness shrouds
The noonday heavens, and crinkling lightnings flame,
And on the tablet of the thunder-clouds
In fiery letters write thy dreadful name.
When art thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
Than in the mid-day tempest's lowering path!

"Lord, thou art great!"—I cry, when, in the West,
Day, softly vanquish'd, shuts his glowing eye;
When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,
And all in melancholy sweetness die.
When giv'st thou, Lord, our hearts more bless'd repose,
Than in the magic of thy evening shows!

"Lord, thou art great!"—I cry, at dead of night,
When silence broods alike on land and deep;
When stars go up and down the blue-arch'd height,
And on the silver clouds the moonbeams sleep.
When beckonest thou, O Lord, to loftier heights,
Than in the silent praise of holy nights!

"Lord, thou art great!" in nature's every form;
Greater in none—simply *most great* in all;
In tears and terrors, sunshine, smile and storm,
And all that stirs the heart, is felt thy call.
"Lord, thou art great!" O, let me praise thy name,
And grow in greatness as I thine proclaim!

C. T. B.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, when, being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied—"I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society."

The National Magazine.

JUNE, 1855.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER TO BISHOP SIMPSON.

RELIGION IN OUR LARGE CITIES—NEW-YORK PREACHERS' MEETING—HAS METHODISM LOST ITS ADAPTATION TO CITIES?—FIGURES—NEW-YORK AND VICINITY—BALTIMORE—BUFFALO—BOSTON—SUMMARY—VIEWS OF RELIGION IN CITIES—MORAL DESOLATION OF NEW-YORK—APPALLING FACTS—CHURCHES ABSCONDING—WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—When we last met, after extensive travels among the Churches, you inquired respecting my observations on the prospects of religion, and especially of Methodism, in the country. Our conversation was too brief to admit of any full answer to the question, and we were both quickly pursuing again, in opposite directions, those routes of official travel which have still deprived us of the opportunity of resuming the subject, while they have constantly afforded us new data upon it. I doubt not that your Episcopal experience, though it has not yet extended through one quadrennial term, has been suggestive of many grave and some anxious reflections on the condition of the Church. Methodism, in its geographical extent over the continent; its numerical force, (devolving upon its religious care about one-fifth of the national population;) its ecclesiastical system, so peculiar in both its effectiveness and its obnoxiousness to public criticism; its rapid multiplication of academies and colleges; its great publishing provisions, surpassing those of any other religious body in the new world or the whole world; its fast unfolding missionary schemes; its energetic committal to the great moral questions of the age, for one of which it has sacrificed its unity; its religious influence over the foreigners of the country, embracing at the present time no less than ten thousand communicants, who sing its hymns in one foreign language, and a scheme of districts and circuits sustained by foreign preachers, from Boston to New Orleans—the denomination which you represent has thus become invested with interests and responsibilities for the country and the world which may be soberly called stupendous, and which must render its future a question of deep solicitude to all good men of the land, whatever may be their sectarian relations.

In accordance with a previous understanding between us, I propose to address to you, through these columns, a few letters embodying the results of the observations made in my late official tours on some of the great interests alluded to, and the state of public sentiment in the Church regarding them. I propose to discuss with prudent freedom the actual condition of the denomination—its educational schemes; the state and prospects of its literature and publishing plans; the character of its ministry; and several questions of ecclesiastical "reform," so called, which are now more or less entertained by portions of its ministry and laity. Notwithstanding these topics present an indefinite range, I shall limit myself to precise and specific views of them, and I hope not to be tedious to any readers in the denomination, nor to any, not of it, who may take a catholic interest in the common cause of our American Protestantism. It is due to you, my dear sir, that I say distinctly in the outset that you are not to be implicated, in any wise, in any opinion I may advance. I know your interest in these great topics, as in everything that concerns the welfare of Christianity in the country; but I claim not your indorsement for a single personal opinion I may utter.*

One of the most interesting questions lately put forth among us is, *Whether Methodism, and indeed all evangelical forms of religion, are not declining in the large American cities?* and whether, in respect to Methodism, its own economical system is not responsible for most of its share in any such declension? The subject has occasioned no little discussion in the "Preachers' Meeting" of this city. This meeting is a *reunion* of Methodist clergy, of not only the city, but of the vicinity also. The ministerial corps of Brooklyn and Williamsburgh are always largely represented, and visiting brethren who spend the Sabbath here are usually found at the Mission Rooms (where the meeting is held) on Monday morning. Altogether the assembly is, perhaps, the most imposing one (numerically, at least,) of the kind in the United States. The larger Mission Room is sometimes quite filled; and more members of the ministry are usually present than used to constitute a strong conference in the days of Asbury. The discussions of the meeting have taken a tone of exceeding independence and boldness. They show a profound earnestness on the part of the advocates of "Reform." It has been ascertained, however, that the assumed fact which gave rise to these debates, and which was at first urged as their most commanding argument, is fallacious. That assumption was, that Methodism had undergone a serious declension in the city of New-York, that the same fact was true of the other principal cities, and that the reason of the fact was to be seen in the inapplicability of our Church system to large cities. The text of all these dolorous complainings was a brief statistical passage in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, from which it appeared that Methodism had not only not advanced in New-York city during the last ten years, but had, on the other hand, really lost more than four hundred members within that period.

* It should be stated that some of these subjects have been discussed by the writer in a local paper, (the Boston *Zion's Herald*.) He has suspended the discussion there in order to transfer it to these pages, because, in the latter, it will have a much larger access to those whom he wishes to address, and the interest which he finds to prevail on the questions discussed, justifies a more thorough review of them than could consist with the brief limits of a weekly newspaper communication. The substance of the articles already issued will be given (with important revisions) in three of our present essays, after which we shall proceed to the remaining topics. The latter depend somewhat upon the former. The readers of the articles in the *Herald* will find them enlarged, in their present form, to at least double their original extent.

Here was a position on which the "reformer" might plant himself with formidable strength, and some of our ablest men did so. Judging from the emphasis of their speeches, they seemed almost in despair of our cause in the large cities—reform must come, and come promptly, or the ship must sink irrecoverably. It was not my privilege to be present often at these meetings, owing to my official travels; nor could I well judge of the local facts assumed, as I had not, and have not yet been in one-tenth of the Methodist Churches of the vicinity; but I doubted the accuracy of the alleged statistics, or at least the inference drawn from them. Independently of the minute statistics, I had had ample opportunity to judge of the *status* of Methodism in our large cities, being familiar with it for more than a quarter of a century. I knew what every other Methodist as old must know, that it has been gathering strength in all directions, and in all its interests during that period; and that, within the last fifteen or twenty years, it has, in our large cities, undergone an improvement amounting almost to a *revolution* in its social position, the number, and especially the character of its chapels, and in its finances generally. These are facts visible to the most casual observer, without the evidence of statistical particularities. If, then, there had been a declension in New-York city, might it not result from a local and temporary cause, not implicating our Church policy? Was it not a common calamity with all denominations, and not therefore attributable to anything *peculiar* in our system? With these convictions, it seemed that the very premise assumed in the debates was questionable, and a thorough revision of the statistics was proposed. A competent committee, headed by Dr. Bangs, was appointed, and their report at a subsequent meeting changed quite seriously the aspect of the subject. The question is of such general interest, and is so relevant to opinions that I fear are vaguely floating among a class of our people, that I must give you, somewhat in detail, the facts ascertained by the committee, and published by Dr. Bangs in the *Christian Advocate*:—

COMPARATIVE NUMBERS IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH FOR TWENTY YEARS, FROM 1833 TO 1853, IN NEW-YORK, BROOKLYN, WILLIAMSBURGH, JERSEY CITY, HOBOKEN, AND NEWARK.

Numbers in	1833.	1838.	1843.	1848.	1853.
New-York	5,156	5,487	9,771	9,379	9,324
Brooklyn	209	952	2,031	1,944	2,904
Williamsburgh		281	351	811	1,185
Jer. City & Hoboken		205	306	371	683
Newark	740	559	989	1,406	2,123
Total	6,105	7,584	13,441	13,901	16,169

Increase in	1838.	1843.	1848.	1853.
New-York	330	4,284	dec. 499	53
Brooklyn	751	1,079	dec. 87	960
Williamsburgh	281	190	460	324
Jer. City & Hoboken	205	1	65	312
Newark	dec. 181	433	491	720
Total	1,435	5,907	980	2,368

RECAPITULATION.

From 1833 to 1838, inc.	1,435,	about	23 per cent.
From 1838 to 1843, "	5,907,	"	78 "
From 1843 to 1848, "	980,	"	8 "
From 1848 to 1853, "	2,368,	"	18 "

It will be perceived that the average per cent. of increase for the last twenty years is a little over five. The largest increase in any five years from 1833 to 1853 was from 1838 to 1843, when it was five thousand nine hundred and seven—more than seventy-eight per cent. This is referred by Dr. Bangs to the Millerite delusion. It prepared the way for the decrease, in the city of New-York and in some other places, from 1843 to 1848, and for the small aggregate increase in the places above-mentioned during that period, which was only three hundred and sixty—about three per cent. But from 1848 to 1853 the minds of the people returned to the sober appreciation of divine truth, and to a healthier sense of its power; and hence the comparatively large increase of converts during that period, it being two thousand three hundred and sixty-eight, a fraction under eighteen per cent., which is about the average per cent. of increase, except from 1838 to 1843, during the excitement produced by Millerism. Dr. Bangs shows that even in the city of New-York, where the delusion was greatest during the period from 1843 to 1848—as indeed here the increase was much the greatest from 1838 to 1843, it being no less than four thousand two hundred and eighty-four, which is a fraction under eighty per cent.—from 1848 to 1853 the increase is fifty-two, while in Brooklyn, during the same period, it is nine hundred and sixty, which is a fraction under fifty per cent.: so that, remarks the doctor, the apparent impression of some, that Methodism is going down in the city of New-York, which has caused our enemies to exult over us, inferring that our measures are not suited to the region of cities any longer, turns out to be rather premature, and is founded upon an erroneous datum; for though it is true, as published in the *Advocate*, that from 1843 to 1853 there was a decrease of about four hundred, it seems that that happened from 1843 to 1848 or 1849; for from 1848 to 1853 there has been a small increase, which, to be sure, is very small, in comparison to our numbers in the entire city, the increase of population, and our increase heretofore.

This he accounts for, however, by the constant removals to Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, Hoboken, Newark, and other places in the vicinity of the city, such as Morrisania, Mount Vernon, Rye, and Newburgh. These latter four places he has not included in the above enumeration, because the removals to them have been less numerous than to others, and because it is probable that the removals into the city have equalled them. But Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Newark have been included, because it is well known that their numbers have been much increased by accessions from New-York. Take one period for a sample, namely, from 1848 to 1853, when the increase in New-York was only fifty-two, while in Brooklyn it was nine hundred and sixty, in Williamsburgh three hundred and twenty-four, in Jersey City and Hoboken three hundred and twelve, and in Newark seven hundred and twenty; and even in Brooklyn, where the increase from 1838 to 1843 was two hundred and nineteen, principally, as Dr. Bangs supposes, from removals, the decrease from 1843 to 1848 was only eighty-seven,

showing that though somewhat affected by Millerism, yet, in consequence of the greater stability of the members, being chiefly the weightier portion of the community, who remove thither for retirement from business, or for a more pleasant residence, while they continue their business in New-York, they suffered much less in proportion to their numbers than did the city of New-York.

The doctor contends that it is well *known* by the leading preachers and members of the Church, that the greater proportionate increase of these neighboring places is owing to recruits from the city Churches. The facts are manifest; and he also affirms that no special revivals have distinguished these adjacent places from the metropolis during the period—none sufficient to account for the contrast their statistics present.

He presented also another view of the case, which is still more encouraging. In 1833, there were but ten churches in the city of New-York, two in Brooklyn, none in Williamsburgh, none in Jersey City, and two in Newark—making in all fourteen. In 1838, thirteen in New-York, four in Brooklyn, one in Williamsburgh, none in Jersey City, and two in Newark—making twenty in all. In 1843, nineteen in New-York, in Brooklyn four, in Williamsburgh one, in Jersey City one, in Newark three—making in all twenty-eight. In 1848, in New-York twenty-seven, in Brooklyn six, in Williamsburgh one, in Jersey City and Hoboken two, in Newark four—making in all forty-five. In 1853, in New-York thirty, in Brooklyn thirteen, in Williamsburgh seven, in Jersey City and Hoboken three, in Newark eight—making in all sixty-one. Thus it appears that the number of churches has more than quadrupled in twenty years; and that in the city of New-York they have just tripled their number, while the number of Church-members has not quite doubled.

It appears, therefore, that Methodism in the city has extended its borders faster than it has increased in numerical strength, while in the other places the increase of numbers has kept pace with the increase of church accommodations.

This fact proves that the diminution in the city of New-York from 1843 to 1848, and the proportionate increase in its immediate vicinity, are owing to removals from the former to the latter, and they all virtually form one community, and are therefore properly taken together in the doctor's calculations.

Such, then, are some of the statistical results ascertained by Dr. Bangs; I have given them as nearly as possible in his own language. They upset conclusively the assumption that Methodism is not as well adapted to a suburban as to a provincial population. And in fact they do much more than this. *They show a greater percentage of increase in the city and vicinity than in the Church at large.* In 1773, the date of our oldest record, there were one hundred and eighty Methodists in New-York, and none, unless they were included among those in the city, in the other places in the vicinity above-named. In 1853 there were sixteen thousand one hundred and sixty-nine, including New-York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Newark. This would give an average yearly per cent. of a fraction over eleven. The average per cent. of the annual increase of the entire Church during the same period was a little over nine. *New-York and its vicinity (that which virtually pertains to it) stands then with a superiority of two per cent. over the general Church.* The growth of the general Church has been a marvel in the estimation of religious staticians; what then shall be said of its advance here at the national metropolis?

I have given the details of the subject because I think the question involved is a very grave one, and that it ought to be decisively settled, as affecting the future progress and policy of the denomination. The advocates of "Reform" will not wish discouraging views of our common cause, in order to promote what they deem desirable changes. By breaking the spirit—the "*morale*"—of a public body, you cannot reform it; you can only enervate it, and send it the farther downward. Our cause advances, and *must* and *shall* advance—that is the conviction which will enable us to effectuate reforms when we really need them.

These results placed the debate entirely on another footing. It has since proceeded on independent and general grounds. I shall hereafter speak of its main questions; all I have wished to do now, was to settle the initiatory question of the failure of Methodism in our large cities. So far as New-York is concerned, the statistics do settle it. What if the results were different; still, in a city like this—one that is largely foreign, that includes a community of Jews alone larger than the whole Jewish population of Palestine itself, and into which thousands of emigrants are pouring weekly—in a city like this, discouraging results would not affect much the general question. Yet the results are otherwise. I think Methodism will be found not only to have stemmed well the degenerating and overwhelming flood that pours upon and sweeps through the metropolis, but that it has done so as well as any other evangelical denomination here. I have not the statistics of other sects, during the above periods, but I have not a moment's fear of the comparison. The only statistics of the kind that I have seen relate to Presbyterianism, of which the *New-York Observer* gives the following account:—

"By the census of 1830, the population of the city was 202,589; by that of 1840, it was 312,719; and by that of 1850, it was 515,507. Consequently, computing by the average of the increase between 1840 and 1850, the population at the present time is 596,625. There is, however, good reason to believe that it exceeds 600,000. Now, from the above data, it appears that in 1837 there was one Presbyterian Church to every 8,925 souls, and one member to every 27 souls; and that in 1854 there is one church to every 17,543 souls, and one member to every 54 souls. Thus we find that the relative numerical force of the membership has diminished just one-half in 17 years, and that the strength of the Churches has diminished, numerically, more than one-half!"

I rejoice not in this showing—I lament it; but it speaks significantly to our brethren respecting the efficiency of ecclesiastical systems. Your strength, men of God, lies not there! Ecclesiastical peculiarities are not the locks that now-a-days make the prevailing Samson. They are becoming of less and less interest daily, in the enlightened world—a fact favorable alike

to the conservative and the reformer. The more vital interests of personal piety—of missions, education, religious intelligence by the diffusion of religious literature—these and kindred attributes constitute our main strength—these are the directions in which we need "reforming." Economical changes have their importance—he is a fool who sees not the fact and provides not for it; but not more so than he who makes them the fundamental condition of life or death to a great denomination. They come in the progress of these other great improvements; they come thus inevitably, yet generally peaceably. But when they take precedence—when they are exalted into main questions—they produce confusion and disaster. Methodism must modify itself, and more, perhaps, than is generally supposed—it inevitably will do so as time may justify—but let none of its loyal children fear that the house will fall about their ears, because this door or that window might, seemingly, be better placed. While the people below can pour in through the one, and the light from above in through the other, let us sing our household hymns of thankfulness, and take our leisure to make repairs.

I believe, in the absence, however, of confirmatory statistics, that the above results apply to our cities generally. Methodism has not only left far in the rear the ancient Popery of Baltimore, but leads, I think, all its Protestantism. Contrasting the date of Millerism and the present year, it would, doubtless, show to disadvantage there as elsewhere; but, eliminating this false element from the calculation, I am sure it must correspond with the results at New-York. A Baltimore correspondent of the *Christian Advocate* says:—"We have now in this city, including white and colored, English and German, forty churches and chapels, with thirty-one effective itinerant preachers, besides our much-loved Bishop Waugh and two presiding elders. If you add to this between sixty and seventy local preachers, you have the ministerial *personnel* of the Methodist Episcopal Church." This, as its ministerial corps, speaks well, certainly, for its local strength.

A statement has recently appeared in the *Buffalo Christian Advocate*, showing that though Methodism was at first tardy in its progress in that important city, yet it has rapidly advanced during late years, and now ranks second among Protestant denominations in the number of its churches, our Presbyterian brethren alone taking precedence of it.

Boston readers will bear me testimony that my conclusions are confirmed in the strongest manner in the eastern metropolis. I have had intimate personal relations with Boston Methodism for more than twenty years—I have seen it transformed within that period in almost all its external conditions. In 1833 it had but two chapels, besides "Father Taylor's" Bethel and "Father Snowden's" little meeting-house for colored people; it began its "*colonizing*" movements in 1834, at Church-street; it now has nine churches in the city, besides those which have since been erected in portions of the vicinity, which may be considered the outskirts of the city itself—the places of residence for men doing business in the city. All its city accommodations for worship have been erected or renovated within that period, and made incomparably superior to its old chapels. Besides new structures in the immediate city, it has since that date established one in East Boston, one in South Boston, two in Chelsea, two in Roxbury, and one in Charlestown, Cambridge, Dedham, respectively. It has now the best Methodist chapels in the United States; and meanwhile its financial and social position has been equally revolutionized.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems, then, to be about this, viz.:—

First. That owing to the peculiar conditions of our great city populations—their rapid growth, influx of foreigners, &c.—the proportion of irreligious citizens has grown rapidly within a few years.

Second. That this evil affects all evangelical Churches in common, and therefore is not attributable to anything peculiar to any one of them.

Third. That Methodism has sustained itself as well, perhaps better, than sister sects against it.

I speak with much confidence on the subject, and as much thankfulness, for what favorable aspects it bears; but I have not the presumption to say that I *must be correct* in spite of brethren who have differed from me. I think I am, however, and present these views for correction if they need it. Let the question of the adaptation of our present economy to cities be settled by a thorough examination of facts. The result cannot fail to teach us important lessons. Meanwhile the moral condition of large cities in this country, and the inefficiency of all denominations in meeting their wants, are the real questions—not the special adaptations of any one ecclesiastical economy. The evil is a common and a crying one. Our large cities are unquestionably and fearfully degenerating. The Churches, to aggrandize themselves by costly edifices and genteel sites, are deserting more and more the localities which most need them, and into which Christ and his apostles would have most urgently carried their message of mercy. Some hurried and extemporized provisions of "colportage" and "city missions" have been made as a substitute; but invaluable as these are, they are but poor apologies for the voluntary extradition of the Churches and their regular ministrations. No less than twenty-two of the churches in the lower wards of New-York city have been sold out, and their societies transferred "up-town." Only three Methodist churches remain within a district bounded by Canal, Center, Walker, Bowery, and Catharine-streets; and our mutual friend, Dr. Bond, has recently announced, "with absolute dismay," that two of these contemplate a removal. It is a fact, that the portion of this great city which once contained nearly all its churches, is now being deserted by nearly all of them, *while its population is actually becoming larger than ever it was before.* I repeat: the old lower wards, now being deserted by the Churches, have absolutely more population now than they had when they were the seats of most of these absconding Churches. A personal friend, whose opportunities qualify him to estimate the facts correctly, has made a local investigation of these wards, and presents me

with the following statements. Are they not appalling?

"Look in with me for a few moments on the seven lower wards in this city, lying south of Canal and Division-streets, even if you only listen to a more than thrice-told tale. We are told that, within a few years, fourteen or sixteen [twenty-two] once strong and flourishing churches have been removed from within their bounds, and yet their population has, in the mean time, *increased* more than 30,000. Those wards now contain 59,000 children, of whom 28,000 are between the ages of five and fifteen. Not more than 4,000 children are now in all the Sunday schools in those wards, leaving 22,000 still unprovided for; and most of these are in all the moral degradation and ignorance, and more than all the *guilt*, of heathenism.

"We have seen children twelve years old that did not know they had a soul; had never heard of a Saviour; and had never heard of the blessedness of heaven, or the miseries of hell.

"If you look into the First Ward of this city, you will see, in a population of 24,000, only one place where God is publicly worshiped, either by Protestants or Catholics, and that is at a mission station, in a private dwelling. Of 6,300 children in that ward, 3,300 are of suitable age to attend Sabbath schools; but not more than 300 are now in attendance, leaving over 3,000 still uncared for in that ward alone.

"But we will pass along further up town, and look at the Seventh Ward, bounded by Catharine and Division-streets, and comprising a large share of intelligence, wealth, and piety; and yet in a population of 40,000, they have not church accommodations for more than 6,000, leaving 34,000 unprovided for.

"The ward contains 15,400 children, 7,500 of whom are between the ages of five and fifteen. Not more than 2,000 of them are now in any or all of the Sabbath schools of the ward, leaving 5,500 children to be looked after and instructed in that one ward. Let us go still further up town. The Eleventh Ward occupies a small corner of our city—not much more than 3,000 feet long by 2,000 broad, lying east of Avenue B, and between Rivington and Fourteenth-streets; and yet more than 56,000 souls are crowded into that small space, and almost 50,000 more than all their places of religious worship, both Protestant and Catholic, can accommodate.

"More than 1,000 persons, on an average, inhabit every full-sized block in the ward, with an average of 380 children, 180 of whom are between five and fifteen, and ought to be in some good Sunday school. In that ward there are 2,891 dwellings, and consequently the average population in each dwelling is a fraction over twenty-three persons. This is the most densely-populated ward in New-York, except the first. The Ninth Ward contains the smallest number of persons in each dwelling of any ward in the city, being an average of less than eleven persons. The Sixth Ward averages twenty-two.

"The Eleventh Ward, of which we speak, contains 21,000 children, 10,500 of whom are of suitable age for Sabbath schools, while not more than 3,500 are in all the schools, leaving 7,000 destitute.

This ward is bounded on the west by the Seventeenth Ward, running up to the Bowery, and containing just about an equal population, with about 1,000 more children in Sabbath schools.

"Both wards have a population of 112,000, with 42,000 children, 21,000 of whom are between the ages of five and fifteen, and about 8,000 are in Sunday schools, leaving 13,000 destitute; and yet they are within fifteen to thirty minutes' walk of the residences of the members of most of our strongest Churches. Did time permit, we might go through every ward in this city, and everywhere view the moral desolations; but this will suffice."

I know not how far our other cities can parallel these frightful facts; but it must be manifest to all observers that the great American cities are rapidly going to moral desolation, under the influx of foreigners and the bad policy (not the bad polity) of the Churches. It is not interior ecclesiastical revolutions that we need, but exterior aggressions. Methodism, especially, is responsible in these pressing circumstances; it has virtully assumed, before all its sister Churches, the chief responsibility for the neglected classes. It needs its old city itinerancy to be projected through these wards; its old working local ministry, (of which more hereafter;) its old willingness to delve in the moral mire of the world for the hidden gems—neglected souls. It must, of course, provide for its improved social position; it should step into every higher and accessible place; it may need, for other reasons, some ecclesiastical modifications, (of which also more hereafter;) but one thing should be understood, and everything else made subordinate to it; namely, that it is still to preach the gospel to the poor. Any effort to divert it from this mission is treason to its providential design, to its history, and to its honor. Yours, &c., A. STEVENS

Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.—We announced in our last number that we had added to our editorial corps a gentleman of ability, who, besides contributing an original monthly article, will also relieve us largely of the selections and manuscript revisions. The Rev. Dr. Floy, of New-York, will thus assist us hereafter. The arrangement will enable us to double the usual amount of our editorial contributions. The *Critical and Literary Department* of the work will also, hereafter, be more specially elaborated, and the credit which the Magazine has already won for its discriminating Book Notices be thoroughly guarded. *Alice Cary* will contribute a department of monthly domestic reading—a continuation of the entertaining sketches which she has, for some time, furnished us. Besides these stated assistants, we have an increasing list of able contributors, who will more than usually enrich our pages during the ensuing volume. It is, perhaps, due to ourselves to say, that the expense of the above arrangements, so far as they affect the editorial labors of the work, are provided for by the editor himself. While they relieve him somewhat of a sort of "editorial drudgery," respecting which he has always pleaded his dislike and incompetence, they will much enhance the value of the Magazine.

THE BIBLE THE FIRST-FRUITS OF PRINTING.—Hallam eloquently commemorates this fact. He says, in his "Literature of Europe:" "The earliest book, properly so called, is now generally believed to be the Latin Bible, commonly called the Mazarin Bible, which appeared about 1455. It is a very striking circumstance, that the high-minded inventors of this art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth, in

her divine strength and radiant armor, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarin Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong, black, and tolerably handsome characters. . . . We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up to the crowded myriad of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first-fruits to the service of heaven."

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Ossian.—The London "Notes and Queries" says that the late Bishop of Kingston, Upper Canada, Dr. Macdonald, declared that, to his own knowledge, Mrs. Fraser, of Culbokie, possessed MS. copies of several of Ossian's poems long before they were published by Macpherson. Also, that the said lady lent these to Macpherson, but he never returned them. The old controversy respecting the genuineness of these notable poems has not yet been conclusively settled.

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Pulpit Peculiarities.—In our late article on Dr. Durbin, we referred to his frequent use of paradoxes and other originalities in the pulpit. The editor of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, in discussing a dedicatory sermon of the doctor's in that city, says:—

"The speaker every now and then arouses and fixes the attention of his hearers by the enunciation of some startling proposition, to which the hearer cannot, at once, yield assent. The speaker, however, soon connects the proposition with such a number of facts, so ingeniously and logically arranged as to alarm skepticism, and make out, if not a very clear, at least a very plausible case. The proposition, in the mind of the hearer, if not placed in the class of indubitable truths, is allowed to pass, without much questioning, into the region of probabilities, and in its immediate influence carries with it the force of truth; for we are bound to act upon probabilities as if they were truths.

"The subject of the present discourse was, the preaching of the gospel, the ordained means of man's salvation. And the speaker endeavored to show how important is the preaching of the gospel. With this object in view, having proceeded some time in the discussion, he suddenly called the attention of the audience to a proposition he was about to enunciate. He expected some of his young hearers would recollect it when he was in his grave. He then stated in substance, that it was his opinion, none would ever be saved who did not hear the gospel. In other words, that, in order to salvation, one human spirit must act directly on other human spirit, though the message of the gospel. He did not know an instance in which the mere circulation of the Bible or other Christian books among a heathen people had ever led to the founding of a Christian Church. The proposition was further fortified by various Scriptural allusions. He then proceeded to enunciate a second proposition, that an angel immediately from heaven, from the world of light and love, could not preach the gospel to a human being so as to save him. He would be disqualified by the want of human sympathies. But the doctor's next proposition was still more remarkable. It was this—If the great Mediator were now on earth in his glorified state, he would be disqualified for preaching his own gospel! In proof he adduced the history of the conversion of Saul, in which it is related that when Jesus appeared to him by the way, though he communicated to him important information respecting his future mission, he did not tell him what he must do to be saved, but directed him to go into the city of Damascus, where it should be told him. Here Saul remained in a penitent state, but without the knowledge of pardon, till the gospel was preached to him by Ananias."

The editor of the *Advocate* does not approve of these extraordinary positions, but admits that the preacher managed them with much skill and plausibility.

Many of the German papers of this country are the most reprobate publications now emanating from the press of the world. The editor of the *German Reformed Messenger*, who keeps the run of them, describes them as utterly demoralizing. He says that English readers have no conception of their depravity. He alludes not to the papers in the interior of Pennsylvania, many of which are entirely free from objectionable matter; but mainly to those issued in our larger cities, both east and west. Their editors are in every instance foreigners—disappointed revolutionists, ultra-socialists, and frequently Jews, although the latter are unworthy of the name. Were we to pass a judgment upon Germany from the spirit which breathes in these weekly sheets, we should conclude that the whole nation was one entire mass of corruption. And yet such a judgment would be far from the truth. Nine out of every ten of the miserable creatures, who are at the head of the papers referred to, are the scum and offscouring of their father-land—involuntary exiles—in many instances expelled students, who "left their country for their country's good."

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Hard Times.—The *Newark Mercury* says that two noticeable effects of the hard times, during the past winter, have been: a very marked diminution of the usual number of *marriages*, and the increase in the number of *inventions* for which applications are made. Affairs of the heart must give way to calculations of the head, in seasons when rigid economy becomes an imperative necessity.

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A Sublime Scene.—The Catholic missionary, Huc, in his Travels in China and Tartary, says: "There exists at Lahassa a touching custom, which we were in some sort jealous of finding among infidels. In the evening, as soon as the light declines, the Thibetan men, women and children cease from all business, and assemble in the principal parts of the city, and in the public squares. As soon as the groups are formed, every one sits down and begins slowly to chant his prayers in an under tone, and the religious concert produces an immense and solemn harmony throughout the city, powerfully affecting to the soul. The first time we heard it we could not help making a sorrowful comparison between this pagan town, where all prayer is common, with the cities of Europe."

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First Book Printed in New-England.—Stephen Daye appears to have been the original typographer to the Pilgrim Fathers, and figures as "Printer to the College of Cambridge," from 1639 to 1649; thirteen pieces being traceable to him between the above dates, and among the number two editions of the Metrical Psalms. This we learn from Timperley, whose authority was likely Thomas's *History of Printing in America*, two vols. 8vo., 1810. The earliest date claimed for the first impression of the Psalms being 1640, it follows that if there are specimens from Daye's press of 1639, the *Old Psalter* is not the first book printed in America. Mr. Holland, (*Psalmists of Britain*, 1843,) quoting from Mr. Prince, who

revised the old American version in 1757, says that the settlers "early set to work to procure themselves a metrical translation of the Psalms, and other Scripture songs, into their mother tongue," which was executed by the Rev. R. Mather, T. Weld, and T. Eliot, printed by Daye, in 1640, "and had," adds this respectable authority, without any qualification, "the honor of being the first book printed in North America." Independent of the question of priority, the American Psalm-Book is an interesting subject, and its history one which we ought to know something more of. With the many versions the English Nonconformists had to choose from, it appears that this cis-Atlantic one suited their taste; and in confirmation that it was in use among them in Baxter's time, we find that "The Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs of the Old and New Testament, for the use of New-England," was printed at London, by R. Chiswell, 1694. The original edition of 1640 is so rare a book, that it is said Thomas could find but one copy, and that without the title; and, it is added by Timperley, that a perfect one exists in the Bodleian Library.

Since the above notice, we have met with the following further items from "Trubner's Bibliographical Guide to American Literature," published in London, 1855:—

"In 1640 an American book was published in Cambridge—(it being the first published in what are now the United States)—which was soon after reprinted in England, where it passed through no less than eighteen editions, the last being issued in 1754; thus maintaining a hold on English popularity for one hundred and fourteen years! This was the 'Bay Psalm-Book.' It passed through twenty-two editions in Scotland, where it was extensively known, the last bearing date 1759; and as it was reprinted without the compiler enjoying pecuniary benefit from its sale, we have irrefutable proof that England pirated the first American book, being in reality the original aggressor in this line. This first American work enjoyed a more lasting reputation, and had a wider circulation than any volume since of American origin, having passed in all through seventy editions—a very remarkable number for the age in which it flourished. Wherever American enterprise penetrates, the printing press is found. We have shown that printing was exercised in America in 1639. The first typography executed in Rochester, Kent—the seat of an English bishopric—bears date 1648, or nine years after the art was introduced into the forests of Massachusetts; and the earliest printing done in the great manufacturing city of Manchester was in the year 1782, or nearly one hundred years subsequent to the establishment of a press in America. The art was first practised in Glasgow and Cambridge the same year; at Exeter thirty years later than in the United States; and not in the great commercial city of Liverpool until after the year 1750—one hundred and eleven years later than in the United States, where the population was not far short of twenty-five thousand, nor was a newspaper printed there before May, 1756. New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston, were immensely in advance of her then, (as they are now,) with fewer inhabitants."

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Interview with Humboldt.—A very interesting book, entitled "Germany during the Insurrection of 1848," has been published by *Nisbet and Co.*, London. The author relates many personal incidents: among them is the following account of an interview with the scientific sovereign of the age, Humboldt, at Potsdam:—

"The court was here at this time, and the collateral branches of the royal family, none of whom interested us more to see than the gallant Prince Waldemar, who looked as if his Indian travels and campaigns had brought him very near indeed to the bourne whence no traveler returns, for his health seemed to be wretched. But there was another king of men at Potsdam, whom, to have known and visited at his own apartment, might well constitute an epoch in one's existence; and that apartment, even though it belonged to the palace, how Spartan in its simplicity! No luxurious sofa, or tempting *fauteuil* to be seen, inviting the octogenarian Humboldt to repose. We found him seated at a small deal table, on a little upright wicker chair, and a volume was open before him, into which we had the curiosity to peep before our visit was ended, for it looked exceedingly like a well-remembered old friend. And sure enough it turned out no other than 'The Edinburgh,' open at a review of the last-published volume of the 'Cosmos,' and the margin closely filled with comments, in his own neat, small handwriting. It would have been most interesting to hear the reviewer thus reviewed in turn by the master; but we were discreet, and put down the volume as our host re-entered. Truly I felt this high-priest of modern science to be sublime, somewhat after the fashion of his own Andes, though he thus seemed to live and move like other mortals, and to be sometimes contained in a little wicker chair. Some ruffians had broken into his room on the night of the 18th, but no injury was done; 'they respected my gray hairs, though they had not heard of the "Cosmos"' was his own touching observation. That 'one small head' should carry all he knows to fourscore years and beyond, losing nothing by the long way, of all science has been doing and accumulating over the world, is indeed admirable and astonishing. So, too, was it intensely interesting to behold a man who had listened to Pitt and Sheridan the same night, in our own House of Commons, and to get a *viva voce* summary of their speeches! No less strange was it to hear how he had seen the first introduction of Talleyrand to the Directory—the astute, aristocratic aspirant to power, being dressed *à la romaine*, for the classical and republican fever was then at its culminating point in Paris! He mentioned an interesting anecdote of Metternich, which, as that statesman was now 'fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate,' it was generous to repeat. Napoleon being exasperated with the tidings of a fresh rising in Germany, threatened he should burn Ratisbon and Munich—'*Vous ne ferez pas cela, il y a une histoire!*' said the Austrian minister. Pity he did not better remember the same Nemesis in his own subsequent career! So, too, to hear 'this old man eloquent' tell of Franklin, whom he had known, and La Fayette, whom he first met at the table of the Great Frederick here, the young Frenchman fresh from his American campaigns, and the veteran monarch questioning him closely about Washington, then peacefully preparing for heaven, at Mount Vernon, and poor unconscious Louis XVI. hunting at Fontainebleau, was altogether most extraordinary: I thought myself in a dream, or that I had 'foregathered' with the shades of the departed in Valhalla."

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The crescent has been the symbol of the city of Byzantium from remote antiquity. Its origin was thus: when Philip of Macedon was besieging Byzantium, a flash of light illumined suddenly the northern horizon, and revealed the advancing masses of the Macedonian troops, and so the city was saved from a midnight surprise. In memory of their deliverance the Byzantians stamped a crescent on their coins as a symbol of the portent.

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The New Postage Law.—As everybody is interested in the regulation of postages, we subjoin, from the *National Intelligencer*, a synopsis of the provisions of the amended act of the 3d of March, 1855:—

Under this law, all single letters mailed for any distance not exceeding three thousand miles, are to pay three cents, and for any distance exceeding three thousand miles, ten cents.

Half an ounce in weight will constitute a single letter; and double, treble, and quadruple letters to be charged in the same proportion.

All letters must be prepaid, except such as are to or from a foreign country, or those addressed to officers of the government on official business.

The law took effect on the first of April.

After the first of January next, the postmasters are to affix stamps upon all letters upon which none are placed by the writers.

A registration of valuable letters is required to be made upon the payment of a fee of five cents in addition to the prepaid postage, but government will not be responsible for the loss of any registered letter or packet.

The franking privilege is to remain as heretofore.

Selling postage stamps for a larger sum than their marked value, is to be punished as a misdemeanor.

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M. Isidore Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, the French naturalist, and one of the professors of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, has created some sensation in that city by delivering two lectures on the advisability of eating *horse-flesh*. The horse, he says, is herbivorous; he eats nothing that is deleterious; and his flesh is full of azote; therefore there is no reason why he should not serve for food as well as the sheep and the ox. The old Scandinavians and the Germans, he says, used to eat horse-flesh regularly, and some of their most solemn banquets were on horses they had sacrificed to Odin; the nomad tribes of Northern Asia eat horse-flesh; and at Copenhagen at this very moment the sale of horse-flesh takes place publicly;—therefore he contends that the existing prejudice against it is absurd. He even adds that Baron Larrey, Napoleon's great military surgeon, has recorded that horse-flesh was the very best thing he could give to his wounded soldiers, and that in Egypt he cured a great many sick by feeding them on it. Finally, the learned professor declares that horse-flesh would be found cheap as well as nutritious.

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We have repeatedly referred to the losses of Popery in this country. The facts are undeniable; they are seen in the census of the United States, and in the statistics of the Catholic Church itself. Leading Catholic authorities have acknowledged it. As far ago as 1836, in a communication to the Central Council for the Propagation of the Faith, at Lyons, Bishop England wrote:—"If I say, upon the foregoing data, that we ought, if there were no loss, to have five millions of Catholics [in the United States,] and that we have less than one million and a quarter, there must have been a loss of three millions and three-quarters at least; and the persons so lost are found among the various sects to the amount of thrice the number of the Catholic population of the whole country."

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The *London Athenæum* contributes to the current anecdotes of *Lord Norbury*. A gentleman, who practiced wit and professed law, thought that he could overcome the punster on the bench. So on one day, when Lord Norbury was charging a jury, the address was interrupted by the braying of a donkey. "What noise is that?" cried Lord Norbury. "'T is only the echo 'of the Court, my Lord," answered Counsellor Ready-tongue. Nothing disconcerted, the judge resumed his address; but soon the barrister had to interpose with technical objections. While putting them, again the donkey brayed. "One at a time, if you please," said the retaliating joker.

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Habits of French Literati.—M. De Mirecourt, who is writing the history of his literary French cotemporaries, gives some of them the credit of having very eccentric habits. Scribe, he says, rises at five every morning, and works till noon without any interval. Balzac retired to rest every evening at six, rose at midnight, and wrote till nine in the morning, and after breakfasting resumed his pen till three, when a walk of two hours, and dinner at five, brought him again to his bedtime. Alfred de Musset, when asked for "copy" for the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, would say: "Send me fifty francs and a bottle of brandy, or you will have none." The next morning the *proverbe* required would be finished, and the brandy bottle also. Alexander Dumas sits in his shirt-sleeves from morning till night, writing in a remarkably fluent manner, without blot or erasure. As an improvisateur, Méry is only second to Dumas. It is stated that he wrote a play in four days that had a run of one hundred nights.

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Grave dissensions exist among the adherents of Popery in Ireland, which may be said to threaten the subversion of the Church of Rome in that country. Mr. Lucas, member of Parliament, of the *Tablet;* Mr. Duffy, member of Parliament, of the *Nation;* Dr. Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal;* and Mr. Moore, the member for Mayo, have got up a considerable confederacy against such of the bishops as are opposed to the interference of the priesthood in political matters; and they go actually so far as not only to shout, "Down with the bishops!" but to get up a cry of "Down with the pope!" should his holiness not give his sanction to the priesthood of Ireland playing the part of political demagogues. In fine, Popery is thoroughly shaken in Ireland, and is falling fast into disorganization, as it is in almost every other part of its domain. It is the "religious scarecrow of the age;" and the world is rapidly learning to appreciate it at its proper insignificance. There is not a step forward in civilization, made by Catholic nations, that does not give Popery a kick backwards. It will, in a century, be left behind on the highway of the nations, to bleach and decay, as the mere skeleton of its former self—a gigantic skeleton, to be sure; but, like the saurian monsters of geology, the evidence to the historian only of an obsolete condition of the world.

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Multum in Parvo.—In all the enormous books on homiletics, like Bridges, Sturtevant, &c., there can be found no summary of good sense applicable to preaching, equal to the following brief rules from Dr. L. N. Rice, of St. Louis:—"In *language*," he says, "be simple; in *illustration* familiar and striking, that the most unlearned may understand. The learning of a minister should be exhibited in *thoughts*, not in words and phrases. Language and illustrations should be plain to children; the thoughts

such as may fill the most capacious mind. The minister's object should be to secure fixed and interested attention, and to make a deep and lasting impression on the mind. In order to do this: 1. Avoid *common-place remarks* in the introduction. The first sentence uttered should present fresh and valuable thoughts. It is of the utmost importance to set every hearer to *thinking* within the first five minutes. 2. Get into the subject *quickly*. Avoid everything extraneous in the introduction. The exposition of the text is often the best introduction. 3. Avoid speaking *slowly* and with *hesitation* at the commencement. A slow, hesitating utterance, makes the impression that the preacher does not understand his subject, or that he feels but little interest in it. 4. Avoid a *preaching tone*. The *naturalness* of common conversation is best for the pulpit."

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Inquiry has been lately made as to the paternity of the familiar line,

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

Norton's Literary Gazette contains an answer, substantially, as follows: "Blair's Grave" has this stanza, viz.:—

'The good he scorn'd;
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits
Like those of angels, short and far between."

Campbell appropriates the simile in the "Pleasures of Hope," with a verbal alteration, which is not an amendment, thus:—

"What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between."

The original of both is thought to be in the older "Parting," of Norris, of Bemrston, (1657–1711,) thus:—

"How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those who soonest take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and strong,
Like angels' visits, short and bright;
Mortality 's too weak to bear them long."

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The Devil Worshipers.—At a late meeting in London of the Syro-Egyptian Society, Mr. Ainsworth read a very interesting paper on the *Yezidis*, or Devil Worshipers, giving a summary of the most authentic information respecting that curious people. He detailed the geographical distribution of the tribes, and remarked that the residence of their spiritual head, as also their chief place of worship and of pilgrimage, and their chief place of burial, are in the neighborhood of Nineveh. Their villages are distinguished by tombs built in the form of a fluted cone or pyramid, elevated upon a quadrangular base, which rises in steps like the Assyrian and Babylonian temples. Their walls are sometimes hung with the horns of sheep slain in sacrifice. They venerate and sacrifice at certain springs, like the Assyrians of old, the chief being at Shaikh Adi, close to the holy well of the Assyrians at Bavian. The features of the Yezidis have generally a manifest resemblance to those of the Assyrians on the monuments, and, like them, they wear their hair in ringlets. They reverence the Evil Spirit, and invoke Satan, as the chief of the archangels, by the name of Lord. Satan is not, however, with the Yezidis, as with the Parsis, a personification of the evil principle, as in Ahriman; nor have they Ormusd, or the good principle, in opposition. They pay particular homage to the figure of a cock, called Malik Taus, or King Cock. This sacred bird, which resembles the Jynges, or demon-birds of the Assyrians, is supported on a pedestal, like the analogous symbols of a bull's head, ram's head, and cone—the sacred and royal symbols of the Assyrians—sculptured upon the rocks of Bavian, close to where the Malik Taus is so religiously preserved. They also reverence the serpent, the symbol of Hera and Rhea; the lion, a common Assyrian myth; and the ax, the attribute of Baal. They have a temple dedicated to Shaikh Sherus, or "the Sun," to whom, like the Assyrians, they sacrifice oxen or bulls. They bow in adoration before the rising sun, and kiss his first rays when they strike on an object near them. When the holy lamps are lit at their festivals, they pass their hands through the flames, and anoint their eyebrows, or those of their children, or devoutly carry the purified member to their lips. Haji Khalfah describes Shaikh Adi as one of the Mirwanian Khalifs, and says the Yezidis were originally Sufites. Assemanni traces the origin of their name to the Persian Yezid—God. Others identify it with Ized, the evil spirit; and others again with Ized Ferfer, one of the attendants, according to the Parsis, upon the evil spirit. A more commonly received opinion is that they are descendants of Yezid, the son of Mu'awiyah, and the destroyer of the house of Ali. Colonel Rawlinson and Mr. Layard both observe that the name must be sought for elsewhere, as it was used long before the introduction of Muhammadanism. A date of their own—1550—would countenance an identity between Shaikh Adi and Adde, one of the teachers of the Manichean doctrines. Mr. Layard traces their origin to the Chaldeans of the Lower Euphrates. Dr. Grant believed them to be descendants of the lost ten tribes. Baron Haxthausen thinks that they are Gnostic Christians. Mr. Ainsworth argued that the discovery by Mr. Rouet of the remarkable sculptures at Bavian, close to Shaikh Adi, and of holy symbols analogous to the Malik Taus, as well as the reverence paid to the same demon-bird by the ancient Assyrians, with the other analogies of the reverence of holy springs, in the same neighborhood; the worship of the sun and fire—the latter introduced among the Assyrians after the time of Zoroaster—the practice of sacrifices; the reverence paid to other Assyrian symbolic animals and objects; and the physical aspect of the people—the men wearing ringlets, the women adorning themselves with the engraved stones and cylinders of the Assyrians of old—and their preserving their chief place of residence close to Nineveh, their most holy place being in actual juxtaposition to the great national sanctuary of the Assyrians, would tend to establish strong presumptive evidence in favor of an Assyrian origin to these remarkable people.

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A beautiful and touching history might be written of the toils, so devoted, so blessed, of the *Moravian Brethren* since the days when, in 1731, the missionaries Dober and Nitschmann embarked to preach Jesus Christ to the poor negroes of St. Thomas's, while Stach and Beshnisch set out for the icebergs of Greenland.

And in such a history, the simplicity, the outward poverty, the Christian renunciation of the men employed in this work would be even more striking than the grandeur of the work itself. According to their last report, they have at present 69 missionary stations in 13 different countries. On these stations there are 297 missionaries, male and female, and 70,612 heathens, either converted or under the religious instruction of the missionaries. These stations are thus distributed: Greenland, 4 stations, 224 missionaries, 2,101 hearers; Labrador, 4 stations, 29 missionaries, 1,330 hearers; North America, 5 stations, 15 missionaries, 491 hearers; Danish India, 8 stations, 27 missionaries, 10,234 hearers; Jamaica, 13 stations, 34 missionaries, 12,800 hearers; Antigua, 7 stations, 22 missionaries, 8,008 hearers; St. Kitt's, 4 stations, 10 missionaries, 3,743 hearers; Barbadoes, 4 stations, 10 missionaries, 3,620 hearers; Tobago, 2 stations, 6 missionaries, 2,128 hearers; Musquito Coast, 1 station, 6 missionaries, 53 hearers; Surinam, 8 stations, 55 missionaries, 18,519 hearers; South Africa, 8 stations, 54 missionaries, 6,595 hearers. All these stations were founded successively, from 1733 to 1854, that is to say, in the space of 120 years, during which this little Moravian Church has never allowed the missionary spirit to abate within her. The last station was established in 1853, among the Chinese of Mongolia; two missionaries set apart for this work are now staying on the Himalaya Mountains, with other of their brethren, so as to learn the language of the country. A large number of these sixty-nine stations completely defray their own expenses, either by the labors of the missionaries, or by the contributions of the new Churches themselves. Hence it is that this immense machinery is kept in motion, with an expenditure of 9,000 thalers, according to the report of this year, and receipts amounting to 8,000 thalers, thus leaving a small deficit. It is not this world's riches that accomplish these labors—the love of Jesus Christ suffices to inspire them.

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A letter-writer in the *Evangelist* describes Krummacher as the most talented pulpit-orator he ever heard in any country. He says: "As a general thing, England, Scotland, and the United States, have a greater proportion of eloquent preachers than the Churches on the continent of Europe. But Krummacher unites, perhaps, more natural endowments for an orator than any living man, except it be Kossuth, who, however, is so different from him, as hardly to admit of any comparison. He has a commanding figure, a lion-like mien, a mild and genial eye, a powerful voice, expressive gesticulation, absolute command of language, and an inexhaustible imagination. He would have made the best personator of heroic characters, if he had devoted himself to the stage."

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Characteristics of Rowland Hill.—Dr. Sprague describes this celebrated preacher and humorist by a few apt facts:—

"I went," says the doctor, "and spent an hour or two with him, much to my satisfaction. When he introduced me to Mrs. Hill, who seemed to be a fine, genial old lady, I could not but think of the anecdote of her falling asleep in church, under her husband's preaching, and his calling out to somebody to wake up that *man*, lest his snoring should wake up Mrs. Hill. It is said that he used to allude to her pretty often in his preaching, and sometimes in a way that she did not particularly relish. I breakfasted with him once or twice afterward, and always found him full of witticisms and anecdotes, though he never failed to exhibit more or less of evangelical unction. Both he and Matthew Wilks, who was, in some respects, very like him, were regarded as privileged characters, and were allowed to say things with impunity, which would have subjected almost anybody else to severe reprehension. For instance, one morning when I visited him, he came limping into the room, in consequence of a bad corn upon one of his feet; and he said in a half-impatient, and half-jocose manner, 'I suppose you have n't anybody in America who wants to take a good, smart, aching corn. I would not care much if I could clap it on some heretical parson's tongue.' I soon found that he was a great friend to our country, and had the highest expectations of the part she is to bear in bringing about the moral renovation of the world. He said that he always took sides with us, during our Revolution; that he felt that our cause was a righteous one, and never doubted that we should succeed. He expressed the highest admiration of President Edwards, and seemed to think he had rendered more important service to the cause of evangelical truth than almost any other man the world had seen; and added, that if he *must* have a pope, he should like just such a man! Speaking of kings, he said that he had no idea that they had any divine right to play the devil. When I remarked to him that I had been present, a few days before, at a large clerical meeting in London, where an hour or two was spent in drinking toasts, and that I had never witnessed the same thing at any meeting of clergymen in my own country, he replied, 'It *is* a foolish practice; and I wish you would take it along with you, and bury it in the Atlantic before you get to America.' One morning when I breakfasted with him, he was engaged to preach, at eleven o'clock, some fourteen miles from London; and a lady was to send her carriage for him at nine. But when nine o'clock came no carriage had arrived, and I could see that he was becoming a little impatient. At length he exclaimed, with some degree of spirit, 'Well, she may send the carriage or not, as she pleases; but one thing I know, that if it does not come, I shall not go; for as for taking my poor old sick horse, I will do no such thing, for he has done much more for the cause of Christ than many of our bishops have.' The carriage at length came, and he not only fulfilled his appointment for the morning, but preached, nine miles from London, on his return, at three o'clock in the afternoon; and *in* London, at Tottenham Court Road Chapel, in the evening. I attended the evening service, and found a thronged house, and the preacher seemed just as vigorous and fresh as if his faculties had not been tasked at all during the day. He told me that, upon an average, he preached about seven times a week, besides having much of his time taken up with public engagements, though he had then reached the age of eighty-three, and had been in the ministry sixty-four years; and when I took my final leave of him, he said, 'Remember me kindly to any of my friends you may meet in America, and tell them that I have not quite done yet.' Much of his conversation, while I was with him, turned upon the subject of civil and religious liberty. It was not long after the terrible struggle of the Greeks; and he seemed to want language in which to convey adequately his sympathy for them, or his abhorrence of the characters of their persecutors. He gave me a copy of his Village Dialogues, with a most characteristic inscription by his own hand."

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A "Matter of-Fact" Man.—When Doctor Bradon was Rector of Eltham, in Kent, (England,) the text he one day took to preach from was, "Who art thou?" After reading the text, he made, as was his custom, a pause for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in military dress, marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the 17th foot, on a recruiting party here; and having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighboring gentry and clergy."

Book Notices.

Redfield, New-York, has done a valuable service to the "reading public," by issuing the various productions of Richard Cheneyix Trench. His "Study of Words," "Lessons in Proverbs," and "Synonyms of the New Testament," have given him a determinate and high rank among those authors who write because they have something to make known—something that has not been made known—or, at least, not as well made known before. His last work, *English, Past and Present*, has been published by the same house in its usual good style. This volume consists of five lectures on the "Composite Nature," the "Gains," the "Diminutions," the "Changes in Meaning," and the "Changes in Spelling" of the English language. Its verbal criticisms are remarkable for their sagacity, its general appreciation of the language is philosophic, and there are not a few passages unique for their originality and suggestiveness. The phonographists will find him a formidable opponent.

We are indebted to the tireless press of *Carter & Brother, New-York*, for the reproduction, in a stout octavo, with liberal type, of an old standard in religious literature, *Fleetwood's History of the Bible*. It traces and illustrates the Biblical narratives from the creation to the incarnation. It is illustrated by maps and other engravings. A very considerable portion of the volume is made up of notes; they are mostly from the old authorities—Poole, Patrick, Stackhouse, Le Clerc, Calmet, &c. Of course the new expositions of Moses, required by geology, and now generally admitted by theologians, are not alluded to. We miss also a good table of contents. Otherwise, this is a capital edition of a capital old work.

Readers who wish a good estimate of the life and opinions of Senator Seward, can find the data for such a judgment very conveniently presented in *Baker's Life of William H. Seward, with Selections from his Works*, issued in a substantial duodecimo, by *Redfield, New-York*. Independently of his characteristic opinions, Senator Seward ranks, by his knowledge of public affairs, his thoroughness on great questions, and his moral dignity, at the head of the actual statesmanship of the country. His style as a writer is, however, somewhat in contrast with this reputation. It is florid—almost sophomorean. The abundant and accurate information of his speeches is their chief excellence. The present biography is quite interesting as a chapter in the late and current political history of the country. The selections are from most of his speeches, orations, forensic arguments, and executive messages.

Rev. Dr. Tyng delivered, during the past winter, a very popular course of lectures to the young people of his parish, on the "History of Ruth, the Moabitess." *Carter & Brothers, New-York*, have issued them in a neat volume, under the title of the *Rich Kinsman*. It comprises nineteen parts, in which are presented the chief incidents of that beautiful history; these incidents are woven into general discourses of unusual beauty and pertinency. The fervid piety and rich style of the author characterize the volume throughout.

The *American Baptist Publication Society* has added to its juvenile catalogue a very interesting little volume, entitled *Grace and Rosabel; or, the Grafted Fruit*. This society not only gets up good books, but gets them up in good style—a *sine qua non* with books for children.

Ivison & Phinney, New-York, have published Alexander Dumas's *Life of Napoleon*, in French, for the use of colleges and schools. It is accompanied with explanatory notes, conversational exercises, and references to the "New French Method," on the plan of "Fasquelle's Colloquial French Reader." The work is edited by Dr. Fasquelle, of the Michigan University. There could hardly be a better text-book for learners of the language. The narrative of Dumas is itself exceedingly interesting, and the accompaniments, in this volume, for the study of French, are excellent.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have issued *A Guide-Book in the Administration of the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church*. It is from the pen of Rev. Bishop Baker. Almost every question respecting the administration of the Methodist economy is here answered; and all the necessary formulas for trials, proceedings of business meetings, annual returns, and even wills for benevolent purposes, are given. And not only these, but nearly every established rule of parliamentary order, is laid down. The book is a complete manual, and will, doubtless, at once become the standard in conference and other Methodist proceedings. It is accompanied with a portrait of the bishop.

The same house has published a duodecimo of three hundred and twenty-nine pages, entitled *The Young Man Advised; or, Illustrations and Confirmations of some of the Chief Historical Facts of the Bible*, by E. O. Haven, D. D., of Michigan University. The title is not a good one, as it will tend to limit the book to young men, whereas it is appropriate to readers of any age, and is precisely of the class of books most needed in this day of skeptical caviling. It contains eighteen chapters, in which are discussed the most important facts of the Biblical record—the Creation, Deluge, Confusion of Tongues, Unity of the Race, Call of Abraham, Sodom and Gomorrah, Prophecies, Miracles, History of Christ, &c. On these and the like topics, history and science are consulted, and their confirmatory testimony given. There are several able standards of this kind in our religious literature, but none in which so much information is given in so small a compass and with such point and power. The only fault we have to find with it is that its condensation is so extreme. This, however, is an admirable defect now-a-days. Dr. Haven's volume should be scattered everywhere among our youth. It is a book to tell on the times.

Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany has given to the public, through the Boston house of *Gould & Lincoln*, a very entertaining volume of "autographs" and sketches of European character, under the title of *Visits to European Celebrities*. The doctor's visits were in 1828 and 1836—the sketches are therefore somewhat old, but hardly the less interesting for that. Their chief fault is their brevity. Most of the literary, scientific, and religious celebrities of the last quarter of a century, appear rapidly in his pages, and the lovers of such sort of personal information will find the volume a pleasant treat. We give a specimen in our Editorial Notes.

Matthew Henry's Miscellaneous Works have been published by *Carter & Brothers*, in two substantial volumes. They consist of Sermons, Tracts, Catechisms, Communicant's Guide, &c. Matthew Henry is an old classic of our religious literature; he was rich in thought and in grace, and equally so in wit. His sanctified humor glances on almost every page; the readers of his well-known Commentary know how to appreciate it. We commend these sterling volumes to all devout thinkers.

A small but good review of the chief infidel objections to the Bible, has been published by *Higgins & Perkinpine, Philadelphia*. It is entitled *The Bible Defended*, by Rev. W. H. Brisbane, and examines the scientific, historical, chronological, and other difficulties alleged against the Scriptures. It is especially adapted to meet the wants of Sunday school and Bible class teachers.

The good pastor *Oberlin* has been re-sent out, in a new dress, by *Carter & Brothers, New-York*, under the title of *Memoirs* of him, compiled from authentic sources, chiefly French and German, with a dedication and translations by Rev. L. Halsey. Oberlin has lived on the earth more effectually since his death than before. His Memoirs cannot be read without making the reader a better and a stronger man, and they are even romantically interesting.

Ashton Cottage is the title of another beautiful juvenile volume, from the press of *Carter & Brothers, New-York*. It is "a Sunday tale," designed to illustrate true faith, which it does in a manner at once clear and entertaining.

A Long Look Ahead, &c., is the title of a new volume, of no ordinary merit, by James Mountjoy, from the press of *Derby, New-York*. It is quite superior to our usual native works of the same class; its characters are skillfully delineated, its style good, and its moral tone healthful: its domestic scenes are especially fine.

Rev. Mr. Mattison has issued another and an enlarged edition of his *Spiritual Rapping Unveiled*. He thrashes us, along with some other worthies—but with such flattering courtesy that we cannot, with a good grace, retaliate. His humor and sarcasm is quite relevant against the delusions of the new mania; but we still think, as heretofore, that his solution of the problem is unsatisfactory. The reader will find, in the last *North American Quarterly Review*, an elaborate article, in which the theory we have advocated is fully endorsed. We had hoped that the extravagant popular abuses of this matter had about subsided; but they still seem to prevail, and, it is said, are assuming more extensive and more pernicious importance than ever. Mr. Mattison erroneously ascribes to our own pen an article on the Mesmeric Cure of Diseases in India, which we copied from *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*—one of the very highest popular authorities in science. We stand simply where the learned Arago stood in respect to all these phenomena; he ascribed them, before the French Institute, to some newly observed agency of the nervous system, which, he believed, might lead to scientific results of the utmost importance, if learned men would give it suitable attention. *Derby, New-York.*

Literary Record.

In all the extra-Parisian libraries of France there are eight millions seven hundred and thirty-three thousand four hundred and thirty-nine printed works, and forty-four thousand and seventy manuscripts. There are three hundred and thirty-eight public libraries.

James Montgomery, the poet, left an estate worth from $40,000 to $50,000. Southey died worth about $35,000, and Wordsworth ditto. Rogers is a millionaire.

A new edition of *Barrow's* works is preparing for publication, revised and enlarged by Rev. A. Napier.

Borrow, the Gipsy-lover, is about to publish a continuation of Lavengro.

Lepsius has just completed an alphabet containing the sounds and letters of all the languages in the world.

The *London Athenæum* announces the death of the venerable Rev. Julius Hare, Archdeacon of Lewis, at the age of fifty-nine. He was the joint translator, with Bishop Thirlwall, of Niebuhr's "History of Rome." He also wrote a "Life of John Sterling," which brought down upon him the anger of Mr. Carlyle. His other productions were chiefly ecclesiastical.

The *London Gazette* accuses the *Victoria Regia* of Mr. John Fiak Allen as a plagiarism [illegible] Sir William Hooker's book on the subject. The *Gazette* says: "With plagiarism we can hold no terms; and when we find a work, as in the case before us, presented in America as an original scientific memoir, when it is in reality nothing but a mangled reproduction of one published three years before in England, it is only natural that we should feel, if not indignant, a little 'riled.' In 1851, when

the great Victoria water lily of the Central American rivers had been introduced into this country, and cultivated with success at Chatsworth, at Syon, and at Kew, Sir William Hooker, the director of the royal gardens, resolved to publish a memoir of its history, with illustrations of the plant in various stages of flowering, and with dissections, all of the natural size. It required a fasciculus of elephant folio dimensions, and no expense was spared to make the work worthy of its subject. It was not expected to be remunerative either to author, artist, or publisher; but all worked for it *con amore*—and the memoir was in every respect one of original research. A work of similar colossal dimensions, type, and style of illustration, has just been published in Boston, United States, dedicated with great pomp to the president of the Horticultural Society of that city, by a Mr. John Fisk Allen; and the following, from the opening page, is an example of the use made of Sir William Hooker's text." It then proceeds to quote examples.

Dr. Phillimore, recently deceased, was a ripe scholar, being Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford. He also held various other high offices. His last work, on the assumption of the title of Archbishop of Westminster by Cardinal Wiseman, attracted much attention, and was considered the ablest exposition of canon law on that subject.

A Parisian correspondent of the New-York *Post* says: "There are lots of Americans here this winter, although report says fewer than usual. Among them are Donald Mitchell, (*Ik Marvel*,) who is working away at his History of Venice, and intends to return home in the spring. I saw *Dumas* the other day. He is living at No. 77 Rue d'Amsterdam, on the very confines of civilization. He is working, as usual, with that energy which induced one of his cotemporaries to call him 'one of the forces of nature.' He complains that nobody reads books now, and that he only gets six or seven hundred francs for what used to bring him three or four times as much. *Thackeray* has been here, looking ill and dispirited. He will return to America, I fancy, before very long."

Punch, after several condemnations from the Prussian courts of law, has been prohibited throughout the whole kingdom of Prussia, by an order from the Minister of the Interior, Count Westphalen.

It turns out that a book published in this country, called *Tit for Tat*, in which some virulent abuse is lavished upon England, is the work of an Englishman.

A work of great and singular interest, relating to the events of the last half century, is about to appear from the American press, its contents rendering its publication in France, or even in any of the adjacent nations, impossible. This is the Memoirs of *M. de Maubreuil*, who played so strange a part at the fall of the Emperor Napoleon, and who publicly struck M. de Talleyrand for having disowned him. These volumes are, it is said, to contain an undisguised statement of all the events of the time—events in most of which the author took a part, and all of which he witnessed. M. de Maubreuil, who has long since changed his name, is, says the Paris correspondent of the *Illustrated News*, about to come to the United States for the purpose of bringing out the work in this country.

Lord Brougham is about to print in the edition of his works, now in course of publication, the whole of the correspondence of George III. with his minister, (Lord North,) on the subject of the American war. The original letters were lent by Lord Glenbervie to George IV., and never returned. The belief is, that "the first gentleman in Europe" destroyed them. Lord Brougham will print them from copies made from the originals by Sir James Mackintosh.

The last catalogue of *Fairfield Seminary, N. Y.*, shows a total of students amounting to more than four hundred. The faculty—presided over by Rev. Mr. Van Petten—is unusually numerous and efficient, and the location and terms of the school unusually favorable.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, the son of a Bolognese carpenter, born in 1774, and who died a cardinal at Rome in 1849, spoke fluently seventy-eight languages. He possessed the faculty of *thinking* directly in those languages which he learned. When a schoolboy he used to repeat, after a single reading, a folio page of Chrysostom, which he had never before seen.

Autograph collectors are on the increase. Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, has the best collection in this country. Rev. Dr. Smyth, of Charleston, S. C., E. H. Leffingwell, of New-Haven, Lewis J. Cist, of Cincinnati, Mrs. Z. Allen, of Providence, B. Perley Poore, Mellen Chamberlain, of Chelsea, and Charles H. Moore, of New-York, have also large and valuable collections.

Thackeray proposes a second visit to this country within the twelvemonth.

The oldest living English poet is Rogers, now in his ninetieth year. Hallam, now seventy-four, is their oldest historian. William Croker, now in his seventy-fifth year, is their oldest critic. Lady Morgan, age unmentionable, is their oldest novelist. Westmacott, the sculptor, is their oldest artist.

At a late sale of *manuscripts, autographs*, and *literary curiosities*, at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's, London, many interesting articles were presented. A letter of Robert Burns, with the original of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," was sold for more than $100; another letter of Burns to Dr. Moore, containing his own life, $65; the autobiography of Robert Burns, in "Small on Ploughs," $20; Thomas Moore's "Last Rose of Summer" brought $10; Fielding's assignment of copyright of "Tom Jones," $40; the manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" sold for $205.

Norton's Gazette reports the death of Dr. *Eckermann*, the well-known friend and amanuensis of Goethe. The attachment to his great master; the deep and quick intelligence to which we owe his celebrated "Conversations with Goethe;" the active part he took in the editorship of Goethe's works; the integrity of his character; and the honesty of his literary endeavors, are certain to secure him an honorable memory. Eckermann was born in 1792, at

Winsen, near Hanover; but not before 1821–23, after a youth of struggles, was he enabled to pursue his studies at the University of Gottingen. In 1823 he entered Goethe's house; after the death of the poet, in 1832, he lived alternately at Hanover and Weimar. His last years were saddened by bad health and social isolation.

A correspondent of the Cambridge *Chronicle* says: "Complaints prevail about the times, among literary men; and I see it stated by one of my fellow-laborers that a translator of 'Bohn's Classical Library' works twelve hours a day for £80 a year. This must be taken *cum grano salis*. Nor do I place implicit reliance upon precise statements as to what the top sawyers of periodical literature receive for their labors, when it is said that Dickens has £1,500 a year for editing *Household Words*, Douglas Jerrold £20 a week for doing similar service for *Lloyd*, and W. J. Fox £10 for each 'Publicola' letter in the *Dispatch*. I take leave to doubt the literal exactness of these sums."

Redfield announces the "Life of Luther," by the late Archdeacon Hare.

Among the recent or forthcoming issues of the American press, are the following: By Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston, "Thomson" in their series of the British Poets; "Japan—as it was and is," by Richard Hildreth; and a surgical volume by Dr. Hayward. Heath & Graves have a work called "Scripture Illustration" in press, from Prof. Hackett, of Newton. Harpers, "Bancroft's Miscellanies;" vols. 2 and 3 of "Allison's History of Europe" continued; Huc's "Chinese Empire." Putnam, "Irving's Life of Washington," in three volumes. Scribner, "Historical Sketches of the most Eminent Orators and Statesmen of Ancient and Modern times," by D. A. Harsha. Dunnigan & Brother, "History and Institutes of Ignatius Loyola," from the Italian, by Madame Calderon de la Barca. M. W. Dodd, a new two volume work by Dr. Spring. Ivison & Phinney, a new edition, in two volumes, of the "Memoir and Sermons of Rev. Daniel A. Clark;" also "Miscellanies and Reviews," by Rev. Albert Barnes.

Mr. J. A. Dix, the enterprising publisher of *Household Words*, and Mr. A. T. Edwards, have become the proprietors of "Putnam's Monthly," and have arranged for an entirely new editorial management. It is said that the price paid by the new firm for the Monthly is $11,000, and that the principal editor is to be Mr. G. W. Curtis.

Bell, of Philadelphia, has issued Bishop Percy's "Reliques of English Poetry," consisting of old heroic ballads, songs, and other pieces of the earlier poets, to which are added many curious and rare productions not inserted in any other edition; together with a copious glossary and notes.

General Jessup is engaged in writing up his personal and political memoirs. It will contain a valuable chapter on the Hartford Convention, and is likely to be one of the most interesting additions that has been made for many years to our historical and political literature.

Arts and Sciences.

A SARCOPHAGUS has been found near Ancient Sidon. It is covered with inscriptions in the old Phœnician tongue, and promises, if deciphered, to furnish ethnologists with a key to another branch of the Semitic languages. If authentic, a more important antiquarian discovery, says the *London Athenæum*, has not been made in the present century.

The oldest tree in Europe is the cypress of Somma, in Lombardy. It is supposed to have been planted in the year of the birth of Christ, and on that account is looked on with reverence by the inhabitants; but an ancient chronicle in Milan is said to prove that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 42. It is one hundred and twenty-three feet high, and twenty feet in circumference, at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree. Botanists report several venerable trees still thriving, whose structure shows an age older than that of our most ancient chronology.

The Edinburgh people have already raised £1,100 of the £1,500 required for the colossal bronze statue of Professor Wilson, which is to be shortly erected.

The statue which has recently been erected in St. Paul's cathedral, London, to the memory of Bishop Heber, is said to be unsurpassed in beauty of design and excellence of execution. He is kneeling, attired in his robes, with one hand resting on the Bible, as his support, and the other upon his breast. On the pedestal, beautifully done in bas-relief, he is represented in the act of confirming two Indian converts.

Mr. Smith, an English chemist, is said to have discovered a means of transferring the impression of natural objects to glass with minute accuracy.

Discoveries in Language.—At a late meeting of the *Asiatic Society*, London, a paper of much interest was read from Mr. Hodgson, from his residence among the Tartar populations of the Himalaya mountains. This letter is intended as a brief statement of what the learned philologer is doing in the Tartar languages, an investigation in relation to which he has published some essays in the "Bengal Journal" of January and February, 1853. The writer has obtained thirty new vocabularies from Tibet, Horsok, and Sifan; and by their aid he has completed a comparative analysis of all the languages of this class, reaching nearly over the

whole globe, in which he finds a perfect uniformity of the laws regulating the composition of words and their arrangement, extending over the whole class. The following are some of its results: The old dogma which Horne Tooke fancied he had discovered, that all the numerous words which we generally call particles, such as prepositions and conjunctions, and the syllables and letters which modify root words in the way of derivation, conjugation, and declension, were originally vital words, having definite meanings, is perfectly true of the Tartar tongues, and the fact is found in them in every stage of development. The distinction between monosyllabic and polysyllabic languages is without foundation, polysyllables being merely iterations and accretions of monosyllables; and the languages do, in fact, graduate into each other. The researches of Mr. Hodgson demonstrate the affinity of the Sifan, Horsok, Tibetan, Indo-Chinese, Himalayan, and Tamulian tongues, by identity of roots, identity of compounds, and, above all, by the absolute uniformity of the laws regulating them. • All the Tartar tongues, from America eastward, through the Old World to Oceania, constitute one great family. All the Tamulian languages, and those of the aboriginal tribes of India, are of one class, and that class is Tartar. All derive their vocables from the Northern tongues, either directly, or *via* Indo-China; and the routes, or relative lines of passage, are plainly traceable. A great many Arian vocables, even in Sanscrit, are Tartar, as well in their composite and ordinary state as in their roots. Mr. Hodgson is finally of opinion that the Tartar tongues, taken altogether as a great unity, throw a brilliant light on the state of language in general, as it existed prior to the great triple division into Semitic, Iranian, and Turanian languages.

Age of Oysters.—A London oysterman can tell the age of his flock to a nicety. The age of an oyster is not to be found by looking into its mouth. It bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them makes a year's growth; so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity.

In the royal bronze foundry of Munich, a statue of Beethoven, by the American sculptor, Crawford—representing the great master more youthful and more jovial than Hahnel's statue on the Münster-platz at Bonn—has been finished, and dispatched for the Music-Hall at Boston, to which it has been presented by an American amateur. At the same establishment a colossal statue of Berzelius, intended for Stockholm, is in the course of progress; and the great equestrian statue of Washington, also by Mr. Crawford, which is to be a part of the intended Washington monument, will be cast in a very short time.

Among the most startling wonders in connection with electricity, is the announcement that M. Bonelli, of Turin, has invented a new electric telegraph, by which trains *in motion* on a railway are enabled to communicate with each other at all rates of velocity, and, at the same time, with the telegraphic stations on the line; while the latter are, at the same time, able to communicate with the trains. It is added, that M. Bonelli is in possession of a system of telegraphic communication by which wires are entirely dispensed with.

The number of miles of railway now in operation in the world is 40,344, of which 21,528 miles are in the United States; 7,744 in Great Britain; 5,340 in Germany; 2,480 in France; 532 in Belgium; 422 in Russia; 170 in Italy; 75 in Sweden; 42 in Norway; 60 in Spain; 25 in Africa; 100 in India: 1,327 in British North America; 359 in Cuba; 60 in Panama; and 60 in South America.

The French government has dispatched a ship to convey to France the antiquities discovered by their consul at Nineveh. Of these the more remarkable are, a monumental gate, some extremely ancient statues, and various implements in brass and iron. They have already, with extreme difficulty, been brought to the banks of the Tigris, down which they will be conveyed on the usual native rafts.

Pilgrim Monument.—The *Boston Post* says:—"We have had the pleasure of examining a daguerreotype view, taken from a drawing representing a design for the monument proposed to be erected at Plymouth to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims, offered by Mr. Hammatt Billings, of this city, and now in the hands of the committee. The principal figure in the design, is a statue of Faith, represented in a standing posture with wings. This is supported by a pedestal, at the corners of which are four sitting figures representing Morality, Law, Education, and Freedom. Beneath these are four *relievos* representing four marked scenes in the Pilgrims' history, viz.: the Departure from Delft Haven; the Signing of the Social Compact; the Landing at Plymouth; and the First Treaty with the Indians. Between the sitting figures are four large panels, designed to be occupied with records from the history of our forefathers, and beneath them four smaller panels which may be occupied with other inscriptions. The whole height of the monument would be one hundred and fifty feet, and the large statue would be seventy feet, thus being elevated eighty feet from the ground. The sitting figures would be each thirty-four feet in height, and the figures in the panels would be eight feet in height. A chamber sixteen feet in diameter, would be placed inside the monument."

George Catlin, the famous Indian portrait painter, traveler, and champion of the red men, has been heard from on the head-quarters of the Amazon, painting the portraits and taking notes of the manners of the uncouth tribes in those regions, lately made so interesting by the reports of Lieutenants Herndon and Gibbon.